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THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

AND

MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

1883.

THE PROFITS OF THIS WORK

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OF DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS.

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INDEX.

Æsthetic Craze, 117
Age (the) and Young Men, 414
Aim above Morality, 48
Aphorism from 'Hiawatha,' 475
Apostolic Life, 25
Aspect of London Life Two Generations Ago, 27

Belief and Understanding, 524
Benediction, 543
Bible — a Thought - Suggesting Book, 538
Bible Society, 65
Books, Books! 520
Business in Great Waters, 552

Captivity in Christ, 80
Cheerfulness, 33
Child-Life, 185
Children as Preachers, 512
Christ, 565
Christ our Head, 559
Christ valued above All, 211
Christ's Cross, 150
Christ's Gift of Joy, 274
Christian Charity, 468
Christian's Inheritance, 369
Christian Life, 185
Christianity and Secularism, 10
Christian Zeal, 538
Concerning Lodgers, 304
Conder, Rev. E. R., D.D., 1
Congregational Union Jubilee Lectures, 1862, 64
Congregational Union in Sheffield, 521
Congregational Year Book, 1883, 95
Converting an Anvil, 342
Correspondence, 396
Counsels to Young Men on Literature, 129

Dejection, 167
Difference between Men, 48
Divine Blessing, 369
Divine 'Yea,' 380

Early Death, 192
Easter, 151
Enthusiasm, 61
Envy consumes a Man, 244
Everyone's Grief, 204
Expectation, 199

Family Prayer, 282
Faults of our Friends, 223
Following and Fearing, 145
'For My Sake,' 481
French in the Pacific, 519

Garden of Gethsemane, 63
Gifts of Affection, 177
Giving One'sself to Prayer, 227
God's Footprints, 357
God's Knowledge of the Heart, 287
God the Bountiful Giver, 507
Going Forward, 289
Golden Gift, 374
Gone, 554
Goodman's Fall, 528

Hannah and Peninnah, 357
Heart Reasons, 87
History of New Congregational Church, Castlefin, 489
Hoxton Academy Chapel, 18
Human Responsibility for Convictions, 409, 444
Humour in Graphic Art, 375
Humour in Terra Cotta, 463
Hymn for Harvest, 457

Importunate Prayer, 287
Industry Immortal, 543
Ineffable Love of Jesus, 473
Influence of a Pious Home, 472
Influence of Women on Gallantry, 250

Inheritance for Us, 97
In Memoriam, Rev. John Morris, 161
In Memoriam, Rev. Wm. Rees, D.D., 562
Inner Ring, 506
Ireland's Need, 487
Irving, W., Esq., J. P., Hull, 313

Jacob working for Rachel, 263

Keystone in the Family Arch, 116
King of Kings, 150
Knowledge of God, 282

Lake of Gennesaret, 308
Lapidary's Art, 167
Life of a Child, 192
Life in China, 351
Life-Work crowned, 157
Light breaking in India, 500
Literary Notices :
  January, 45
  February, 90
  March, 138
  April, 186
  May, 237
  June, 283
  July, 332
  August, 382
  September, 430
  October, 476
  November, 526
  December, 566
Llangeitho, 417
Love to God, 303
Lump of Clay, 80

Managers' Meetings :
  January, 96
  May, 288
  July, 384
Man's Will subject to God's Will, 287
Marriage Hymn, 542
Martin Luther, 544
Meet for the Master's Use, 245
Memories of the Past, 264
Men Rightly Occupied, 26
Men's Tears, 397
Mercy and Truth, 282
Mighty of Heart, 31
Ministers' Boldness, 102
Mirror of the Almighty, 232
Mount of Transfiguration, 175
Murmuring against God, 374
Music, 543

Nazareth, 128
Need of Patience, 433
Neuaddlwyd, 299
New Year's Motto, 4
Niche for Idols, 134
'Not as Uncertainly,' 50
Note from Editor, 331
'Not made with Hands,' 529

Old Yorkshire Worthies, 55
Our Circulation, 96

Parable for the Young, 16
Pastor *versus* Priest :
  January, 37
  February, 81
  March, 136
  April, 179
  May, 233
  June, 279
Path of Sorrow, 428
Persuasion, 390
Pillar of Cloud and of Fire, 60
Powers of Holy Love, 72
Poultry Chapel, 422, 503
Poverty, 524
Practical Counsels :
  January, 35
  February, 79
  April, 178
  May, 231
  June, 278
  July, 330
  August, 381
  September, 429
  October, 474
  November, 525
  December, 564
Praise and Blame, 539
Prayer a Protector, 116
Prayer the Christian's Refuge, 367
Pride abashed, 287
Providence over the Faithful, 406
Public Prayer, 534

Queen Elizabeth and the Bible, 17

Regeneration, 315
Religious Encyclopædia, 230
Remarkable Conversion, 551
Reverie, 407
Rift within a Lute, 158
Roman Natal Fête, 259

Salvation and Submission, 367
Sand for the Bound of Sea, 258
Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' 102

Scientific Spirit, 31
Seed dies, 78
Selfishness, 513
Sermon for Sermon-makers, 330
Sermon to one Man, 475
Sermonettes for Children :
  February, 69
  April, 168
  August, 365
Seventy and Seventeen, 236
Sharman, Miss, Orphan Home, 398
Shaw, Rev. George, 513
Sinners' Satisfaction in Christ, 406
Sins like Cobwebs and Cables, 295
Sketches of Family Life :
  January, 12
  April, 172
  July, 296
  September, 403
  November, 473
Snow, 32
Sorrows, 473
Soul endowed with Holy Spirit, 462
Southon, Dr. E. J., 193
Special Notice, Dr. Southon, 145
Stage, the, 222
Still Hour, 277
Struggle for Civil and Religious Liberty, 135
Surrey Chapel, 321, 356
Studies in Plant-Life :
  March, 112
  April, 154
  May, 205
  June, 254
  July, 309
  August, 352
  September, 392
  October, 458
  November, 508
  December, 555
Table-talk on Books and Reading, 162
Taking Hold of God, 450
Tabernacle, Moorfields, 103
Tahiti and Madagascar, 439
Temper, 362
Tennyson on Ritualism, 495
Three Great Angels, 36
'To what Kingdom,' 121
Treasuries of True Kings, 48
True Literary Man, 26
True Sympathy, 160
Truths of the Bible, 456

Way of Life, 472
Weigh House Chapel, 212
Wheat Harvest, 337
Widows' Fund :
  January, 48
  February, 96
  March, 144
  July, 336
  August, 384
  October, 480
  November, 528
  December, 572
What one Man can do, 523
Wisdom and Innocence, 428
Wisdom of God, 408
With all your Might, 111
Woods, Rev. W. J., B.A., 241
Word from the Editor, 379
Word to Contributors, 79
Word to Young Men, 370
Working Man's Sabbath, 122
Worst Travelling, 54
Worthies of a Past Age, 209, 271

Vignette, a, 560

Unclasping Conscience, 42
Unrivalled Pencil, 161

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THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1883.

REV. E. R. CONDER, M.A., D.D.,

OF LEEDS.

THE life of our large manufacturing towns has been of growing influence in relation to the affairs of the nation's history. These great centres of trade and population have always been important elements in the consideration of all who have wanted to know what the people were thinking and doing. Under the vastly developed means of communication, distances that were once formidable appear to be trifling, and the sense of separation is greatly modified. It may be, in part, due to this, that the outlying districts of the country so surely make themselves felt at the centre. It is now generally recognised that some of the most earnestly progressive movements, some of the best thought, and some of the wisest, most far-seeing judgment, are to be found amid the vigorous, strong-pulsed life of the provincial towns. The position of those who can be called leaders of men in these places is one of the highest responsibility, and Congregationalism has not been lacking in men who worthily fill some of these high places of influence. Leeds, with its large population and multiplied forms of trade, its long-established Liberalism and ardent and progressive life, is such a place; and none would be more ready, we imagine, than his brethren immediately around him to acknowledge that Dr. Conder is such a leader. Every man has his own place to fill, and those foremost in Congregational life and thought are very distinct from one another in the general characteristics of their power, and scarcely less in the manner in which they employ it, whilst they stand shoulder to shoulder in the service of the one Master. Dr. Conder's influence, strongly as it is felt in the town and country of his adoption, is widely acknowledged throughout the denomination, and not least amongst his ministerial brethren, by whom his

presence is ever welcomed, and his words, as many instances bear witness, have been found by them to be words of power.

The son of Josiah Conder, and brought by the associations of early life into close relation with independent thought, he was trained for the ministry at Springhill, and in 1844 settled at Poole, one of a succession of notable men by whom the Church was served in association with Mr. Durant, and becoming in due time his successor. In 1861 he removed to Leeds, to become pastor of the church worshipping in East Parade Chapel, the large place of worship in the centre of the town, black with factory smoke, and almost within touching-distance of the great Avon Hall, which had been built for Mr. Ely, and where Dr. Reynolds had been minister. Now that the years of his ministry in the West Riding town are being multiplied, it is as belonging to Leeds that Dr. Conder is known.

The subject of this sketch touches, through his books, a wider circle than those who meet from time to time to hear him. In them is manifested a marvellous versatility. It has been said that a man requires a childlike heart to be able to speak acceptably to children. Any who have listened to Dr. Conder, as he has talked to children, are not surprised to find that 'Sleepy Forest' is his; but the range of power is very distinctly appreciated when you turn to another shelf and take down 'The Basis of Faith.' The present writer has heard more than one Sunday-school teacher regret that the author of a 'Commentary on the Gospel according to Matthew' had not continued his published expositions. Amongst handbooks relating to the life of our Lord, the never-old subject which just now above all others secures attention, the 'Outlines of the Life of Christ,' is one of especial value. The main characteristics of Dr. Conder's thought and style are abundantly illustrated in his books; there are passages even in the last-named where those who know him well can scarcely fail to catch the tone of his voice. In all his writings there is pre-eminently manifested the high and wide culture of their author, a culture and power by which, if rumour may be trusted, he could have worthily filled more than one position of academic distinction; and which, recognised by the University of Edinburgh, led to the conferring of the Divinity degree, an honour that was never more thoroughly deserved by any Congregational minister. Dr. Conder's works are marked by clear reasoning and an independence of thought which is able to pursue its own method of investigation, whilst there is constantly a richness and aptness of illustration expressed in refined and beautiful English. One cannot read any of his books without realizing the strength and sincerity of their author's conviction. It is this very

sincerity and distinctness of conviction, we think, that has at times led some to fancy a degree of coldness towards those who give expression to widely different thought. It may be allowed that there is an absence of sympathy with positions which would undermine, if they were granted, established facts of spiritual life; but they would mistake the author very much who would confuse this with any indifference towards the men who hold such views, or towards any path of progress and development which showed itself to be a way of truth. In Dr. Conder strength and sincerity of conviction are bound up with readiness to welcome every true advance, every right-minded, right-hearted effort to know more of the light and truth that will break forth from God's Word, and from the revelation of God's universe.

We should be disposed to repeat not a little of what has been already written, with the necessary modifications, in regard to the pulpit and platform work of Dr. Conder. With a style that is essentially *extempore*, the expression is as clear as the thought, and as well chosen as that of the written compositions of most men. In chaste and polished language, with an attainment of what to outward aspect is the completeness of self-command, rarely indeed yielding either to the tone or the manner of rhetoric, the speaker moves from passage to passage, and, bringing the audience into sympathy with himself, carries it along in the progress of his thought. Under the calm delivery there is real emotion, not less felt because it is expressed in little usual ways, with the occasional sparkle of humour; whilst the energy of his intellectual force is accompanied by an abundance and pointedness of illustration. You do not listen long without having glimpses of the poetic nature of the speaker, and, with a quietness that does not prepare the audience for some special thing by any grandiloquent working up of a passage, the shaft of truth is driven home. Moreover, what is highest of all, and always manifest, is his thoroughly devotional and deeply spiritual nature.

There may be a few of the readers of this magazine who will recall a warm summer evening when a congregation had been gathered in a village chapel to celebrate an anniversary. Mr. Conder was to speak last, and the twilight was growing deep before the chairman called upon him for his address. The impression made upon at least one present that evening will not soon pass away, as the closing speech was found to be a parable, and the picturing gathered together and made fresh with new beauty some of the truths that had been spoken. Thus, amid the deepening shadows and the calm stillness of the evening, the anniversary service ended; but so ended that there was

expectation of the truth abiding. The power felt in the village has been equally known in our largest and most thoroughly representative assemblies. The impressions of the Monday evening address at Bristol, last October, is still fresh in the memory of those who heard it. None, surely, could have been in Broadmead Chapel without the consciousness of the reality and the power of the great unseen things. The scarcely restrained response that again and again moved through the congregation showed how truly the hearts of the listeners were being touched by the real grasp of spiritual things, and presence of spiritual life, which must be possessed to be thus expressed.

The worth of Dr. Conder's help in ways possibly less personally congenial to himself, only those who have worked with him can adequately estimate. He brings to bear upon all business matters of church life clearness of perception and reliableness of judgment, and is as free from harshness as from hastiness.

There are other ways of loyal friendship and deep and living sympathy of which this is not the occasion to write, but which cannot be too highly valued. We trust that Dr. Conder may long be spared to give intellectual stimulus, and to be the means of imparting spiritual impulse, to the many over whom he exerts influence.

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

'LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.'

THE Speaker is near his end. The Cross is full in view. The sense of solitude is beginning to cast its shadow over His heart. Alone, yet not alone, for the Father is with Him, He will have in the great darkness to tread the wine-press alone.

At such a season, with the hour already come, He gives us in these words deepest insight into His own thoughts and desires.

Love like His learns to triumph over self in all its most natural claims. For surely it were natural then for the Great Sufferer Himself to look for sympathy; Himself to seek some solace of love; Himself to escape from sorrow too weighty for words.

How beautiful He is, calm and consoled with the greatness of His own work and the divine issues of the great atonement.

We commence a new epoch in life's calendar to-day. We have wished each other a happy New Year, and the persons most likely to mar that wish are *ourselves.*

We lose our joy through our want of faith. It is our own distrust, our darkening dread, our disturbing fear, our un-

believing doubt that embitter life's cup. We give wings to our fancy and the bird brings back not the leaf, but only the empty beak; that says, 'No dry land for you, no rest for the ark of your soul.'

Too often burglar-like thoughts break into our souls and steal something more precious than plate, viz. confidence in Christ that all will be well. Though every day brings new mercies, and every evening new songs of deliverance, these thoughts are as dangerous as ever, and only the strong hand of faith can give them into a custody where they are powerless to harm. 'Lord, increase our faith.'

These Words are not Sentimental.

What do we mean by sentimental? Something that is *mere* sentiment; for let it be remembered that sentiment itself is beautiful, and no complete life can exist without it. I mean, therefore, that the words are reasonable; they are not spoken by One who wishes merely to silence sorrow by superficial kindliness. The heart would *then* have a right to say, Trouble I must!

Who is this that tells me not to be troubled in such a world as this? A world wherein it seems as if the weakest went to the wall; where, if I am left alone in widowhood, speculators, adventurers, and charlatans innumerable will take advantage of me; where the cradle I rock to-day may be empty to-morrow; where the irony of disappointed hope has embittered so many of my days; where the very birds eat the fruit of my orchards before I can gather them for 'home!'

Christ does not say you are to disarm yourself of prudence, of foresight, of energy, of disciplined care, of wise self-reliance, of watchful zeal. By these things, be we men or women, character is made, and discipline is perfected.

But Christ does say, Where all these work to results of fear and mental torture and misery, you are faithless and unbelieving, There is a Providence, He says, that goes before you. Your heavenly Father knoweth what things you have need of. There is a beneficent will on His part, which, as it makes the lilies beautiful and fragrant, will also give glory and beauty to the graces of life.

Let me see then, was I born into this world only to listen for funeral bells? only to see autumn in spring? Am I as a voyager on life's great ocean only to dream of shipwreck? If so, why call upon me to rejoice in life at all? To the gloomy fanatic who tells me there is nothing but sin and sorrow in this world I answer, Then will you kindly tell me why it is said, God 'hath made everything beautiful in its time?'

There is more than sorrow in this world. It abounds I and so does sin. But where sin abounded, grace did mucl abound. Sin is here, but a Saviour is here. Sin is he: even through that I may have the triumph of a salvation is to make a redeemed life the most glorious life of all.

From the lips of Christ this is a *reasonable* comfort, b He is able to make all grace abound towards me, because Lord of Sin and Death, because sorrow goes forth as His to purify the soul and make me meet for the inheritance c saints in light.

These Words are not Exhaustible.

You cannot come to an era in which you can say, Glc words! How *they* must have sustained the hearts of disc in the olden time! but I cannot turn them into life now! you can, they are more than past history. You say, How bl it must have been for the first disciples to have had su consolation! But has not Christ said, 'Lo, I am with always, even unto the end of the world!'

This comfort is not exhaustible in *time!* No; nor can exhaust its kind adaptation to all variety and specialit personal sorrow. Did Christ not know your heart, your bur your doubt, your sorrow? It is still true, 'Lord, thou searched me and known me.'

This precious anodyne, then, is not like a faded flower wi the pages of the Bible, with skeleton leaves. It is fresh fragrant and fair. It is the heart's-ease of to-day.

It would not be true and real comfort, remember, if Ch were merely a figure in history. If there were no resurrect of the Saviour from the dead—if He did not live and reign- He had not risen to the right hand of the Father, the words exhaustible. But He Himself has said, 'I am He that liv and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore.'

The beauty even of an earthly friend is the inexhaustibil of his sympathies. An unwearied patience, an intellect freshness, an absence of tame repetition, a forbearance w errors and weaknesses—these are the elements which constit the preciousness of friendship. Love like this is to be fou and to be rejoiced in on earth. But at the best human friendsh is very shallow. We know that all is finite with the best men, but it is different with Christ. To 'know the love Christ which passeth knowledge' was an Apostle's prayer. The with all that is merely human comes Death. You remembe my friends, who said to you once in early days, Do not troubl dear! You visited the old familiar home, and as you sat a table or went to the resting-place at night with the kiss c

blessing, how happy you were. The staircase clock made the same crooning noise, and the Bible rested on the same familiar table; and you felt what folly it was to worry so much when hearts at home loved you so well. You were *so* comforted then, and when you came away you felt that the mental burdens you came with, were all lightened. You left behind you a weight of trouble, because you had been again a child at home.

But such experiences are over with most of us now. The churchyard has a simple gravestone with an inscription on it now, beginning with your father's name and ending with 'Requiescat in pace.'

Christ is the only everlasting Friend, and the water He gives us, springs up unto everlasting life. How kind of Him to say, He who changes not, He who abideth always. 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

These Words are not Limitable.

They do not belong to Judea or England alone. No race, no people, no tongue is excluded. These are words of consolation for all the brothers and sisters of the Lord Jesus Christ.

No little community has any special privilege of excommunicating, nor has any large one. Often, as we study the great ecclesiasticisms of history, we might think that some of them enjoyed *that* better than any other of their functions, if one may judge from the noise and stir they make about it. I am sorry sometimes for their heat, as they excluded the Donatists or others who differed from them; but Ecclesiastical exclusion does not bar the gates of the Church of Christ. And here I would say, that some persons positively do not like it, if they are not troubled. They would not think existence was going on properly if they did not disturb the household every morning with petty worries, and make people a present of their opinions that they may create discord, and differ about every conceivable thing that people can differ about. They can sting and irritate people into temporary madness, and worst of all they seem to like it. And there are others whose offence is milder. 'Not trouble!' Why, when you suggest a bright side to everything they are silent, or worse than silent; they have a kind of melancholia in their countenance which is like a perpetually 'grey' sky. Their most enthusiastic word is a little above freezing-point only. Trouble! Why, they seem to forget that you need, if one thing more than another in this world, good cheer. The Saviour says so sweetly, Go in peace! Do not be plunged into misery about past and forgiven sins. And all His ministry meant reconciliation—peace—joy. But I

do not know that you can give greater offence to some peop than by saying, 'Let not your hearts be troubled;' because thos alas! who can be proud of little else, are often proud of tl largeness of their own ailments and griefs.

Let us remember, then, that these are words for all in ever place who believe on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. A through the ranges of experience Christ bids us take the words of comfort, as well as through all the ages of time. If be said, first of all they should be applied to the heavie sorrows. Granted! Here at Christ's Cross the most burdene may find release. Here in the consciousness of Divine fellov ship all spiritual solitude is gone. But here also, in the huma fret and worry of life, the words are applicable. He wl guides in great things does not disdain to succour in tho which are least.

The Words are not alone Temporal.

They do not simply relate to this time-world, or to ou human and spiritual experiences *here*. They stretch far awa into our relation to heaven. Christ was comforting men cor cerning the rest that remaineth. And the spirit of man ha never been so comforted before.

There is no mere philosophic speculation here. The Christia is not left to dream of heaven or to imagine some pantheist absorption into the Great Spirit. Christ's words are clear an consoling, faithful and true. There was no *suppressio ver* with Him. 'I will not deceive you,' Christ's whole tone sug gests. I know what is on the other side of the veil. Its glorie have never been absent from My mind. 'I came forth from th Father and came into the world.' Words which have absolutel no meaning, no appropriateness if He were simply born into th world as others are. We know what human hearts are *nor* and how they would grasp every promise concerning the blesse dead; and we know, therefore, what they would be then. Pri marily Christ refers to His own authority, 'Ye believe in God believe also in Me.' He is telling them that He shall still b the living Lord, their Saviour and brother, when He has as cended on high; He tells them that there will be many mansion and amongst them homes for them. 'Do not trouble,' the Saviou says. Had His life-work been to lighten the path of a humanit which must find its end in the grave; had He come only t purify the national morals, to strengthen the dying righteousnes of the ancient people, or to cleanse the temple, and help to lift th priestly burdens from the poor—had this been all, they migh have troubled indeed at His going away. Yes! It was a tre mendous responsibility to even hint at an eternal life in heaven

and to comfort their poor hearts if it were only the fictitious consolation of a romantic dream.' So unlike Him, too, who came 'to bear witness to the truth!' He seems to say to us, 'I would not have hidden the fact that to Me, as to all other great teachers, the future is unknown. If I had not the consciousness of that home in My heart, I would have told you. Again, I leave the world and go to the Father.'

So these words should be taken up into the highest sphere of all to comfort us concerning those who sleep in Jesus, that we may not sorrow as those without hope, but remember that He went back whence He came forth, to prepare a place for us.

These Words are not Retrospective Alone.

Christ does not say, 'Do not trouble about past sins, they are forgiven you! all past errors and weaknesses are forgotten.' No! He looks *forward,* and says this in relation to their earthly future here and their home hereafter.

And yet what did He see in the near perspective for many of them—for Peter and for James, for instance? Verily, He saw the entire course of their future history. On the edge of the horizon He saw their crosses in the grey light of to-morrow's horizon. 'They shall put you out of the synagogues. Yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.'

Still He says, 'Do not trouble!' History tells us that what was fearful to anticipate was not so in experience, for their souls, quickened by faith, illumined by hope, looked up, and like Stephen, when the hour of departure came, they experienced an inward joy which transfigured their faces, and filled their hearts with perfect peace. So, indeed, it seems, and so it will be with us, if into the New Year we can carry with us these words. Come what may, we will let our hearts rest in the Lord, and wait for the God of our salvation. We will not fill our sky with the purple horrors of a dark foreboding. We will not let foolish imaginations dash our hopes with disappointments. Whatever to-morrow may yet bring, it will surely bring with it our Saviour Himself.

To *devout* minds alone do these words apply. To soften the griefs of worldliness is not our Saviour's aim. 'Ye afflicted mourn and lament,' is still the cry to them. That men sin without *sorrow* is the very saddest aspect of their life. And that God's arrow may pierce and pain them, should be our prayer concerning wicked men.

But taking these words as a New Year's motto, they apply to much more than I have dwelt on to-day. We trouble over unsolved problems, not of duty, but of curiosity; and we try, as an

old Puritan says, to pick locks for which God has left us key.

And we sorrow sometimes over our hours of care. We car commit our way to God in the darkness. We cannot beli that the hand of love will guide us through it all.

Let us take Christ at His word, and that we may enjoy sympathy in all our griefs and trials this New Year, let u and tell Jesus; for

> 'Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
> Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.'

And Christ will lend a listening ear, and will wipe away tear of sorrow, and will give sympathetic heed; for we bring nothing to Him too exquisitely minute, or too magi cently great. The statesman and the little child—the anx mother and the toiling father—the student by the midn lamp and the servant at her morning toil—the lover in the l hours of absence and the widow bending o'er the shrouded forı each and all may find the joy of a New Year in these worc 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

THE EDITO

CHRISTIANITY AND SECULARISM.

BY

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PASSING now from the influence of Christianity and Secula in their principles, we proceed to view the two systems in ı tion to the resulting facts. What, so far as can be ascertai has been the outcome of each in practical life?

Who are the heroes of Secularism? Who are the benefac of the world that have adorned its ranks? Who are its phi thropists and patriots? Where is their Valhalla, crowded the portraits of the great and good?

It is not a very formidable rival to the Christian Valh What name could Secularism ever dare to place beside the comparable name of Jesus Christ? What influence coul venture to compare with that which we vaguely but significa indicate as the spirit of Christ? Who can be matched with Christian pioneers of British civilization, the Patricks Columbas, the Cuthberts and Ninians; and, in another sphei life, the Alfreds of our early history? Where shall we

women like Elizabeth of Hungary, or Catharine of Sienna? What names emit the aroma of Bernard of Clairvaux, Francis of Assisi, or Thomas à Kempis? If struggles for freedom be spoken of, what champions of human rights ever equalled in courage and in character the Eliots and Pyms and Hampdens of the seventeenth century? What fabric of liberty has proved so enduring as that which they helped to establish in England, and their like-minded countrymen, the Pilgrim Fathers, in America? If the reclaiming of barbarous nations be the topic, what has Secularism got to match our modern missions, with names like those of Carey and Schwartz, Vanderkemp and Judson, Eliot and Zinzendorf, Williams and Moffat, Gutzlaff and Burns, Livingstone and Patteson, besides hosts of others that have become household words for devotion and self-sacrifice? If the slave has had to be rescued from unlawful bondage, who have toiled for him like Macaulay and Clarkson, William Wilberforce and Sir Fowell Buxton? If an atrocious gaol-system has had to be reformed, and abuses corrected in Britain and the other countries of Europe the record of which now fills us with horror, what secularist ever flung himself into the work with the ardour and self-sacrifice of John Howard? If projects for the ameliora- of humanity have been started, what can be set over against Pastor Fliedner's work at Kaiserwerth, or John Bost's enterprise at Laforce? What secularist ever did for humanity what was done for our great cities by Dr. Chalmers? Was Florence Nightingale a secularist, or Agnes Jones, or Sister Dora? The great Temperance reformers, the men whose appeals go to the hearts of the multitude, and move them like the leaves of the forest, such as John Gough and Francis Murphy, are not secularists, but Christian men. The man who passed the Ten Hours' Act, who has identified himself so conspicuously with the Ragged and Reformatory movement, and with every scheme for the relief of toiling humanity, is no secularist, but the eminently Christian Earl of Shaftesbury. The very animals get benefit from Christian philanthropy, for the founder of the movement for cattle fountains and watering-troughs was a Christian Friend, the late Samuel Gurney. The names which we have mentioned are stars of the first magnitude, shedding a glory over the firmament; but who does not know the scores of like-minded Christian men and women toiling more obscurely but not less earnestly in the crowded haunts of labour, opening coffee-palaces, rearing cabmen's shelters, providing crêches, establishing schools, institutes, and classes, sparing no effort to do good where their services are needed among their fellows? What has Secularism got to be compared to the great army of Sunday-school teachers, giving their service so readily and so freely for the Christian

good of the young? True, it is but a small proportion of our Christian people who are actively engaged in such disinterested labour; but that is just because the mass of men are so slow to realize their responsibilities; beyond all doubt it is the duty of every Christian to labour for the good of others; it ought to be true of the whole Christian community that 'no man liveth to himself.'

What is needed is the Gospel, pure, and simple, but large and wide-reaching, full of charity, faith and sympathy, and proclaimed in simple reliance on the power of God. In a town in the north of Scotland, a benevolent Unitarian minister once took to preaching in the streets. He spoke of the beauty of goodness, and invited sinners to the happiness of a virtuous and orderly life. A group of waifs and harlots hovered near, one of whom, who had not lost all her mother-wit, replied to him in her native dialect—'Eh, man, your rape's nae lang eneuch for the like o' hiz' ('Your rope is not long enough for the like of us'). His Gospel was not capable of reaching down to the depths to which waifs and harlots had fallen. It was a longer rope, a profounder Gospel, that was entrusted to the Apostle, when Christ sent him to the Gentiles, 'to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness unto light, *and from the power of Satan unto God.*'—*Present Day Tracts* (56, Paternoster Row, E.C.).

SKETCHES OF THE FAMILY LIFE.

V.—HOMERIC PICTURES.

MR. GLADSTONE remarks that 'Within the pale of that civilization which has grown up under the combined influence of the Christian religion as paramount, and what may be called the Teutonic manners as secondary, we find the idea of woman and her social position raised to a point higher than in the Poems of Homer. But it would be hard to discover any period of history, or country of the world, not being Christian, in which women stood so high as with the Greeks of the heroic age.'* Again, 'We have in the Poems a picture of Greek marriage, as to its union, freedom, perpetuity; as to the restraint upon it, and as to the manner in which breaches of it, and substitutes for it, were regarded. This picture, so striking in itself, becomes yet more so by comparison with Eastern manners, even as they were exhibited in the Hebrew race. It is also in glaring contrast with the lowered estimate of women among the Greeks of the

* 'Juventus Mundi,' p. 405.

classical period, and with their loathsome immorality.'* 'Marriage, in Homer, is the very pivot of life.'† This implies a singular nobility in the Homeric woman, a combination of those graces of the person and the mind which endear to and captivate the man. Mr. Gladstone remarks again that the most notable of Homer's female characters 'compare advantageously with those commended to us in the Old Testament, while Achaian Jezebels are nowhere found.'‡

If we pass in review the types of the Jewess, in Jael, Deborah, Judith, Esther, Athaliah, Jezebel, we shall see how strongly these vehement and terrible women, full of daring whether in good or in evil, fitted to take the lead even from men, saviours of kings and peoples, contrast with the sweet and gentle forms of Andromaché, of Penelopé, of Nausikaa. The comparison might be strengthened by a further reference to the Syrian and Phœnician virago, as exemplified in Semiramis, Derceto, and Astarté. Homer's women are truly feminine. So do they resemble our own ideal women, his pictures may be compared with those of Tennyson in the 'Idylls of the King' and the 'Princess,' and we shall not feel the anachronism.

Let us refer to the pictures of the loving wife in Andromaché and Penelopé. Nothing can surpass the exquisite naturalness and the pathos of the scene where Andromaché and the nurse with the boy go to meet Hector at the Skaian gates. The father smiles upon his child, for whom the poet says he had a pet name, Skamandrios, preferred to the prouder one he bore of Astuanax; the mother stands by weeping. In simple unaffected expostulation she tells how father, mother, and all her seven brethren have passed away:

> 'But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
> Sire, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love!
> Then pitying us, within the tower remain,
> Nor make thy child an orphan and thy wife
> A hapless widow.'§

Then the reply of Hector:

> 'Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these
> My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should blush
> To face the men and long-rob'd dames of Troy,
> If, like a coward, I could shun the war.
> No! this my soul forbids; aye brave to be,
> And in the foremost line to fight with Troy
> I learned; my father's fame and mine I wear.
> For this full well I know in mind and heart,
> The day shall come of sacred Ilion's fall,
> Of Priam and his folk, his spearmen's host.

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* 'Juventus Mundi,' p. 410. † Ibid. p. 409. ‡ 'Primer,' p. 108.
§ 'Iliad,' vi. 429 *et seq.* (Lord Derby).

Yet not my country's fate so much I bode,
Not for my mother's self or Priam grieve,
Not for my brothers brave, that noble band
Destined to fall beneath their hated foes ;
As for thyself, when of some mailèd Greek
The tearful captive, thou shalt leave thy land
And for some Argive mistress ply the loom,
Or water draw from some Thessalian fount,
In deep affliction and by hardship bent.
Then some beholder of thy tears shall say,
" 'Tis Hector's wife ; he was the bravest chief
In all the warrior host that fought for Troy."
So shall he say, and thus thy pain renew,
For I had stood 'twixt thee and slavery.
Oh, may I die and lie beneath the clods,
Before I hear thee shrieking dragg'd away.'

Then a gleam of sunny laughter breaks athwart this gloom, as the little one shrinks into his nurse's bosom, frightened at the gleam of his father's helmet with horsehair plume. Setting it down on the ground, Hector then prays that his son may in days to come so distinguish himself that men shall say, 'He is a much better man than his father.' Andromaché takes the boy 'tearfully smiling,' and her husband in a few manly words entreats her not to wring his heart, and bids her farewell, turning with constant heart to meet his fate.

Then there is the immortal picture of wifely constancy in Penelopé, which forms the central interest of the Odyssey. Through all his trials and wanderings, her love is the star that guides the hero home. It is to be noticed that the suitors always urge Penelopé to re-marry on the ground that Odysseus must be dead, and that there is no hope of his return. 'A shorter period of absence than that assigned to him is recognised by the law of England as making re-marriage legal.' *

Observe, also, that according to the custom of the time a wife on the loss of her husband was bound to re-marry. But so far from contemplating this prospect with complacency, Penelopé, after Odysseus has returned and is sleeping in disguise in the vestibule of the palace, is meanwhile turning on her couch and praying Artemis to smite her with death that she may go down to Hades and see her husband, and never gladden the heart of a man inferior to him.† No loftier ideal of wifely love has ever been given by the poets to the world. Helen is faithless, yet not hardened in sin. She never ceases to respect her husband, has moments of acute remorse and self-abasement, and is in the end restored to her home.

Then there is the unrivalled picture of maidenly modesty in the lovely Nausikaa. The whole scene in which she meets the

* Gladstone, J. M. p. 406. † 'Odyssey,' xx. 82.

shipwrecked Odysseus is described with the most exquisite delicacy.* In connection with this subject, we may observe that the Greek had august types of maidenly dignity and inviolable purity in the godesses Artemis and Athéné, as well as in Hestia, who as we saw, is not recognized in Homer; and of manly purity in Apollo. Where and how did such ideal spring up? The only answer is, in the life of the household and the family. For it is there and there alone that that pure love is enkindled which refines the sensual nature, and produces self-reverence and mutual reverence. We know that slavery was a part of the social institutions of the time; yet as far as we can see, it did not operate to debase humanity and mutual respect. Achilles speaks of Briséis as a man should speak of his honoured wife. 'Do the Atridai alone of mortal men,' he indignantly exclaims, 'love their spouses? Every good and right-minded man loves and cherishes his own, as I from my heart loved her, captive of my spear though she be.'† No inappropriate drudgery was imposed upon women, such as is now common in many parts of Europe. They ground the corn, and drew the water, while the men performed the outdoor tasks of the homestead and farm. The leisure of the matron was occupied with the spindle and the loom.

We have also pictures of filial grief in Homer, as in the case of Phoinix, of parental affection in the father and mother of Odusseus, and of brotherly love in Agamemnon and Menelaus, of Deiphobos and Hector.

If, then, as we have sought to show, the worth of the family depends on the worth of woman, we have a noble illustration of this principle in the whole tenour of the Homeric traditions. The lesson is the more impressive if we regard these magnificent poems as a legendary web, the product of many unknown hands, rather than as the picture of a single master-bard. Perhaps it is not impertinent to remark in this day of talk of woman's rights and position, that our sisters could take no finer models for study than the fair and good of Homer's song, and the sketch of the ideal woman in Pericles's‡ grand speech many centuries later. A land is never noble without noble women. Perhaps we do not understand how much we owe to the Jewish woman, although the chief branch of the Christian Church has deified Mary; still less, it may be, do we appreciate the ministry rendered to spiritual culture by the maidens, wives, and mothers of Hellas.

PROF. E. JOHNSON.

* 'Odyssey,' vi. † 'Iliad,' ix. 340. ‡ Thuc. ii.

A PARABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

EDITH THORPE was a timid child, who had been carefully guarded ever since her birth by a loving father and mother. She had seen only the sights of city life, and those always with one of her parents by her side. She was familiar with the jingle of the bells on the tram-horses as they ran past the end of the quiet street of small houses where she lived. She knew the grumbling noise of an omnibus, and was accustomed to its box-like shape as it rolled along the busy streets. Once or twice her father had taken her with him when he went a short journey on the strange railway in London called the Underground Railway. Like many a city-bred child, she knew nothing of the freedom enjoyed by country-bred children, who roam about lanes and footpaths and meadows. But one sweet spring it was decided to send her along with her mother, who was not very strong, to enjoy the country for a fortnight. Everything was new and wonderful to her: green hedges instead of high brick houses; soft grass to walk on instead of hard pavement; lambs in the fields instead of dusty, frowsy cats in the backyard; birds of all sorts in the trees and hedges, instead of the few chirping sparrows that did their little best to enliven her London life. The sense of freedom was delightful, and she began to use it by very short trips from the door of the cottage where they were staying. On the third or fourth day she ventured to the far side of the village, and came upon a sight which greatly frightened her. Through the open door of a low shop, which had also an open window, she saw a bright fire blazing, which leaped and roared as a great man blew wind into it out of a large pair of bellows. She also saw him now and again turn a piece of hot iron in the fire. It was a strange place, and the blacksmith, with his leather apron, his strong arms, his black face and hands, and his shaggy hair, looked almost terrible in her eyes. Presently he seized a large hammer in his right hand, and, taking the iron out of the fire, laid it on an anvil, and struck it a blow which made the sparks fly right and left.

Edith ran home terrified. But the next day, in the evening, she met the same man with a little child in his arms, which he carried very tenderly, and now and again bent down his head to kiss. She began to think that he must be a kind man, although he had seemed so strong and so terrible.

In a day or two she found herself again at the blacksmith's shop, and this time there were some little girls like herself, who had called in on their way from school. They stood all in a group where the blacksmith had put them out of the way of the

sparks, and when he saw Edith's little face peep in at the door, he offered to place her among them; and she consented, and went in. His love had conquered her fear of his power, and while she remained in the village the blacksmith and she were the best of friends. What fun it was now to hear the big bellows blow, to watch the hot sparks fly, and to see the blacksmith turn a piece of iron into any shape he liked!

Edith became a reader of her Bible, and some of the things in it puzzled her, while other things made her afraid. When she read that God removes the mountains and shakes the earth out of its place, and makes its pillars tremble, and spreads out the heavens (as she had seen the stars spread out at night when it became dark), and does great and wonderful things past finding out, she trembled as she did when she first saw the blacksmith. What made her more afraid was that God was so near to her, and yet she could not see Him. This verse had a strong hold upon her mind: 'He goeth by me, and I see Him not; He passeth on also, but I perceive Him not.' At last another part of the Bible began to be favourite reading with her: the stories about Jesus and what He did when He was on earth. One day she read about His taking the children up in His arms and blessing them, and then she thought of the blacksmith and his little child: next she thought that Jesus was the Son of God, and by Him all things had been made. These thoughts continued with her a long time, and gradually subdued her fear of God. At last she made a great discovery, which turned her into one of the brightest and happiest of Christian children. She read in St. John xiv. 9, 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father;' and in the tenth verse, 'The Father that dwelleth in Me, HE doeth the works.' From which she learned that the Great God who shakes the earth had carried little children in His arms, and so she trembled before Him no more. On the contrary, she sought His shelter, as she had sought the kind blacksmith's when she visited his wonderful shop. She had no fear of God's power, because she trusted in His love; and I want all readers of my little parable to feel as she felt.

J. P. GLEDSTONE.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth rode through London, on her way from the Tower to be crowned at Westminster Abbey, at one stage of her progress a beautiful boy, intended to represent Truth, was let down from a triumphal arch, and presented her with a copy of the Bible. This was received by the Queen with a most engaging gracefulness of deportment; she placed it in her bosom, and declared, 'that of all the endearing proofs of attachment which she had that day met with from her loving subjects, this gift she considered as the most precious, as it was to her, of all others, the most acceptable.'

MEMOIRS OF EXTINCT LONDON CHAPELS.

I.—Hoxton Academy Chapel.

I purpose in these papers to call to mind some few of the old London chapels which have ceased to be, but which many of my readers with myself will remember in the days of their active congregational life. It will be observed, therefore, that we shall have nothing to do with those ancient meeting-houses, such as Bury Street and Pinners Hall and the like, which no living man can so remember, and which therefore no man could now write memoirs of, seeing a memoir, whether of person or place, is a reminiscence of what the writer himself knew and in which he took a living interest. It may be further observed that the chapels I have in my mind, and which I speak of as extinct, are so only as chapels, *i.e.* as meeting-places of churches and congregations. In most cases the bricks and mortar still stand, while that which gave these buildings their normal interest for the living communities of Christian people formerly assembling in them have 'transmigrated,' for better or for worse, to other habitations. It is of 'former things' concerning these chapels, and those who peopled them, of which I write.

I begin with Hoxton Academy Chapel, partly because it is the last of these chapels which has ceased to be, and whose extinction will therefore be fresh in the minds of those acquainted with it; and partly because it so happens that I was connected with this chapel in the days of my youth, and was therefore more closely identified with its former congregational life than with any other. I start with that which seems most natural to me.

ORIGIN AND EARLY YEARS.

When I began to attend the chapel it was in the midst of its days, as well as in the fulness of its strength; for it came into existence in the closing years of the last century, and its doors have only just been shut. There were old people there in my young days who could talk of its beginning; of its founder, 'Squire Wilson,' and of good Mr. Kemp, the founder of the Sunday school (said by many both then and now to have been the first established in London), and of the glory of its former days. The facts concerning the rise of Hoxton Academy Chapel are these. When young Mr. Thomas Wilson became successor to his deceased father as treasurer of Hoxton Academy for the training of young men for the Dissenting Ministry, he began to

cast about in his mind as to how the college might become a blessing to the neighbourhood around. In one corner of the very limited grounds of the institution stood some outbuildings, which it occurred to Mr. Wilson might be adapted to the purposes of a chapel, and forthwith the thing was done. This place was opened for public worship in October, 1796, the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, being the preacher on the occasion. Mr. Simpson, the tutor of the college, ministered on Sundays, and the students on Thursday evenings. The enterprise seems to have been a success from the beginning. In a few years the congregation had so greatly increased, and the interest in hearing the Gospel had become so marked, that Mr. Wilson was led to form the purpose of erecting a new and large building; and soon he gave directions for the taking down of the little chapel and the erection at his own expense of a larger one on its site. On the 24th April, 1800, the new chapel was opened, the Rev. Joseph Slatterie, of Chatham, being the preacher. All this may be seen by reference to the *Evangelical Magazine* for 1800, p. 218. It is almost amusing in these days, when thousands and even tens of thousands are expended on the erection of a single chapel, to find that the original cost of Hoxton Academy Chapel amounted to the enormous sum of £850! The building seems to have caused some astonishment for its size, as probably also for its cost, for there were certain Sanballats and Tobiahs of the time who shook their heads, and said, 'it would never be filled.' But Mr. Wilson's bold conception was amply justified, for not only did the building speedily fill, but within six years of its opening two enlargements were effected, and still the place was too strait. 'Nothing succeeds like success,' as the French proverb hath it; and this probably accounts not a little for the success of Hoxton Academy Chapel. The daring of the enterprise, and its rapid success, taken, of course, with the able and effective preaching that might always be heard there, secured a crowded congregation. It was Mr. Wilson's first venture in chapel-building, and it served to encourage him to repeat the experiment in other parts of the metropolis, the result of which was these other large chapels, which by his sole effort were erected at Pentonville, Paddington, Regent Street, etc.

METHODS AND MINISTRATIONS.

A word must be said as to the ministrations. Mr. Wilson provided for the chapel at Hoxton. The whole affair was of course too large to be a mere appendage of the Academy. The tutor had, indeed, relinquished his ministrations before the large chapel was erected. The course pursued by Mr. Wilson was to obtain the very best ministerial 'supplies' from the provinces,

and here from time to time might be heard John Angell James, James Parsons, Joseph Slatterie, John Leifchild (then of Bristol), Sibree of Frome, Dr. Bogue, and other noted men of the day. Occasionally also the more prominent of the students of the adjacent college officiated, and Thomas Spencer, the young preaching genius who so early rose to fame, but who so early also met his death by drowning in the Mersey, frequently ministered, and gained no little of his notoriety by his juvenile efforts in the chapel at Hoxton.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

These things for the most part I found living in the memories of others; now I come to recall my own. I very well remember being taken there for the first time, one Sunday evening, by a young friend. Had I not been taken I should certainly never have dreamed of finding a chapel there. Through some narrow streets into the not much wider one of Hoxton Old Town we wended our way, and then, turning sharply by the side of a public-house, there were a pair of iron gates opening upon a long stoned yard, at the end of which, just past the College House, stood the chapel. Entering the doors, there was a considerable space filled with people who were waiting to be let in at the doors of the aisles and galleries when the seatholders had taken their places, or left them free for worshippers who could not be seated till worship was over, and the hymn before sermon was being sung. Sometimes, however, the doorkeepers kindly let some few strangers pass in early, and I suppose my companion and I were so favoured, for I remember taking a seat in the gallery at the early part of the service. I little dreamed then, small boy as I was, that my future religious life would be so closely associated with that chapel, much less that I should ever come to write the story of it. I need not stay to describe how the young boy, taken there that night, was drawn there again from time to time, till at length he became a regular attendant; and while yet a youth, a member of the Church, leaving it only for college and another college chapel, returning occasionally to occupy the pulpit before which he had so often sat, as a lad, to hear the preaching that had helped to fortify his determination to be a preacher also. All this is matter for personal reminiscence; there are matters of greater interest to others about the Hoxton Academy Chapel of those times.

THE CHAPEL AND ITS SERVICES.

Large, overwhelmingly large, the place seemed in my young eyes; and indeed it covered a considerable area, which was filled with pews and 'green seats' (*i.e.* pews lined with green baize),

with galleries all round, and an upper gallery on two sides for the Sunday school. The whole of the woodwork was painted white, including the pulpit, which was box-like in form, but relieved by a heavy hanging of rich crimson velvet. There was no organ, such a thing being the rarest thing in a Dissenting chapel then; the 'clerk' gave out the hymns verse by verse from his desk beneath the pulpit, and the singers occupied a square pew on one side. The worship, after the manner of the times, consisted of an opening hymn, the reading of a chapter, and the long prayer, and very long it often was. It will be seen therefore that the service, like the place, was of the simplest kind. A large congregation is, however, the best adornment for any chapel and for any service, and this Hoxton Academy Chapel always had; and hearty and soul-stirring the services usually were. The congregation numbered seldom less, generally more, than a thousand, and sometimes it swelled to half as many again. It consisted largely of respectable families from the neighbourhoods around and beyond it, principally those of well-to-do tradesmen who in those times resided at their places of business, and had never dreamed of suburban villas. The church numbered some seven hundred members, and the communicants at the Lord's Table completely filled the spacious area of the chapel. As to the ministry, the supply system was continued during my time, and some little time after my leaving for college.

THE SUPPLY SYSTEM.

As this system is a thing all but unknown in these times, it may be well to describe it as it obtained at Hoxton. It was by no means a thing of haphazard ministerial supply. The same ministers appeared annually, every man in his month, the names being regularly advertised in the *Evangelical Magazine*. There were some little differences as to the length of the supply, some of the preachers remaining three Sundays, some four, and others as many as six; but the average of duration was a month, so that we had twelve regular ministers. As far as I can remember the following were the names, and the order of their coming at the time of which I speak. There was John Horsey, of Launceston, who was there in December and the early part of January. Then came James Rowland, of Henley, of commanding presence and telling style, always the delight of the young people. To him succeeded, in the earlier time, Mr. Guyer, of Ryde, the friend of Mr. Binney, whose neighbour he was in the Isle of Wight. To the adults, and especially to the elders of the congregation, there was no preacher like Thomas Guyer, so thoughtful, so devout, so experimental were his ministrations.

I distinctly recall his small spare figure, his dark countenance, and his keen and incisive manner, with the fulness and spiritual power both of his sermons and prayers. At his death his place was filled by Mr. Addiscott, of Taunton, who almost made up for Mr. Guyer's loss. Next in turn came good old Mr. Scott, of Cleckheaton, said to have been accounted in his earlier days as the *beau idéal* of a preacher; his tender emotionalism had gained for him the sobriquet of 'The Weeping Prophet.' He was followed at one time by Samuel Luke, of Chester, and afterwards of Taunton, a preacher of considerable fulness and power, and generally popular. On Mr. Luke's removal to London his place was taken by Henry Toller, of Market Harbro, thoughtful and solemn, but somewhat constrained as a preacher, apparently through nervousness. Then came the fervent and rousing ministrations of good John Raven, who was singularly successful in gaining new converts. Fatherly Mr. Percy, of Warwick, came next, who seemed to feel thoroughly at home, sometimes pointing to the window of the study which he occupied as a Hoxton student, and which he could see from the pulpit. Then came the studious and exact Thomas Toller, brother of Henry, and son of the celebrated Rev. T. N. Toller, whom he succeeded at Kettering (the father and son occupying the same pulpit for a hundred years), and who still lives, honoured alike for his own sake and for that of his sire. In August always came the most popular of all the Hoxton supplies, at least to the general public, the Rev. William Haweis Cooper, of Dublin, during the six weeks of whose ministrations the chapel was thronged from floor to roof, the upper gallery being utilized for the overflowing crowds. The spiritual earnestness and brilliant oratory of Mr. Cooper thrilled the multitudes and held them spell-bound. It was he who introduced his young student, J. Denham Smith, who in his early days came after Mr. Cooper, and gained thereby a following only second to his tutor's.

About this time came in Robert Hamilton, then of Lynn, now of Brighton, whose pleasing manner and bold utterance, in tones ringing as a bell, made him acceptable alike to all. James Slye, of Pottersbury, came in October, with his well thought-out discourses, sound in speech and easy in delivery. To him succeeded the Rev. H. J. Bevis, of Ramsgate, whose sermons, though then somewhat ornate in style, were of a higher cast of thought than most of those to whom we listened, and had a charm for some of the more intelligent young people beyond that of any of the preachers. Nor were there any of these who attracted such congregations, save Mr. Cooper, and at times they came but little short of the numbers that flocked around him. The Rev. W. Slater, of Barnstaple, and afterwards of Teignmouth,

came in about this time, and in place of some of the others named, the Rev. Thomas Cousins, of Portsea, and the Rev. John Pyer, of Devonport, also took their turn for awhile.

ADVANTAGES OF THE SYSTEM.

It will be seen that the country was scoured to find adequate supplies for the pulpit of the old Academy Chapel, and the congregation was favoured with a succession of men of as high an average as the denomination could produce. There were some advantages in the system both to preachers and people, the ministers having the stimulus of preaching to a large metropolitan congregation for so many Sundays every year, and the people having the advantage of hearing a succession of the best men at their best. It is no disparagement to the worthy men who afterwards became in succession stated pastors, to say that the place never flourished so well as under the supply system, for no one man could be expected to produce the varied excellences of a dozen; and besides, the altered character of the neighbourhood, incident to the removal of the better-off classes to the suburbs, largely accounts for the subsequent decline of the old sanctuary. The old system suited the place and the time. A fresh interest was ever kept moving, and the result was a continual tide of new-comers, a considerable number of whom settled down from time to time with the regular congregation.

SPIRITUAL RESULTS.

It is pleasing to record that the spiritual results of the various ministries of Hoxton Chapel were marked and abundant. Some of them seemed specially adapted to bring men to Christ; Mr. Raven's and Mr. Rowland's visits, for instance, were uniformly followed by large additions to the church. I remember that one of Mr. Rowland's sermons in particular was the means of bringing eleven persons into fellowship. Most of the ministries were, in their measure, productive of rich results; but some of them were characterized by spiritual edification, and seemed specially to confirm in the faith such as had already believed. Taking them one and all, they may be said to have been 'workers together' for the spiritual good of the congregation.

CARE OF THE CHURCH.

The pastoral oversight of the church, in which it might be supposed to suffer, was undertaken to some extent by an exceptionally strong body of deacons. They were but seven in number, but each had his own speciality, and thereby an eye was kept on the people in general, as well as on the general affairs of the community. They saw candidates for church membership, and brought them before the Church. They visited

the sick and the sorrowing according to a plan arranged among themselves; and some of them took part not only in religious services around, but could even assist the minister on occasions, or conduct some of the secondary services when needed. The name of Leonard, of Cross, of Way, of Fleming, of Wilson, and of others in earlier or later time, will be remembered by many 'with much Christian esteem.'

SCHOOLS AND OTHER AGENCIES.

The Sunday schools, for there were two, one in the Old Town, near the chapel, and another in Basing Place, Kingsland Road, were, and I believe still are, flourishing institutions. It was with the latter I was connected, and with the former in earlier days my friends, the Revs. Robert Robinson of the Mission House, and Thomas Hill of Finchley. These two schools instructed about a thousand children. A week-night school for the secular and religious instruction of poor boys was originated in the Basing Place School by a dear friend, the late Mr. Thomas Wilson, the younger (son of a worthy deacon of the same name), whose brothers, with myself and some few other young men of the congregation, worked this agency with encouraging results. Beside such works among the young, there were various religious and benevolent societies carried on for the good of the neighbourhood, and of course auxiliaries to the London Missionary Society; and in addition there was a distinct society for the evangelization of Ireland, a work which was instigated by the urgent and eloquent appeals of the Rev. W. H. Cooper on behalf of his adopted land, and which so wrought upon some of us that we had fain given ourselves to 'poor benighted Ireland,' as he was wont to call it.

RECENT TRANSMIGRATION.

It is satisfactory to know that this large and flourishing religious congregation has not crumbled away to nothing, though the old chapel has been relinquished. The ground having been originally leased, like the old Academy, by Dr. Williams's trustees, has been renewed from time to time at some cost, which it was not so easy for a smaller congregation to meet. As the New Tabernacle, a freehold building, is near at hand, and had plenty of unoccupied space, overtures were made to the Hoxton people to amalgamate with the church at the New Tabernacle, and this has been accomplished. The church and congregation, numbering several hundreds, have migrated thither, and it is hoped that by the vigorous efforts of the pastor, the Rev. Fleming Williams, the two bodies will form a united and flourishing Christian fellowship. 'For my brethren and companions' sake will I now say, Peace be within thee.'

JAMES BRANWHITE FRENCH.

*APOSTOLIC LIFE.**

BY

JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

'THE Inner Life of Christ,' by Dr. Parker, is one of the most suggestive, most inspiring, and we may add one of the most creative works we know in the sense of quickening in the mind new conceptions of the life and work of Christ. We are glad to find that the author is supplementing these volumes with a series on 'Apostolic Life,' the first volume of which is now before us. The author says in his preface, 'Here all is movement, progress, controversy, and spiritual conquest: the Church rears its marvellous form amidst the tumult of the world's most exciting history, and names rise almost visibly out of social obscurity into the noblest fame known to human society.' The subjects treated of, 'Theology Immeasurable,' 'The Gift of Power,' 'The Upward Look,' 'Education and Questioning,' 'Apostolical Qualification,' 'The Gift of Fire,' 'Unity in Diversity,' 'Enlarged Conception,' 'Peter's Transfiguration,' 'The Preacher must be Inspired,' 'Larger Meanings,' 'The Appeal to Right,' 'Old Fashioned Religion,' 'The Power of Prayer,' 'Respectable Churchism,' 'Nothing Secular,' 'The Danger of Controversy,' 'The Silent Vindication,' 'Stephen's Long Life,' 'In a great Succession,' 'How little Money can do,' 'Honest Inquiry,' 'Exultant Faith,' 'What Prayer is,' 'Vital Changes,' 'Dramatic Chapters,' 'The Invisible Self,' 'Enlargement of Ideas,' 'Typical Conversions,' 'Coming to Himself,' 'The Gift of the Spirit,' 'The Interpreter,' 'The Subtlety of Falsehood,' 'Larger Definitions,' 'The Fundamental Change'—all these show how wide is the range of subjects opened up in the early part of the Acts of the Apostles, and with what vital energy the whole range of study is treated. We have no space to make selections of paragraphs, but we are greatly tempted to do so. We content ourselves with one on page 57: 'The resources of the Church will be multiplied in proportion as the Church enjoys the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. How the old earth has continued to keep pace with all our civilization and science—why should not I amend that sentence and say, How the old, kind motherly earth has been keeping herself back, as if she would be wooed and entreated and besought to tell the secret of her heart and yield up the riches which it had hidden. The electric light was, as to its possibilities in Eden, as certainly as it is in the metropolis of

* London, Richard Clarke, 9, Plumtree Court, Farringdon Street, E.C.

England to-day. The locomotive has not created anything but a new combination and a new application and use. The locomotive was lying beside the four rivers that flowed through Paradise. Nothing has been added to the earth, no shower has fallen in the night-time to give the earth new riches and new susceptibilities; we have had to dig and to search and to wait, and we have realized the great Scriptural injunction and exhortation, "Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and it shall be given unto you; knock and it shall be opened unto you: whosoever asketh receiveth, and whoso seeketh findeth, and the door is opened to him who knocks upon it as if he *meant* to go in." It is even so in the Bible. We have not begun yet the great preaching. The Church knows nothing yet about the possibilities of Revolution. No new *Bible* will be written, but new *readers* will come. To a certain extent we have learning enough, ability enough, industry enough; what we want is the baptism of the Holy Ghost.'

What we feel most in reading the volume is, that while one is musing 'the fire burns;' it makes the Christian teacher feel the glory and the grandeur of his work, and a glow of sacred desire to preach 'Christ' comes over the soul. There is nothing mechanical in the volume, no sentence-polishing, no meretricious rhetoric; its eloquence is in its truth, and its power is in its great reality. No dilettante reader need take it up, for there is nothing to amuse vacant hours or to satisfy the dainty appetite of the lover of mere speculation. It is earnestness on fire—earnestness connected with a genius of power which gives the culminating ideas of a mind that having *lived* in the range of the Christian truths, gives to the reader the thinking results of a life-study and the heart-results of a life's passion for ministering the Gospel. We cordially commend it to our preachers, teachers, students, and to those who want not the elaborated details of commentators on the Acts, but their great life-truths brought home alike to intellect, conscience, and heart.

WHEN men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower; when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body.

THE true literary man is no mere gleaner, following in the rear and gathering up the fragments of the world's thought; but he goes down deep into the heart of humanity, watches its throbbings, analyzes the forces at work there; traces out, with prophetic foresight, their tendencies, and thus, standing out far beyond his age, holds up the picture of what it is and is to be.—*Garfield.*

AN ASPECT OF LONDON LIFE TWO GENERATIONS AGO.

Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these?

BULLOCK-HUNTING.

WHAT can this have been? Some of our readers will ask. Where can it have been carried on? And when had it any existence?—To begin with the last of these questions. It was not in some distant time beyond the memory of any of our contemporaries, and of earlier date than our current literature; but within the clear recollection of some of our elder readers, and as one of the features of their own early school-days. We are safe in accepting the year 1818 with a margin of a few years, say from five to six, as that in which the practice in view existed, and was treated as a thing with which it was unnecessary if not dangerous to interfere.

To the question Where did this kind of thing occur? we have already in part answered; and in doing so we have intimated that it was strictly a 'suburban' practice—occurring within a few miles of what then was, and still is, technically, the centre of the Metropolis. Breaking out of a sudden within three or four miles of the Bank, the Mansion House, the Tower of London, it swept along over a very wide area to the East in a district stretching out over and beyond the Hackney marshes, and on as far as Stratford, Bow, East and West Ham, and not seldom reaching to the Forest itself.

But, it may be asked, what was in itself this said 'bullock-hunting?' and the answer, easy to give, is that it was strictly what the name implies. In those days it must be remembered that there were no railways; and that the carrying of creatures which had their own legs wherewith to travel was unknown in fact and impossible as an idea. Three times a week therefore, *i.e.* on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, droves of cattle were driven along the great avenues to London, from the country generally, but especially from the rich pastures of Essex. To say nothing of sheep and swine, herds of oxen, varying in number from fifty to several hundreds, were to be seen wending their way to Smithfield Market. They were under the care of 'drovers,' some of whom were from the most distant parts of Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and even Scotland itself, and invariably attended by a species of 'sheep dog,' a creature of remarkable courage and sagacity. This gathering of men and animals towards the great central market would be going on through the whole of the previous evening and night, so that traffic might begin at the very earliest hour in the morning.

Of the creatures that were sold a great number were consigned at once to the shambles and slaughter-houses in Whitechapel and other parts of the City, the rest being driven out to fields from which they could conveniently be brought to a future market. It was from the latter class that the victim of an intended 'hunt' was selected.

By a concert among themselves, which no outsider we have met with could understand, a band of 'roughs,' as they would now be called, would rush upon the herd as from some secret ambush, and having separated from the half-dispersed flock one unfortunate creature, they would begin to drive and chase it for hours along the roads and open spaces till it succumbed half dead with blows and missiles, and the bites of the dogs, to say nothing of fright and thirst. Added to which was the exhausting effect of a temporary madness caused by its own fury and that of its tormentors, doing their utmost to aggravate its distress.

We have mentioned 'dogs.' The truth is that in the backyards of the Spitalfields weavers and others, there was kept a breed of large and ferocious bull-dogs, which from time to time were 'set' on the unfortunate creature, and which it tossed or flung off one after another, the track along which it had gone being marked with blood. The hoarse barking of these creatures, mingled with the shouts of the pursuers, was heightened by the effect of a peculiarly loud and shrill whistle, which was practised for the purpose, and which coming sometimes from several hundreds of men at once could have been heard a mile off or more. This served as a trumpet-call in the weaving-shops of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, till from a few scores of rowdies at the outset, the crowd rose to the number of hundreds and even thousands. Few, however, of these were younger than from fifteen to seventeen years of age, while a very large proportion were from forty years old and upwards.

The great object of the cruel and lawless throng was to get the creature away from the men in charge, and completely into their own power. With this view they made for the open country beyond 'Bonner's Fields'—the best known of all the pastures towards the East—and for the 'Marshes,' properly so called, through which the river Lea flowed, as it flows still, the favourite resort of the East Londoner. It needed some extra courage to venture out in that direction on a Monday, a Wednesday, a Friday! Still more dangerous would it have been, but for the vicinity of shelter, to be passing along the Bethnal Green Road, Kingsland, or Mile End, while the creature was on its way to the 'open.' It fared ill with people who were so unfortunate as to meet it in its track. Nothing was more common than to

hear of several whom it had gored, or tossed, or knocked down in its mad course. Danger to life and limb seemed to be of no account to the reckless beings who had it in their power, and who felt that they could depend on their own agility or the courage of their dogs.

Occasionally in its wild course the distressed animal would take to the water if any chance presented itself; but this only to be pelted with any missiles that were at hand, frequently to the loss of one if not both its horns. Sad to say, it was hailed as a triumph when a brick-bat was aimed so skilfully as to secure this object.

For some years 'bullock-hunting' became so established an institution of the district, that persons leaving their homes, or sending their children to school, on any of the days named, would stand at their front-door and listen so as to discover from what direction the dreaded 'whistle' might be coming, and also to judge of the distance at which the thick of the throng and the centre of the brutality might then be. Sometimes the surging tide beat upon the shops and private dwellings of the peaceable and respectable inhabitants; and one of the best classical schools in Bethnal Green was so situated that the lads could watch from its walls the features of this desperate sport—if sport it could be called.

One thing that especially struck the writer of this account was the skill with which the vast crowd 'turned' the bullock, as it was called, *i.e.* gave it some new direction as it suited them. An immense curve was formed, a dense mass of living men standing shoulder to shoulder—those in front raising that piercing 'whistle' of which we have spoken—and the creature, wild and furious as it might be, following the line thus marked for it, they a compact multitude, itself alone, helpless, afraid, though still wild with fury, and feeling what in such circumstances the Creator made it, and intended it to feel.

It was the object of the few drovers who made their way to the front of the crowd, aided generally by one or two butchers, to get the creature away into some enclosure or stable from which it might be removed the next day, while on the fringes of the crowd a few constables were generally to be seen seizing some of the more prominent ringleaders, in order to confine them in one or other of the watch-houses, with one of which every parish was supplied.—The affair was sometimes brought to a close somewhat abruptly. On one occasion the animal was driven up a wide but short road, still to be seen, opposite what was then the 'Blind Beggar,' a courageous butcher, mounted on horseback, following close upon it. Before the creature could turn upon him, or try to escape, the man had sprung from his

horse and closed the gates of the yard into which it had rushed, thus balking the multitude and shortening by several hours the sport of the day. In this yard the creature was seen to tear and roam about in the wildest excitement; and the next day it required to be held by a double lasso in order to be removed. Its horns were held by two ropes, each handled by a couple of butchers, and it was driven on by men behind, and kept in check by two powerful bull-dogs leaping at it in front. Thus was it led away amidst great excitement to a slaughter-house probably some mile or more distant.

Some readers will ask, 'Where were the police all this time?' The answer is, that in the modern sense of the term, London had then no police at all. The 'Force,' if so it might be called, consisted first and principally of the 'Bow Street officers,' or 'runners,' as the people ordinarily called them, in number perhaps from one to two hundred men, but not in uniform of any kind. Some of the other police offices might perhaps have attached to them a score or two of the same kind of persons; but for the general custody of the City, and its surroundings, the public depended on the parish constables and on the night-watchmen, whose little sentry-boxes have not long since disappeared. The former were generally tradesmen of a humble class—having their usual business to attend to; and the latter, whose dreary office it was to call the hours in the dark streets and courts at night, were proverbial as a class for their inefficiency, and, indeed, they were thought to present a positive temptation to the lovers of mischievous sport. But what could be expected from worn-out labourers, pensioners, and the like? not to mention that their common besetment lay in the direction of 'drink.'

After the disgraceful custom we have described had existed for many years, the alarm, confusion and danger that attended it became intolerable, and, strange to say, it succumbed and collapsed with a suddenness for which no one could be prepared. One day when the 'hunt' was at its height, its centre being that part already indicated—namely, the wide road before the 'Blind Beggar'—about fifty Bow Street officers (always the terror of the criminal class) suddenly appeared upon the scene. Armed with drawn cutlasses, the flashing of which the writer well recollects, these determined men threw themselves between the mass of the crowd, and the few drovers and butchers which happened to be nearest to the hunted creature. They were evidently prepared to cut down any who would not 'stand back' at their loud and resolute command. And thus, abruptly and at once, came to an end a practice on which many thousands of people had come to depend for the most exciting amusement of their life.

No one who witnessed this East End sport of 'bullock-hunting' will deem to be incredible what is told us respecting the great national scandal and pastime of Spain and Portugal, or the annual 'bull-running,' as it was termed of Stamford and of Tutbury, or the Whitsuntide amusements of Lancashire, which so recently included bull-baiting, in almost every town and village.

It may be asked, by way of apology, Whose concern is it, if certain people 'of the baser sort,' choose at their own risk, and in the exercise of their personal freedom, to amuse themselves with what other persons, more prudent and respectable, regard as cruel sports? The answer, as it seems to us, is that such 'sports' always involve an infraction of public order, and that in addition to disturbing the course of business and the peace of families, they are often attended with danger to life itself. Besides this, the immediate and invariable effect of coarse and cruel sports is to brutalize the mass of the population, to render them fierce and restless, and thus to foster every species of irregularity and crime. A community impregnated with the spirit of the bull-ring or the prize-ring would engender a class of rowdies with which no police would be strong enough to cope.

It may further be asked, To what do we owe it that a state of public sentiment exists which makes it difficult to believe that such things ever were, and that they lasted till within the memory of the existing generation? Certain it is that they will never pass from the recollection of some of us, photographed as they were upon young and impressible minds. It may be answered that Sunday schools have leavened the popular mind with instruction, that town and village missionaries have been spreading a mild and humanizing influence, that we have a purer literature, and that for between forty and fifty years we have had a Sovereign whose example is a perpetual incentive to whatever is moral and humane.

SAMUEL MCALL.

CLAPTON, *December*, 1882.

MIGHTY of heart, mighty of mind—magnanimous—to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly is indeed to advance in life—in life itself—not in the trappings of it.

THE scientific spirit has cast out the demons and presented us with Nature, clothed and in her right mind, and living under the reign of law. It has given us for the sorceries of the alchemist, the beautiful laws of chemistry; for the dreams of the astrologer, the sublime truths of astronomy; for the wild visions of cosmogony, the monumental records of geology; for the anarchy of diabolism, the laws of God.—*Garfield.*

THE SNOW.

It falls in fleecy whiteness,
  The fair and spotless snow;
It falls in stainless beauty
  On everything below;
And some are glad to see it;
  And some look with affright;
Some in its flakes read hunger;
  Some, hours of pastime bright.

It falls in fleecy whiteness,
  So pure, without a blot,
Alike on those who love it,
  And those who love it not;
Telling its sacred story
  To high and lowly here;
Speaking of sins made snow-white,
  As to the ancient seer.

It falls in fleecy whiteness,
  Just as it fell of yore.
When Job, the tried, beheld it,
  He learned, 'mid trials sore,
That of the Lord it speaketh,
  He sends the white gems down;
And Israel's royal psalmist
  Lent to it song's renown.

It falls in fleecy whiteness,
  The ever-deep'ning snow;
Showing how things so feeble,
  Can all-resistless grow;
Teaching how words and actions,
  Though as the snowflakes small,
For good or ill united,
  May grow and conquer all.

It falls in fleecy whiteness,
  And as it draweth nigh,
It bringeth to the hungry
  The aid of Charity:
Of Charity the holy,
  Of Charity the good;
Only, alas, its message
  Is oft misunderstood.

It falls in fleecy whiteness,
  In silence soft and deep;
And wraps up in its mantle,
  The plants that lie asleep;
It scatters gems of brightness,
  And clothes each shrub with flowers,
Lovely as eye can gaze on,
  In the bright summer hours.

It falls in fleecy whiteness,
  The spotless, spotless snow;
It falls in fleecy beauty
  On everything below;
And some are glad to see it;
  And some look with affright;
But each some truth it teacheth,
  If we read it but aright.

FAITH CHILTERN.

CHEERFULNESS.

WE read of the two men, in ancient times, known respectively as the laughing and weeping philosophers. To one, the woes and follies of humanity presented nothing but matter for mirth. The other could only mourn over them. Probably, if we had to choose between the two, we might all rather shrink from the cynical merriment of the former, and sympathize with him who spent his life weeping over the trouble and discord he saw around him. Especially in early life, and to the more tender and earnest-hearted amongst us, is life apt to present this aspect. Newly awakened to a sense of its solemnity, saddened by repeated failures in our strivings after the noble ideal we dimly discern before us, perhaps discouraged by the imperfections and littlenesses of those whom we had set up in our hearts as strong, and wise, and noble, we are inclined to think of life as only a scene of trial and discipline, and to walk fearfully and sorrowfully through the perils and troubles around us. In this frame of mind the light-hearted merriment of a bright and buoyant spirit may repel us. Inwardly we condemn it as frivolous. In our secret heart we think much better of ourselves for the gentle melancholy pervading our thoughts and words, which to us seems more becoming the Christian life.

But, is it so? Where are we told to spend our lives in sorrow and sighing? It is true, we are bidden to weep with those who weep; but also, to rejoice with those who rejoice. We must not rest satisfied with the one, and not the other. Some say our

blessed Lord was never seen to smile. It may well have been so during those three years of public life, His soul weighed down with the burden of the world's sin, and saddened by the impending doom He saw over the guilty nation. But even then, can we believe there were no gleams of brightness? Are we not told of times when He rejoiced in spirit? And can we believe that those thirty years of which we are told so little, were all spent in sadness and gloom? Did He, the spotless child, know nothing of the innocent laughter of a little child? Did His sinless youth know nothing of the fresh gladness that makes every breath a pleasure, every scene of beauty a joy and delight? We sing that He sympathizes with our grief. Does not He sympathize with our joy too? Why not ask His presence naturally in our joy as in our sorrow? What innocent delight do we fear that He would frown upon? One of the most attractive of modern writers has said that 'It is because we *know* God so little that we are afraid to laugh before Him.' We watch the little ones at their childish games, and rejoice to see them bright and happy. We are troubled when they are fretful, and discontented, and sorrowful. Do we think our Father loves to see His children sorrowful and downcast, fretting over the troubles that *will* come in life's journey? Does He not rather love to see the brave and cheerful spirit making little of the burdens, dwelling on the brightness rather than the shade; with thankfulness taking every joy, every pleasure, as a loving Father's gift? Ah! that is it. We need not fear being too bright, too happy, if we take all as from God's hand. Do not think either that a happy spirit will unfit us to sympathize with those whose path lies in shadow and darkness. Look at the change a gleam of sunlight makes in a grey and sombre landscape. And have you not heard the weary invalid, confined for months to the sick-chamber, say, of a visit from some bright and happy spirit, 'She brought sunlight into the room with her?' And I have heard some in visiting the sick and aged speak of the pleasure given by taking a little, happy child with them. The careworn, weary hearts were unconsciously brightened, even lightened of their load by the sunny, uncareful face beside them. When depressed, and weary, and anxious, whose presence comforts us? Those anxious and careworn as ourselves? No! We lean upon the bright and hopeful spirit who, having *known sorrow*, has also known to conquer it bravely, and to find out all the brightness, the silver lining to the darkest cloud.

Then look at those outside the Christian life. Many are repelled by the fancied gloom, the self-denial, the giving up all that had so far been considered as life's pleasant things. Little we know the unconscious influence we may be having over them

by a cheerful spirit, especially when outward things look dark and monotonous, and to their eyes our path in life is a hard and stony one. They feel there must be some secret source of joy to give that calm cheerfulness, that sustained hopefulness, when there is so much to dishearten. When sorrow comes to them, and former pleasures cease to satisfy, their unresting hearts may seek too for that joy and gladness, that peace 'which floweth as a river,' full, deep, tranquil, making life's desert places bloom and smile.

S. B. DRIVER.

LOWESTOFT.

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

[We have received on all hands an expressed hope that the 'Practical Counsels' will not close yet.—EDITOR.]

Keep your Temper.

THIS is a good enough motto, though in some cases it would not be amiss to alter the idea and say, 'Get rid' of your temper. Depend upon it that much of the misery of life comes from bad tempers, whether hasty or sulky. I hope people do not 'enjoy' bad temper! But if they do not, why do we hear that they have been indulging in a little temper? Let us remember that alike in the home and the church, a gracious temper is a precious thing.

Keep your Feet.

Of course the inebriate cannot do this. Neither can we when we are intoxicated with the levity and frivolity of the world. Especially let us keep our feet when we go to the house of God, for even the feet have a language in them, and show alacrity, earnestness, and reverence.

Be Considerate.

If the horses cannot this winter climb the slippery hill, let us all get out and walk up. If the birds sing to us by day, let us put a warm woolly covering over the cage at night. If the servants rise early, let them retire before we do, and not wait up on 'party' evenings to let the children in. Keep a few Christian books for the telegraph boys, etc., when they call. Keep your piano away from the party-wall, there may be a sleepless suffering child next door. Never shop after six o'clock. Never keep workers waiting for their money—the debtor *is*

inconsiderate. Don't hurt people's feelings by satire, if you know how satire *hurts you.* Consider!

> 'Evil is wrought for want of thought
> As well as want of heart.'

Exactness.

Children especially should be taught to be exact. In great commerical firms when the balance-sheet is prepared, a few pence wrong, only a few pence, may mean thousands wrong on each side of the account; for instance, a forgotten credit of £3,000 1s. 4d. and a forgotten debit of £3,000 1s. 3d. only makes *a penny* wrong in the balance. Think of that. How difficult it is to tell *exactly* what was said in the report of a speech or a sermon. A trifling difference of expression may turn the harmless into the evil, and the true into the false. Charles Dickens said, that there were few people in the world who had the faculty of 'seeing' things—that is, they did not take in all the wonderful details. They were not exact. This is one use of the study of mathematics, to make us exact. How many people are ruined, and ruin others, through what are called 'trifles!' You mistresses know how difficult it is to make cooks 'weigh' quantities; they will not be exact. How often, too, we find that an appointment was lost because the applicant could not be in 'exact' time! Take heed, therefore, and be exact. There may be little poetry in it, but it ensures a great deal of practical peace and comfort.

Reparation.

Do not be too proud to repair the breach. If you have been unkind, unjust, uncourteous, neglectful or forgetful, be the first to make what reparation you can. As in religion we have to 'redeem the time,' so let us in human life redeem the wrong wherever and whenever we can.

Conciliation.

Differences and divisions are not for ever. Let us not stand idly waiting till some fortuitous combination of circumstances makes conciliation possible, but let us try to create the occasion for renewed harmony. Solemn indeed is the responsibility of the man who haughtily declines to accept the *amende honorable* when it is offered to him.

THE three great Angels, or Conduct, Toil, and Thought, are still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, if we would, with their winged power, and guide us with their inescapable eyes, by the path that no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen.

PASTOR VERSUS PRIEST;

OR,

OUR NEO-CATHOLIC CURATES, AND HOW TO ANSWER THEM.

Conversations with a Young Lady Visitor inclined to Ritualism.

MINISTER. So I hear you have been attending the services of young 'Father' Breton, from Oxford, and been reading the 'Tracts for the Times'?

VISITOR. Yes; and I really begin to think that there is something in the Catholic Revival, and in Mother Church, and in Orders, and in the 'Holy Sacrifice;' and, in fact, I want you to give me a little counsel—I mean, tell me something about these matters. You must have studied them yourself, or you could not be fitted to deal with the rising generation. It seems to me that we are supposed to be well up in these studies, as our teachers often warn us against the errors of what they term Sacerdotalism without teaching us much about them.

MINISTER. No one can question the fact that a formidable assault is being made upon Evangelical religion in all the parishes of England. An attempt is being made to turn the very name Protestant into a by-word and derision. The grand old martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, are ridiculed and denounced as 'mischievous fanatics, irredeemable villains, and traitors,' men like Danton and Desmoulins; and their noble resistance to Papal tyranny is set down as the criminal conduct of heretical and time-serving men. Everywhere around us are signs of reaction, and I agree with you that our young people, seldom versed in the history of their heroic forefathers, are deluded by the impudent and impious pretensions of modern priestism. I do not want to indulge in declamation against our Neo-Catholic curate, Father Breton; I would rather lay bare the baseless grounds of assumed priestly authority.

VISITOR. Father Breton says it is wrong and wicked to say that he is leading us back to Rome; he has lent me an essay on Catholic, *not* Roman Catholic——

MINISTER. Yes, I know, it is in 'Lectures in Defence of Church Principles,' published by Mowbray. I have read them, and find that all that is mainly objected to is supreme power on the part of the See of Rome. I find in these 'Tracts' all the pernicious errors of Apostolical succession, deference to General Councils and advocacy of the priesthood and the Mass.

VISITOR. But Ritualists will never go to Rome—they say so distinctly.

MINISTER. I feel equally sure that rather than remain outside

when the time of reunion comes, this entire party would, for the sake of Catholic unity, swallow the whole dose of Papal superstition, and accept Mariolatry, the Immaculate Conception, and Papal infallibility, as they have recently accepted the worship of the host, auricular confession, and prayers for the dead.

VISITOR. But you cannot deny that they have true 'Orders,' can you? and if it be necessary to have 'Orders,' what a dreadful thing it must be to be without them; indeed, I suppose, a *true* church cannot be without them?

MINISTER. The doctrine of Apostolic succession, or Orders given through a Bishop's touch, lies at the root of all priestly pretension, whether Roman, Greek, or Anglican; and yet so impossible is it to prove this—so easy, in fact, is it to disprove it—that we are now sentimentally asked to put aside the cold historical treatment of it, and we are asked, 'If we do not *feel* it to be true?' Understand this, my friend, that when you have once fairly faced this impudent assumption, and proved it to be as deceptive an imposture as ever formed the basis of a tyrannical priestly supremacy, you have in breaking the vertebræ of sacerdotalism deprived it of all its power over Bible-instructed and educated minds.

VISITOR. Well I do not find it exactly in the Bible, but I have been puzzled about the word 'Bishops.'

MINISTER. I say Bible-instructed, and I will prove it. You will notice how in such Essays as that on 'Apostolical Succession,' by the Rev. J. Oldknow, D.D., the Scripture-ground is touched upon very tenderly indeed. All students know that our Lord's special gifts to the Apostles ended with themselves. Timothy and Titus, the one at Ephesus, and the other at Crete, were sent as *Presbyters* only. The Presbyters Timothy and Titus were reminded by Paul that they had been made overseers of the Church of God. Paul commences his Epistle to the Philippians, 'Paul and Timothy, servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the Bishops and Deacons,' where the word 'Bishops' is used as synonymous with *Presbyters.* And in his Epistle to the Presbyter Titus at Crete, Paul says, 'For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest ordain Presbyters in every city. If any be blameless;' for mark, 'a Bishop' must be blameless, or, 'a Presbyter.' Thus you can easily get over your difficulty about the word 'Bishop'—it is used for Presbyter.

VISITOR. How do the Neo-Catholic School get over that?

MINISTER. You need not wonder that in the face of these texts the Neo-Catholics have been driven to the mere *supposition,* for which there is not a vestige of authority in the Word of God—that there already existed a higher ministerial office, and that whilst *all* were called Presbyters, some were called Bishops as

well. But what could not be proved by Holy Scripture was attempted through *fraud*. In after-times, to prove an historical hierarchy the Church sanctioned some forged Epistles of IGNATIUS. He lived between the times of the Apostolic Fathers, Clement and Polycarp. These doubtful papers speak of a superior order of Bishops, to which neither Clement before nor Polycarp after him make reference. It was not till the fourth century, when growing sacerdotalism made the doctrine of Apostolic succession necessary, that Theodoret *suggests* that those now called Bishops were first called Apostles.

VISITOR. You admit a succession of some sort, I suppose?

MINISTER. Only in spirit and in truth. But Presbyterian succession, which some have claimed would not suit the Catholics; *that* would Christianize the Huguenots, the Waldensians, the Presbyterians, the Independents, and nearly all the sects. No, its transmission is said to be exclusively in the line of Bishops. And yet here, in Timothy and Titus, Paul left Presbyters only as the spiritual functionaries of the Church. They engaged in ordination services, and if they went on doing so only for a generation, it is easy to see that a scheme of exclusive transmission by special Bishops must be vitiated at its very source. Looking at the matter at this point alone, we say that no Papal or Catholic clergy have any right to say—not even the Roman Pontiff himself—'We are what we are by Apostolical succession!'

VISITOR. How do you treat Father Breton then?

MINISTER. I courteously accost this young Catholic neophyte, who comes with cassock and contumely, and ask him for his credentials? Who are you, my friend? Give an account of yourself. *Why* should *your* fingers bless us—*your* lips absolve us, *your* magical incantation change bread into Deity? We ask your genealogy? You come here to teach us, and we have a right to know; we demand something more than high-sounding phrases about 'the Church and the key.'

VISITOR. But do not all Episcopalians necessarily believe in Apostolic succession and Orders?

MINISTER. Certainly not. Episcopacy was the early aftergrowth of the Apostolic age, and many Episcopalians believe that Christ left ecclesiastical government to the developing life of His Church.* We all agree that Episcopacy is as lawful a form of church worship as Presbytery or Independency. But Episcopacy by no means involves the false claim of Apostolical succession, as Archbishop Whately and many eminent Churchmen have admitted. Baxter, you will find, had no objection to

* Vide 'The Organisation of Early Christian Churches.' By Edwin Hatch, M.A., Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall. Oxford: Rivingtons, 1882.

a presiding Presbyter—a Bishop who should be *primus inter pares*—first among equals.

VISITOR. You have not told me the special difficulties which beset the claim of the Catholics to have Orders?

MINISTER. Directly you leave the Apostolical age the difficulties which beset any theory of Apostolical succession thicken on every hand. Amidst the excitements of political changes and the conflicts of the time, with the increase of Bishops there were of necessity the gravest irregularities! Some Bishops were heretics, some were mere Crown nominees; and thus, of course, multitudes of Presbyters who were ordained had their so-called Orders tainted from the beginning.

Just hear for a moment what the Canonists say, and here there is a series of circumstances rendered possible, any one of which says a great Church historian, would suffice to disqualify a man for the Episcopal office of Bishop: 'Should he happen to have been unbaptized; should he not have passed through the subordinate offices, or not have been duly ordained to those offices; should he have become Bishop without consecration, or should he have received consecration from one Bishop only, or from a Bishop of another province; should he have been under age; should he have obtained his see by simony; should he be convicted of holding heretical opinions; should he have been elected by force; or should he be given to gambling or intoxication—any one of these circumstances, exclusive of some others, would be sufficient to break the descent of the Apostolic virtue.'

VISITOR. It seems to me that the risk is tremendous, that Father Breton may have come through a mistaken succession himself.

MINISTER. Certainly. And an electric cable, broken in one part only, will not convey the currents! The vitiated ordination of one heretical Bishop would deluge the Church with false priests, and thus in the future with false Bishops also! Flaw once admitted, where does it end? In fact, where *can* it end?

And now take up the early ecclesiastical historian Eusebius, Lib. iv. cap. 43; and there, *as early as the third century*, we read of one who obtained consecration as a Bishop by inveigling 'three Bishops, rustic and very simple men, into bad company, where they got intoxicated, and whilst in a crapulous state they were constrained to lay hands on him!' What would his after-ordination be worth? In the fourth century we find Jerome complaining of the profligacy, avarice, and general corruption of all ranks, of the clergy. Such men, according to the Canonists, could not be true Bishops. Gregory of Nazianzen complains most bitterly of the same thing, and tells us that in one place 'Bishoprics were obtained not by virtue, but by craft, and were the perquisite not of the worthiest but of the strongest; inform-

ing us in his Nineteenth Oration of one who, though unbaptized and unconverted, was forced by the populace to assume the office of Bishop.' This happened, indeed, in the case of Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, who describes himself as not nursed in the bosom of the Church, but snatched from the courts of law and compelled to be a Bishop. Take, too, the case of Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene. He tells us that he would rather have died ten thousand deaths than become a Bishop, acknowledges himself a sceptic on some points of the Christian religion, and claims the privilege of deceiving the people on the ground that as darkness is good for those afflicted with ophthalmia, so a falsehood is advantageous to the mob, whilst truth may be noxious. Whilst, to crown all, Sulpicius Severus, in his 'Sacred History,' lib. ii. cap. 51, tells us that in his day everything was thrown into confusion by the discord of the Bishops, and that their vices rendered all things corrupt.

VISITOR. Cannot you commend me to any popular handbook that could tell all this to my sisters, Maude and Mary, for they are taking to wearing crucifixes, bowing to the altar, and talking about Mother Church, and I feel sure that they know no more about it than I do?

MINISTER. I know of no such portable volume. But I have yet more to say to you about Apostolical succession. This wonderful chain of Orders had to pass through all the disorders of Rome's decline and fall. At one time even a great majority of the Bishops were Arians, and so the Episcopal hierarchy was saturated with heresy, and during the greater part of the fourteenth century there was one succession of Popes at Avignon, and another at Rome, both with their adherents, anathematizing and excommunicating one another, half of Europe recognising the Pope in Italy, and the other half the Pope in France. Lord Macaulay, says of Apostolic succession, 'It is surely impolitic to rest on such a theory as this. We read,' he says, 'of sees of the highest dignity openly sold, transferred backward and forward by popular tumult, bestowed sometimes by a profligate woman on her paramour; sometimes by a warlike baron on a kinsman still a stripling. We read of Bishops of ten years old, of Bishops of five years old, of many Popes who were boys, and who rivalled the dissoluteness of Caligula.'

Since then no less than most probably a hundred thousand persons have exercised the functions of Bishops. It is quite certain that many of these were not Bishops by Apostolical succession. Hooker, the Church historian, admits that deviation from the ordinary rules have been frequent. Chillingworth says, 'He that shall maturely consider all the possible ways of lessening and nullifying a priesthood, will be very inclinable to think that it is a hundred to one that among a hundred priests there

is not one true; nay, that it is not a thing very improbable that amongst those many millions that make up the Romish hierarchy itself, there are not *twenty* true.

VISITOR. You quote Churchmen, I find?

MINISTER. I could quote many more, including the late Archbishop Whately and Dean Stanley. So there is an end, then, to Apostolical succession. It is a sentimental phantasy and nothing more. A doctrine which, if it were true, would unchristianize nearly the whole of Christendom, is nothing but a pitiful delusion.

And yet, believed by the Roman clergy, the Greek clergy, and the Anglo-Catholic clergy, this one doctrine is at the basis of the mass, absolution, confession, and all priestly functions. Depend upon it that this openly disproved, the whole edifice of priestly pretensions falls to shapeless ruins.

It is natural enough that in Tractarian literature we should be asked if we do not *feel* it to be true? For without this, all Christians could consecrate bread and wine and turn them into the body and blood of Christ as well as priests.

And yet this is the delusion that the sacerdotalists are now endeavouring to spread! Whence come you, my young sirs? then we may ask of the Catholic neophytes who are erecting altars in the place of the old communion-tables, and calling upon their flocks to recognise them as the only true ministers of Christ. They well know that the sacerdotal ground is *gone* through the scholarship of later days, and all they can do is to ask us if we do not *feel* it to be true?

Let us tell them that we can see through and through their false pretensions, that the New Testament sends us 'to preach the Word,' and not to offer sacrifices; and that the mass is nothing more than the play-acting of men who pretend to have received a commission—which neither they nor their fathers ever received at all. Tillotson, a man ever to be honoured in the English Church, was the son of Baptist parents; and there is not one iota of proof that he was ever baptized at all; and if so, his installation could not have been canonical at all, and all the priests he ordained, from which future Bishops sprang, must have been false priests too. The flaw must live on, and must be ever widening from age to age.

VISITOR. Your argument subverts Romish pretensions as well as Anglican ones.

MINISTER. Unquestionably. But the Anglo-Catholics have to face the difficulties of Elizabeth's Bishops and the consecration of Archbishop Parker; and of these, who shall say that they were all canonically ordained?

Our Lord's commission to the Apostles does not involve this doctrine, and we can see that there are multiplied difficulties in

the case of historical evidence concerning the age, character, and heresies of Bishops in the after-times of the Church.

All false pretensions demand exposure, but these most of all, for they have to do with the enlightenment of the millions in the present day, who are brought face to face again with a pernicious priestcraft.

Let us bravely stand by the Scriptures as our one and only basis of faith and hope, and let us tell the priests of this day that we can see no virtue in a theory which turns spiritual Christianity into an affair of materialistic touch, and which supposes the Holy Ghost to be given through a succession of some of the most profligate, licentious, and ungodly Pontiffs. The chain itself is no chain at all, but broken in all manner of ways and places in the earlier history of the Church.

VISITOR. I suppose you have never heard Father Breton preach;

MINISTER. No; but I know the Neo-Catholic type of curate to which he belongs; some of them are beardless youths, fresh from college, who pronounce a ban of expulsion on men like Robert Moffatt, and David Livingstone, and William Carey, because, forsooth, they had not the imaginary Apostolic succession. The word in their sermons that they ring so constantly and roll out so pompously is not 'the glorious Gospel,' but 'the Church,' 'Holy Church,' 'Mother Church,' the 'Catholic Church.' Let us try and do with this Mother Church what we have already done with Apostolic succession; let us reduce the highly-blown air-bladder to its flimsy emptiness. All New Testament students know that we are one in Christ Jesus, not by ecclesiastical fellowship, but by personal union with the Lord and Saviour.

Catholics, so-called, make union with the Catholic Church everything: they can pardon, palliate, and absolve all manner of sins, even of the vilest kind; but the one great sin is heresy, or disbelief of their priest-made creeds. This damns the soul, and as they persecuted, tortured, and burned men and women of old to make them recant and believe, deeming agony of body nothing in the saving the soul, so their theory leads at all events in the same direction at the present time. Heresy is a crime: a High Church paper spoke once of 'CRIMINAL UNBELIEF' not long ago.

The Church! the Church! Very well to the study, my young friend, you should go fearlessly and fairly. Perhaps they will ask us here also if we do not *feel* this theory to be true?

VISITOR. But Father Breton was warning us last Sunday against the impious and ignorant increase of private judgment, which destroys the humility of spirit which hears the Church.

MINISTER. Indeed! Let us consider the matter. Private judgment an impiety in matters of religion! So we are to take 'the Church' as our light, our interpreter, our guide. But even

at the commencement this awkward private judgment troubles me, for I must at all events use it to decide which Church! Here are at least three infallibles awaiting me—Roman, Greek, and Anglican—letting alone altogether those Churches which claim to be older and truer—I mean the Chaldean or Nestorian Church, the Armenian, the Syrian Church. They take their stand not on the four, but on the first three Councils, they reject the decrees of Chalcedon and protest against the heterodoxy of the East and West! Then there is the Abyssinian Church, a kind of Oriental Popery, whose ritual is like the Egyptian or Coptic Church, where circumcision is still made of equal necessity with baptism. Certainly these infallible Churches lie outside the region of my private judgment, and if I am to obey the Church I must know *which Church?* Paul told not clerics but Christian laymen that they were able to know the (spiritual) things freely given of God; and speaking of the Gospel ministry he says, 'By the manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.'

VISITOR. Father Breton talks a great deal about Catholic consent. What does it mean? He assumes that the Protestants all differ, and that so-called Catholics all agree.

MINISTER. Evangelical Protestants all agree in the vital doctrines of the Gospel, and historically the word 'Protestant' is used to represent them, and not mere Protesters against Rome.

We hear so much, it is true, about Catholic consent, and Catholic tradition, and Catholic antiquity, that we have a right to ask the Anglo-Catholic Revivalists what they mean? Where does Catholic consent begin? Where does it end?

Bishops Ken and Van Mildert claimed antiquity for the first 800 years. Bishops Jewell, Hall, and Cosins restricted it to the first 600 years. Archbishops Laud and Usher adhered to 400 or 500 years. Waterland and Beveridge restricted it to the first three or four centuries. Some go by General Councils and accept the first three; some, like Hammond and Stillingfleet, accept the first six.

Who then shall come as the infallible authority to tell us which is the era of the infallible Catholic Church? In the year 1582 the direction given to the Bishops in England, from the Lords of the Council, was to accept the first *six* centuries. The Act of the first year of Elizabeth specifies the first four General Councils (A.D. 325 to A.D. 451).

Catholic consent is therefore a delusion of the Catholic neophyte. Yea, even in assuming the priesthood, sacramentarianism and confession to be Catholic at all, he begs the whole question at the beginning.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANIEL GABRIEL ROSSETTI. By T. HALL CAINE. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Rossetti was a man of real genius; his connection with the Pre-Raphaelite movement gives historical interest to his life so far as Art is concerned. As a poet, we can study his style and his eloquence in this volume. As a sufferer, too, we can see the penalties which the highly strung frame of genius often has to pay; and perhaps some will be led earnestly to eschew the use of chloral, which at its first introduction was supposed to be a harmless anodyne. Mr. Rossetti is seen in many aspects of power, and he evidently disdained to be patronized by the fashionable world. Mr. Caine's recollections of him are interesting and pathetic, always those of a true admirer, and certainly those of a sincere and faithful friend.

MEYER'S COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT: HEBREWS. By DR. G. LÜNEMANN.—JAMES AND JOHN. By J. E. HUTHER, Th.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street, 1882.

BIBLICAL THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By DR. B. WEISS, vol. i. The same publishers.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS: SOCIAL. By DR. H. MARTENSEN. The same publishers.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. By DR. GEORGE SMEATON. The Ninth Series of the Cunningham Lectures. The same publishers.

Most able and scholarly works these, such as could come only—the three former of them at least—into English possession through the marvellous enterprise of the Messrs. Clark. They have laid Christian teachers, and scholars everywhere under immense obligations by the translation from the German of works like these. It would be impossible in our limited space to enter upon any elaborate criticism of the works themselves, but it is a matter of joy and rejoicing that the intellectual strength of Germany is now being directed, not to destruction, but to the construction of a true Christian theology. We have been much delighted with Dr. Smeaton's volume on the Holy Spirit; he truly says, 'The topic on which we enter is by no means superfluous at this time. Except where Puritan influences are still at work, we may safely affirm that the doctrine of the Spirit is almost entirely ignored. The representatives of modern theology, it is well known, have almost wholly abandoned it. Many of them deny the Spirit's personality in the most open and undisguised manner.' As our churches need a great baptism of the Spirit, so it will do all Christian teachers good to read this volume on the 'Doctrine of the Holy Spirit.' It is not only a scholarly treatise, but it is eloquent in style, and spiritual in feeling.

Meyer's Commentary merits more than a mere passing commendation. We should be glad to see such works on the shelves of all our pastors, and let those who think that Theology is a 'dying' science tell us how it comes that some of the richest and best thought of the age is directed thereto. Considerable as Messrs. Clark's success has been in the production of such volumes, it ought only to be the precursor of a tenfold circulation. In beginning a 'New Series,' an opportunity is given to many to subscribe who may be deterred by the extent of the former series; for 142 volumes have appeared with surprising regularity. The subscription price is one guinea for four volumes annually, payable in advance. The New Series commenced in 1880; therefore the volumes

for 1880, 1881, and 1882, can be had for three guineas. The works now in contemplation are—Weiss's 'Life of Christ;' Dr. Keil's 'Handbook of Biblical Archæology;' Goebel's 'Parables of Jesus;' Rensch's 'Bible and Nature:' and we shall be glad if this early notice inspires many of our readers to procure the New Series of the Foreign Theological Library. A fuller review will shortly appear.

ENQUIRE WITHIN UPON EVERYTHING. Sixty-fifth edition. London: Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square.

So we have; and have found many things, if not everything. It is a marvellous little volume, and we see no reason why it should not reach to a 650th edition.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ELIZABETH PRENTISS. By the REV. S. L. PRENTISS, D.D. With steel portrait and five illustrations. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A capital book for those who are stimulated and strengthened by the simple biography of a quiet, humble, earnest Christian life. It is published to realize the desire expressed in the last letter: 'Much of my experience has cost me a great price, and I wish to use it for comforting and strengthening other souls.'

SANDY'S FAITH. By L. L. ROUSE. Illustrated. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

A capital story of Scottish life.

THE RESCUE, A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS. Coloured Illustrations. The same publishers.

Good: and a theme we delight to see well treated for children.

THE OLD WORCESTER JUDGE. By EGLANTIN THORNE. Illustrated. The same publishers.

Good print, suitable for reading aloud in cottage circles at Christmas-time.

TWILIGHT TALK; OR, EASY LESSONS ON THINGS AROUND US. By AGNES GIBERNE. The same publishers.

'Great truths may be presented,' says the Introduction, 'to a child's mind in simple words and short chapters.' Atoms, Repulsion, Motion and Rest, Attraction, Gravity are treated of. We highly commend this little volume. Mothers should get it, and children would enjoy it, if read a chapter at a time after tea. This is a good beginning. We want more of this kind of writing.

ELSIE'S FOOTPRINTS. By MRS. LUCAS SHADWELL. Illustrated. The same publishers.

A fascinating book for elder children, and one likely to inspire them with love to Christ.

ACROSS THE WATER. By THOS. PAINE. Illustrated. The same publishers.

Nicely got up, and well written. An excellent gift-book.

THE VANGUARD OF THE CHRISTIAN ARMY.

This is a more important volume and gives brief biographies of Schwartz, Carey, Martyn, Judson, Morrison, Milne, Williams, Patteson, Vanderkemp, Moffat, Livingstone, Eliot, Brainerd, and others. Most stimulating as an aid to the cultivation of the missionary spirit. A good prize for schools.

Then we have—BRAVELY BORNE, OR ARCHIE'S CROSS; UNDER THE OLD ROOF; MARGIE'S GIFTS, AND HOW SHE USED THEM; THE SCRIPTURE HALF-HOUR AT MOTHERS' MEETINGS (by the same publishers)—all good in tone and adorned with illustrations.

We heartily congratulate the Religious Tract Society, first in recognising that young people will have story-books, and that if they do not get the best kind, they will secure others of an inferior order. Next that these are not only moral but Christian in their spirit; and last, that they are not goody-goody at all, but good in the best sense. There is more 'ability,' too, year by year in the style and treatment of subjects by the authors. The Tract Society are doing a glorious work in stemming the tide of evil literature, and we rejoice in their abounding success. Their enterprise deserves it, and their work is still 'before them.'

JAMES BRAITHWAITE, THE SUPERCARGO. By A. S. KINGSTON. With eight full-page illustrations. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A story of startling adventures at sea, in the time of the wars between France and England. It is good in tone and full of thrilling interest, and it will keep any boy anywhere perfectly quiet for three hours, no light boon in any household.

THE HUMAN SYMPATHIES OF CHRIST. By the REV. A. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

We are always right glad to see another work by Dr. Geikie, he is so thorough, so earnest, and so able. We have here Christ's sympathy with Nature, Christ's love for His mother, Christ's sympathy with children, Christ's friendship, Christ's sympathy with doubters, Christ's sympathy with human suffering, Christ's sympathy with the poor, etc., all suggestively treated and rich in spiritual power. We are sorry to put the volume down.

DICK'S HOLIDAYS AND WHAT HE DID WITH THEM. Edited by JAMES WESTON. London: F. Fisher Unwin.

A capitally illustrated and most charming volume. 'Spring in our Wood;' 'Our Garden;' 'By the Sea;' 'Through the Lanes; 'In a Conservatory,' etc. The print is large type. The drawings are artistically done, and the information conveyed is most ably introduced.

WILLIAM PENN, THE FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1882.

We are devoutly thankful that the task of writing a popular life of Penn has fallen into the hands of so able a *littérateur* and so impartial an historian as Dr. Stoughton. That he here presents us with an accurate portrait of the founder of Pennsylvania, those best able to judge will be the first to acknowledge. While, from his profound sympathy with Penn and his intimate knowledge of his times, he has laboured to present a more attractive and finished picture of the man than that which Macaulay dashed in with a few impetuous and ill-natured strokes, he has not fallen into the opposite defect of idealizing his portrait. Penn is placed before us in all the strength and beauty of his gifts and virtues, and in all the weakness of his defects. While pointing out the ambiguous relationships of Penn to James II., Dr. Stoughton does not see in them the evidence of a double-minded man, and therefore refuses to let this one blemish overshadow and destroy all his other good qualities. As for the celebrated affair of the 'Maids of Taunton,' made sonnet of by Macaulay, Dr. Stoughton shows that there is not a particle of evidence to prove that the Penn referred to was William; or that if it was, he accepted the negotiation for the pardon. Upon the whole, Penn stands out against the background of his times as a man of great loyalty to conscience, intense religious fervour, dauntless courage, and profound devotion to the interests of civil and religious liberty. While our author throws much fresh light upon Penn's relationship to America—an historical chapter of

the greatest interest and importance—he is equally successful in tracing Penn's religious life from its inception at the Grammar School, Chigwell, to the close of his life. Incidentally we are presented with an exceedingly graphic and realistic picture of the religious condition of England with special reference to the rise and progress of Quakerism. Written in an easy, graceful style, accurate in its facts, and full of vivid historic touches, Dr. Stoughton's 'Life of William Penn' cannot fail to be widely read and highly valued.

DROPS AND ROCKS. By E. R. CONDER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

These are the best 'Talks with Children' that we have met with for many a day. If any of our friends want some inspiration for Sunday-school addresses, they will find it here. It is not a common but a very rare faculty to be able to interest the young. Dr. Conder has evidently succeeded in this illustrated volume.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEARY AND THE SORROWFUL. By ALEXANDER RALEIGH. Edited by MARY RALEIGH. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

This comforting and companionable little volume has just come to hand as we are going to press. It will be most precious to all who have come under the charm of the late Dr. Raleigh's past writings. Mrs. Raleigh, in the preface, says: 'Comfort, indeed, does not often come by argument, or by abstract thinking. Rather it makes its way by symbol, by subtle touches of sympathy, and by words which reveal the Father's heart to His desolate children. With reverent affection for the author of this volume we commend it heartily to weary hearts everywhere.

WIDOWS' FUND.

THE managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* acknowledge, with thanks, the following sacramental collections, etc., in aid of the 'Widows' Fund:'

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AIM above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

UNCLASP thy conscience before God, show thy wounds to Him, and of Him ask a medicine.—*St. Chrysostom.*

THE ennobling difference between one man and another—between one animal and another—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another.

THE treasuries of true kings are the streets of their cities; and the gold they gather, which for others is as mire of the streets, changes itself for them and their people into a crystalline pavement.

Photographed by E. Debenham, Southampton.

Yours Faithfully,
Stephen. G. Matthews.

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

'NOT AS UNCERTAINLY.'

'So run I, not as uncertainly,' says St. Paul, speaking of the Christian race; and he leads us at once to the spectacle of the Grecian games, where the uncertainties of every earthly race are symbolized. It is just this uncertainty that constitutes one of the saddest aspects of experience. Multitudes are disappointed at heart. It is true that the deeper sorrows of life do not come to the surface of the stream. Like the leaf or the rosebud many of our lighter troubles float on the river of complaint, but down in the darker pools are the saddest griefs of the soul! We have little conception of the many broken purposes of human history. We paint life so differently with the brush of young imagination. Many are successful artists in their early dreams, who leave pictures on no Academy walls save those of their own mind. This one word, men seldom ponder, 'uncertainly'! There are laurels for a few winners, but what about the losers? Some nearly win the race, and only miss by a hair's-breadth the prize which was the hope of their young and proud ambition; but how many there are who never glimpse the goal, and who yet bravely plod on their weary disappointed way! The tired and dejected racer, who has ever painted a picture of him? who proffers the tender sympathy which he deserves? Do you not tremble sometimes at the eager faces in a great school, and remember how many of them will be disappointed in life's great competitive course? Their feet will slip in the Atalanta race, the heart will fail, and the head will swim, as they see others more fleet passing them in the course.

Such, in this chapter, were the thoughts of the Apostle concerning many of the competitors in the time-renowned Grecian games—*many run*, only one here and there receives the prize. How different, suggests St. Paul, is it, with all earnest souls who commence this heavenly race; how cheering is the fact that

every faithful soul will, must, reach forward to the heavenly crown! 'So run I, *not as uncertainly.*'

Men must Run.

Multitudes can say, not 'So run I,' but 'So look I on.' They are interested in the Christian story. They are not destitute of enthusiasm. In their best moments they admit that this Christian race is a noble spectacle! Even amidst our fellow-men here, apart from the angels of God in heaven, we *are* surrounded with a great cloud of witnesses. It is idle to suppose that the greatest of all subjects can be believed in, preached about, and lived out without the observation of men. We are made to be interested in religion. A departed statesman said, 'It is a subject the human mind is organically formed to reverence.' Would it be possible, think you, for the early Church to notice nothing of what Paul calls 'agonizing' to enter in at the strait gate? Would the men who had lived in early martyr times ever forget the story of Polycarp or Perpetua? Impossible! And many who are *not* Christians find themselves interested in watching the trials and triumphs of the Christian life. But interest in this sublime story is not enough. Nay, it reveals a mind and a will at variance. A mind arrested, interested, engrossed; a will irresolute and weak! Picture such a soul! Not, 'So run I;' but, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' 'Almost!' It is one of the saddest words in human experience! Almost ready! Almost decided to enter the course, and to gird up the loins for the immortal race. Here and there are the brave men who have fought as with beasts at Ephesus; and here, too, are others who have gazed from a place of ease on the strife! Whether we study the Christian life as a battle, or as a race, how many say, 'So look I on!'

Men admit the Uncertainty of the Earthly Race.

Multitudes say, '*Our* race is uncertain; we know that!' Yes, they know it well; and they '*so*' run in another sense—that is, they run with consciousness of this dread uncertainty at their hearts. Who can tell whether his health may not fail, just as honours are coming thick upon him? The student may falter in strength just as the great world is opening its gates to him. What impediments may come in the earthly path from what we call outward circumstances—from the falsity, the cunning, the greed, the sloth of others? Envy may plot; prejudice may pervert the good cause; malice may slay the reputation. In the great race of wealth, fame, honour, renown, how many run 'as uncertainly'! Speculations may fail, and the

bevy of 'summer friends' depart like a flock of swallows to a warmer clime. It is as if the Apostle had said, 'Apart from *evil*, where the seeds are always death—where the wages are certain to be those of shame and sorrow—even in your human ends and aims, if you seek these for themselves alone, apart from God your Saviour, it is manifest what uncertainty there is!' It is written legibly enough in every age. All students cannot be wranglers, all physicians cannot be specialists, all musicians cannot rise to fame! Many run close abreast, and some almost reach the goal, and then fall back, and faint, and fail. The deepest sorrows of life are not the great failures, but the almost successes.

Such, then, is the condition of this earthly history of ours. The wells are not deep enough—they soon dry up; or enemies are around them—the Philistines, as of old, 'fill them with earth'! Somehow or other progress is hindered, and then come toil and trouble *sans* success and victory. How different all this is in the Christian struggle! Here all who run may obtain the prize! Men of all culture and no culture; men of vigorous strength and of feeble health—for Christ has promised His own divine aid to all who have been redeemed with His most precious blood—all who put their trust in Him, and who, laying hold on His strength, press toward the mark. Happy each of us if we can say, 'So run I'!

Men slight Distant Rewards.

The goal! Let it be *now*, the world says. There is an immediacy in men's demands. And hence the world and sense seem at first to have the best of it. Here rewards are keen; they are also swift. We gain nothing by denying this; only we ought to remember that worldliness always has dregs in its cup, and that it is only *seeming* good. Then, too, there comes to us the experience, common to all, that worldly reward is transient at the best. Our earthly honours fade and wane. The gold of our brightest successes soon grows dim. The successful of yesterday give place to the fresh laureates of to-day. Even *fame* lives after a few lives only. But a slender galaxy shine forth for the admiration of others in the firmament of earthly honour. Here and there a mountain height remains in the ordinary plain of past history. In every age a few solitary poets, philosophers, astronomers, warriors, philanthropists, senators, stand boldly out, and the rest are to dull forgetfulness a prey! And the winners? For so paltry a reward as national remembrance, they burned the midnight oil and strained the overwrought brain! One of the most renowned commanders of men, when the hour of triumph came, and the whole world

seemed marshalled before him, when asked what the spectacle wanted, answered '*Permanence!*'

What a satire this is on human glory! Oh, what an explanation this gives of man! It makes us understand the poet's line:

'Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear.'

'All flesh *is* grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of grass.' But so firm is the Apostle's faith, so earnest is his character, so confident is he in the resurrection of his Lord and the reward for all His saints, so devoted is his work for that Saviour, who will give to each of His servants the incorruptible crown, that with the eternal heavens now clearly opened above him through Christian faith, he says, 'For me to live is Christ, for me to die is gain.' And then he goes forth to win the sons of men to the same glorious choice of an incorruptible crown. The things we seek, he says, the objects we pursue are all, like their Divine author and bestower, eternal in the heavens! For us, as for St. Paul, the testimony of our Lord Himself is all enough. Eyes of *ours* cannot pierce beyond the veil. We cannot see the glorified hosts, all wearing the unfading amaranth; we cannot talk with them, and hear them tell how earthly toil and travail were well worth enduring for the great reward, but the Holy Book has told us we shall in nowise lose our reward, and that we shall win the crown of life which fadeth not away.

As the voices of the redeemed float and fall from the celestial heights, they cry, 'Not as *uncertainly*:' as they beckon us onward by their holy example, they say, 'Not as *uncertainly*:' as they look for our coming and for the reunion of the great day, 'The Spirit and the Bride say, come!'

Let us hear their voices in the sweet Sabbath pastures. Surrounded as we are still by the rewards of earth, dazzled by military glories, tempted to emulate the proud and the vain, let us listen to the voice of the Apostle; let visions of future glory dawn upon us; let the faces of the great heroes of the Cross shine forth through the cloud. For the Saviour Himself says to all who have made sacrifices for Him, 'They shall receive manifold more in the present life, and in the world to come life everlasting.'

Men Wait to Begin.

They *see* the runners. They are now and then surprised to find even a Saul among the prophets. Some who yesterday satirized the earnest, some who were careless with the careless, gay with the gay, thank God, are with us to-day. But there

are some who have long been close beside the course who are hesitating and halting, still waiting to begin.

Much depends, in life's crucial moments, not only upon our estimate of spiritual good, but upon habits of decision of character. The value we put on the heavenly citizenship is one thing, and the consecration we show, while it is yet to-day with us, is another thing. Meanwhile, let those of us who are Christ's remember that the true life of the Church is the best incentive to others to join its ranks. Men are impressed and convinced by one thing especially, and that is, the manifest value that we evidently place on the great invisible and spiritual realities. If we show that the 'Well done' of conscience is more to us than the applause of men, that the crown above is more to us than the coronets of earth, they will soon say, 'We will go with you, for the Lord is with you.'

There is a law of attraction in a true Christian life which works silently but surely. We shall not win by mere appeal, however earnest, if all ends there; but we shall win by the spiritual fervour of sincere lives.

So wait I! too many say. But what wait we for? When will opportunity be more 'golden' than it is to-day? When will heaven's gates be thrown more widely open than they are to-day? When will God's Angels of Truth and Providence be more urgent with us than now? At this moment, it may be, they have their dear hands on your heart, tenderly trying to lead you away from the guilty cities. So wait I! Why? Test the things that are this day more pleasant than God's salvation, and see if they are really worthy to be weighed with your soul's immortal weal? So wait I! Why? Death may be nearer to you than you think.

> 'Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all—
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.'

Men Stay in their Course.

Some did run well, but they are somehow hindered. Still there is hope that they may be quickened afresh in the heavenly way, and that they may renew with ardour their first love to Christ. Alas! heroism cools; ardour faints; energy 'slows' its fires. If religion were one sharp conflict, one wrestling struggle, one hour's race, one martyr sacrifice, then how many would run the course! But ever in this sublunary sphere the rewards of earth and time are to the persevering. In the earthly, as in the heavenly race, it is the 'pressing forward' that we need. The main thing with young hearts is to associate them with those

who detest indolence and sloth. So much depends on the spirit of the home and the friendships of life. Never let us forget that it is ourselves alone that can make the race uncertain! Christ our Saviour is stronger than Satan or sin, or doubt or death. He that is for us is greater than all that can be against us.

Remember, even in this world it is the persevering spirit that wins the race, not those most liberally blessed with opportunities. Columbus was but a weaver, and Halley but a soap-boiler, and Æsop but a slave, and Sextus V. a herdsman, and Homer but a poor man, and Hogarth but an engraver of plate, and they all, keeping their eye on the earthly goal and pressing toward it, gained the prize. So in the immortal sphere—the feeble may become strong, and the last be first through earnest faith and zealous prayer.

Finally, the Christian race is worthy of all our most strenuous endeavours, our most unfaltering energy, our most fervent zeal. There we are not surrounded by the applause of the world, nor shall we be crowned with its fading wreaths, nor shall we have to risk uncertainty and disappointment; for we look forward to a celestial crown—to 'the crown of life which fadeth not away,' reserved in heaven for us; and not only for us, but for all who love and follow their Lord. 'So run!' Let this then be our motto; and on the lips of all true Christians, as on the lips of St. Paul himself, it meant no proud self-endeavour, no independent effort; *his* whole life had its confidence and hope in this—that he was strengthened with all might by God's Spirit in his inner man. In every Epistle he honours the Holy Ghost. We fail too often as preachers, teachers, workers, and disciples, because we forget this. Let but the cry come up from all our hearts—

> 'Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
> Let us Thine influence prove,
> Source of the old prophetic fire,
> Fountain of light and love;'

and we, too, shall 'run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus,' and not looking unto ourselves.

THE EDITOR.

Is it too much to ask that every reader of these Homilies, if the truth therein should enter his or her soul, will at once *there and then* 'enter into the closet, shut to the door,' and ask the blessing of Him who sendeth none empty away?

'As the worst travelling is when the road is frozen after a thaw, so those are frequently the most hardened who have had some convictions, who have had some knowledge of the Gospel, and some religious affection, and have then relapsed into their natural hard-heartedness.'—*Arrowsmith.*

OLD YORKSHIRE WORTHIES.

I.—THE COCKINS—FATHER AND SON.

I MUST apologize to you and your readers for the delay—not forgetfulness or negligence—in furnishing the sketches which you persuaded me to promise. I have been so busy working for living Yorkshiremen, worthy and unworthy, that I have had no leisure for writing about the departed worthies. I begin with a family of hereditary preachers in this county, which for four generations has never been without a representative amongst preachers; young Cockin, late missionary in South Africa, one of the many brave young men who have so mysteriously and sadly fallen victims or martyrs to their zeal for evangelizing that dark and deadly continent, being the great-grandson of the elder Cockin, of whom I write.

From 1780 to 1840 the Cockins occupied a first place in the rank of popular and powerful preachers at anniversaries, ordinations, chapel-openings, not only in their native county, where they were far from being prophets without honour, but throughout the provinces generally and in London, particularly at the Tabernacle, where the crack preachers of the country used to supply the pulpit for a month or six weeks at a time. They were followed and listened to by crowded audiences. London then was less selfish than the modern metropolis—contented with a few weeks' service of the best men of the country; but now attracting, absorbing for permanent residence and work, the more brilliant stars from the provinces, and only very occasionally condescending to allow them to shine on the country obscurity and darkness.

I never heard either of the Cockins preach, the father having died before I was born, and the son having retired from the ministry before I came to England; but in the North their reputation is still great, and the reminiscences of them are numerous, pungent, and interesting. Many of their pithy, quaint sayings and striking illustrations are quoted still, and their personal peculiarities, not to say eccentricities, spoken about with a gusto; whilst the appearance and utterances of their immediate successors are forgotten. The men of that generation were so distinguished by individuality, great force of character, fearless freedom of speech, decided and outspoken opinions, a terse, epigrammatic, often humorous and homely, style of preaching, that they made and left their mark on their age. Beneath the powdered or brown wig might be seen a head of clear and solid judgment, and beneath the black Genevan gown a real man, in

nowise priestly, but somewhat dignified, prophetical, and patriarchal.

I shall not forget my first introduction to John Cockin, the second in this genealogy. He was visiting a family in my congregation, and sitting out of doors on a seat in the garden, sunning himself in one of those rare moments when the great luminary of heaven succeeds in shining upon these earthly regions, usually given up to smoke, mists, and rain. It was an odd, grotesque, not to say unique, figure which presented itself to my eyes. A man about threescore years and ten, with a fine massive head covered with a brown wig, under which peered two sharp, penetrating eyes, with a grave yet not ungenial face, aforesaid head or capital surmounting a strong, well-proportioned trunk or body in a snuff-coloured if not snuff-stained suit, with legs sufficiently thick but very insufficiently long, as if Nature had begun to build, and had not material wherewith to finish. The friend with whom he stayed told me he preached once (at Honley Lecture) from the text of 'He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man' (Ps. cxlvii. 10). No doubt this was an unintended coincidence, as when Dr. W. L. Alexander, preaching at the opening of a church in Newcastle, to which his friend and fellow-student, the Rev. A. Reid, had betaken himself from a divided church, announced (quite innocently), 'What went ye out for to see? *A reed* shaken with the wind?'

But to resume, as Scotch divines say, after some digression from the subject in hand, I sat down beside this ministerial Jacob leaning on his helpful staff, to get his blessing and counsel. I was duly and sternly cautioned against the heresies, real and imaginary, the novelties of faith and practice, then creeping in amongst the young ministers, of whom he entertained no flattering opinion. I ventured very meekly to express a kindly word of defence for myself and brethren, spoke of the natural and lawful development of ideas and the propriety of reasonable adaptation of beliefs to altered circumstances, etc. The old gentleman was far from being pleased with this humble apology for what he feared was perilous freethinking, and when I ventured to illustrate my suspicious theory by a personal allusion which I thought exceedingly happy and *à propos*, I thoroughly roused the ire and eloquence of my faithful mentor. Before that he had chastised me only with his eyes and his brows, in withering gaze and frown; but now it seemed as if the staff would more effectually execute his wrath. I had very innocently said, 'I suppose, Mr. Cockin, *you* don't see all things exactly in the same light as your father did?' 'My *father*, sir,' he replied, '*my* father was a better man and a better preacher than ever I was, and I only wish there were more like him!'

etc. I think he added that he agreed in all respects with him in his theological views; at any rate, they were both very pronounced, stiff Calvinists, though quite as ready to do battle with Antinomians as Arminians. On those favourite theories they never lacked 'lucidity,' however they may have been deficient in 'sweet reasonableness.'

Joseph Cockin was born at Honley, four miles from Huddersfield, in 1755. At that time the morals and religion of the country were very low. The Lord's day was more a day of sport—even of types so brutal as bull-baiting and bear-baiting—than of religious worship. But the Methodists, both in the Church and out of it, had begun to rouse the dormant consciences of the people, lulled to sleep by the cold, heartless preaching and careless, often immoral, lives of the clergy. Henry Venn, the vicar of Huddersfield, the friend and coadjutor of Lady Huntingdon, was a leader in this revival of Evangelical religion, and the real father of Methodism and Independency in this neighbourhood. His influence extended not only to Honley, but to Halifax, and for many miles all round Huddersfield.

When only fifteen years of age, young Cockin came under the spell of Venn's earnest preaching. It had the savour of life to his young, inquiring soul. 'On Thursday evenings I made a point of attending, though I was at the distance of four miles, and had to go alone. To facilitate my escape, my mother in the course of the afternoon carried my clothes into a private place in the fields, and I went at the proper time and changed those in which I worked, that I might appear in decent trim. I remember once being waylaid by my father, and there was no way of escape but through a river which I was just able to ford. To this place I repaired, put off my clothes, and carried them over my head, and thus effected my purpose.' His father, after terrible threats and other unnatural cruelties, at last drove him from his house, and for twelve months the pious brave boy lodged and worked with a Mr. Scholfield, near Huddersfield, who kindly gave him shelter. In the house of this godly man—a great admirer of Venn, and afterwards one of the founders and first deacons of Highfield Chapel—was a weekly prayer-meeting, which greatly helped to foster the religious life in the breast of this honest, homeless lad. Out of that meeting about half a dozen ministers arose. Religion obtained and preserved amidst these and many other hardships was sure to be genuine and to become vigorous.

When, on Venn's leaving the parish church of Huddersfield, Highfield Chapel was built, young Cockin was one of the first contributors, his name still standing in the old list of subscriptions for half-a-guinea, a large sum for a working youth. Not

content with this, he helped with his own hands to dig out the foundations of the new sanctuary. Forced into the militia by a dishonest ballot, he had to spend some time annually in Leeds, and there discovered such gifts of prayer and extempore speaking that he was recommended to enter the Theological Academy at Heckmondwike. At the end of a three years' curriculum he settled at Kipping, or Thornton, near Bradford, where he preached to a crowded congregation for fifteen years with great power, acceptance, and spiritual fruit, and brought up a large family on a small salary. There was no Church-Aid Society in those days, and the trustees of Lady Hewley's Charity (not yet reformed and put right by Mr. Hadfield's litigation) declined to give him a grant because of his orthodox views of the Trinity, of which they made sport. He supplemented his income by taking a small farm. This by no means interfered with his pastoral duties. For in addition to his home ministry he was a laborious and most successful itinerant preacher in barns and halls throughout the West Riding. Not a few Congregational Churches owe their origin, and others their renewal and prosperity, to his visits and itinerant labours. Would to God there were more of this now! He subsequently, in 1811, took an active part in founding the Itinerant Society, now merged into the Yorkshire Congregational Union, and in establishing and supporting the Yorkshire Colleges. He was also an early and earnest supporter of the London Missionary Society, and preached the Surrey Chapel sermon in 1798.

Greatly to the grief and vexation of his attached flock, Mr. Cockin removed from Kipping to Square Church, Halifax, where he finished his successful ministry in 1826, and died 1828. His only son, John, of whom I next have to write, had the profoundest reverence for his father, and though he was generally considered rather hard and severe, was true and tender-hearted as a friend and son. He said, 'I could never yet read my father's autobiography without tears.' How often a brusque and blunt manner veils a loving heart! Yet even filial love and reverence do not blind the eyes! The son, in the interesting memorials of his father, candidly admits that he was 'uneven in his temperament,' 'rough and blunt,' 'unceremonious,' and his illustrations occasionally 'too familiar and homely.' His preaching, which was generally fluent and animated, loud, impetuous, and rapid, was frequently relieved by humorous and smart sayings, and honest truths of a pointed if not personal character, and even colloquial interrogations, such as that addressed to a brother minister in the course of the sermon, 'What do you think of *that?* I call that preaching.' Such eccentricities were more common and less offensive *then* than they would be now.

John Cockin spent the whole of his ministerial life—forty-three years—in Holmfirth. There grew up around him a strong and sturdy race of men who were firm in their adherence to Congregational principles, and sound both in politics and theology. His preaching was different from his father's, more logical and intellectual, less fluent, and altogether destitute of the emotional, and nearly so of the imaginative and poetical; though his preaching and books show extensive reading, and a tendency, as if from humility and self-diffidence, to nail every important sentiment by a text from Scripture or a quotation from some trusted author. He was occasionally too severe, and somewhat given to sarcasm. One Sunday the clerk, who gave out the notices, had, apparently without consulting the higher power, announced that Mr. Gadsby, the Antinomian Baptist, would preach during the week. Mr. Cockin rising, leaning over the head of the unwary and too charitable clerk, said, 'H'm! Gadsby—and what have *we* to do with Gadsby?' One day a good woman, but somewhat ready with her tongue, had ventured to say in a querulous tone, 'I didn't like your sermon this morning.' 'Madam, it is a matter of no consequence whether you like it or not.' The ministers of those days were not men-pleasers, but, like Ezekiel, prophesied not smooth things, but the truth, whether they should hear or forbear.

He once sharply rebuked a lady in a neighbouring county who tried to make excuses and apologies for a bare repast, 'Madam, I am tired of bones and compliments.' Which reminds me of Dr. Brown's beadle, in Edinburgh, rebuking a polite and stingy lady who attended that church, and gave a gracious bow to the plate at the door, 'Gie us less o' your manners and mair o' your siller.'

He upheld the dignity of the pulpit and the reputation of the minister both by precept and example, and was not slow to condemn the extreme fastidiousness and occasional severity with which ministerial life and labour were criticized by inconsiderate people, on whose minds he inculcated the duty of cherishing reasonable expectations.

Once, when preaching in a Sheffield chapel, whose congregation had been noted for itching ears and frequent changes, in the course of his sermon he paused to describe to the eager and expectant people the kind of man they needed to fill their pulpit. 'I know,' said the good man, 'the kind of man you need—a very godly man, good expounder of the Word, earnest preacher, faithful pastor, diligent visitor, patient, wise,' and so on, describing a perfect model; and when he had worked them up to a high pitch of expectation and delight, and they were on the point of exclaiming 'Name! name!' he very drily and coolly

said, 'Ah, my friends, such a man is not yet born.' He had been painting the ideal; they had been expecting the perfect.

In these times we hear a great outcry against political Dissenters, as if it were quite a modern innovation and later corruption for Dissenting ministers to take any active part in political contests, or in discussion of burning public questions. It is a great mistake. The Cockins, especially he of Holmfirth, were ardent Liberals, and zealous advocates of such questions as Parliamentary Reform, Free Trade, Anti-Slavery, Civil and Religious Liberty. And when the Liberal candidates for the county visited Holmfirth, whether a Milton or Morpeth, they did not regard themselves as properly introduced to the select constituency if 'my good friend Mr. Cockin' had not moved or seconded his Lordship's candidature. Even in Exeter Hall the voice of the Holmfirth Cockin, on those great questions, was listened to with loudest applause.

The Congregationalists of the North, especially of Yorkshire, owe very much to these remarkable men. They were true, brave men, loyal to Christ and to Evangelical doctrine. Their Calvinistic views did not interfere with their free offer of salvation, nor diminish the number of their converts. Whilst their views of sovereign grace and high ideas of Christian character tended to produce a race of church-members who were honest, intelligent, and steadfast. They were most unselfish and abundant in their labours, not only in their own congregations, but in extending the Gospel and Congregational principles in populous districts where the provision for religious worship was insufficient. In their private lives they were exemplary, given to hospitality, and exceedingly liberal to the poor. They, though dead, still speak, 'Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.'

R. Bruce.

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*A PILLAR OF CLOUD BY DAY, AND A PILLAR OF FIRE BY NIGHT.**

In the bright days when pleasure smiles around us,
And our sweet dreams are ushered into light;
Lest the too dazzling lustre should confound us,
Be thou our night!

In the dark days when Hope seems dead within us,
And our souls battle with the clouds of night,
When Satan and his hosts draw near to win us,
Be thou our light!

* 'Friar Hildebrand's Cross.' Hodder and Stoughton. By M. A. Paull.

ENTHUSIASM.

If we would make our ministry a power, it must be marked by enthusiasm. This ought to arise from our faith in the truth we preach. No minister has a right to expect that his work will be effective except it is with him a controlling and all-mastering passion. Unless we have entered the ministry of our heavenly Master as ambassadors, feeling that the spell it exerts upon us is such as no other manner of life can exert, the sooner we abandon our sacred, or desecrated, office the better, both for ourselves, and for the people among whom we minister. If there be any office in the world which claims enthusiasm as its natural ally, it is the ministry of the Gospel. It demands not only the soul, but the soul in its most fervid heat, and in its highest action. The spirit which is proper to us is the spirit of Him who said, 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.' And we find that spirit reappearing in the Apostle of the Gentiles, when Festus, confounding human lore with divine love, could say to him, 'Thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.' When I speak of enthusiasm I do not mean a rampant fanaticism, which, mistaking frenzy for faith, and noisy declamation for spiritual earnestness, excites the derision and the hostility of those whom preaching is designed to conciliate and to save. I mean the entire consecration of the man to his work, as the work which, because of its nature and ends, he esteems to be the noblest on earth. If there be one now holding a commission from his Lord who would exchange it for any secular position, however elevated, let the unworthy feeling crimson his face with shame. If we feel that to be wealthy as a millionaire; to be Prime Minister of the Queen, or her ambassador abroad—the generalissimo of her forces by land or her chief admiral at sea; to utter with authority the last and highest word of science; to compose the poetry which shall crown us with a laureate's wreath, or the music which, with its 'linked sweetness,' and its deep and subtle harmonies, may thrill the soul with a new and wondrous ecstasy, is to achieve a higher honour, to render a nobler service, and to enjoy a purer happiness than we feel to be associated with the post we now occupy in the spiritual kingdom, are we not in the garb of ambassadors without credentials and seal, and are we not running without being sent? A minister of Christ without enthusiasm! one who has to preach the most glad tidings that ever came forth from heaven's gate, without enthusiasm! A rower in the lifeboat, of which Christ is the heavenly pilot, and which has to rescue struggling, drowning

souls from the foaming breakers of sin, without enthusiasm! We are told that there are elements to damp it. Enough, assuredly, both within us and without us. Natural indolence in some, an unchastened will in most, benumbing habit, personal sickness, ungrateful and even cruel treatment from others—friends transmuted into enemies, harvests scanty or long deferred, and mingled with tares—thwartings from men and temptations from the devil—numberless distractions and harassments arising from our social life—all these are the wintry clouds which often empty themselves upon the fire of a minister's zeal. But then, the more we have of this dismal, discouraging rain, the greater the necessity for keeping the fire blazing with a fervent heat. The more we have to resist us, the more internal force we must have to press on. If the vessel has both wind and tide against it, the more needful it is that its motive-power should be great. If we can neither drift into heaven as Christians, nor drift onward in our work as ministers, if progress involve struggle, and resolution, and nerve at every step, what prospect of success has he who begins the ministry without heart, or with lukewarmness? It is well when a gale rises immediately on his leaving the harbour, and sends him back with fear, and compels him to abandon a mode of life for which he was so poorly qualified.

Brethren, let us learn enthusiasm from others, who, in temporal matters, are not ashamed of it. The manufacturer who has set his heart on riches, teaches us a lesson. He is resolved to be wealthy, and he cares not who knows it. He rises up early, lies down late, eats the bread of carefulness, and wastes not a farthing wilfully. He keeps his eye upon every passing event, for it may affect for better or for worse his hopes of a fortune. Politics are not without interest for him, especially if they have a monetary bearing; he strives to master international affairs, for they may affect trade, and it is by trade that he is to become rich. Discoveries in chemistry attract his regard, not because he understands the science, but because new colours may be made or old ones fixed, and in either case may turn his fabrics into gold. If he be dumb or stammering on any other point, on this—the one imperial, all-absorbing ambition of his life—he is as eloquent as the Greek that shook Philip's throne. This enthusiasm may be called vulgar. Be it so; but it is vulgar because it is misplaced. Is it vulgar if its object be worthy, and was it vulgar in an apostle who could say, 'This one thing I do'? Men can pardon enthusiasm which can spend years in deciphering an inscription on a fragment of some ancient stone; or which can chase through flood and fell, and wood and brake, with dripping garments and lacerated flesh,

some new moth which entomology has never recognized and classified before; or which can give half a lifetime to the recension of some obscure and unimportant manuscript; or which can dwell with rapture on some master-stroke of the pencil of Raffaelle, or of the chisel of Thorvaldsen or Canova; or which can encounter death itself in seeking, amid mist, and storm, and snow, and thick-ribbed ice, a passage through Northern seas to the Eastern world. And is the pulpit the only place in which enthusiasm is an unpardonable sin? Is tameness to be its highest level, a studied coolness its intensest warmth, a persevering monotony its most attractive tone, a wearying iteration of the same common-places its greatest variety, a nervous fear of even seeming to be in earnest its most fervent zeal? Other enthusiasms are concerned with perishable things. The merchant's gold shall drop from his hands—the noblest painting shall rot—the finest group of marble statuary shall turn to dust—all the works of man which a carnal enthusiasm has erected shall be burned up, but the enthusiasm of the true minister of Christ has relation to things which cannot perish.

THE LATE DR. ENOCH MELLOR.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

GETHSEMANE was a garden, or orchard, more than half-a-mile from the city. Olive-trees grew in it, cultivated for the sake of the oil their fruit yielded, and the meaning of the word 'Gethsemane' is 'oil-press.' Jesus may often have passed through the garden on His way to Bethany, and probably He knew how retired and quiet a spot it was for prayer and thought. It is kept now with care as a sacred spot, and fine olive-trees still grow there. Two of these trees are very old and very large, the trunks being six yards, or eighteen feet round. They are supposed to be two thousand years old; and if so, they must have been large trees, more than a hundred years old, when Jesus prayed beneath their shade. History tells us that Titus, at the siege of Jerusalem, cut down all the trees in the neighbourhood, which throws a doubt on the age of these olives—for if all the trees were cut down then, these must have been planted since. However, it is not impossible that a tree here and there may have been spared, and that these two olives were fine trees in the Garden of Gethsemane when Jesus knelt there in prayer. A little way up the Mount lay this Garden of Gethsemane. Jerusalem rose on the other side of the ravine, high above them, with its towers and minarets shining whiter than marble in the radiance of the moon, while shadows lay black on the ground, for shadows are always darkest in the brightest lights.—*The Child's Life of Christ* for July.

'Though at times my spirit fails me,
And the bitter tear-drops fall;
Though my lot is hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.'

Mrs. Norton.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION JUBILEE LECTURES, 1882.*

We most heartily congratulate the committee of the Union on the production of these two volumes. We have read them with deep interest. The Introduction says, 'There has been no attempt made to give completeness, either apologetic or historical, to the volumes.' This is a modest statement, and true; but withal, there is a wonderful charm of completeness in the Lectures — we mean that they are not fragmentary or superficial; they have come complete out of the crucible of the writers' minds. There is no sign of mere bookmaking in the volumes. It would be difficult to find in so few pages such thorough handling of the subjects discussed in all our literature as in these Lectures. After an able introductory chapter by A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., we have, in the first volume, Lecture I., 'The Early Independents,' by R. W. Dale, M.A.; Lecture II., 'Laud and the Puritans,' by Henry Allon, D.D.; Lecture III., 'The Westminster Assembly,' by John Stoughton, D.D.; Lecture IV., 'Independents in the Days of the Commonwealth,' by Eustace R. Conder, D.D.; Lecture V., 'The Policy of the Restoration and the Reign of Charles II.,' by John Kennedy, D.D.; and in the second volume we have Lecture VI., 'Bishop Barnet and Contemporary Schemes of Church Comprehension,' by S. Pearson, M.A.; Lecture VII., 'The Struggle for Civil Liberty in the Georgian Era, and its Effect on the Development of the Free Church Principle,' by A. Mackennol, B.A.; Lecture IX., 'Broad Church Doctrine and Independency,' by Edward White; Lecture X., 'Clericalism and Congregationalism,' by J. G. Rogers, B.A.; Lecture XI., 'Nonconformity in Wales,' by Henry Richard, M.P.

Is it too much to suppose that these Lectures will be taken in by all our Congregational families who are interested, not alone in our 'faith and order,' but in our relation to the developing life of the nation? Patriotism as well as piety demands that we should be now like the men of Issachar, who had understanding of their times; and a fair study of Independency will show its fidelity to the Divine Revelation on the one hand, and its adaptation to the life and growth of a Free Nation on the other hand. The writers are in the best sense able men, and some of them are at their very best in these volumes. It would be invidious to make distinctions, and to give selections from the Lectures is more than our space will allow. We have been delighted not only with the scholarship of the volumes,

* Vols. I. and II. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

but with the congeniality of each to the writer's name and fame, and with the high literary as well as religious merit which they all possess. They are as fair as they are firm, as charitable to others as they are true to ourselves. The Introduction puts the matter well: 'It was inevitable that in the expository statement or historical illustration of Congregational principles there should be an implied rejection of some of the principles on which the highly organized churches are founded; but such incidental out-croppings of dissent from the "way" adopted in other communions, whose status as Churches and whose Christian work are yet frankly and thankfully recognised, cannot with candour be interpreted as revealing either the temper of the sectary or the aim of the proselytizer.' Capitally said, and perfectly true. The volumes are well got up, and deserve to enjoy a very large circulation indeed.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

BY THE

REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.

THE solid pile in Queen Victoria Street means business, and business worth the doing. It means Bibles in Britain, Bibles in Europe, Bibles in Asia, Bibles in Africa, Bibles in America. It means Bibles in every language, savage or civilized; Bibles for the missionary of every creed, Bibles for the colporteur in every clime. And what does this mean? Well, it means that so far as the Society is concerned, it is doing its duty. It can only ply the machinery, and scatter the seed. But it means that you and I have a supplementary and auxiliary work to do. Bibles *distributed* are not all. The Bible is distributed pretty extensively, pretty universally, amongst the homes of England. But in how many is it venerated? If veneration means the laying of it up in lavender, covering it with calico, filling it with silken marks, tipped with crosses and devices, and mottoed with fancy needlework, there is not much to complain of. But we would rather see a Bible worn and broken, its binding battered without, and its pages thumbed within. We would like to see the heavy pencil-line under some promise, as though it had been a pillow for an aching head, or a balsam to a troubled heart. This would show that we had tried the value of the prize which we distribute; that our own garden was floral and fragrant from the seed we scatter; that we too had weighed the shekels we confer, and hoarded the ingots which we lavish. For the Bible is like

the bread in Christ's hands, the more it is spent the more it increases. But we live rather in a learned than in a devout age. We live in times when men criticize the Bible, translate the Bible, revise the Bible, discuss the Bible, diffuse the Bible, but do not read the Bible. A few approach the Bible as students; but fewer still come to it as children. A garden may be very wisely used as a promenade for a few martinets with microscopes and lenses, who botanize upon its flowers, and pull them to pieces to classify and Latinize their names; but it is better used as the romping-ground of children, who dance among its daisies, and smell its blossoms; or of bees who burrow in its petals, and drink the wine-cups of its honey. And so it may be well for Hebraists, and Talmudists, and Attic sages to pounce upon our Bible and explain to us the niceties of a rendering, or the force of an aorist, or the authenticity of a version. But it is better for a troubled soul to find its heart's ease in its promises, and for a sin-crushed world to take it as its guide-book to Calvary and peace.

Perhaps it is trite to say it, but in putting into a missionary's hand the Bible, you give to him the one key by which the dark places of the earth may be opened to the light; so that such work as that which this Society achieves is the pioneer work of all missionary effort. Thus, when you and I meet at our various missionary gatherings, and rejoice in the work accomplished in the different mission-fields, we are to a great extent exhibiting the trophies of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Well may we all meet, and rejoice to meet, upon a common platform to thank God for such a Society and for such a work!

We have been accustomed to look upon China as one of the territories most loud in its challenge, yet least inviting to the Christian herald. But I was reading a speech by Mr. Griffith John, the eminent missionary in Hankow. which seems to be rainbowed with hopefulness and light. He says the changes that forty years of missionary enterprise have wrought in China are simply marvellous. Forty years ago it was a crime to teach Chinese to a foreigner, and there were only five spots in the entire empire where missionaries might settle. Now there is scarcely any limit to their liberty of spiritual aggression. We have the authority of this missionary for the declaration that colporteurs instructed in the language, and equipped simply with the Word of God, and filled with His grace, are the chief desiderata for effective missionary work in China. And the reading of this speech of Mr. Griffith John did much to make me more in love with the British and Foreign Bible Society, because at almost every sentence there was some implied testimony to its breadth and catholicity of scope, or some unstrained and unem-

harrassed appeal to its liberality. For instance, he states that the Society is desirous to engage the services of missionaries of *all* societies in the work of Bible distribution. Then, without any sort of embarrassment, he appeals to the Society to unite with the Tract Society in supplementing its work by the scattering of tracts. Now there is something in all this which, to me, indicates a feature in this Society which has a special charm. I confess to a greater sympathy with institutions whose basis is a broad Christianity than with those which are sectarian, however closely these latter may reflect my own personal views. Upon our narrower platforms we are hampered in these open appeals. We can only encourage each other by the statistics of proselytism, and not of evangelism. And to me the encouragement diminishes in the ratio of the area of congratulation. The primary thing is to make Christians; it is but secondary to make Christians of this or the other type. We want to see the name of Jesus on their foreheads, and to hear the praise of Jesus in their songs, and not to find the badge of a sect upon their uniform, or the dialect of a shibboleth in their paternosters. The platform of this Society makes me forget whether those by whom I am surrounded belong to this, that, or the other section of the one great Church. They belong to the only Church I care to glorify, the Church of Jesus Christ. It is enough for me that they own the same Divine Master, and that their 'Amen' goes up with mine when we cry 'Thy Kingdom come!' Men may differ about many things in the Bible, but it is the Bible after all that draws men together and makes Christians one. It tells them of their one hope, and blows away their differences on the breath of that prayer, 'That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me.' A man may grow hardened through injustice, soured by misconstruction, or made indifferent to common things by the incidence of heavy trial; but there is something somewhere, could we but find it, which shall soften, sweeten, quicken him. The poor old cobbler in Paradise Square saw little of Paradise around him as he toiled at his lapstone after his treasure was gone; but the wand came at length which touched the hardened springs of feeling and thawed them into faith and expectation:

'The cobbler sang, for his heart was light
  As he watched his child at play;
But a shadow came in the summer night,
  And took the child away.
He sits in his garret under the tiles,
  He works in moody despair;
The sun never shines and nobody smiles
  In the gloom of Paradise Square.

'He mends and patches on and on,
He scarcely ponders why,
Or whether the winter is come or gone,
Or how the hours go by.
He never lifts his heart or eyes,
He never breathes a prayer;
It is so far from Paradise
To the gloom of Paradise Square.

'Tic tack! tic tack! the long hours through,
He patches old and torn.
But once there came a little shoe,
Like one his child had worn:
The hammer drops from his hard, rough hand,
The tears roll down his eyes;
That was a voice he could understand,
For it came from Paradise.'

And there is something in the Bible when quietly read with the heart awake which calls us back to ourselves when hardened and distracted by the controversies of these quibbling times. We may come home from debates, dazed and bewildered; but the Bible calls us to ourselves. If the little shoes brought back to the old workman the print and patter of the little feet that wore them, and woke up the *father* in his numbed and sorrowful soul, the glamour of a promise will reveal the footprints of the naked feet which trod the paths of earth, that blighted flowers might bloom again; and bring back hopes which are full of immortality, by revealing the presence of Him who gathers the lambs in His arms.

To circulate this book the whole world over is a splendid mission; to spread this talisman over dark and suffering mankind is a beneficent vocation. It needs little sacrifice from you and me to encourage and support this work; but it needs grand sacrifice and devotion on the part of those whose work it is to carry it out. But the very secret of the power and influence of the Book itself is bound up in that word '*sacrifice.*' All that appeals to *that* attribute in humanity, appeals to what is best and noblest in it. When the appeal of sacrifice is fully understood, all hearts must answer to it. Men are passing away, but the work remains, and its challenge is emphasized by their example. Their vacant places speak with a more fervent thrill even than their gifted tongues. Silvern as were their voices, their silence is golden; for it rouses *us* to wake from lethargy to action. Elijahs are snatched from beside us, but their mantles descend, and it is ours to take them up and fling them on our shoulders. Scepticism in its livery of Attic culture, and in its fustian of Bœotian profanity, has sought with Jezebel and vixen hand to tear the Bible to pieces, but it is a whole book still. The old wives' fables are the young world's facts, and 'the

survival of the fittest' is attested by a triumphant and unconquered Cross. A few dilettante Delilahs at home may toy with our hoary Gospel, with their scissors snipping at its Samson hair, but even as they point derisively at the pate they thought they had made bald, and croak, 'The Philistines be upon thee,' we point back to the shorn locks of strength sprouting afresh, not *grey*, but brown and young upon the brow, as India, China, Madagascar, and the islands of the sea are taking the Bible from our hands, and casting down their idols to make way for the Deity of whom it witnesses. 'Where is the wise, where is the scribe, where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?'

Go on then, Christians, in your work. The past has its voice and its inspiration, but it must be yours to live in the present. Well for us if our children can quote our example as we can quote that of our most faithful forefathers. Well for us if we leave to them a legacy of devotion such as that which we inherit. Well for us if the flag which we receive is held up steadily, and handed down unstained. But the past must be employed, not as a scene to rest and glory in, but only as an inspiration for to-day. 'Let Thy *work* appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children.'—*Christian Chronicle.*

SERMONETTES FOR THE CHILDREN.

I.

'I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father.'
—1 JOHN ii. 13.

THESE words were written centuries ago by the 'beloved' Apostle, who had been the closest friend of our Lord, and who was now an old man. Some learned men suppose that when John said 'little children,' he was addressing Christian people in a way suitable to his years, and that he addressed them in this manner because all Christians are children of God. But as he writes to fathers, and to young men, as well as to little children, I cannot help thinking that he did not mean by this expression all the Christian people, but meant to put a word or two in his letter, here and there, for the little ones. And so, hoping as I do that all the children who will read this little sermon have learnt to love that Saviour upon whose breast John had leaned in former days, I do not think that I shall be making a wrong use of the text if I try to make it say something to the child-readers of this Magazine.

I. Now, first, what does St. John mean when he speaks of *knowing the Father?*

Of course you all know who it is whom the Apostle here calls 'the Father.' It is He to whom all Christian children pray every night and morning when they say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' What a beautiful name this is for God—'the Father!' We have all of us had fathers; perhaps some of us have them still, and love them very deeply because they first loved us—cared for us when we were helpless babies, and have cared for us ever since. But it is not of these fathers that John is speaking, not of *a* father, but of *the* Father. And John is so sure that we shall know whom he means that he does not say 'God the Father,' or 'the Heavenly Father,' but simply 'the Father,' as if there were only one Father. And in a sense that is true, for there is only one Father of all men and children everywhere.

Now we have none of us ever seen this great Father. Our earthly fathers we see every day; we hear them speak; they put their hands upon our heads as Jacob did, and we twine our arms round about them; and so we know them better than we know anybody else. But we have never seen our Heavenly Father. How then can we know Him? There was once a Man who never did anything wrong, or said anything wicked, who was loving and tender to everyone, who did good wherever He went, fed the hungry, gave sight to the blind, healed the sick, and even made the dead alive again! He had dwelt in heaven, but He put off His crown and came down from His throne, and wore the raiment of earth, and lived in poverty and loneliness. And because He could not bless men as much as He wanted without dying for them, He suffered a cruel and shameful death for the sake of those who did not even love Him. You know who this was. It was the Man Christ Jesus. Well, do you remember that He once said, 'He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father'? Such words, falling from the lips of a poor man, would sound strange to those who heard them. And yet they were quite true. For in all that He said, and did, and suffered, Jesus Christ was showing us 'the Father,' whom no man had seen at any time. So then, if we know Jesus Christ, we know the Father. For when Jesus Christ did a loving act He meant men to know by that act how much *the Father* loved them. And when He said, 'Suffer the children to come unto Me,' He was showing how tender *God* is to little children. Men had often tried to know God before Christ came into the world; but they never found out how merciful God is until Christ spoke His gracious words and lived His beautiful life among them. Now, everyone may know what God is, because everyone may know what Christ is. He taught us to

know the Father, because He taught us to know, as men had never known before, that *God* is our Father.

II. The Apostle says that *little children* have known the Father.

'Now how can that be?' some of you ask. 'If we can only know the Father by knowing Jesus Christ, how are we to know Jesus Christ when He lived so many hundreds of years ago, and we have never seen Him?' Well, you don't need to see a man in order to know him, do you? Do you not feel as if you knew some of the people whom you have read about in your story-books? Do you not know Mr. Great-Heart and Mercy in the 'Pilgrim's Progress'? and Robinson Crusoe? and Tom Brown? and Little Arthur? and Gertrude in the 'Lamplighter'? You know all these although you never saw them, and although they are only imaginary beings. And among real people who *have* lived, don't you know Alfred the Great, and Martin Luther, and David Livingstone, and many others? And are there not many who have written books which you have read, whom you seem to know through those books—Charles Kingsley who wrote 'The Water-Babies,' and Norman McLeod who wrote 'The Old Lieutenant,' for instance? Very well, you know Jesus Christ first of all in that way, as one whose life you have read, and as one whose words and works tell you what He was like. And then you may know Him even in a closer way still, because though He is in heaven, He is also with us in our hearts, near to every child when it says its prayers, protecting you when you are asleep, and blessing you every day.

But John says not only that little children *may* know the Father. He says they *have* known Him. And that is true of all children who know Jesus so well that they cannot help loving Him. For it is easier for children to know God, than for grown-up men to begin to know Him. When people have become men and women without knowing God, all sorts of thoughts and cares and temptations crowd in upon them, and make it very hard for them to begin to know Him. And then you will remember that Christ once said, 'I thank thee, O Father, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' People need not be very clever or learned to know the Father. The little child who loves God knows Him better than the wise man who only writes books about Him. If you love Jesus Christ, you have known the Father, and having known Him while you are a child, you shall know Him better and better as the years go by. Or if you have not known Him as yet, you may begin to know Him now, by beginning to love Jesus Christ, the children's best and truest friend.

III. The Apostle writes to little children *because* they have known the Father.

And was it not a good reason for writing to them? If they had been silly, naughty children, they would not have read John's words, or if they had read them they would not have remembered them. But John knew that as they were Christian children and had known the Father, they would give good heed to whatever he had to say. And if you look at other verses of this chapter you will find that the Apostle had something to say to these Christian children which must have been very precious to them. He tells them in verse 12 that their sins are forgiven. In verse 1 he tells them that the object of his writing to them is that they may not sin. And in verse 28 he bids them abide in Him whom they have known. Think of these things then, my dear children, who have begun to love Jesus Christ, and to know the Father whom He came to reveal. You need not fear God's anger, for your sins are forgiven. But you must be afraid of grieving Him, therefore ask Him to keep you from sin. And if you would know Him better, and love Him more warmly, and serve Him more earnestly, you must abide in Christ; that is, keep close to Him, trust Him always, make Him your best friend, and pray to Him every day for forgiveness of your sins, and for grace to resist the temptations of the world in which you are fast growing up to be men and women.

Now you know when the postman comes how nice it is to have a letter addressed to yourselves. How kind and considerate then it was of John to write a part of his letter also to LITTLE CHILDREN.

J. R. BAILEY.

HALIFAX.

THE POWERS OF HOLY LOVE.

LOVE is manifold: when it is shown to the wretched, we call it *pity;* when poured out upon the unworthy, compassion is transfigured into *mercy;* when it is bestowed upon the relatively insignificant, we dignify it by many names—condescension, magnanimity, self-abandonment; when it spreads itself forth upon the vast, the sublime, the infinite, it is allied to *worship.* If we love that which cannot respond to our affection—if, *e. g.,* we love nature, or truth, or beauty, or even our neighbour, or humanity as a whole, such love is truncated and deprived of its most characteristic element. For love is a mutual attraction, and can only realize itself when responded to with the like affection.

Prostrate *humility* is the response to measureless compassion; and *gratitude* which scarcely dares to love, is the response to

infinite mercy. The deepest, truest love is never satisfied with less than LOVE itself in return, and a love which differs not in kind, though it may in degree. Like the action of the physical heart, it is a perpetual giving and receiving, a reception with no other purpose than to give, a giving with an untiring confidence of a continuous reception. Love is the blending of two natures into one personality. The link between them is so perfect, that each becomes one with the other.

The consequence of these well-known facts is such, that when we speak of 'holy love,' or 'the love of God,' we are conscious of what may be called a glorious ambiguity. No logical or grammatical rule can decide, apart from context, whether we mean by 'love of God,' His love to us, or our love to Him, or mean by the 'love of Christ,' His love to us, or ours to Him. In the language of the New Testament, the love of God is a divine state, into which His children are brought by the Holy Spirit, and in which there is the fullest, sweetest interchange of holy affection, where the strongest passion is enlisted on the side of the highest principle, and in which the lovers of God love all that He loves with a divine self-forgetfulness.

It is more easy to write and speculate about 'the love of God,' and what transformation it can effect in us, and in the world, than it is to cherish these sublime affections. God is so august, so immeasurably great, so infinitely good and holy, so far above the influences which disturb our vision and distort our conceptions, that we often tremble at our audacity in speaking of the love that prevails between us. Some exposition, however, of the nature and power of love may not be useless. The apparent revolution of a planet round its primary is really explained to our thought by the common revolution of both planet and primary around their common centre of gravity. The earth and the sun alike revolve around a point central to the two. That point is far within the body of the sun. So of every other body in the vast system of which the sun is the centre. The sun as surely revolves round the centre of gravity common to himself and the smallest asteroid as round that of the vast system of Saturn, and so he holds all these common centres within the mighty embrace of his own being. We obtain hence some notion, some faint illustration of the relation sustained by every soul born of God towards Himself. There is a mutual gravitation, and a genuine centre of revolution for God and every soul smitten by the power of holy love. There is twofold attraction, a twofold and mutual self-abandonment of the one to the other. God is as surely and as fully drawn to the soul as the soul is to Him. 'Love' in this large sense cannot be limited to one or the other of the subjects of this twofold synthesis. God

loves man, man loves God. God is attracted to man, man draws nigh to God. Each loses itself in the other. This state of soul is blessed beyond words. Those who have become fully subject to it can hardly be conscious of it, for it is deeper than consciousness. It is heaven itself, where meditation upon personal blessedness is left far behind and below, and the realization of the eternal life takes its place.

We are a long way, here and now, from this perfect accord; for in us, that is in our flesh, there dwelleth no good thing. Even in the regenerate there is still the centrifugal passion, which is ever aiming at severance from the highest love, and which would rush into the ghastly darkness of a perfect independence of the Divine love.

Only once has 'the Word become flesh,' and humanity been utterly interpenetrated with the Divine light, and the issue of this sublime conjunction was that even the flesh of Christ put on immortality, was received up into glory, and is set down on the right hand of the eternal Majesty. Still it is possible for 'holy love' to make continuous advance to the fulness of communion with God. '*We have received of His fulness, and grace over against grace,*' in every augmenting pulse of holy affection, in the sacred interchanges of 'holy love.'

This becomes manifest when we consider the several relations which love sustains to 'KNOWLEDGE,' 'FAITH,' 'HOPE,' and 'OBEDIENCE.' There are several wide and suggestive utterances of Holy Scripture which appear contradictory until we have discovered this fundamental law of holy love. The most obvious contradiction in form is between certain statements of our Lord. Thus He says, on the one hand, 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments.' In this exhortation, love to Christ is the mighty energy that produces holy obedience. The loving eye is quick to discern the will, the wish of the beloved. The heart which truly loves cannot break one of the least of these commandments. Even if the commandment seem arbitrary, it is enough that He who is supremely loved has said, 'This do in remembrance of Me.' That is enough. Such motive is sufficient. It is simple, clear, and explicit. The obedience which is the witness, the pledge, the consequence of love, and is neither formal nor perfunctory, but the outcome of a self-sacrificing affection, is alone well pleasing. This idea pervades the language alike of Prophets and Apostles. Isaiah and St. Paul combine to repudiate an obedience which springs from any lower motive. Here we find a link which unites the Old Testament with the New. Two great principles emerge as we contemplate it. One is: (1) We must *not* dignify by the name of LOVE that which is unwilling or unable to yield obedience to the beloved,

or which is not strong enough to overcome all our carnal reluctance to do that which God commands. (2) We dare not build anything upon an OBEDIENCE which is not the child and the consequence of a genuine love. But is this all? Certainly not. Our Lord says elsewhere, '*He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, He it is that loveth Me: and He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him;*' and again, '*If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love.*'

At first sight it would seem that 'obedience' is regarded in these words as the parent of love, not only the pledge, but the occasion of mutual love, and of all the Divine interchanges of sacred affection; in other words, *that obedience and love had changed places!* It might seem in this exhortation that an authoritative command was jarring with that gracious self-abandonment to which love calls. But is not the solution of the apparent discord found in the following underlying thought? There is verily a love which prompts to obedience, but this obedience again is the stimulus and food, the provocative and the ground of a still higher love, leading on to a sublimer response of mutual affection. We begin by loving little; but if the little love is strong to express itself by keeping the commandments of love, the love grows by what expresses it, and the higher love leads to a more complete obedience, and so on for ever. The burning seraph loves, because he goes and returns (on the Divine behests), 'as it were a flash of lightning.' Obedience is the libration of the wings of love. Love flames into seraphic fire when fed with the oil of obedience.

The powers of love reveal themselves in like manner in their relation to *knowledge.* Take the great text, '*This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only veritable God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.*' The KNOWLEDGE is life eternal. Not to know God is to abide in death and darkness. We read elsewhere that the life itself is the light of men. '*They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee,*' and '*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.*' All this is re-echoed from every part of Divine Revelation. There is a knowledge, a full assurance, a divine intuition of the living God, which is life eternal. The beatific vision is but the perfection of the knowledge of God. It is the complete satisfaction of our whole spiritual nature. We who pant and yearn after reality, after eternal truth, can only find it in the *knowledge of God.*

Yet there are many things said of *knowledge, per se,* which baffle us. Elsewhere we read that '*knowledge* puffeth up'—that we may have the gifts of knowledge, may understand all mysteries, may speak with the tongues of men and angels, may

prophesy with fine intuition of the truth, and yet be mere clanging cymbals, or sounding brass. Certainly, without some knowledge, without mental realization of truth, we can put truth to no use. Knowledge, acquaintance with the idea of God, must, by the nature of the case, precede credence and love. *Knowledge* is a necessary preliminary to faith and its attendant virtues. How can we believe that which is not made *known* to us? At times, moreover, knowledge in its deepest sense and most life-giving essence is shown to be dependent on putting into practice, on *doing* that which we *know* to be right, by not only 'hearing,' but 'doing' the sayings of Christ. At other times we are told that obedience, a willingness to do the will of God, will open the eyes of the understanding to appreciate, to *know* the doctrine, whether it be of God. At other times 'knowledge' is boldly contrasted with love. '*Knowledge puffeth up,*' '*Love buildeth up;*' while knowledge without love is nothing worth. So that knowledge is sometimes represented as an essential preliminary to both faith and obedience; and again, at other times, knowledge is represented as verily dependent upon and conditionated by a heartfelt obedience.

What we have already seen to be the value and place of holy obedience may help us to resolve this seeming contradiction; but we have more certain and satisfying light upon this mystery in the profound utterance of St. John: '*He that loveth not, knoweth not God.*' This is true of other objects, both of love and knowledge, as certainly as it is true of the love and knowledge of the Lord God. We do not know any thing, any person, any science, until we love it. The 'dry light' needed for scientific pursuit is the eye unbleared by prejudice, unfilled with tears of foolish and inappropriate emotion, not an eye which does not flash with love. It is sometimes said that 'Love is blind.' Cupid has been imaged with shaded eyes. No greater mistake can be made. Love has microscopic eyes to see both the faults and excellences of the beloved object. What a world this would be if mothers could see in all children the divine attractions and worth which they do see in their firstborn; and if lovers could see in all persons the wonderful lovableness they easily discern in one another! It is only the LOVER of truths, of persons, of countries, of great causes and principles, who really and veritably knows them. He that loveth not his country, does not know it. He that loveth not Nature, does not know it. He that is not ready to sacrifice his own pleasure to secure the triumph of a great principle, does not know that principle. (I do not mean that he shows himself to be ignorant of it, seeing that if he knew it better, he would love it more; but that the love, the going out of self towards an object, *is*

itself revelatory of the object.) *A fortiori*, '*He that loveth not God, knoweth not God.*' Love is actually the condition of the highest knowledge. If this be a law of knowledge, then we see at once how easy it is to explain the relations of knowledge and life, and of knowledge and obedience, which puzzled us just now.

There is a kind of knowledge which is a necessary antecedent to any faith, to any obedience, to any love, and such knowledge may remain barren and useless for the higher life. We may, as many do, know, and fall short of believing; know, and not obey; know, and refuse to love. Such knowledge may puff up its possessor and vaunt itself. It leads nowhither, it is neither life nor peace; but there is a knowledge born of simple obedience and holy love, and this knowledge is 'life eternal.' So we gather from this meditation another of the powers of 'holy love.' It transforms the incipient knowledge, the verbal assent to propositions, into the invincible assent of full assurance. The knowledge of the only true God and Jesus Christ, which is born of holy love quickened and stimulated by the microscopic eye of strong, reverent affection, is nothing short of the beatific vision; it is, as our Lord said, *life eternal.*

In close relation, and by similarity of argument, we see that other powers of holy love give great intensity to *faith* and *hope.*

There are degrees of *faith*, varying from simple credence, admission of the truth of certain facts, without passion or any corresponding conduct, on to a certainty which tends to high and appropriate emotions, and to the full assurance which appeals to and absorbs the whole nature. Faith varies from the admission of a moderate probability to the vision and revelation of the Lord. The degrees of faith differ as a solitary grain of mustard-seed does from the vast forest-tree triumphant at every point with the wealth and glory of its developed life. What is the energy by which faith passes from stage to stage? Faith is energetic through *Love.* Divinely implanted love, spiritually inspired self-surrender increases every faculty of knowledge, deepens every impression made by truth, opens the eye which indifference or passion had blinded, purifies the gaze which prejudice or evil bias had corrupted and obscured, and so makes the trembling faith which can only cry, 'I believe, help my unbelief,' grow, burn, gleam with holy enthusiasm, until it cries, 'I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded.'

There is faith which leads to love and is manifested in love, and there is the higher faith which is born of a perfected love. This again in its turn blazes into the flame of holy confidence. He who feels it cries, '*I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any*

other creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.'

In like manner there are degrees of '*hope.*' Who has not experienced what he and others call Christian hope, but which on close analysis is found to be little better than a faint and feeble desire after better things, and a desponding cry of the soul for what is just a grade better than blank despair? This is not the hope that saves. Contrast it with the full evidence of things hoped for, which is imparted by living faith; let desire be large, and expectation strong; let hope embrace all Divine promises, and it becomes a vast capacity for blessedness, and often bursts out in solitary places and on dark nights into songs of rejoicing. Then is revealed what the Apostles call 'patience,' quiet waiting, with a smile upon the face, for all the lustre of the Divine manifestation. Tribulation and sorrow are but the crucible in which this precious quality and energy of soul is refined. 'This hope maketh not ashamed,' and can never be disappointed, because it is a veritable prelibation of its own object—it is the earnest and foretaste of the purchased possession. We ask once more, what leads the soul from hope to hope, from the faint uplifting of the wearied weeping eye to the 'hope full of immortality'? St. Paul gives us the answer: 'Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit given to us.'

In this answer, moreover, he throws a flood of light upon what he meant by 'THE LOVE OF GOD,' and reminds us that he identified it, here and elsewhere, with the whole of that supernatural and new life which is produced in the spirit of man by the Holy Spirit of God. 'Regeneration,' 'a new creature,' 'consecration,' 'sanctification,' 'resurrection and ascension with Christ' are terms which in part adumbrate the full effect of the baptism with the Holy Ghost, or the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of God in the life of man. Consequently, what in one place St. Paul calls the 'fruits of the Spirit,' elsewhere he verbally enumerates as the powers of Holy Love. The Holy Spirit by His grace brings the soul into genuine, veritable relations of love to God, and into the spiritual consciousness of the love of God. Thus it is that incipient knowledge, quickened by love, mounts into the knowledge born of love, which is life eternal; that faith which trembles on the verge of extinction becomes a faith active through love to remove mountains; that hope becomes the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast; that obedience becomes an absolute submission, and a beatific vision.

H. R. REYNOLDS.

THE seed dies into a new life, and so does man.—*George Macdonald.*

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Scylla and Charybdis.

The great difficulty is still to keep clear of each of them. Frugality soon runs into meanness, and liberality into lavishness; so firmness tends to bigotry, and laxity to indifference. Happy the man who can keep the golden mean, remembering that to be too amiable is to be indifferent to sin, and to be too angry is to turn righteous indignation into fury.

The Ease of Power.

True power may be known as such in one respect by its ease. If a thing is done with labour it is seldom well done. True, the attainment of the ease of doing the thing is a *matter of labour*—intense labour. Think how Turner worked, and the ease of his power was a result of toil. Before Giotto could have drawn the perfect circle, how he must have practised drawing! So men and women who wish their work to be in any manner permanent or perfect, cannot attain this by sudden toil any more than by sudden dexterity. Painstaking must precede all the successful work which, able as it is, bears no mark of effort. It is *apparent* effort that spoils all.

Forget not the Absent.

Have times when you specially recall them, their loving ministries, their familiar faces, their gracious words, and so you will get into the habit of surrounding yourself with a portrait gallery, better even than the Old Masters, of the Old Friends. Your devotions will be enriched, for you will make mention of them in your prayers; your sympathies will be kept fresh, and you will not deserve the reproach, 'Out of sight, out of mind.'

A WORD TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The *Evangelical* is made up for the ensuing months *much earlier* than it used to be. The consequence is that articles will have to wait a month or two, as a rule, after their reception before publication; and volumes for review, of which there is an ever-increasing number, must be forwarded as early as possible. The promised articles for 1883 are nearly sufficient to fill the twelve numbers, so that the Editor can offer but little hope for contributions that have not been arranged for previously. Writers will have all their corrections carefully attended to, but enlargement of articles is impossible, as the space is all provided for. Any wishful to contribute in 1884 should communicate with the Editor at once.

The Editor.

CAPTIVITY IN CHRIST.

(HOSEA XI. 4.)

FETTERED for judgment, trembling in my chains,
I saw Him drawing nigh, at whose approach
The whispered word ran shuddering through my heart:
'O guilty soul! it is thy Lord and Judge!'
Nearer He came, and underneath the awe
Of that divine mysterious countenance
My vision, quickened by my fear, discerned
A tenderness that lightened through the gloom,
Like the first rosy light that, rushing up
From the hidden sun, sends joy into the heart
Of dawn. He spoke; and all the listening air
Was thrilled with music, carrying these words:
'Thou art My freed-man; all the ransom asked
By sin and death is, with My own blood, paid.'
As bands of frost, before the sun's warm gaze,
Melt from the gladdened earth, my shackles fell
In clanking fragments, and in marvelling joy
I stood. Then He again, melodiously—
'Thou'rt free to leave Me, or to abide and serve.
Thou'rt bound no longer; make thy choice.' He ceased.
His wistful eyes awaited my response.
Tumult of love and wonder shook my soul,
And shut the gate of language. Dumb I looked
On my Deliverer. Forehead, side, hands, feet,
Revealed the price for my redemption paid.
Passionate gesture took the place of speech;
In chains of free devotion, stronger far
Than what lay broken behind me, at His feet
I cast myself in rapturous servitude;
Desire and duty, love and law, so blent
Under the fusing beam of gratitude,
That, in a flash, I understood the joy
Of heaven, and what is in reserve for earth,
When, as in heaven, so on earth, God's will
Shall in the perfectness of love be done.

EDWARD BUTLER.

EVEN the lump of clay, when it was placed near the rose, according to the beautiful Persian proverb, caught some of its fragrance. It is the direction of Him in Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, 'Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.'—*A. Thomson, D.D.*

PASTOR VERSUS PRIEST;

OR,

OUR NEO-CATHOLIC CURATES, AND HOW TO ANSWER THEM.

Conversations with a Young Lady Visitor inclined to Ritualism.

VISITOR. But were not Church Councils universal? I heard Father Breton say that they were.

MINISTER. The first General Council was held at Nicæa, A.D. 325. Here at all events it might seem as if the standard of Catholicity, *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus,* might be set up—that which is 'believed everywhere, always, and by all.'

But not so. It was only an Ecclesiastical council.

Remember this, the first Council of the Church at Jerusalem, concerning Antioch, was a convocation for deliberation in which Apostles, elders, and people all joined, not only in discussion but in the decision. Like the earlier assemblies in the New Testament, they were popular and not clerical. In the upper chamber all Christians present shared in the election of an Apostle.

Then again, when the seven deacons were selected, the Apostles devolved the entire responsibility on the people.

VISITOR. Then the Church was not really represented by those who are now called Ecclesiastics?

MINISTER. Certainly not. 'The Church' was not even the 'Presbyters,' much less was it any supreme 'Bishops,' but the whole congregation of faithful men. The evil of Ecclesiastical government grew up steadily, and gained a great strength, which has never been destroyed.

At the Council of Nicæa, only the Bishops and their proxies could *vote.* Confessors and hermits were there—Presbyters and deacons were there: they were admitted *then,* which they were not in later Councils, but they could not vote.

But supposing that Bishops *could* represent, or ought to represent, a Church—even in that age, when they were chosen by popular suffrage—then remember that only 318 Bishops were present; that is, about one-sixth only of the prelates in the Empire. These Bishops were for the most part Oriental Bishops. The Latin Churches in France, Spain, and Northern Africa had only seven representatives. Absurd conclusion, that a *sixth* of the Bishops could decide for all the rest!

Next, remember that the Council was not called by a Christian man, but by a heathen Emperor. Indeed? say the Anglicans. Yes, not according to my theory, but according to your own. You say baptism is necessary to salvation, and he was not bap-

tized till he was dying, that he might wash away all the sins of his life at once! The Emperor not only convoked the assembly, but used his influence all through it, for the parties who had gained him over. Next, the Nicæan Council only *appeared* to decide, inasmuch as for half a century Arianism gained the upper hand. One Emperor cancelled the work of another, and for fifty years Council was arrayed against Council, and creed against creed. Then came another Council, called by the Emperor Theodosius the Great, in 381, at Constantinople, and the major part triumphed of course over the minor part. Yes! But this was even *less* Œcumenical than Nicæa. It was a packed jury. Not one Latin Bishop was present, and only 150 Greek Bishops, and of these the Emperor only summoned Bishops of *one* section.

VISITOR. Did Church Councils at first claim to exercise authority by themselves alone?

MINISTER. No. Even Nicæa did not claim to have authority to settle affairs by Church tradition. The appeal to the Sacred Scriptures was the ruling spirit of the assembly. Athanasius, the great disputant, said, 'The holy and inspired Scriptures are sufficient of themselves to make known the truth.'

And yet, in the face of the one-sixth Bishops at Nicæa, and the packed Council at Constantinople, and the ruling spirit of emperors, who sought to tranquillize the Church after a soldier-fashion—after the exclusion of the true Church, which is the congregation of the faithful, who were promised the Holy Ghost as much as others—the young Catholic neophyte of the present day, presuming that we never read and never think, brandishes 'Catholic consent' before our eyes.

Remember, therefore, 'that Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary for salvation, and that it is therefore a dangerous and destructive error to treat the decrees of General Councils, the creeds, or ecclesiastical traditions as of equal authority with the Word of God.'

VISITOR. What is the foundation authority, then, on which the Church of Christ really rests?

MINISTER. The foundations of the Apostles and Prophets. Directly you leave Scripture for tradition, you are in a wilderness where you lose your way—in a battlefield full of the contentions of theological factions! So sharp is the line of distinction between the Apostles and the Fathers, that Dr. Arnold says a wide belt of desert stretches round Scripture on every side. Once leave your anchorage in Scripture, and the vessel of your faith drifts hither and thither with every wind of doctrine. We hear much from the Anglo-Catholic school of the present day about THE AUTHORITY of the Church. Their idea is that the

General Councils, held before the division of the East and the West, constitute the rule of the Church; and they base their belief on this so-called Primitive Church. Let us then first ask where Christ or the Apostles point us to Councils as the law and testimony for us? Rather, do they not remind us to 'search the Scriptures,' and declare that 'all Scripture is given by inspiration of God'? To rest the arch of faith on inspired and uninspired bases, is like resting one pillar on rock and the other on sand.

But much is assumed that is manifestly and palpably untrue. The Councils are called universal, and they were not universal; for even those who were gathered together, were not all agreed. They are called Councils, when often they were moulded and manœuvred by the Imperial power!

General Councils proved to be much like battlefields, only the contests were scarcely conducted with so much honour and fairness. For morality in conflict the Church contrasts badly with the world; for the Church covered up with prayer and loud claims to celestial guidance—jealousies, discords, envies, hatreds, and murders too.

The early Councils are worth nothing as authorities for us, in presence of the fact that Imperial help was called to aid one or other of the contending theological factions; and the power which represented arms, settled matters which the human judgment failed to order. In A.D. 325 Constantine convoked, as we have seen, a Clerical Synod—a General Council. Previous to this, provincial synods had been regarded as the judicial tribunals of the Church in the various provinces, and doubtless their action suggested the idea of a General Synod!

VISITOR. Have we any reliable portraiture of the General Councils?

MINISTER. The Church historian, Eusebius, shall be our guide. Guards and soldiers have arrived early; drawn up in military order, they are ranged, with naked swords, in the vestibule of the palace. Within there are luxurious couches, on which the Bishops recline; and the Emperor himself is there! The imperial power of earthly state is about to use the Church for its own ends. The priests are full of ardent zeal. We need not wonder; it is the age of dogmatic theological conflict. What was the ultimate result? Let us take a crucial case. The great conflict arose between Athanasius and Arius. Surely a celestially guided Council will give us at once its final decision! No. One party must be *right*, and the other *wrong*. The first union was between the State and the Athanasians, and Arius lost ground; the next union was between the State and the Arians, and Athanasius was condemned. Then, under Constantine II.,

Athanasius was restored. At his death, Constantius expelled Athanasius at the request of an Arian Council assembled at Antioch, A.D. 341. Then Athanasius fled to Rome, and Julius called a Council which acknowledged him. Here, then, is a crucial case: two opposite views were contended for, and victory accrued first to one faction, and then to another! How each of these parties intrigued at Court, and persecuted each other according to their power, is written on the page of history. Then it was that fierce wars of opinion began. The Donatists besought Constantine's aid, and had so little confidence in Church Councils that they desired a civil rather than a clerical tribunal. As I read on in Church history, I blush for the Councils of the Church. I wonder how any devout men can wish to base religion on authority like that. In the fifth century matters had gone from bad to worse. A Church historian says that then 'to be established in a diocese *cost more lives* than the conquest of a province;' that 'the pastoral staff was a matter of worldly ambition;' that to secure a favourite as bishop 'the assembled crowd cried out the name of some one who was not even known to be a Christian;' that 'the mitre was conveyed by acclamation to a person who had to undergo the ceremonies of baptism and ordination before he could put it on his head.' And yet these Bishops are to sit in Councils, and decide for ever the doctrines of the Church! What authority is this, when 'prelates so-called were sovereign pontiffs of their own sees, and regulated the faith at their will'? And, as proof of this, 'under former Bishops, Milan had been Arian; under Ambrose it was Athanasian; and with a change of masters might have been Arian again.' It has been argued lately that the Emperors left the Church to *its own authority;* but Church history refutes the idea. The Emperors *did* interfere with the authoritative decisions of the Councils; doctrines, instead of being settled by argument, were settled by the armed forces of the retainers of the respective creeds. When we study the history of General Councils, what is called 'the consensus of opinion' melts away like a dream. Take the case of the Nestorians, at the third Œcumenical Council (Ephesus, A.D. 431). By political dodgery and crafty expedition a judgment was passed against them before the Nestorian defenders had time to reach the Council; Cyril had condemned and degraded Nestorius, before John, Patriarch of Constantinople, and many other Bishops could possibly arrive! Anything more mean and contemptible could scarcely be accomplished; and yet we are asked to believe that the Holy Ghost developed divine truth through these Councils! It affronts our conscience; it is degrading to any lofty spiritual conception of God's ways and

works. If craft is divine, if cunning is divine, if animosity is divine, if cruelty is divine, then I am willing to admit the divine authority of Church Councils! But until then I must confess that the development theory in religious thought is most repulsive, and most unreal and untrue!

VISITOR. Father Brereton says that we Protestants have no unity and no authority.

MINISTER. We, as Protestants, though we stand with our hand of faith on the Sacred Book, are thus constantly taunted as resting on no authority. Private judgment is reviled. Although between all our Evangelical Churches there is substantial unity of doctrine—far more so than in either the Roman, Greek, or Anglo-Catholic Church—yet we are constantly subject to the supercilious criticism that we have no Church authority. My answer is, We have God's Word, and God's Word alone. Moreover, if such authority as I have referred to be desired by others, we wish none of it; we are thankful to be able to ignore it. We know that the dogmas of Councils are not necessarily the doctrines of divine truth.

We, as Protestants hold the individual right of private judgment in matters of religion. This the Anglo-Catholics deny the right of. We hold this as our duty: they see in it the heresy of our faith. These same Anglo-Catholics, however, are always acting inconsistently with their creed. They *do* exercise this same private judgment. They take those Church Councils which *they please*, and then they stop. Will they tell us where the law of development ends, and why it is not going on as much in the 'Infallibilist' doctrine of the nineteenth century, as in the dogmas of the earlier Councils? Our position is definite enough. We say revelation ceased with the New Testament Scriptures. Let them tell us where traditional development ceased! In the face of imperial influences and packed majorities, promoting the decrees of the early Councils, Dr. Bennett says, 'The Holy Ghost had an abiding place among them, with them. There was a collective wisdom, by which they, as the Church, thus judged. Errors were excluded, truths admitted; but never by any but such as had Apostolical power to decide what those errors or truths might be. *Laymen could never do it;* for they had not received and could not receive the Holy Ghost for any such purpose.' Will Mr. Bennett tell us, when the East and West separated, and when at the Reformation the Anglican Church separated, and each Church formulated its various and diverse creeds, which branch of the Church took this special prerogative of divine development with it? Rome says she has it, and no other branch of the Church.

VISITOR. I am told that the Romanists make short work of Anglo-Catholic authority.

MINISTER. Read M. Capel's lectures, and you will see how he treats the claims of Anglo-Catholics. Rome declares that communion with Bishops in the Apostolical succession does not of itself constitute a true Church, as such a succession may co-exist with heresy and schism. There is no salvation, says Rome, out of the Romish Church. She proclaims divine truth, she says, by the special aid of the Holy Ghost; and she declares the Greek and Anglican communions to be heretical. Consequently she goes on to develop doctrines, such as the Immaculate Conception, and the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. The proposal of the Anglicans to appeal from the Pope to some future Œcumenical Council she stigmatizes as sacrilege. She will have nothing to do with the Re-Union movement, and declares it to be of God just so far as it leads individual converts to submit to her claims. Rome holds that she has the developing power in her alone! On what then rests the appeal of the Anglo-Catholics to AUTHORITY? They say East and West once paid special reverence to the General Council in Nicæa: that the General Councils were regarded for ages with reverence: that the first six were acknowledged and respected both in East and West: and that since the division between East and West a really Œcumenical Council has become impossible! Well, what then? Why this—mark the logical issue of the case—Development has ceased, or it has continued in the Roman, Greek, or Anglican Churches. Let them answer which? If in the Roman, it has developed to Papal Infallibility; if in the Greek Church, there has been none; if in the Anglican Church, it has developed into a sort of Protestantism!! Very well then; but let us look back at these Councils, and remember what we have said about them. My argument, remember, is this, if the Holy Ghost developed truth in such ways as these Councils acted, then assuredly contradictory Councils are inconceivable. The fact is, Sacerdotalism commenced its work in the beginning of the third century; a sharp distinction between clergy and laity was evidenced then! The Christian ministry was confounded with the Jewish priesthood, notwithstanding that ministers are nowhere called *priests* in the New Testament. Power was concentrated in the third century in the hands of the Bishops, and then in Council assembled. The Provincial Councils gave place to General Councils, and the laity being excluded, the priests commenced their bitter conflicts, in which pride, bitterness, strife, and cruelty are so manifest! These Councils, after casting out heretics right and left—such men as the Donatists and the Nestorians—had the arrogance to call their decisions the Consensus of Church opinion, and to declare that they had been dictated by heavenly inspiration. It is this baseless dream of authority which needs dis-

pelling from the brains of half-educated Catholic neophytes in the present day. Only come close to it, and its charm is gone. I well remember the predisposition to be fascinated with it which first possessed my mind when I heard, thirty years ago, of 'Catholic authority,' as distinguished from Roman Catholic authority. Prejudiced in its favour, I came to the study of it; but I can never forget the feeling awakened in my mind by a study of the early Councils of the Church. The wars of this world, cruel as they are, were at least magnanimous as compared with these. Such authority is to be resisted and resented. The Councils were not unanimous, but fearfully divided. The Councils were not spiritual, but full of the spirit of craft and time-serving. The Councils were not Christ-like and merciful, but persecuted opponents even to the death. When men, therefore, talk of the Primitive Church, ask them what they mean? Let them define the basis of their faith, and the apparently firm foundation will be found to be honey-combed all through.

I am not endeavouring to startle you with sensationalism—the age has enough of this. I want you to read, digest, and ponder what I say. I would have you think! Our position, as opposed to these so-called Catholic claims, rests on the authority of the Word of God alone. The Bible stands before you like some impregnable fortress, whose walls have never been stormed. Yes; and like a faithful witness, appealing to your conscience and your heart, it says, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' Not the Fathers! Not the Councils! Not tradition! No! 'lest your minds be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.' I cannot say worse of Councils than the highest Church historians have done. Neander speaks of them as 'a strife of party passions.' Nor can I speak more disparagingly of them than one of the Fathers himself, Gregory of Nazianzus. 'I am so constituted,' he writes, 'that, to speak the truth, I dread every assembly of Bishops; for I have never yet seen a good end of any one; never been at a synod which did more for the suppression than it did for the increase of evil, for an indescribable thirst for contention and for rule prevails in them.' And, concerning them, Neander says, 'What warrant had men to believe that they who had not brought with them the temper which was required in order to hear the voice of the Divine Spirit, ought to be considered the organs for the rest of the Church?' What warrant indeed! Happy are they who, turning altogether from the strife and contradictions of traditions, from the opposing speculations of the Fathers, and the fierce debates of General Councils, flee to the law and to the testimony only, and, unbeguiled by subtilty, hold fast to the simplicity of Christ.

VISITOR. What! do you think then that Evangelical Churches need to cultivate most in the present age?

MINISTER: Spiritual power. When this declines, we are like Samson shorn of his strength. If the question of religion is to be decided upon grounds of æsthetic taste, exquisite music, sublime architecture, elegant ritual, false authority—then assuredly we have nothing to compare with the Roman or Anglo-Catholic Church. We can put in no claim to any competition with such forces as these. We believe in taste, but in simplicity of taste; we believe in well-attuned praise, but not in mere choir performances or intonations. But if we do not believe in sensuous worship, we do heartily believe in spiritual worship; our life has been in this, and always must be, if we are to preserve our place and power. We must be devout men and women, full of the Holy Ghost. We need not be artificial or hypocritical. We need not talk in unctuous phrase. But we must have the spiritual mind, the Christ-like spirit. If we are to stand fast in the great conflict, and to maintain the battle, we shall not do it alone, by exposures of the fallacies of the Sacerdotal school; but by manifesting the life of God in the soul, through personal faith in a personal Saviour, and spiritual renewal by the Holy Ghost.

VISITOR: But Evangelical religion does not seem to be a popular religion.

MINISTER. No. It is not accommodating. There is an alliance coming between Anglo-Catholicism and fashionable life—yes, and a gay convivial sort of life! Let us fear lest England should emulate France. The tendency in her life is to a blended gaiety and superstition, to a heartless fashionableness and plenty of holy-waterism. Romanism combines Carnival and Lent in the most perfect proportions: the sensual and the spiritual taking it in turns. If, too, you look at fashionable life, you will see a strong current running Romewards. I have in my possession a list of perverts, and I find a duchess, a marchioness, some countesses, viscountesses, with lords and ladies, honourables and baronets, in a goodly host. Rome can adapt herself well to a growingly wealthy and luxurious people. Man cannot do without a religion at all. There are deep instincts in every heart which cry out for the Living God. But what a fearful thing it is when the prophets prophesy falsely, and when the people love to have it so. We believe in a religion that regenerates the heart, renews the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, and leads him as a new man in Christ Jesus to consecrate his entire life to God. We do not believe in 'indulgences,' and in clean bills of health after confession and absolution. We believe that these things put a positive premium upon vice, and actually provide for the commission of sin by offering a priestly remission, which sets the worldly free again to repeat their deeds of evil.

Moreover, Anglo-Catholicism suits fashionable life from its own theatrical type of service: the very altar becomes a stage full of colour, posture, and fragrance; the very music becomes a kind of sacred concert; the very part that man has to play in religion himself feeds spiritual pride, and opens heaven with the key of doing rather than with the key of simple trust in Christ.

VISITOR. Do you not think that there is a great tendency to Infidelity, and that we need a re-union of all Churches to resist it?

MINISTER. Not a re-union of the false with the true. False claims can be examined and tested in an intelligent and reading age better than ever. The claims, for instance, of Popes and Councils to be Infallible, can thus be undermined. A working-man takes up an ordinary history of these Infallibles. He says these infallible men must all have held *the same creed.* No! he finds Pope Victor embracing the error of Montanism. He finds Zosimus a follower of Pelagius. He finds Anastasius II. a Nestorian. He finds Honorius II. condemned by the Council of Constantinople for holding the Monothelite doctrine. He finds John XVIII. an infidel, condemned by the Council of Constance. He finds Eugenius IV., at the Council of Basle, called a heretic; and hears him in return call the Council 'a den of robbers, in which the devils of the whole world had assembled.' And at one time he finds three Popes battling for the Papal Chair. In the face of this, he stays no longer to think, but turns away in disdain. He then turns to the AUTHORITY of the Anglo-Catholic school; he reads the history of the Councils. At first he expects to find sweet religious concord, and perfect unanimity of thought —he reads on, and finds faction-fights, deadly animosities, packed courts, and persecuting majorities, sometimes triumphant on the one side, and sometimes triumphant on the other. I ask if he is not likely to turn from all this, and treat Christianity as a sham? I ask boldly, what has been the result of Romanism on the Continent, but to create a reaction towards a cold and heartless infidelity? 'Come, and let us reason together,' says God. No! say Catholics; submit your reason to us. 'Commending ourselves to every man's conscience, in the sight of God,' says Scripture. No! say Catholics; your consciences are to be committed to the Church. 'Prove all things,' says the Scripture. No! say Catholics; we dogmatize, and you must believe. Yes! believe on peril of excommunication, and damnation too. Let us then remember that superstition ends in atheism; and that unintelligent demands upon faith and practice, end in degrading the very manhood that Neo-Catholicism proposes to save.

(*To be continued.*)

THE heart has reasons that reason does not understand.—*Bossuet.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CLASSICS FOR THE MILLION. . Shilling edition. Third thousand. By HENRY GREY. London: Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard.

This volume gives an epitome of the contents of classic authors—such as Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, etc.; 'to afford such a glimpse of their contents as will stimulate the desire of all classes of readers for a better acquaintance with the earliest and grandest literary efforts of the human brain.' An excellent idea, well carried out; and which deserves great success alike from its enterprise, and the wonderful cheapness of the series—351 pages, well printed, for one shilling!

THE UPPER AND THE NETHER SPRINGS. By ANNA SHIPTON. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

The authoress says: 'My broken utterances have called forth echoes from strangers' harps that have made music to my heart.' We can quite believe it. Founded upon 'All my springs are in Thee,' we have 'Hidden Springs,' Water in the Wilderness,' and other refreshing little chapters. It is a volume for the sick-room and sad hours.

AFTER WORK. New series. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Excellent volume for workers in humble homes. We gave it ourselves to a workman, and he said afterwards, 'We had a read at it all round.' The poor family enjoyed it—the best advertisement it could have.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY (St. Mark), vol. i. Edited by the REV. CANON H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and REV. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Enterprise and ability have been nobly rewarded by the extensive sale of this commentary, and this volume is one of the best. The introductions are by the Rev. Canon Farrar, Rev. H. Cotterell, D.D., Rev. Principal J. Tulloch, D.D., Rev. Canon G. Rawlinson, M.A., and Rev. A. Plummer, M.A.; and the Expositions and Homilies are by well-known and able writers. No pains are spared to make this *the* commentary of modern days.

DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by DR. WILLIAM SMITH and PROFESSOR WACE, B.D., D.D. Volume iii.: Literature, Sects, and Doctrines during the First Eight Centuries, being a continuation of the 'Dictionary of the Bible.' London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1882.

The names of Dr. Smith and Dr. Wace are sufficient to guarantee the thoroughness of this dictionary. The list of writers is given in the opening pages, and they comprise all the leading theological writers of the age. We have never seen any work that can at all approach it in literary value from a Christian student's point of view. It is an encyclopedia in itself. Information that in the ordinary course of reading must be fetched from a hundred sources is here presented in a complete and comprehensive form. This third volume, which ranges from H to M, is composed of 1004 pages, got up as 'Murray' can get up volumes. It is printed in double columns on clean white paper, each subject standing out in distinct capitals. Every theological student ought to have this work; on any one of the wonderful

subjects which belong to the early Church history, he will here find full and *reliable* information. In fact, it is full of the history of theology itself, of the disputed questions which occupied the early Church, of the great names which figure in the pages of ecclesiastical history, and of their Pagan contemporaries. In this volume the student can read the story of the forged decrees of Isidore, on which the supremacy of the Roman See rests, and the history of the Montanists. We cannot write in terms too strong when we express our sense of the scholarship, the ability, the completeness, and yet compactness of this 'Dictionary of Christian Biography;' with so modest a name we were not prepared to find a work so comprehensive in character and so exhaustive in subject. This work has our very heartiest word of commendation, and if some of our rich laymen would present it to our poorer ministers they would be giving them a library in itself.

LIFE OF HANNAH MORE. By ANNA BUCKLAND. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

Among 'honourable women' one of the first stands Hannah More. This is a helpful little volume. We mean that it helps us to understand and love Hannah More, and the authoress stands behind the subject with great modesty.

ELISHA THE PROPHET; THE LESSON OF HIS HISTORY AND HIS TIMES. New edition. By A. EDERSHEIM, M.A., Oxon. Same publishers.

Here Elisha's history is capitally 'etched,' but the figure that we see most is He of Whom all the prophets testified—even CHRIST. The little volume is rich in illustration, and the author has studied the subject, with its surroundings in history, very carefully. It is in no sense a superficial book, but very readable and full of spiritual profit.

SANDY'S FAITH. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

Is a story of Scottish life, and a useful introduction to Scotch idioms, with which it abounds, and, still better, to the wholesome Scotch common-life doctrines of perseverance and moral earnestness.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS. By the same publishers.

A volume of 'illustrated readings for the people,' of which the one hundred pictures are not mere padding, but vigorous and fresh as the concise novelettes which they illustrate. Has a word of interest for everybody.

MODERN MISSIONS, THEIR TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. By ROBERT YOUNG. London: F. Fisher Unwin, 17, Holborn Viaduct.

Accompanied by an admirable coloured map, this volume treats in separate headings of the entire world of missions. It deserves to be studied well, as the beginning of what the author says may well be called 'the evangelistic era of the Church's history.' We quite agree with the sentiment expressed in the introduction, 'We need to familiarize our young people with the lives and labours of the devoted men and women who have given their best—even *themselves*—as their contribution to a cause which is as much *ours* as it was theirs.' True! oh, how true! Let parents and teachers make this book a presentation volume. Let all who love missions give it a place in their libraries.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD. By W. WOODS SMYTH. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The object of the author is to show how the theory of evolution, as principally enunciated in the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer, is in

harmony with the Word of God. When dealing with theology the writer refers chiefly to the works of Professor Finney, of America, whom he describes as 'in a high degree a Holy Ghost taught man.' His object is praiseworthy, but we must confess that the reading of this book will give but little help to any thoughtful mind towards the solving of those problems which perplex the students of the day.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY. By W. GARRETT HORDER. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

This is a very refreshing volume. It comes to us at a time when many hearts have been depressed by an atmosphere of materialistic thought, which has weighed heavily on sensitive spirits. We have a table of contents with 'Intimations in the Human Race,' 'Intimations in Human Nature,' 'Intimations in Nature'—all appropriate enough. But the next heading seems to us inappropriate, very—'Intimations from the Christ.' Now the head as previously used by the author will not do here. These are *Revelations* from the Christ, not Intimations!

The book is written with much charm of style—in fact, there is an æsthetic touch, which is very pleasant. There is much true power in it too, and the author has compressed much thought into small compass. The chapter on 'Impersonal Immortality' at the close is the best in the volume. To our thought impersonal immortality is no-thought. Why dignify non-consciousness and non-entity with the name of immortality? Any loss of consciousness which involves loss of personality is virtual death.

We see in the chapter on 'The Christ' Mr. Horder says, 'He deepened and ennobled their conception of it.' True! 'In His company there grows up a certainty of it.' But here the author is speaking of the *influence* of Christ's revelation on His disciples. But He gave no *intimations*. His words were direct, clear, firm, fervid, full. The Father's house was as clear a revelation as the Father Himself. We admire the volume and appreciate its value; but we still say that in this age all our intimations are lighter than feather-down, compared with the granite facts of Christ's special revelation and His resurrection from the dead. Other arguments have still their weight; but the Christian Church, with all its instincts and intuitions, will still feel hopeless if left to them, and will re-echo Paul's words, 'If Christ be not risen, then they also which have fallen asleep in Christ are perished.'

THE MESSIAH KING. By JAMES WITHERS. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A most interesting volume. The preparation for the Messiah King is traced through all the Divine government, and leading texts are introduced as little headings, which light up the onward path with wonderful grace and beauty. The story of the Redeemer's life and death, and St. Paul's mission as expounder of the Kingdom, are treated in the same way. We should not agree with the author in all that he says about the Second Coming, but we rejoice in his fervent faith and his earnest evangelical spirit.

PARABLES OF THE SPRING; OR, THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE. By PROFESSOR GAUSEN, Geneva. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

An exquisitely illustrated and charming little gift-book, full of beautiful thought and feeling.

ROMANISM: AN EXAMINATION OF THE CREED OF POPE PIUS THE FOURTH. By REV. R. C. JENKINS, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

This volume deals with the false claims of the Roman Church to Supremacy, and with Purgatory, the Sacrifice of the Mass, Transubstantiation, Images, and Indulgences. It is excellently mapped out, well annotated, and admirably printed. All earnest Protestants, who want to study the Romish Church errors and to realize her corruptions, should procure this volume, which is concise and clear, comprehensive, yet compact It is a masterpiece of its kind, and in this age the neglect of such a study as this leads many to be the easy prey of Ritualistic fancies. We should like to see the volume circulated by thousands. Thanks to the Society for not leaving the subject of Romanism out in the cold. Rome never could stand 'the light,' and there is plenty of that, in this capital exposition of Romish errors.

ALL TRUE. By DR. MACAULAY. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

A book difficult to put down. It takes the mind captive. There are twelve first-class illustrations. We have here thrilling adventure, brave conflicts, missionary enterprises—indeed, seventy short narratives make up a volume of true incidents, some of them more marvellous than any fairy stories; and best of all, the Saviour is honoured and glorified throughout.

THE FRANKLINS; OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT. By G. E. SARGENT. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

A work of amusement, blended with Christian teaching—with graphic piety. The writer needs no recommendation, for some forty of his works figure in the catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, and we are given to understand that as the evening of life is coming to him, this is a sort of farewell volume. The illustrations are large and good.

EGYPT, PALESTINE, AND PHENICIA. By FELIX BOVET. Translated by W. H. LYTTLETON, M.A., Canon of Gloucester. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The land trodden by the sacred feet of our Lord will ever be full of interest to all His disciples, and this volume will amply repay the perusal of the student and the traveller. The accompanying maps are most useful, and the interest of the scholarly and the devout is quickened in every page. In the French it has reached an eighth edition. F. Godet says of the volume, in an introductory letter, 'M. Bovet's book has a character all its own. It is a flower gathered in Palestine and brought away in all its freshness and fragrance.' What better commendation could he give? We do not wonder that it has been translated into German, Swedish, Dutch, and Italian.

MEN WORTH REMEMBERING: ANDREW FULLER. By his son, A. S. FULLER. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

This unpretending volume is rich in interest, and brings us into association with the Haldanes of Scotland, Dr. Wardlaw, and others. It is interesting, too, from the fact that some great men were *then* young beginners. For instance, page 117: 'Have just arrived here and seen a Mr. Chalmers, a clergyman of Kilmany, an extraordinary writer. His eloquence is like that of Mr. R. Hall. P.S.—Chalmers is a fine character.' Andrew Fuller's life and work at Kettering, his connection with the Baptist Missionary Society, and his writings, make up the sum of the volume. It is written in a strain of quiet homely eloquence.

THE EVIDENCES OF NATURAL RELIGION, AND THE TRUTH ESTABLISHED THEREBY. By CHARLES MCARTHUR. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Commencing with the being and attributes of God, the author treats of the government of God and of human nature. The three best chapters are on the structural, the physiological, and the psychological evidences for the immortality of the soul. The ground is well-worn ground, but there is great freshness and power in the author's treatment of his subject. All students should be familiarized with such evidences.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, HISTORICAL, DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL THEOLOGY. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., Vol. i. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street, 1883.

Professor Herzog and his editorial colleagues—Professor A. Hauck and the late Dr. Plitt—have, with the consent of the German publisher, Mr. H. Rost, permitted the Rev. Dr. Schaff, of New York, to make free use of their work for the preparation and publication of a similar though shorter work in the United States and England.

Although shorter, this first volume of double columns consists of 849 double pages, in excellent print on pure white paper, with clear dark print headings for each subject. It is a right noble volume; and such enterprising publishers as the Messrs. Clark deserves the best thanks of Christian scholars and students everywhere for producing a work which of its kind was unknown to us in student-days.

It is a sort of book once secured never to be done without ever afterwards. Handy for reference it is yet—when, for instance, we note Athanasius, Arian, Bible Versions, Buddhism, Constantine, Chrysostom—full of well-digested thought and reliable scholarship. No library can be complete without it from an ecclesiastical point of view, and in many cases its possession will save all manner of difficult searches after events in history and doctrines of debate amidst the scholars alike of the past and present—we say *present*, for we find Horace Bushnell treated of here.

We commend it with a touch of enthusiasm, for we have often wanted such a volume ourselves. Several of the old cyclopædias, so-called, will serve the purpose of illustrating the manners and customs of the East, etc.; but this aims at a much higher end, and embraces in its range of writers all the leading authors of Europe on ecclesiastical questions. A student may well deny himself many other volumes to secure this, for it is certain to take a prominent and permanent place in our literature. The subjects referred to in the printed index are too numerous for us to attempt any special reference to them, other than we have already done. We shall look forward to the succeeding volumes with a quickened interest, and with warmest commendation of this most valuable volume we would commend it to our pastors and colleges everywhere, whilst to the ordinary student it will afford an opportunity for some acquaintance with subjects which are often incidentally alluded to in circles where education forms part of the enjoyment of home.

SERMONS PREACHED IN LONDON. By REV. W. A. GRIFFITHS. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Containing both freshness of thought and vigour of style, but wanting now and then in good taste. 'Art has fallen from grace—especially on the Continent—the majority of its descendants are scrofulous.' Some illustrations, too, are quite inappropriate. The author, at Willesdon Scrubs, says he noticed that 'after each shot the rifleman never failed to

watch the colour of the flag hoisted to see if he had hit the bull's-eye. So ought we, when sending our petitions to the throne of grace, to watch with all perseverance whether they are in accordance with the will of God.' Now, in the case mentioned, immediacy is *the* point; but in prayer it is just *not* the point, for some prayers are answered after many years. The volume, however, has in it some suggestive and striking sermons.

FOUR CARDINAL VIRTUES. By J. B. FIGGIS, M.A. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A most useful little volume, full of capital teaching and careful composition.

POEMS AND HYMNS. By GEORGE P. COSTER. London: P. FISHER UNWIN.

We do not hesitate to say that Mr. Coster is no mere versifier, but may fairly take rank as a poet. Some here are simple, but exquisite in their simplicity. We will quote just one:

'THE RILL AND THE CHILD.

'"Little Rill, where are you going?"
"Going to the sea,
Where the many, many waters
Always long to be;
And amid the mighty billows
There is room for me!"

'"Little Child, where are you going?"
"Far across the sea,
To the bright and wondrous country
Of Eternity;
And amid its happy people
There is room for me."'

THE CONGREGATIONAL YEAR-BOOK, 1883.

JUST as we are going to press we have received this 439 paged volume. It does remarkable credit to its laborious editor; the arrangement of matter is excellent, and no Congregationalist should be without a copy. We are agreeably surprised with the architectural designs for churches now building, having looked at some of these lately with a sigh of despair at the conglomerated styles, and no-styles, which have been introduced into our architecture. But some of these in the Year-Book for 1883 are admirable—notably Upton Congregational Church, Essex, and St. James's Congregational Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne. We heartily congratulate Mr. T. Lewis Banks on both of them. Trinity Congregational Church and Schools, Walthamstow, by W. Howard Scott Smith, is good, and will form a pleasant picture; but is there not time now to re-design the absurd pigeon-cot sort of affair on the side tower? Raise the *real* tower a little higher, and it will be a vast improvement. The new buildings for Caterham Congregational School are very pure in taste and effective in design, by E. C. Robins, F.S.A. The design of Congregational New Church and Schools at Hanley is excellent, too, by W. H. Sugden. We are glad to see the tower taking the place of the spire—it adds strength to beauty in style. We suppose the tiny little spire on the centre of the roof is to cover ventilation; but it is a little piece of trumpery along the lines of a really noble building. The detail of school and class-rooms is a *perfect* model.

OUR CIRCULATION.

THE publisher tells us that we have begun the New Year very well. Our only fear is that when the January number is asked for by those who commence taking in the Magazine later on in the year it will be out of stock. Less than a hundred copies are in hand, so those intending to subscribe for the year must apply early. We are exceedingly thankful that subscriptions for supplying the Magazine to poor ministers have increased this year. The Editor's best thanks to friends of the Magazine everywhere.

MANAGERS' MEETING.

THE half-yearly meeting of the Managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Tuesday morning January 9, 1883. The Rev. Josiah Viney, the Treasurer, presided.

After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, the usual business was transacted.

The Treasurer presented his accounts, which had been duly audited by Messrs. Frederick Adams and Joseph Clarke. The best thanks of the Managers were accorded to those gentlemen, with the request that they would kindly continue in office during the current year.

The Secretary reported the receipt of the following special donations in aid of the 'Widows' Fund:' A Friend (third donation), £100; William Stobart, Esq. (third donation), £10; Edward Sheffield, Esq., £5 5s.; John Procter, Esq., £5 5s.; Miss Devenish, £1.

A strong wish was expressed that more of our churches would adopt the simple mode of making an annual sacramental collection in aid of this fund, so that the Managers might be enabled to meet all the pressing cases which are now under their notice.

The Managers had the pleasure of learning from the publisher that the circulation of the Magazine is still increasing. They assured the esteemed Editor of their continued confidence, and they thanked him for the spirited and satisfactory manner in which he was discharging the duties of his office.

The thanks of the meeting were given to the Chairman for conducting the business of the day, which was concluded with the benediction.

I. V. M.

WIDOWS' FUND.

THE Managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* acknowledge, with thanks, the following sacramental collections and donations in aid of the 'Widows' Fund:'

	£	s.	d.
Wilmslow, by Mr. T. Crewdson	6	14	6
Dewsbury, United Communion Service, by Rev. G. M. McCullum	6	13	6
Stobart, W. Esq. (donation)	10	0	0
Sheffield, E., Esq. (donation)	5	5	0
Procter, J., Esq. (donation)	5	5	0
Watford, by Rev. J. Belsher	3	3	0
Liverpool, Edge Hill, by Mr. S. Hughes	2	13	0
Huyton Park, by Mr. E. J. Capper	2	0	0
Devenish, Miss (donation)	1	0	0
Elland, by Mr. E. H. Malinson	0	18	9
Hythe, by Rev. V. Ward	0	15	0
Brechin, Wales, by Mr. Lawrence	0	6	0

Photographed by J. Joyner, Cheltenham.

Faithfully Yours,

S. Morell Blackie.

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1883.

INHERITANCE FOR US!

RACHEL and Leah said to Jacob, 'Is there yet any portion or inheritance for us in our father's house?'

And we see how suggestive are many of these historical touches in Old Testament story, when *vitalized* by the Spirit of the Gospel of CHRIST! This is such an one. It leads us at once to the Saviour, Who is the open door to the Great Father's house. The world is full of those who have *lost* their portions, both human and divine. Some have squandered them; some, like Esau, have been tricked out of them; some have gone forth arm-in-arm with vanity and folly, like the prodigal boy. Every father's house in England is not of necessity a son's home. The old bedroom is there, but not the boy; the old garden-walk, but not the boy; the old place at church, but not the boy. Some are away, of course, because of duty, or commerce, or enterprise; but in other cases folly has lured the footsteps, and the vain heart has gone in pursuit of forbidden joys. Yes; there are multitudes who have lost their portions, and some of them are very sad and weary. Prodigal meets prodigal, and recounts the story of the painful way. Ruins always touch us with sadness; and human hearts get ruinous in so much less time than stone walls do! Believe me, the *heart* of the world, as well as the *conscience* of the world, is oftener than we think for on *our side!* I mean, of course, the side that yearns for a Saviour and a Friend. Amid the memories of old days—days of sweet hymns, and quiet family altars, and nearness to the kingdom—there comes across the worn heart the question of our text, 'Is there yet any portion or inheritance for me in my Father's house?'

Man feels that he has forgotten God; that he has sinned, not against a cold stone table of the law, but against the warm heart of his father. God has deserved better treatment at his hands—

he knows that—and there are silent questionings concerning God: 'Is He willing to forgive? Will He pardon the penitent? will He restore the child?' Nay, more—can the issue come to this?—'Is there heirship as well?

You know full well how the glorious Gospel of God's grace answers all these weird cries of the poor, sad heart; that the far-off ones may come nigh through the precious blood of Christ; that the reconciled ones may become heirs—heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.

The Cry is Personal.

Every prodigal's history differs. Unless we feel *that*, we are poor students of the sorrows of the soul. Men refuse to be classified and generalized so far as their phases of experience go. Each life *is* separate. Men do not ask, 'Is there hope for the lost—the profligate, the vile? Their cry is, 'Is there hope for me?' We need not wonder at this. Sin, like sorrow, is felt most in its special features. When bereavement comes, you know full well, the sorrow is most terrible in detail. When the cradle is empty, and when nature has drawn over the still form its coverlet of green, it is the broken toy, the half-finished copy-book, the little dress, the mother's work-basket, that makes the dull hours so almost unendurable. It is this which makes womanly history so full of mighty heroisns: for women endure these cutting agonies when men are away in the busy fields of enterprise. So is it with sin. Each heart knows its mystery of personality, its individual indulgences and hypocrisies, its separate and distinct iniquities, its minutiæ of terrible detail in personal delinquencies; with deep soul-searchings, therefore, and anxieties the individual question comes, 'Is there any portion for me?' Oh, if, as the soldier lying wounded in the battle-field can think of the home harvest-fields far away, the soul may yet think, amid its wounds and woes, 'There *is* a home for me. I can arise and go to my Father. There is a home-returning way for *me*!' What quickening of joy there is in the heart! 'Come,' says Christ; come now. The Father is watching, waiting, hoping, yearning for your return. Blessed tidings. There is a Cross. Atonement has been made. The door is open. We have not to meet the cold, unknowing glance of some stately servant. The Father is at the gate. The speck on the horizon—the lost boy's coming figure—is seen in clear relief against the evening sky. While he is yet a great way off, the Father sees him. To *try* God is the best answer to the soul's personal cry.

The Cry is Anxious.

'Is there *yet*?' Once the soul is ready to surmise there might be! But is there now, when sin has consolidated into habit, when

the door has been shut so often in the marred face of the Man of Sorrows! No artist can paint Christ—least of all can he paint the Light of the World knocking at the human heart. To put into *that* face Christ's great heart of love is past all power of human genius! Transfer to canvas man may, God's thoughts in nature, but never God's thoughts in grace. We need not fear any lasting influence from the Continental school, so far as weakened ideas of sin are concerned. The guilt-touched heart makes no apology. The consciousness refuses all anodynes, save one—the anodyne of the Cross, whereon is a divine and perfect Saviour. 'Is there *yet?*' And Memory uses her lens all too fully for obliteration and excuse. 'My sin is ever before me,' is the great soul-cry of conscience-pricked men. We can sympathize with human anxiety. We watch with moistened eyes as the widow works for bread, and asks, 'Is there *yet* a table in the wilderness for me and my little ones?' We are touched with pensiveness as we see the worn and poverty-touched garb of Naomi, as she looks over the old barley harvest-fields of Bethlehem, and says, 'I went out full, and the Lord hath sent me home again empty.' We have learned to lift invisible burdens of human care with kindly helpful hand. Shall we think less of these deeper anxieties? Let us not try to lighten them by excuse, for anxious hearts will resent *that*. In reply to the *yet*, let us say, 'Though thy sins be as scarlet, He shall make them white as wool;' 'He shall blot out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thine iniquities as a thick cloud;' 'He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.'

The Cry is Childlike.

'My Father's house!' For we are, in one sense, all of us God's offspring. True, we have lost likeness to Him and peace with Him; true, only by faith can we become the spiritual sons of God. But there is memory of the lost estate in every heart. Man was made for God, and God is the only home of the soul. God gave us our earthly homes and relationships, to be parables to us of that great central truth. No word touches us like 'home;' no picture on Academy walls touches us like Provis's interiors. And this is natural. For let home be dark or deserted, let the dove of peace leave that, let those sweet sanctities be desecrated, and no outside joys, no travels, no pursuits can make compensation for such a loss! And to know the value of home, some tell us that you must lose one. We have illustrated in Christianity what all the philosophers cannot give us—the revelation of heaven. Home *in* God here, and home with God hereafter. Our message is the ministry of reconciliation; our cry is, 'And yet there is room!' I say the cry is childlike. Theism will not

satisfy the heart of this generation any more than it satisfied the scholars and students of the last century. It is certainly something to say in the face of a dark materialism, 'I believe in GOD!' But it is more to say in the presence of Christ, 'I have seen the Father.' Listen, O wandering, weary prodigal: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.'

The Cry is Answered.

Yes! in many parables, in many promises, in deeds of love and sacrifice. Faith leads all along the way, from justification to glory. But it were wrong to conceive of the inheritance as *all* future. Heaven *does* begin on earth, because the heavenly principles, purposes, and pleasures may be ours now. As we look into Christ's face, we know that he is the True One! Yes, the faithful and true. Do not gaze as into the face of some stranger you are afraid to trust. Man may fail; his words of promise may be written on the sand! The earnest manager may lose the promised partnership. The fair girl may tell you in the after-time that 'he cometh not' was true. But we do not think enough of the immutability of the character of Christ. 'I am the Lord—I change not.' The 'whosoever' includes you. The gates of God's beautiful domain are open for you. You need not gaze through them at heaven's broad acres, as though yours was to be a wanderer's lot. 'Arise, He calleth thee.' And Christ has prepared inheritance for us. There are saints in light now. Whilst we worship, the heavenly service goes on. A multitude that no man can number, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, is already there —but heaven is not full! 'And yet there is room!' How wonderful is space! Marvellous as are the revelations of astronomy concerning the magnitude and glory of the orbs of heaven, to my mind there is nothing more wonderful than the blue vault of space! We can neither number stars nor souls; there will be a great multitude which no man can number. And Christ has distinctly gone to prepare that eternal home for us. It is an inheritance, and therefore *not* our getting, but His gift. Heaven is not of merit, but of mercy. Well may we wonder and adore; well may hosannahs thrill the voices of the redeemed on high. It is all of Him that loved us. Even here the word 'inheritance,' whether it be broad lands or hereditary honours, can never be worked for or won! Heaven is the gift of Christ. If heaven were to be toiled for, let the weary work begin at once—however painful the pilgrimage, however distant the shrine, however severe the maceration, however strenuous the endeavour. It is worth all—more than all this!

But then all things are ours if we are Christ's—things present and things to come; then thanks be unto God! Christ prepared this earth for us—for by Him were all things made that are made. And He has prepared the inheritance for you. Come, for all things are now ready! The Spirit and the Bride say Come. We, too, may ascend the Delectable Mountains, and gaze on the New Jerusalem! We, too, may say when the time comes, 'I am going home!' We, who once were naked and Christ clothes us; once poor and He enriches us; once feeding on husks on the far-away mountains—and He gives us home! He has not forgotten *us!* There is inheritance for us in our Father's House!

Christ has fully revealed the Home that has been prepared. The inheritance stands revealed in its society, its employments, its associations, its joys. How much we know of the character of the inheritance! Heaven mingles with all the Christian's ideas and duties. It may not always be a prominent thought, but it lies ever in the depths of our consciousness. If suddenly you were to tell us that there was no home, no inheritance, in a moment dulness would come over our enterprises and deaden our joys. We none of us know how much the hopes of the Gospel, concerning heaven, have done and are doing every day to make the present life earnest and enjoyable. We are not called to duty merely because it is duty. We are not asked to serve Christ only because of the inherent rightness of the service, but we are cheered by the words that tell of glory, honour, immortality, and 'rest!' We must soon leave earthly homes. The white foam behind a vessel awakens sadness; but the silver spray cast up by its prow awakens different feelings. We are leaving earth and nearing heaven. We may be passing, as Christians, through great tribulation; but the calm voice of One Who cannot lie has said, 'I go to prepare a place for you; if it were not so, I would have told you.'

Perhaps some here are *contented* with this world's portion, with the human inheritance. They have yet to learn that the great heart within them cannot do without God; they too will feel the sharp pain of disappointment, the hollowness of earthly honour, the sadness of frustrated purposes, the meanness of mere earth-born hope. Listen a while, and they will cry, 'Who will show us any good?'

And let this be understood, that if there be inheritance for us, there will be meetening for it. 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten,' is true still. Heaven must be prepared for as a life, as well as looked for as a reward. Fierce are the fires before the dross is consumed. We do not get to heaven through the beautiful dreamland of the imagination, but by the co-working of the Spirit with the providence of God.

And now let us close with the remembrance that there is welcome for us, room for us, reward for us. Have you ever stood outside a flower-show in the summer-time, and seen carriage after carriage drive up, with rustling silks, and dazzling liveries, and crested panels, pride and pomp entering in, and then seen the wistful face of a poor child at the gate with another child in her arms shut out from seeing God's beautiful flowers? Or have you come from the banqueting-houses of great City companies, from the music and the festival, and seen by some dark arch crouching forms seeking shelter and sleep on the stones? What a contrast this! It makes the heart swell to tell the beautiful tidings, to stand by the terrace-steps of the heavenly mansion, to lift up the voice of welcome and bid all come to the marriage supper. Yes; the poor, the blind, the maim, the halt, the prodigals of every type are welcome. What, does He want *me?* does He wait for *me?* has He asked for *me?* Yes, my brother! Yes, my sister! The guests are gathering. The Lamb in the midst of them was slain for you. If some dark cloud of doubt should cross your mind that there is no inheritance for you, be bold to dismiss the dread. Ask if Christ's arm is shortened? if His Cross has lost its fulness of forgiveness? if His heart of warm compassion has grown cold? Before the supreme tragedy is enacted, before the night comes, make thou thy peace with God, and then wait in hope! Let the ineffable peace of the last sleep come to those you love, let loss come to your estate, or coldness to your friendships, or illness to the frail tabernacle of the flesh: you can say, I have inheritance! 'I know in Whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him unto that day.'

THE EDITOR.

SCHILLER's well-known words, in 'Wallenstein,' have a lesson in them for the nations still:

> 'The way of order, though it lead through windings,
> Is the best. Right forward goes the lightning,
> And the cannon-ball; quick, by the nearest path,
> They come, op'ning with murderous crash their way,
> To blast and ruin! My son, the quiet road
> Which men frequent, where peace and blessings travel,
> Follows the river's course, the valley's bendings;
> Modest skirts the cornfield and the vineyard,
> Revering property's appointed bounds;
> And leading safe, though slower, to the mark.'

A MINISTER without boldness, is like a smooth file, a knife without an edge, a sentinel that is afraid to let off his gun. If men will be bold in sin, ministers must be bold to reprove.

MEMOIRS OF EXTINCT LONDON CHAPELS.

II.—The Tabernacle.

Those of my readers who were men and women, say thirty years ago, need no explanation as to what particular building is meant by 'The Tabernacle.' In those days no further designation would be necessary to identify the place; even to mention its locality would be needless. It was not the 'London Tabernacle,' nor the 'Metropolitan Tabernacle'; it was simply '*The* Tabernacle.' For though there were a few chapels in the land so designated, yet, speaking generally, everybody would know 'The Tabernacle,' as everybody knows 'The Monument.' It gave its name to the locality in which it was situated. There was, and there still is, 'Tabernacle Walk,' which led to it, and 'Tabernacle Row' on one side of it, and 'Tabernacle Square' close by it.

ORIGIN IN WHITFIELD'S PREACHING.

It had a glorious history, for it sprang out of the great religious revival of the eighteenth century. When Whitfield arose with the zeal of a Paul and the eloquence of an Apollos, he drew thousands and tens of thousands to hear him. The open spaces around London were chosen by him as his preaching-ground—Kennington Common on the south, and Moorfields on the north side of the city being the chief of them. Moorfields in Whitfield's time *were* 'fields,' situated outside London Wall and through Moor-gate; and thither the youths of the city resorted for their games, and their elders for general recreation. When any public movement drew the multitude together, Moorfields was most frequently the place of rendezvous. With the wisdom of the serpent, Whitfield, duly habilitated in gown and bands, there took up his position most frequently, and, as to the preaching of John the Baptist, multitudes of all classes came to him from all the region roundabout.

REASON OF THE NAME.

The exigencies of climate would soon render it necessary that some shelter should be provided for the vast congregation, and hence a wooden building was erected by sufferance on common-land in Moorfields, similar to those put up in our times for the services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. This erection was fittingly called 'The Tabernacle,' for, like its grand prototype in the wilderness, it was regarded only as a temporary structure—to be taken down and put up elsewhere as might be desired.

It came to pass, however, that the preaching-services became stationary here; and in 1753 a site hard by was leased of the City Corporation, and on it a large brick building was erected, properly pewed and pulpited; and as to the temporary, so to the more permanent building, the designation of 'The Tabernacle' was attached.

The large and somewhat tent-shaped structure in brick will be remembered by many as it existed till within the last twelve or fourteen years. It may be described as lying 'four square,' the breadth being as large as the length, its walls low, but with a canopied roof springing from the ceiling covering the galleries, which ran entirely round it. This roof was supported by huge square columns, which were painted in stone-colour like the rest of the wood-work, giving a plain and somewhat barn-like appearance to the place. The monotony was unbroken, save by a somewhat massive and handsome pulpit. This large building was lighted with candles and oil-lamps, even to within the time remembered by aged persons still living.

MEMORIES OF THE ELDERS.

It is not in accordance with my design to gather up the history of the Tabernacle and its congregation from its origin and onwards. I adhere to my expressed purpose of giving in this case, as in that of other London chapels, chiefly my own recollections of it as it was in the days of my youth, and as it will be remembered by many of a generation ago. At the same time I may take certain memories which then gathered around the place, and which youths like myself would hear their elders tell of, and fix them for the benefit of a later generation. These memories are associated chiefly with the ministry of Matthew Wilks, the immediate successor of Whitfield in the Tabernacle, and of those who were his associates. According to the testimony of the elders, then, the Tabernacle continued to be a place of considerable religious importance after Whitfield passed away. It may be said that here, and at the sister chapel in Tottenham Court Road, the work of Whitfield became more consolidated and more largely perpetuated than elsewhere. Whitfield, as is well known, possessed no organizing ability; he could never, therefore, have formed a 'connexion,' and gathered a following which should increase and multiply after he had passed away, as did Wesley. The good Whitfield did scattered itself for the most part among other churches, and became a leaven to move society in general, rather than a formative power consolidating itself into a system. A few congregations only were created by the labours of the great English Apostle, and the chief of these were those of Tottenham Court Road Chapel and the Tabernacle.

The latter, of which alone we have to speak, became a prosperous and powerful religious society.

MATTHEW WILKS AND HIS REIGN.

What Matthew Wilks may have been in his younger days as the successor of George Whitfield there are none left to tell; nor, indeed, did the ancients with whom I came in contact in my youth seem to have any recollection. That he was a popular and powerful preacher is evident, or he could not have taken the prominent place he did take as minister of the Tabernacle, nor have kept around him so great a following. Nor are we altogether at a loss to conceive wherein lay his pulpit powers. The elements of character which were so strongly marked in age would be in him in the vigour of his days, together with an elasticity and force which would give them 'go,' and make his ministry commanding. These elements seem to have been a keen insight into the soul of Biblical truth, and as keen an insight, on the other hand, into human nature, so as to render him apt in bringing the truth to bear upon men in their various characters and conditions; and withal there was a certain dry humour in him, and a raciness in his utterance which amused while it instructed and impressed his hearers. Such elements would crystallize in advanced age into the wonderful self-possession and shrewdness, the quaintness and oddity with which he was credited, and which the later portraits of him, yet to be seen, go far to verify. Instances in point, an old uncle of mine who was a deacon of a neighbouring church, and others who had often heard and admired the Tabernacle preacher, would never tire of telling in my youthful ears. Some specimens of their old stories concerning him I may here recall.

MATTHEW WILKS IN THE PULPIT.

Giving out as his text the words 'See that ye walk circumspectly,' he proceeded to inquire, 'Did you never see a cat walking on a wall all stuck over with broken glass? She walks circumspectly.' Then followed sound, practical, racy advice to Christians to look well to their goings. There was the sermon of the four stones, from the words, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.' 'There are four stones in this text,' said the quaint divine. 'First, there is a touchstone; if you can say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee," you have got a little religion in you. Secondly, there is a milestone; for if you can say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee," you are getting on a bit in your religion. Thirdly, there is a whetstone; for if you cannot say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee," here is something on which to sharpen up your religion.

Fourthly, there is a loadstone; for if you can say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee," there is that in your religion which draws you upwards, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."' It was said also that Mr. Wilks was accustomed to compose the hymns to be sung after his sermons, and he did it at the time; so that when the congregation had sung the first two lines he had announced, he had to be ready with the next two. Of course the Muse was not always to be wooed at the moment, and amid such exciting scenes; and occasionally the metaphors would be startling, and the rhythm somewhat at fault. One stanza, I remember, as being quoted from one of these extempore productions; but no doubt it would be a bad specimen, for such a one would be likely to stick to the memory of the hearer more closely than some of a better kind. It was no doubt produced in an emergency, and shows that the good man's wit—or rather his poetic faculty—was not equal to every occasion. The subject was the misery of self-deluded souls; the lines ran:

> 'On waxen wings their souls shall rise,
> But melting down they sink to hell.'

Mr. Wilks had several assistants from time to time, as was indeed necessary, for the care of both Tottenham Court Chapel and the Tabernacle devolved on him. On the ordination of one of his co-pastors, he is said to have given the charge from the text—which in such circumstances must have been very expressive—'Only on the throne will I be greater than thou.' But a truce to these stories of quaint Matthew Wilks.

DR. CAMPBELL'S INVESTITURE.

It would seem that the Tabernacle Society was hardly conducted on strictly Congregational principles, and indeed, like some others of a similar origin and character, it did not regard itself in early days as a Congregational Church. Mr. Wilks seems to have had a sort of vested interest in it, and as strength was failing he looked about for a successor, and ultimately appointed one as such, with the concurrence of 'the managers,' one of whom was Mr. Wilks' son. The chosen minister was the Rev. John—afterwards Doctor—Campbell. There are some still living who were present on the Sunday morning when Mr. Wilks, feeling himself unequal to the service, left the pulpit; and having summoned Mr. Campbell from a pew—he having been engaged to preach only in the evening—took the gown off himself and placed it on Mr. Campbell in sight of the congregation, and sent him into the pulpit to take up the work he was laying aside. The act was prophetic. The next day Mr. Wilks informed Mr. Campbell of the determination of the

managers, and his own wish, that he should be his successor; and his successor he became from that moment, for the aged man never entered the pulpit again. Ere the week was out he had passed away.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

This brings me to the period of my personal recollections, to which I pass on without staying to enter into the dispute which arose some time after Mr. Wilks' decease between Dr. Campbell and the managers, who asserted their authority over minister and people. Matters were carried with such a high hand that for awhile Dr. Campbell was excluded from the pulpit. The affair was taken into court, and the award was in the minister's favour.

Dr. Campbell was steadily at his work again long before I was old enough to take an intelligent interest in the Tabernacle, and indeed it was little more than the interest of an interested outsider that I was ever able to take in it. But even this would bring a good deal into the region of one's knowledge in so public an institution as that of the Tabernacle, open as it was to the observation of all. As a member, moreover, of a church which was next neighbour to it, having also friends connected with it, and being at one time frequently present at its services on occasion, there would be abundant facilities open to me for becoming acquainted with the general state of things at the Tabernacle. Dr. Campbell must have passed his zenith when I first remember him, and the glory of the place must have been dimmer. It was by no means crowded on ordinary occasions, and there was a certain flatness over the congregation. The service was conducted on the old lines; the hymn read out by the clerk and sung to the psalm tune then in vogue, without any organ accompaniment; with long chapter, long prayer and long sermon; service commencing in the morning at 10.30, and in the evening at 6.0. Dr. Campbell was a man of extensive and varied information and of extraordinary mental activity, yet it is difficult to conceive of him as ever having been a popular preacher. There must have been a force in him, however, and a fervour of utterance in his younger days, which a certain thickening of the vocal organs as years gathered upon him, obstructed. He maintained a strong hold of his people, nevertheless, and 'the Doctor' was their oracle. *Men*-kind felt his strength putting nerve into them; *women*-kind were touched by his gentleness and warmth of heart; while childhood delighted in his kindness and pleasantry. All this was the more remarkable in one who in public work, both on the platform and in the editor's chair, showed himself to be a man of iron will, especially when, as he

thought, great principles were at stake. Then he always possessed the *fortiter res*, but not always the *suaviter modo*. But we are speaking of him here as minister of the Tabernacle, after he had become reinstated in his office, and those who had fought against him had retired to take part in the erection of the New Tabernacle, or to mingle with the other congregations. It was then he reigned supreme, and carried on the various operations of the church with considerable vigour. The connection with Tottenham Court Chapel still continued, and once on the Sunday Dr. Campbell preached there, the alternate service being undertaken in each case by the 'supply,' and in later times by the co-pastor.

THE TABERNACLE 'SUPPLIES,'

like those of the neighbouring congregation at Hoxton, came from various parts of the country; but they did not take their regular months. Ministers were invited promiscuously; and though their visits were in most cases repeated year by year, it was not a settled engagement. Sibree of Coventry, Gregory of Clifton, and men of their mark, were among the supplies in ordinary; but occasionally John Ely of Leeds was in the pulpit, with his somewhat long but admirable discourses; and James Parsons of York, when to get a seat in the aisle, or a back place in the gallery, was all a stranger could expect, and the vast assembly became still as silence under the spell of the preacher's whispers, and the power of his urgent appeals. Newman Hall, then of Hull, also came up to occupy the Tabernacle pulpit; and there first was heard in London, when as yet he was but a student-preacher, the eloquent and forcible tones of Joseph Parker. From time to time Dr. Campbell threw open the Tabernacle to special revivalistic services, and for several months the well-known Mr. Finney, from America, drew large congregations every evening; and his acute reasonings and forceful appeals produced powerful impressions on multitudes. Mr. Grattan Guinness also, after leaving New College, held evangelistic services for a while, in accordance with the traditions of the building.

THE TABERNACLE INSTITUTIONS.

Dr. Campbell's organizing faculty, and indomitable energy, put life into the various 'missions' of the Tabernacle congregation. The young were well cared for. Beside the Sunday-school, there was a Biblical seminary held in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, consisting of many classes—that for young men, of which I heard most, and which was quite a congregation, being ably conducted by Mr. Child, of the firm of Wire and Child. Beside agencies for the good of the immediate neigh-

bourhood, the Tabernacle people took a lively interest in foreign missions as represented by the London Missionary Society, with the origin of which they were closely identified. Mr. Wilks had been one of its 'founders and fathers,' and had preached the first sermon in connection with its formation, in the Tabernacle, from the text, 'The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead the dough, to bake cakes to the Queen of Heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods that they may provoke Me to anger.' Some of the earlier missionaries of the Society had gone forth from the Tabernacle. John Williams had been converted within its walls, and had become one of its fellowship, and consecrated himself to missions in the South Seas in their very midst. Afterwards there were but few missionaries, when home from their work, whose voices were not heard in the Tabernacle. One of my earliest recollections is seeing Robert Moffat at a missionary meeting one Good Friday evening, and witnessing the enthusiasm of the crowded congregation as they heard his speech.

THE TABERNACLE MISSIONARY SERMON.

The missionary traditions of the Tabernacle were maintained also in the preaching of one of the great missionary sermons in it every year. It was the evening sermon of the Wednesday of the missionary week, and then ministers from the country and other leading men paid their annual visit to the Tabernacle. On this occasion a foremost minister of some one of the denominations was the preacher. Among these I can recall Dr. Archer with his perfervid eloquence; and Dr. Macfarlane with equal fervour maintaining that 'worthy is the Lamb to receive—riches;' and Dr. Landels setting forth Christ as 'the desire of all nations;' and Thomas Jones—soon after he had come upon the English churches, bard-like as a prophet, from his own Welsh hills—who thrilled his audience with his description of the 'famishing idols,' and the triumphing of the Gospel over all evil in all the nations of the earth. William Brock and John Alexander, of Norwich; William Haweis Cooper, of Dublin; and, in later times, Doctor Punshon, were, I remember, preachers of the Tabernacle Missionary Sermons. On the occasion of his preaching, the Methodists packed the building before the friends of the Society arrived; and those who came in time for the six o'clock service were crowded out, together with a multitude beside, in the midst of which, in the Tabernacle yard, Dr. Massie stood up and preached from the words, 'Yet there is room!' It was aptly handled, no doubt, by way of contrast with the scene before him.

DECLINE OF THE TABERNACLE.

For some years various courses were followed for the maintenance of the regular congregation. As long ago as 1843 or thereabouts, the Rev. J. W. Richardson, of Sunderland, was chosen as colleague with Dr. Campbell in the pastorates of the twin churches. This for a while gave some spurt to the Tabernacle congregation; but ultimately the joint pastorates were severed, and Mr. Richardson became sole pastor of the Tottenham Court Road Church. The Rev. John Corbin, of Derby, afterwards became co-pastor with the Doctor; and on his withdrawment the pulpit was again supplied from the country, the Doctor retaining the pastorate. The cause was evidently a waning one. Some years before, Dr. Campbell having promoted emigration to Australia, many families went forth from the Tabernacle, and their places were not supplied by new comers from the population around, which was continually losing the classes that usually feed such congregations. The unsettled ministrations also helped to weaken the congregation. Still the Doctor kept his hold on it, probably thinking that by so doing he was keeping together the little that was left. In truth, however, the old pastor very much desired to find some man adapted to the changed condition of the place who would take the care off his hand, and such an one was ultimately found in the Rev. William Grigsby, who had been a useful village pastor in Kent. He went as co-pastor with the Doctor, but before long he succeeded to the sole pastorate, and Dr. Campbell's long connection with the Tabernacle ceased—a connection which was full of honour to him while he lived, and is tenderly remembered still by many hearts who had learned to reverence his character, to respect his courage, and to bless God for his influence over the young life in their families.

LIFE IN NEW FORM.

The lease of the land expiring in 1867, the estate passed into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who declined to renew the lease, though they were willing to sell the freehold. Considering the liabilities involved, the age of the building, and the changed condition of the congregation, to purchase the whole estate seemed to be an act of doubtful wisdom. Arrangements were therefore made for securing the site of the courtyard and Tabernacle House, and on it the commodious building still known as the Tabernacle, together with spacious school premises, were erected. The new sanctuary was opened in June, 1868, by the Rev. Dr. Raleigh. The work of perpetuating so old and interesting an institution, and respect for the solid work of a good man, brought liberal pecuniary assistance; and before Mr.

Grigsby passed away, in 1876, the Tabernacle building was paid for, though a deficit of some £800 remained on the school.

It is pleasant to report that good success attends this old religious society, under the pastorate of Mr. Grigsby's successor, the Rev. John Morgan. More than 300 names are on the church members' roll, more than half of which have been added during the little more than five years' ministry of Mr. Morgan, the losses by deaths and removals being much more than made up. The exertions of the pastor are directed towards the maintenance of the church in strength, harmony, and activity. Worthy workers co-operate with him in his endeavours for the increased evangelization of the populous neighbourhood around. Large day and Sunday schools are in vigorous operation. Temperance societies for both juveniles and adults, and other moral and religious agencies are in full working. From all this it will be seen that there is life in the old church yet. The old building is extinct, and the associations of the past that gathered around it cannot be transferred to a new building; but church-life and action, under changed conditions, are maintained in vigour. And faith would make bold to pray that, as the generations roll on, the 'glory of the latter house' may be at least commensurate with that of the former.

J. Branwhite French.

WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

'With thy might.'—*Ecclesiastes* ix. 10.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you, Do it.
If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay, Say it.
If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above, Love it.
If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live, Give it.
If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night, Light it.
If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day, Pay it.
If you've any joy to hold,
Next your heart lest it grow cold, Hold it.
If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet, Meet it.
If you're given light to see,
What a child of God should be, See it.
Whether life is bright or drear,
There's a message sweet or clear,
Whispered down to every ear, Hear it.

The British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

I.—What is a Plant?

'Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity; children love them; quiet contented ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace. . . . . Grasses—minute, granular, feathery, or downy seed-vessels, mingling quaint brown punctuation, and dusty tremors of dancing grain, with the bloom of the nearer fields; and casting softness of plumy mist along their surfaces far away; mysterious evermore, not only with dew in the morning, or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grain-bells, all a-chime. . . . . Wonderful in universal adaptation to man's need, desire, and discipline, God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First, a carpet to make it soft for him; then a coloured fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Fragility, or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, or unguided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer streamlet; roots cleaving the strength of rocks, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting films the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering, at cottage doors, to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.'

Concerning the divinely-given blessing and bounty of the plant-creation, thus writes, in unsurpassed language, one of the most devout and reverent worshippers in the Temple of Nature —John Ruskin. I know no more fitting prelude to this series of 'Studies in Plant-life,' in which I propose to show to my readers some of the marvellous adaptation of structure and function, and the endless varieties of form and purpose that reveal themselves to the earnest student of the secrets of the sister-kingdom. In our journey together we shall see how plants come first of all to assert their existence; afterwards how they grow, move, breathe, digest, climb, reproduce themselves,

and perform the various offices of their life, including the aspect of their intimate relation to the kingdom of which we ourselves are members. Before entering on any of these subjects we will endeavour to answer the question forming the title of this first 'study.' So strong is the power of a fixed idea in the mind that at first sight the question may seem absurd, and the reply one requiring no second thought. Let us see how far this is a true position. The common definition of a plant is, that it is a more or less green organism, with usually a stem and branches, bearing leaves and flowers; that it is fixed in the soil, being devoid of motile power, sensation of any kind, digestive capability—thus quite easily distinguished from any, or all animals.

As a rough and ready method of separating the two kingdoms —this, in past times, has done duty, but in the present state of scientific knowledge it is wholly useless and absolutely illogical; we must abandon not only it, but also distinctions at one time held good by even Cuvier himself. The result is, that as the former typical differences break down one by one, we find our task of defining a plant, as opposed to an animal, by no means so easy as in our complacent ignorance we imagined it to be.

Among the higher forms of life on both sides, no difficulty of any moment presents itself. We do not confuse the antelope with the herbage on which it browses, or the tiny humming-bird with the foliage under which it loves to nestle; we do not see many points in common between the bride and the emblematic orange-blossom that graces the wearer: they all possess 'life,' but in form, power of motion, and other characters we seem to easily see our way to assign them each their proper position.

Now, come down in the scale of life, and we are beset with difficulty on all sides; while in the microscopical world, where the width of a hair is an almost gigantic measurement, we are face to face with perplexities that baffle even our most earnest searchers after truth; but our definition, to be logical, must be comprehensive, embracing all plants and all animals, and herein is our self-set task great indeed! The sponges, 'buffeted about' for years from one kingdom to the other, now rest peacefully on the animal side. The red corals were only 150 years ago first assigned to the zoologist who, still holds claim over them. Over 'Volvox globator,' or the Globe animalcule, many a battle has waged, until the botanists have finally won the victory. Of these and kindred cases, and the chaos they produce, Crabbe wrote:

> 'Involved in sea-wrack, here you find a race
> Which science doubting, knows not where to place.'

Professor Ernst Haeckel proposes to form a third kingdom, which shall include all these doubtful organisms; this would simply be a confession of the hopelessness of research and uselessness of work,

creating a 'refuge for the destitute;' and as Huxley aptly observes, 'To form this biological "No-man's Land" doubles the difficulty which before was single, because we must take a kind of scientific census of this new kingdom, in order to define and classify it.' The very proposal, however, shows the perplexity in which biologists are placed.

We will glance, seriatim, at the several distinctions which have been supposed to exist; and we shall see clearly how, by exceptions on one side, or on both, they break down, and cease to be diagnostic, if we are to include all forms of life, until we are reduced to so narrow a ground at last, that in the lower and more minute forms certainly, and even in some of higher standing the difference comes to be one of degree rather than of kind.

1. *Form.*—Among animals, the sponges from a general resemblance to plants were long thought to be such. The Sea-pens, the Sea-firs (so called from their likeness to fir-trees), both zoophytes, or plant-like animals (from two Greek words, *zoōn*, animal, and *phuton*, plant), are wonderfully akin in their growth to plants; and perhaps the best known case is that of the Flustra, or sea-mat. This is a pale-brown organism picked up every summer at the seaside, and dried as a 'seaweed'—a pardonable error; but on examining it through the microscope, we should find it to be a 'colony' of minute animals, each in its own cell, each having a crown of tentacles serving it for arms; a mouth, a stomach, and other organs; in short, each a highly organized animal! Among the 'water-weeds,' on the other hand, there are many minute forms which in virtue of tiny cilia, or hair-like appendages which they possess, swim swiftly in water, and closely resemble many of the Infusorians, or 'animalcules,' which are indubitably animals. Examples of these are seen in Protococcus, or 'red-snow plant' of our water-butts and roof-gutters; Volvox globator, before named; and the very minute fungus which is the living agent in the well-known potato disease.

Form, then, supplies us with no safe distinction on either side.

2. *Presence of Cellulose.*—Examined under the microscope, the minute structure of both animals and plants consists essentially of multitudes of tiny hollow bodies called 'cells,' seen in a variety of forms. It was formerly held that the enveloping membrane, or 'cell-wall,' was in animals composed of gelatin, in plants of a substance termed cellulose (made up of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen); a distinction was founded on this. It is now known that cellulose exists in the 'tunic,' or outer covering, of the 'Sea-squirts,' a group of molluscoid or soft-bodied animals found attached to rocks at low-water mark; it is found also in Vampyrella, a minute animal seen in the form of little brick-red

'dots' on some of our water-weeds on which it feeds; this discovery is due to a Russian naturalist rejoicing in the name of Cienkowski! This distinction, therefore, breaks down. However, so constant a feature in plant-life is this cellulose 'wall,' that we are justified in speaking of it as *the most distinctive character of plants, structurally speaking, i.e.*, from a *morphological* point of view.

3. *Presence of Starch.*—This substance, although one of the most widely-distributed in plants, occurring inside the cells, and formerly held as distinctive, has also found its way into the animal kingdom, being seen in the human liver and other organs; moreover, it is wholly absent in the Fungi or moulds, a very large vegetable order. It fails thus to be of any diagnostic value.

4. *Presence of Chlorophyll.*—This is the green colouring-matter of plants, occurring in the form of fine granules, especially abundant in the cells immediately below the surface of leaves; it is formed only under the action of light (with two exceptions, seen in the fir and fern orders); the granules may be at once detected by placing under a good lens a thin paring from either surface of a leaf. Chlorophyll, however, like starch and cellulose, is not the sole right of the plant-world—for it has, like these, found its way into the other kingdom. We see it in several animalcules; in the fresh-water sponge, in the familiar green Hydra of our ponds, and many other animals of a higher type. It is, on the other hand, absent, as is starch, in the fungus family, and also in some flowering plants, as the Broom-rapes, Fir-rapes, and some of our orchids.

Thus, although the presence of chlorophyll is a fairly safe indication that we have a plant to deal with, it is not in itself an absolute distinction.

5. *Power of Locomotion.*—Cuvier, in 1828, spoke of all living beings as divisible into 'animated beings' having sense and motion, and 'inanimated beings' possessing neither of these, but simply 'vegetating,' a word which we may, by the way, appropriately apply to some members of an order containing the genus *Homo sapiens.* We shall presently see that on this power of movement Cuvier *founded* his first great distinction between animals and plants. His argument has, however, broken down in this its first link. We now know of at least three distinct aspects of motile power in plants.

First. Movement, undoubted and regular, of *the granular contents of cells* is quite easily seen in many plants—in the Stoneworts, the Water-soldier, the Vallisneria, the Anacharis (the weed which is the pest of our canals), and other water-weeds; in the hairs of the common stinging-nettle, and the

exquisite purple hairs of the Spider-wort; and in many other cases.

Second. Certain of the Algæ, or water-weeds, give rise to what are known as 'zoöspores' (from their resemblance to some infusorian animals); these are *the germs* of future algæ, and in their young condition swim freely by the aid of the little cilia already alluded to. Of these, the juvenile stage of Protococcus and of the potato fungus are good examples.

Third. Not only is locomotion to be seen in the contents of cells, and in young plants, or 'zoöspores,' but it is ascertained to exist in many *entire plants*, through their whole existence. Of this, the beautiful little apple-green 'Volvox' is an instance; it is a kind of hollow sphere, formed of numerous green bodies, each having two vibrating 'tails;' by means of these volvox rolls over and over, hither and thither, paddling about with great rapidity, as if it were a sort of 'Queen's messenger' in the plant realm. The fresh-water Desmids and Diatoms, organisms of exquisite delicacy and beauty, mostly spend their lives in a state of brisk activity. Many animals, on their side, are devoid of motion, being fixed in their condition for the whole of their existence. Such are the sponges, corals, many polypes, some of the 'wheel-animalcules' or rotifers, as Melicerta ringens, the building rotifer, who constructs his own 'tube' and resides therein; our old friend Flustra is stationary, as are most of his family, to say nothing of the barnacle, acorn-shell, oyster, mussel and ship-worm. Therefore, power of locomotion as a diagnostic character of animals, or the want of such power in plants, brought up to the Bar of Science, must have the verdict given against it, let the counsel for the defence say what he may.

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(*To be continued.*)

The religious man may be considered in his family as the keystone to the arch.—*Salter.*

Among the elegant forms of insect life there is a little creature known to naturalists which can gather round it a sufficiency of atmospheric air; and so clothed upon, it descends into the bottom of the pool, and you may see the little diver moving about dry and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all around and above be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector; a transparent vesture, the world sees it not; but a real defence, it keeps out the world. By means of it the believer can gather so much of heaven's atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the putrid depths of this contaminating world, that for a season no evil will touch him. Communion with God kept Daniel pure in Babylon, and nothing else can keep us safe in London.—*J. Hamilton.*

THE ÆSTHETIC CRAZE.

II.

PREVIOUSLY I gave a definition of true æstheticism and its counterfeit: argued that the former, in its inspiration and the character of its results, was the same in all lands and all ages; and showed that the artistic workman received an idea from the unseen world which he caused to be reflected, more or less imperfectly, in his handiwork. We glanced also at the 'æsthete' in his habiliments, his home surroundings, and his pictorial art.

Now let us turn to the true æsthetic one, and his counterfeit, in poetry.'

We have seen that the artist receives his inspiration from the greatness of Nature; and under the influence of that inspiration glorifies everything that he touches, whether it be a common object of daily utility, or a more pretentious pictorial production. The poet, in his special field of æstheticism, also receives his inspiration from the charm and mystery of Nature; and then leads men's thoughts out from the seen, upward to the unseen and the eternal. Here is a trifle from the pen of Mr. Tennyson:

> 'Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand,
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.'

Here you will observe that the thought, fixed upon a little flower, is then directed to two of the mightiest problems of the universe. A trifle, did I say? And yet an achievement possible only to the truest genius.

Now turn to the effort of the 'æsthete' in poetic trifles, and you will see at once the essential difference between true and false æstheticism in literature. It need scarcely be said that the 'æsthete' has another method, and of course arrives at a far different conclusion. He strikes the attitude of abstraction and gazes upon a flower—not a sunflower or a lily in this instance, but a speedwell. Instead of letting the tiny flower lead him out from it up to the great things of life, he, as it were, concentrates the life-giving sun, which, by its light and warmth, is every moment of every day shedding luxuriant blessing on all the world, into the minute touch of colour in the tiny flower. He holds the speedwell in his crossed hands, and, 'think,' he says,

> 'Think of all
> The suns that go to make a speedwell blue.'

Here is the whole difference, the vast and impassable gulf, between true and false æstheticism. In the one case we have

the poet receiving a spiritual inspiration, then generating in his mind a great truth, and finally giving it expression in a form which lifts men's mind up from little things to the greatest of all—from the contemplation of the symbol to the verity, from the created transience to the Creator who is eternal. In the other, the great things of the universe, the sun itself, the centre of a system which we but dimly comprehend, brought down to aid the poet in his sentimental examination of a flower, to aid him in the narrowing of his mind to a channel where self alone is great.

In speaking of the æsthetic craze it is natural that we should think of its chief apostle. In the former part of this essay it was said that the so-called æstheticism is an affectation and an imitation. A critical examination of Mr. Oscar Wilde's poems forces us to a similar conclusion with regard to him. At the University he was wonderfully successful, not only in classics, but also in mathematics. He has talked and sung 'æsthetism' until all the world of fashion has gone after him; and it may reasonably be surmised that, judging by results, his 'æsthetism' has proved a considerable success. He has published a volume of poems at half-a-guinea. And it must be confessed that the volume displays much versifying power and a certain sympathy with great ideals. The creed of which he is the exponent preceded him: and he has simply found in the pseudo-æstheticism of to-day a place for the display of special qualities of adaptation and imitation. He has sufficient native taste to appreciate much in the poets of the past—Shakespeare, Milton—especially Milton—and Keats; but his great model is Swinburne. If there had been no poetry Swinburnian—the pity of it!—then had there been no reflective manifestation thereof. This passing criticism is borne out by a kindly enough notice in the *Athenæum.* As to this quality of imitation, that journal said that his imitation of previous writers went far enough seriously to damage his claim to originality, and the workmanship was slovenly in the sense that those half rhymes which in pre-Tennysonian days were tolerated in the writings of the best poets were employed with a freedom that deprives the task of writing verse of the greater portion of its difficulty.

We can imagine the æsthetic craze, as it affects any one of our young men, tending to the soliloquy:

> 'Am I alone, and unobserved? I am!
> Then let me own I'm an æsthetic sham!
> This air severe is but a mere veneer,
> This cynic smile is but a wile of guile,
> This costume chaste is but good taste misplaced!
> Let me confess:

A languid love for lilies does *not* blight me;
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do *not* delight me!
I do *not* care for dirty greens by any means;
I do *not* long for all one sees that's Japanese;
I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes in stained-glass attitudes—
In short, my mediævalism's affectation
Born of a morbid love of admiration!'

The arm of the 'æsthete,' I have said, reaches not to the spiritual, but is limited strictly to things mundane—nature, literature, and art; to the circumstances and mere human emotions of our finite being. Mr. Wilde's volume indicates this limited aim and narrow scope of the so-called æsthetic movement. And drear and melancholy is the outlook! With some other poets, and with some divines too for that matter—he deplores the all-absorbing money-getting tendencies of the age: but his solution is an injunction to neutrality, which, said the *Athenæum*, recalls the invocation of the Western hero, who, in an adventure with a 'grizzly,' without asking for direct aid from the superior powers, urged at least that they should not 'side with the b'ar.' Regretting the ancient days of chivalry and freedom in this England of ours, he enjoins his soul—which is so 'too too,' so altogether utter—to come out of the midst of this bartering and trafficking in merchandise.

'O come out of it,
Come out of it, my soul! thou art not fit
For this vile traffic-house, where day by day
Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart,
And the rude people rage with ignorant cries
Against a heritage of centuries.
It mars my calm: wherefore in dreams of art
And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
Neither for God, nor for His enemies.'

This sounds much like pseudo-heroism, with a large spice of sentimental affectation, and a touch of irreverence, of which the less we have, the better for the manliness of the race: but it also supplies the key to the attitude of the 'æsthete,' who sees, with no sympathetic nor pitying, but a supercilious eye, the coarse things of to-day; and so turns, with an affected regard, to the beauty of the past. As if the ages of beauty had not also *their* shadowy set-off of coarseness and rudeness in the lower strata of society. The past is all to him: the present nothing. To continue Mr. Bunthorne's confession, if one is anxious to shine in the high æsthetic line, one must

'Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days, which have long since passed away,
And convince 'em if you can that the reign of good Queen Anne was culture's palmiest day.
Of course, you will "Pooh, pooh!" whatever's fresh and new, and declare its crude and mean,
For art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.'

The 'æsthete' affects to love the past, not because he discerns in the past striking assertions of principle which must permeate all true art, either past, present, or future; but because he has learnt that old masters are admirable. He feigns a love for that he comprehends not.

I think it was *Harper's Magazine* which gave us a present-day ideal, which sounds a little refreshing by the side of the maudlin aspirations of the 'æsthete.'

'An independent young man;
A right-kind-of-stuff young man;
A deep, comprehensible,
Plain-spoken, sensible,
Thoroughly self-made young man.

* * * * *

'A look-out-for-others young man;
A practise-not-preach young man;
A kind, sympathetic,
Not all theoretic,
One-in-a-thousand young man.

* * * * *

'A nowadays scarce young man;
A hard-to-be-found young man;
A perfectly self-possessed,
Not always over-dressed,
Kind-that-I-like young man.'

We have not space to analyze the politics and religion of the æsthete more than to say that as he is in costume, painting and poetry, so also is he in these—superficial, insincere and affected: in the one a pseudo-democracyism, in the other realism bordering on irreverence. In religion he does sometimes strike a true note—as for instance Mr. Oscar Wilde, 'On hearing the "Dies Iræ" in the Sistine Chapel'—but more often he shocks our sensibilities, as in the case of Mr. Swinburne's 'Dolores,' our Lady of Pain. Shelley and Victor Hugo make our flesh creep, but one had experienced the pains of priestism at Oxford, the other heard the *Te Deum* sung for the *Coup-d' Etat* of 1851. But the despiser of religion of to-day is a dandy, of which material martyrs and endurers are *not* made; and so his tilt against faith is like sentimental affectation and sham iconoclasm.

Briefly, and merely suggestively, I have sought to distinguish between true and false æstheticism.

The manifestation of the latter is doomed to quickly pass away. We smile at the æsthete, and, as the French say, 'He who is laughed at may pack his portmanteau' (*Celui à qui nous empaqueterait sa valise*). Already 'æstheticism is being extinguished before the clear light of healthy commonsense. Last time we noted that Mr. Wilde had been received on the

other side of the Atlantic with acclaim, but only for a time; from a later journal than that from which I quoted at first, it appears that the success of the great 'æsthete' was temporary indeed. The lads at Harvard, when he visited them, donned Court dresses and displayed sunflowers in derision, but he turned the laugh by appearing in ordinary attire; and at Albany the souls of the populace were not at all 'utter.'

Clytie, as the beloved of Apollo and in classic garb, the culture of the Hudson *could* stand; but a sunflower-adorer, in a white waistcoat and buckles, was more than even *American* humour could brook patiently. To them it was 'quite too utterly too much.'

And so it will be here. Bunthorne and his twenty love-sick maidens are not destined to immortality. They are characters in a satire which is without bitterness, but full of genial banter which wounds no one. But another generation will scarcely see the humour of it.

The true æsthetic one he *is* a visionary, it is true; but he is, before all others, practical too. The Seer is also the Maker.

SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

"*TO WHAT KINGDOM?*"

THE Emperor of Germany, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a plate, he asked,—

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"The vegetable kingdom," said a little girl.

The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked,—

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom," said the girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?"

The little girl coloured deeply, for she did not like to say "The animal kingdom," as she thought she should, lest his Majesty would be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with a brightening eye, she said,—

"To God's kingdom, sir."

The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

THE WORKING-MAN'S SABBATH;

OR,

MR. BROADHURST, M.P., ON THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

A Speech against the Resolution to open National Museums and Galleries on Sundays.

BY

ONE OF THEIR OWN REPRESENTATIVES.

'*The Interest of my Class,*' (*p.* 127).

I REGRET exceedingly to find myself compelled to vote against the motion now under debate. I have endeavoured to set down on the notice paper my views as an alternative to those set forth in the resolution of my honourable friend, the member for East Cumberland; and in taking this course, I do so entirely free and unconnected with any society, either for the defence of Sunday as a day of rest, or of any society working in the opposite direction. I have taken this action entirely and distinctly in the interest of labour, and on behalf of that cause with which I have been identified nearly all my life; and I say most distinctly that it is in the interest of labour that we should keep the seventh day as free and as fully relieved from all associations of labour as it is possible for us to do. I oppose this resolution also on the ground—and there can be no doubt upon the point—that there is no sufficient demand in the country to warrant the House in adopting the resolution submitted to it; and if the object aimed at is to bring the people nearer to the museums, or the museums nearer to the people, it would be far better and more safely accomplished by the plan which I have suggested in my amendment than it could possibly be by the motion of my honourable friend. Then again, if the resolution has any effect, it will only loosen the ties which now bind us together in defence of an absolute rest from labour on one day in seven.

With regard to the supposed demand in the country in favour of this motion, I find that there is not a single speaker on the opposite side who has for a moment attempted to contend that there is any considerable demand for this motion. My honourable friend, the member for Morpeth, than whom there is no one more careful in his desire to be within the limit of facts, expressly guarded himself against conveying the impression that there was a considerable demand. If I wanted evidence to support this view of the case, I would take the latest demonstration that has been offered to the country upon this subject.

We all know, or at any rate very many of us know, that there is in London what is supposed to be a powerful, a wide-spread, and, I believe, a rich and well-provided society for the promotion of the object aimed at by the resolution. I know that for some number of weeks past they have been advertising in most of our daily papers; they have been sending circulars right and left in every direction in their attempt to work up a demonstration in favour of the motion. And what was the result? In St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, after a month or six weeks' hard work, and at great cost, when no stone had been left unturned in order to ensure success, the demonstration came off. The *Daily News*, in reporting it, says: 'The room was about half full.' Well, now, the *Daily News*, if I remember rightly, is an organ favourable to their side of the question; and, therefore, there is no doubt that they would put the best face upon what they must all have considered an utter failure of what was meant as a demonstration in favour of this motion. I do not deny that this question has been discussed by workmen's associations, and that there are workmen in favour of the proposal. I remember, more than twenty years back, this subject being discussed in the lodges of my trade society in this metropolis; but what I venture to say is that it never took deep root in their minds, and that, if the subject were again discussed, the feeling in favour of the opening of museums would, in my opinion, not have increased, but in all probability have decreased. Then, sir, if that is so, I contend that we are not warranted in supporting the motion. I want to call the attention of the House for a few moments to the other course suggested by my motion. If the museums and galleries were open from six till ten o'clock, at least three nights in each week, I am sure that would secure very general patronage, and receive the very general approval of the people of the metropolis. If evidence were required to show the success of this opening of an evening, I would like to ask permission to read a few figures which have been supplied to me as to the attendance at South Kensington on the three nights in the week. The South Kensington Museum has been free on three evenings a week for the last twenty-five years, and the total number of evening visitors has been 6,397,515. During the first three months of the present year the total number of visitors on those week-day evenings amounted to 126,063, against 49,209 visitors in the day-time, an excess of evening visitors over morning visitors of 76,854, or rather more than twice as many visitors to this museum in the evenings of week-days as there have been of day visitors for the corresponding period. That, I consider, is unmistakable evidence in support of the course which I have

suggested in my amendment to-night. The argument that has been used with regard to the difficulty of lighting up the British Museum and the National Gallery with gas has ceased to exist. I have seen within the last day or two a letter from the treasurer of the British Museum again reiterating the difficulty of lighting up by gas; but he, in his letter, seems to indicate that that difficulty is rapidly becoming less, and the plan of lighting by electricity might possibly succeed in the course of a short time. At any rate, honourable members who have had the advantage of visiting the Electric Exhibition, now to be seen at the Crystal Palace, will agree with me that the way of overcoming the practical difficulty of illuminating our public buildings by other means than that of gas has really been demonstrated by the magnificent display of electricity there exhibited. Now, it is said that our working people have no opportunity of visiting those places unless we give them an opportunity of going on Sunday. Well, my honourable friend, I fear, has not followed the change in the circumstances of the people as closely as I have. Consider what has been done during the last twenty-five years in favour of lessening our working hours on Saturday, and for starting at a later hour on Monday morning. If you peruse the arguments that have been used by the workmen in conferences between the employers and the employed, upon the platform and in the press, in support of increased hours of leisure, I venture to say that you will find one of the reasons that we strongly urged was that we desired sufficient spare time in the week in order to take our fair share of secular enjoyment during the working days of the week, and to visit the museums and picture galleries which were closed on Sundays. If you open those picture galleries and museums on Sunday, it must correspondingly weaken the argument in favour of your Saturday half-holiday. I fear my honourable friend, the member for East Cumberland, has not sufficiently examined the policy which he has asked the House to adopt. The result of it is that he is seeking to accommodate the traditions of the nation to a system of endless toil, while we—the trade-unionists—have always done our best to accommodate labour to the traditions of our country, and keep clear of any infringement, under every avoidable circumstance, of the seventh day, by any kind of labour. My honourable friend gives us a pitiable account of the labours of those city men —the gentlemen who generally commence work about eleven in the morning, and labour on till three or four in the afternoon. He told us how their weary limbs were thoroughly exhausted by labour and anxiety, and how they returned to their families and their homes utterly unable to take an hour in the evening to visit those museums; and he prayed on behalf of this hard-

used class that you shall break through the traditions of centuries in order to give them opportunities of worshipping art on Sunday that they are altogether too indolent to trouble themselves about during the six days of the week. Now, there are other classes of people, I own, besides those terribly hard-used business men of the City of London and the very hard-worked Civil Servants—there is a class known as shop assistants, and they labour unceasingly from Monday morning until Saturday. But what has been the tendency even amongst shopkeepers since the associations, with which my honourable friend the member for Morpeth and myself have been connected all our lives, set the example? It has been demonstrated to the nation beyond dispute that this increased leisure-time in the week, gained by the efforts of trade-unions, has not injured the trade of the country, but that, on the contrary, employers have gained by the increased physical strength of the people? And this example has been copied by many of the great and respectable shopkeepers of London. If you walk through some of your main West End streets on a Saturday afternoon, you will discover large numbers of shops closed in order to give their work-people an opportunity of visiting the museums and picture galleries of this metropolis, or to take such other form of recreation as their tastes suggest or the seasons permit of. I am not in favour of pandering to the class who would, and do, indulge in a species of white slavery, and work the poor people until they can hardly stand at the counter; this oppression is a disgrace to our civilization, and its amendment should engage the sympathy and support of every well-wisher of the country; but I am in favour of assisting those who are too long worked to demand the opportunities of enjoyment which we—the organized trades—have long enjoyed, and which many of the shopkeepers have already given to their work-people. Now, it is perfectly true that, if you pass this resolution to-night, we shall not have the factory laws repealed next week. Nobody expects that the whole of our factories and workshops, our coal mines and ironstone mines, will be opened before the end of the Session for Sunday labour. No. People, like nations, never lose their rights by one resolution; but they may be whittled away by resolution after resolution, and some fine morning the people may wake up and regret the day that they ever listened to a proposal, innocent enough on the face of it, but fraught with grievous and most certain danger, if not to them, at any rate to their children who come after them. You talk of this motion relieving the public-house of its customers on a Sunday. I will ask my honourable friend if he is prepared to say that the skilled artisans of this country—that the respect-

able work-people of this country—spend their Sundays in public-houses? I am certain he is not prepared to say so. Who are the poor neglected creatures with whom our public-houses are filled on Sundays, if they are filled? They are those who are the most unfortunate of my class—the least skilled, and therefore the worst paid, and consequently the worst housed amongst our population. But surely you will not attempt to persuade this House to believe that this class of people, who loiter around the doors of a public-house during the hours that they cannot get admittance inside, are the people who are thirsting to worship your exhibitions of the fine arts miles from their homes. Will you suggest that these are the class of people who would rush in their teeming thousands to the British Museum to make scientific and historical examinations of the mummies and other curiosities that crowd the galleries, and to worship at the feet of the works of the old masters in the National Galleries? I am positive you will not advance such extraordinary arguments in its favour. The tendency (if there be any tendency in this motion) would be to enormously increase Sunday labour. Then the supporters of the motion are guilty of self-contradiction. They assert in their motion that there are large masses of people who want to visit these museums and picture galleries on Sunday. How are the people from the East India Docks, from Peckham, from Chelsea, and from the great outlying districts of London (where our working-classes are, unhappily in some respects, mainly housed) to get to these places except by an immense increase in the traffic, both by road and rail? And if you are going to bring thousands of people into London for nearly the whole of Sunday, do you expect them to travel many miles to and from their homes, and tramp the galleries of those institutions, and return at night without any refreshment? They need not go to the public-house to get it, it is true; but it must be had, if not in public-houses then in unlicensed houses, and you will by this means enormously increase the labour of already overworked waiters, in addition to the army of men employed to convey the people to and from those places. Either it is true or it is not true, that there is a large demand for your proposal. I incline to the latter opinion. Really, I am almost inclined to say that the arguments in support of the motion have been so carelessly covered over by mere sophistry, that it is left plain to anyone that none of them will hold water. I am afraid that I have trespassed too long upon the attention of the House. But I speak on this question warmly. I feel strongly; and I contend that, in taking the course that I am now taking, I am acting consistently with the whole of my life. I am only endeavouring this evening to defend and maintain the principles for which I have paid my

weekly subscriptions to my trade-union for more than a quarter of a century. I am only seeking here, with your permission, to uphold the cause, in your presence, which I have advocated on hundreds of platforms for my class; and were I to lose the opportunity to-night of taking the course which I have taken, I should be false to the whole course of my life—I should be false to the interest of my class—and should ever regret the opportunity that I missed in defending, with all my might and power, the great privilege, nay, the birthright which our work-people have so nobly maintained, and which we now enjoy in being secured from work on the seventh day. Now, the argument of course is that there is no fear of the general system of labour following a motion of this kind. Yes, but where are you going to draw the line? Once you have admitted this abstract principle, how are you going to hold it fast, and not let it encroach by degrees? Do we not hear every day how English manufactures are suffering from the keen competition of France, Germany, and other countries, and that the nations which work seven days a week, or, at any rate, which observe in no regular form the cessation of labour on the seventh, have the advantage over English manufacturers, whose work-people work only on six days? If you admit this principle, that after all there is not so much in the general cessation of labour on the seventh day, when it suits the fancies of a minority to say so, how will you meet the demand if some fine morning it is thought to be discovered that in order to maintain our trade and great profits we must increase the hours of labour, and finally make an inroad on the Sunday's rest? My honourable friend here admits that the minority must suffer somewhat in the general interest. I will not pin him to that; but I clearly understood him to admit something of the kind. I will not press it; at any rate, it will not in any degree strengthen the exemption from labour on Sundays. I will not for a moment admit that any practical good can possibly come from the motion, and I sincerely hope that we shall never pass it. I shall not trespass further upon your indulgence by any attempt to describe the sublime satisfaction and advantage to our work-people of a certainty of rest on one day in the week. That must be left to abler and more learned tongues than my own. But to those who lead a ceaseless life of toil, this Sunday is that which the cooling stream in the desert is to the weary traveller. The thoughtful workman regards his ever and sure recurring Sunday as the symbol of his future, as it is the blessed day of his present, rest. In these twenty-four hours of each week he seems to have the foretaste of that future in which he shall share with all mortals the advantages and the results of a life of

labour. You rich men have your recess—your periods of relaxation. The workmen have nothing except this day. This is their autumn, as it is their springtime and summer. I ask Parliament, who did not confer the boon, not for a moment to think of taking it from the people. The gift was anterior to Parliaments—it is a greater gift than Parliament ever made. I ask you, in the interest of those who toil, to retain this boon for them, and not to play fast and loose with such a sacred—with such a priceless—gift as this which they enjoy, but to hand down to them and to those who come after them this pearl beyond price, this joy beyond description, this day of rest.

Working Men's Lord's-Day Rest Association.

NAZARETH.

LOOK from these emerald heights—the breath
Of the far ocean o'er thy brow,
On the white fameless town below;
He made thee famous—Nazareth!

Enough for thee that He, a child,
Took His first steps upon thy streets,
Where crossway small with crossway meets,
While mother Mary to Him smiled.

Enough that, busy boy and man,
In shop with ever open door
Through which the only light could pour,
In thee, He toiled an artisan.

Enough that to thy house of prayer
It was His Sabbath wont to go:
And at thy fountain gay, to show
Serener face than any there.

Enough that from these crowning heights
He Carmel, Gilboa, Tabor saw—
Scenes echoing with the solemn Law,
Scenes lit with History's thousand lights.

Thy stony streets, thy hills of green
He knew—this gives thee all thy fame:
This that He, grown to man, became
The everlasting Nazarene.

G. T. COSTER.

COUNSELS TO YOUNG MEN ON LITERATURE, ART, AND RELIGION.

From an Address at Liverpool.

By THE REV. J. MORLAIS-JONES.

The large life of the race, the universal life, lives in inspired literature and inspired art. A great controversy has been revived lately. 'Who wrote the Shakespearian poems and dramas?' Was it Bacon, or was it Shakespeare? It was neither—it was *man*. A great book, a great picture—it was convenient that it should have an individual's name attached to it. But what makes it great is, that it is greater than he who wrote or painted it. The universal spirit, the *Zeit-geist*, is in it. The man is only the water-mark in which the tide registers itself. It is as much a marvel and a secret to him often as it is to you. Now, we must bring ourselves into contact with this. It enlarges, humanizes, sweetens our nature.

Let me speak a word on behalf of English literature and English art. There is not a nobler literature in existence, ancient or modern; if you are wise you will brighten up your business-life by making yourselves familiar with it. It is a fine inheritance, and you don't enter into the fulness of your privileges if you don't do something towards mastering it. At this moment —I am prepared to maintain it—English painting stands as high as any in Europe. Familiarize yourselves with the best works of the best painters. Have done with the cant that English art has become utterly degraded, and English genius is dead. Your main business is work, so is mine; but work always with windows towards the world of thought, with outlooks towards the world of genius; and always with an open roof towards heaven. Make friends of these—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Addison, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Browning; and on a higher plane than these: for you cannot profess to understand the influences that have formed the English literature unless you also know the authors of the books of Job, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and John—in many more senses than one, John the Divine.

You must crown all with religion. If I wanted to introduce religion to you I could use many arguments; but I will confine myself to the limits that I have marked out for myself. I will speak of it simply as a matter of self-respect. Of all human questions, those which lie at the basis of religion are, after all, the greatest, the most difficult. Some people have an idea that it is a very much more difficult thing to watch the

gambols of ants than to study the doctrine of atonement. It is a very great mistake. Theology, after all, is the queen of the sciences, and the most difficult science. The questions of theology are the permanent questions of the age; and compared with those all other questions, all the questions of the sciences put together, are very easy to deal with—they are mere child's play. I took the trouble some time ago to read through the proceedings of almost all the learned societies in London for one week. Stiff work, dry work, but I did it. The Botanical Society was in great agitation because a new system of botanical nomenclature had been proposed. The Zoological Society had been in agony of interest about the absurdity of some half-mythical little creature on the coast of Norway, who still persists in swimming out to sea and being drowned, because his remote ancestors used to migrate in that direction. The Geological Society had spent a whole evening in the most effusive, almost tearful, patter of some newly discovered mineral. Very interesting all this. But the humblest local preacher who will stand in a pulpit next Sunday will rise out of the sight of all these doctrines. His poorest preaching will be to their most learned disquisitions as the soaring of the eagle to the flight of the sparrow. He cannot mention the subjects which form the staple of Christian preaching, without kindling interest of agitating importance to us. To look at these questions—God, the soul, the hidden world into which the soul flings its feelers, the atonement for sin, the condition of the dead, and the prospect that lies before us in the shrouded future—to try to know and say something about these is to possess the courage that seems to have deserted the so-called positive sciences. They have deliberately abandoned the harder problems, and chosen the easier. But more than that. Personal completeness is impossible without religion. We hear a great deal talked of morality. We are told that the important thing is your duty to yourself, and your fellows. But the truth is, morality of the highest order is impossible without religion. Morality, with no reference to God, will be vacillating and uncertain. Morality from policy, morality from a deep regard even for the commonwealth, is morality with an ever-shifting standard; morality, even when it is grounded upon the greatest good of the greatest number, will often be but a haphazard guess. Look at the Christian law of morality, and see if even morality itself will not be the better done, by inspiring it with a spirit of religion. We have the laws of morality; we have ten and many more commandments, and Christ is the conscience of them all. We have the laws, but the laws are the words of His mouth. They are not a spirit passing on the wings of the wind; they are not a sound that has fallen from the stars; they are not a sword

waved in the sky but grasped by no hand; they are not an emanation from the Divine totality of being; but they are the living expression of a living being; they pulsate with a living, loving purpose—a heart beats in them. I ask you, then, Does morality gain or lose from this? Religion is not separated from morality; but religion is the soul of morality. But even if it were not so, even if the richest results of morality were possible without religion, I should say I still have the right to religion. It is not a question with me that I must be religious. I don't want to appear egotistical about it, but this is where I stand to-night. I do not lay hold of religion because I must; but what I say is this, that if I can I will be religious in spite of everything. It completes my nature, it glorifies my being, and I have a right to it. The harp is made for music, and it should never be condemned to silence; it mingles memories of the forest in which it once grew, the gladness of spring morning, and the wails of winter storms, with man's life of love, and passion, and struggle, and victory. The heart of man is made of religion, and it should have voice given it. It is not enough for me simply to obey the laws of morality. I want to send my life in every light and shade, in every pain and gladness, in every fresh joy and old sorrow. Religion is transfigured morality; religion is obedience—breaking into a hymn, and I have a right to that, in spite of everything.

But just one other thing I should like to speak to you about. You must be fitting yourselves to take your places worthily in the generation which is yours. Now, to do this there are two things. First of all, that you should appreciate and take a living interest in the important questions that are so eagerly discussed among us. There is a kind of cant becoming very fashionable with some young men—the affectation of indifference to all the great concerns of the day—to stare blankly at you if you dare to become a little bit enthusiastic. There was a very good thing in one of the comic papers a couple of years ago. There was an ineffable youth, with long hair and broad collar, with his hand on his heart, surrounded by a bevy of sentimental, ineffable young ladies, evidently thinking all the world of this ineffable young man. Behind was an ineffable aunt, with a not ineffable nose and a pair of spectacles and a catalogue. They were examining one of the old masters, and the youth was going into ecstasies over the picture; but there was a matter-of-fact gentleman in the company who did not like it, and he looked with unutterable contempt at the whole affair, and the ineffable youth included. He says, 'But, the subject is so repulsive.' 'But,' says the youth, 'subject in art is no matter; the picture is beautiful.' 'But the drawing is so vile, and the colour is abominable,' said the gentleman. 'But

I am colour-blind, and I do not pretend to understand drawing; but the picture is beautiful!' 'But it is all out of perspective, man, and so untrue to nature.' I do not believe in perspective, and I hate nature; but the picture is beautiful.' 'But,' said the matter-of-fact man, 'where in the world is the beauty, then?' 'In the picture.' Now we laugh at this youth, but I could describe to you a youth who, to me at least, is very much more contemptible than that one. His foible is not to admire anything; and the fact of the matter is just this, that he considers it is rather his forte not to admire anything. You cannot get him into ecstasies about anything in the world. Religious enthusiasm! Oh, it is hypocrisy! Talk to him about politics—oh, politics, it is only a fight for place! Talk to him about something else—it is no good whatever your speaking to him about it; and, besides, it requires such an exertion to take interest in these things. 'My dear sir, don't get hot over the thing.' I ask you, What are you to do with a youth like that, who yawns your enthusiasm into silence, and puts up his eye-glass at you? The eye-glass is a fine invention for imbeciles. If you have no idea in your heads, and you have nothing to say, it is such a fine thing to be able to stare at a man through your eye-glass. But I should like to put two questions before you, which, I think, every young man ought to come to some conclusion about. First of all, I want you to understand issues—what it means. First, there is the question between the Gospel and materialism. The question there is not as to the superiority of one form of religion over the other, but of the right of religion to live in this world at all. There are two classes of materialists. One class says there is no God, there is no soul, there is nothing but matter—infinite and eternal; the emotions, the glorious experiences of the most luminous hour of worship—these are nothing in the world but the trick of highly organized matter. Now, this may be perfectly true, but you must be a very ingenious man if you can convert that into a religion. A religion? If that is true, then man is doomed. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' will soon be pronounced over his grave. The other class, as representing Dr. Huxley, Dr. Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer, says: 'We don't know; there may be a God, we don't say there is not; but we don't know.' There is an 'Inscrutable Force,' says one. 'There is an infinite substratum to which you can give no qualities,' says the second. This may be true; but you can never convert that into a religion. It may be a philosophy; but philosophy can never take the place of religion. Unconditioned, you cannot make a religion of an Inscrutable Force; you cannot send a hymn to waft upwards the incense of your heart to a chance on which you have treasured up the precious

thought, 'We know nothing.' I cannot build an altar to my own ignorance. Now, I ask you young men, is that nothing to you? Do you feel no concern at all about it? If we have made a mistake in thinking that we hold intercourse with God; if it be that there is no God; if the dissolution of death be the end of man; if he must take the Bible and drop it into the sea, and say, 'Sink, sink! thou hast cruelly deceived us. My mother taught me to love it, but she did me a grievous wrong. Men whom I honour to this day taught me to respect it, but they did me a great injustice. Let it sink, and never appear any more'—I ask you, do not you feel any regret? Will the world be as beautiful to you as it was before? Then all I have to say is this, Good-bye; I do not wish ever to cross your path any more. Just one other word. It is a question between priestism and Protestantism. Where the priest is, there the fight is. What it means is, the Church, through her ordained ministry, is the authoritative voice of God. Carry that out to its logical issue, and this is the conclusion—an infallible Pope. But I do not consider that to be the worst form of it. I have a kind of respect for the Pope. I admire the old Methodist in Cornwall, who used to pray for the old Pope every morning as a Christian and a gentleman. The Pope never did me any harm. Now and then I read in the newspapers that he has been saying foolish things, aud uttering the strongest threats in his retreat at the Vatican; but, as in the story of the 'Jackdaw of Rheims,' it does not seem that anybody is the worse. But if you acknowledge the principle, then the last-fledged curate is as infallible as the Pope himself, and that is the pope I object to. It is not the Pope in the Vatican that I object to, but the pope in Lewisham, the pope I meet in my daily walks, with his weak face, his round, flat hat, and his neat umbrella. Just look at him. Here is an ordained youth of three-and-twenty, without experience, without the knowledge of Divine things which comes through the discipline of life. Men have been here this week who have been struggling with soul-problems for forty years; men who have tested in the struggle of life more truths than he has even read about; grown grey with thought: they were at the gates of heaven before this young man was born. But what does it matter? Let them be silent and listen to his pretty essay, and remember that an infallible man speaks—years, experience, thinking, prayers, go for nothing. The morning after his ordination that lad was nearer the springs of spiritual knowledge than they can ever get. It is not a question of music, or the decent performance of Divine service. It is that there is no light in the world except where an ordained church lantern shines. There is a Light which lighteth every man that cometh

into the world, but it was John the Evangelist who said that, and everybody knows that he knew nothing. Oh, this Bible, sun of my soul! It has had a strange history; God is in every page, and people say that you may listen to God by their permission. There is a universe of truth there, and people try to make it private property, with their little porter at the gate, and they say you can enter in there by permission. Why do not they say that I can breathe by permission, that I can look up to the sky and watch the stars that pass by the throne of God, and drink in the infinite by permission? Why do not they say that the universe belongs to them, and that by their permission the great God may come into His children's life. Young men, if you submit to that from pope or parson, or from a Congregationalist minister so far as that goes, then you do not deserve liberty; you are only fit for bonds, and you have forfeited for ever your self-respect. I want to encourage you in the world's work. There was a grand scene witnessed in the neighbourhood of Rome very soon after the young king ascended the throne. The Italian soldiers were brought out, marshalled in a square; their officers stood before them and read out the oaths of allegiance, and every soldier put up his right hand and cried, 'I swear.' I want you to enlist for the noblest service. It will gather round itself every true work that this generation will ever be engaged in. I mention to you the name of the world's great King. He will lead you against no enemy that ought not to be vanquished; He will lead you into no conflict where the result will be uncertain. He needs you; you are the very ones He needs. Your father's vigour and strength are gone; it may be that the father is dead. Don't you remember what you promised him, with his hand, that was so soon to be relaxed in death, upon your head? Oh, when I see some that are fighting against us, I cannot fight against those who belong to us by every right. Oh, noble young lives, with hope, and enthusiasm, and courage burning in your hearts, stand up in the might of your own manhood, stand up and take the oath; cry, 'I swear, I swear, while life lasts, wherever Christ leads me I will go, and I will do whatsoever He bids me.'—*English Independent.*

'God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and, albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised complete,
The dust swept from their beauty—glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.'

Mrs. Browning.

THE STRUGGLE FOR CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN THE GEORGIAN ERA.

BY

THE REV. J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A.

In our review notice of the Congregational Jubilee Lectures last month, this one in Vol. ii. was inadvertently left out. It is one which deserves very special attention, and we have much pleasure therefore in renewing our declaration of the immense value to our Congregational Churches of this entire series of lectures. We would emphatically ask our readers whether our young people are, as a whole, sufficiently read-up in the history of the brave struggles of their forefathers? In this lecture, Mr. Baldwin Brown, with vigorous intellectual power and wide range of reading, has told a story full of living interest to us all; and he has told it with that instinctive fervour which gives life to the theme. We cannot read it without being moved alike by its eloquence and its truth. How much was accomplished in that era our young people need thoroughly to understand, that they may rightly prize the hard-won heritage of their rights and liberties; how much yet remains to be done is suggested in the closing words, which have in them the thrill of a great hope and expectation: 'But the last blow has to be struck, the final triumph has to be won. While the establishment of religion by law exists, English liberty can never be complete. And as I am convinced that the completion of English liberty is as sure as the great processes of the creation, I know that the Church as an establishment must fall—fall to rise again with new strength and new ministries of benediction to the people. I see its doom as a creature of the law in the full tide of free thought and free action, which is swelling and dashing around it. The forces which have won the victory thus far are destined to lay its unblessed supremacy in ruins. And then liberty, equality, and fraternity may come at length to be inscribed by Christ's own hand over the portals of that temple of freedom which the toils, the tears, and the blood of a hundred generations have reared to His praise.'

Mr. Baldwin Brown has done much in his day to show how full of living power the ideal of the Congregational Free Church life may be, and in early days he suffered much in the realization of the freedom which his younger brethren now enjoy, and for which they are largely indebted to himself. He is regarded with unstinted love and unbounded respect, not only by the Congregationalists of the land, but by the Christian

thinkers of the day in all the churches; and now that he has entered upon the afternoon of life's day, which to him has been a very earnest, very busy day, a day of noble assistance to multitudes of churches as well as of especial service to his own church at Brixton, we gratefully offer this slender tribute of love and honour to him in a Magazine whose pages he has from time to time so ably aided by the productions of his pen. In wishing for him restored health, long life, and continued usefulness, we are but uttering a prayer to which the Managers of the *Evangelical*, as well as his brethren everywhere, will heartily respond Amen.

PASTOR VERSUS PRIEST;

OR,

OUR NEO-CATHOLIC CURATES, AND HOW TO ANSWER THEM.

Conversations with a Young Lady Visitor inclined to Ritualism.

MINISTER. The young Neo-Catholic curate then, whose sermons about the Church, with that ever-recurring and most euphemistic sentence in it, 'which Holy Church has held from the beginning,' has driven you to search the grounds of authority, and it is well.

VISITOR. I certainly never studied the question, and I wish more of our ministers would explain matters as you have done.

MINISTER. Notice how he wishes to divide the sexes in church, how he expects the beadle to persuade husband and wife to part, if he can; here he quotes authority. Exactly. Let us listen to him: 'The primitive custom was to separate the sexes in the church.' And now he is going to give us a bit from the Fathers: 'St. Chrysostom, my brethren, says it was done in his day, and explains *why* it was done.' True, but he leaves out the trifling words with which Chrysostom finishes his sentence: 'But from the beginning it *was not so.*'

Next Sunday comes, and you are treated to some other dissertation based upon primitive custom and Church authority. He wants to exalt the Eucharist, and he does not care for the beautiful liturgy without it. 'My brethren,' he says, 'the liturgy in primitive times always meant the Eucharist.' I mean to ask him some day, averse as he is to mid-day and evening Communions, if there are no writings in primitive times which speak of *evening liturgies* and *nightly liturgies?* If so, his last sermon is not worth the paper on which it was written.

VISITOR. A friend of mine heard this hymn the other day; it was headed 'Assum. B. V. M.'

'Triune God, supreme and gracious,
Everlasting is Thy reign;
Grant the Virgin's intercession
May for us Thy help obtain;
That when this brief life is ended
Life eternal we may gain.'

And another hymn runs thus:

'Beside the King in glory
Is set the Virgin Queen,
Clad in a broidered vesture
Of glorious golden sheen.
The virgins, too, her fellows,
That bear her company,
Are brought into the palace
And share its jubilee.'

Authority fails them in Virgin Mary's adoration—save only the authority of Rome. Primitive consent indeed? Where *is* the early Church authority even for that mass of mariolatrous literature which is advertised in Ritualist papers, and popular with the young Catholic neophytes? I have no doubt that Keble wrote innocently enough at first—

'Ave Maria! Blessed Maid!'

But see what it has come to. Another hymn says of Mary:

'Sharer with Him now in glory.'

VISITOR. You call this by the hard name of 'idolatry'?

MINISTER. If it is not idolatry, what is? Amongst the early heresies we find the *Angelici*, who invoked angels; and speaking of the custom, Chrysostom says, 'The Devil introduced it in envy of our dignity!' Whilst concerning the worship of saints Augustine says, 'Let not our religion be the worship of dead men, for if they were saints they would not wish for such honours, nor if *bad* deserve it.'

And yet there are those now who, forgetting the sentence, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve', actually worship the Virgin Mary, and pay honours to her which their own so-called Primitive Church never dared to do! It is awful profanity to treat of the Virgin as though another beside the High Priest, had gone within the veil, and that the Virgin is to be glorified. B. V. M? Yes; it only proves that all unconsciously to themselves these Catholic neophytes do not keep *even* on the questionable ground of the

early traditions; but cull here and there custom and ritual from the Romish Church.

VISITOR. I wanted to ask you why you so disapprove of the word 'altar'?

MINISTER. The altar is the one thing that our ecclesiastical friend is so wrapped up in. It must be fenced off—gates are best, if they can be secured—to shut off the chancel altogether; then a flight of steps, then the altar and the super-altar. Then comes a sermon on Catholic usage, and our friend quotes from Dr. Littledale, who says, 'The sacred vessels of early Christian ritual were—pyxes, censers, incense-boats.' Indeed! we almost envy ecclesiastical powers of invention. Apart from *verse*, we should amazingly like chapter from the early Fathers. We promise our friends to read up again in the extraordinary search.

Early Christian ritual? Where indeed is the record of its modern fripperies; with the altar bedizening which makes it look like a Pagan ceremonial? How beautiful the simple memorial table! How apostolic and spiritual! How unlike the Gospel dispensation the Anglo-Catholic altar is!

(*Abreviated for want of space. To be continued.*)

LITERARY NOTICES.

TWO GREAT ENGLISHWOMEN. By PETER BAYNE, M.A., LL.B. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet Street.

Whatever subject Mr. Bayne treats of he touches with a master-hand. We feel at once the spell of intellectual penetration and literary taste. Seldom do we find æsthetic grace of style so wedded to firm, forcible, masterly mental power. The essays on Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Brontë, are preceded by an essay on Poetry, which in itself is well worth the price of the whole volume. It is a great thing to feel at once that you are in the hands of no mere clever *littérateur*, but of an author whose philosophic cast of mind lays open to you the very heart of the subject which he treats of. Those who have not yet read 'Chief Actors in the Puritan Revolution,' and 'Lessons from my Masters,' should procure the volumes at once. They should be in every lending library in the kingdom: we should not then have difficulties expressed as to what volumes to recommend. The illustrations in this volume from Wordsworth, Burns and Byron help the student to a true appreciation of the relative poetic power of them all. Matthew Arnold's test of true poetry is carefully and ably criticized. We cordially indorse the following estimate of Wordsworth on page 44: 'To give intensely imaginative expression to a single emotion cannot be pronounced one of the high efforts of poetic genius: and though we admit that Wordsworth has given unsurpassed expression to the *sorrow* arising in connection with the simple primary affections, we have still to ask for proof that he deserves a lofty seat among those poetic sons of the morning, who excel in the far higher office of quickening life and increasing joy.'

We like the fine critique on Burns, especially when Mr. Bayne notices 'that sympathy with mankind which was his master-passion, and that creative gift of imagination by which he gave form and life.'

We think, too, that Tennyson deserves this little touch of criticism: 'Tennyson has an open heart for all *English* interests and parties, but at these, with freezing precision, he draws the line. In celebrating the deliverance by the Highlanders of the besieged remnant in Lucknow Residency, he makes his verse meaningless by speaking of the "pibroch of Europe," rather than name the land of Carlyle, Scott and Burns.'

This volume would tempt us on and on. We have read it with intense interest and delight, now to ourselves, and again aloud to the home circle; and we emphatically say it is the work of a master—full of rich ripe thought. Some books have their day and pass away, but we prophecy for Mr. Bayne's writings reproduction in years to come.

THE 'CHRISTIAN WORLD' YEAR-BOOK FOR 1883: A Complete Alphabetical List of Ministers of Nonconforming Churches of Great Britain and Ireland. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet Street.

Capital! Here we have exactly what we all want, and have wanted long. We read and keep letters till they are faded and yellow, for the sake of preserving 'addresses;' but here they are, all distinct and clear, which 'letters' are not always. Clear 'capitals' mark out the Church—we were going to write 'Denomination!' But that is as distasteful a word as 'Ordinance,' so we will let it give place to the 'Free Church.' The paper is *white* and not straw-coloured, which is a great gain to the eye. The labour must have been enormous in getting the volume up, and the price is eighteen-pence.

We thank Mr. Clarke heartily for a volume which is a *sine quâ non*—all the year-books in one. Moreover, there is a catholic 'unity' about the very look of it! It is a factor in the influences which make all the Free Churches one great force. At the same time our separate year-books have their place and use, and will, we feel quite sure, only be supplemented by this most valuable 'Christian World' Year-Book.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By G. RAWLINSON, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Rawlinson is the Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, and has, therefore, a pre-eminent claim to teach us about this subject. The religion of the Ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Ancient Iranians, Early Indians, Phœnicians and Carthaginians, Etruscans, Ancient Greeks and Ancient Romans, are all here portrayed with amazing clearness and condensation. The 'illustrations' help our studies, and the erudition of the author is accompanied by great simplicity and purity of literary style. The author says, 'It becomes necessary for professors, if they wish to advance the studies in which they feel especial interest, to address the world without, through the press.' Quite true! And we shall be delighted to find other such students following the good example, for we want the best minds to write for the multitude.

PROSE BY A LIVING POET: Touches on Many Keys. Part I. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

An excellent book for idle hours by the seaside or in travelling. It is full of quickening thoughts, and comforting ones too. No one can read it without being made wiser, happier, and better for it. There are touches of quaintness and peculiarity about it here and there, but these give pungency to its perusal; and we hope the author will, in time, give us Part II.

BIBLE HELPS; OR, AIDS TO BIBLE STUDENTS. By G. T. GILLINGHAM. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

For the use of Bible-class leaders and Sunday-school teachers. The list of versions, etc., is remarkably well given; and for those whom it is designed to help, the volume is really useful, and remarkably compact.

A LIFE OF CONSECRATION: MEMORIALS OF MRS. LEGGE. By one of her Sons. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

Many minds are much stimulated by Evangelical Biographies of this kind; and this volume, with its accompanying photograph, is a nice gift-book. It shows that a life may be golden without being great! It appears that 'in the congregation of which Mrs. Legge was a member at Birkenhead, she was much loved, having endeared herself to all classes therein, and especially to the young, who looked upon her as a faithful friend and sage counsellor.' During Mrs. Legge's residence at Fakenham she had a 'quasi-maternal' care of young men, who for several consecutive years received their first training for the ministry at the preparatory College which Mr. Legge conducted there. This volume will be very precious to *them*, and has beautiful lessons in it for us all.

PRESENT DAY TRACTS. The Religious Tract Society.

AGNOSTICISM. By the REV. NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.

THE WITNESS OF PALESTINE TO THE BIBLE. By REV. W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By the REV. G. RAWLINSON, M.A.

We are extremely grateful to the Religious Tract Society for providing such able antidotes to modern errors, and such able and learned defences of the Christian Faith, published at 6d. each. We have no hesitation in saying that they should be in the possession of all students, and defenders of 'the truth' especially, and that they ought to be welcome everywhere as aids to faith. There is nothing superficial or slight about them, though they are only in pamphlet form; and they will bind up into an admirable volume. We should like to see the circulation a million-fold amongst Bible-classes and Christian Associations.

BOY LIFE; OR, NOTICES OF THE EARLY STRUGGLES OF GREAT MEN. By WILLIAM WINTERS, F.R.H.S. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Decision of character is emphasized here, and the etchings given are numerous and fairly well done. Advice is given as to the best books to read, and perseverance is the author's keynote. It is a good gift-book for boys.

THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS. By REV. C. C. TYTE. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

These sermons, dedicated to his own congregation, are useful, earnest, pastoral. They are full of evangelical teaching and rich in spiritual power.

THE GREAT MEMORIAL NAME. BY P. W. GRANT. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The aim of this volume is 'to take a correct and comprehensive view of the progressive work of Redemption, and to find in the prophetic delineation and historical accomplishment of that work, an independent demonstration of the being and character of God.' In chapter ii. the Primitive and Patriarchal Revelation of Jehovah as the God of Redemption is considered; in chapter iii. the Mosaic Revelation of God as the God of Redemption, supplemented by the Prophetic Revelation—the Messianic Revelation—the Apostolic Revelation—and the Historical Revelation. In the confirmation of the Christian faith it is a very valuable work, and is thoroughly, ably, and earnestly done.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By PROFESSOR P. MARTIN DUNCAN, M.B., F.R.S. Ward, Lock and Co., London and New York. Price 6d.

This is one of the Science Primers for the People, and is a marvel of condensation, clearness, and cheapness. We cordially commend the whole series to schools and to parents, as calculated to simplify science and to lay the basis of sound instruction therein.

STEPS HEAVENWARD: A BOOK OF PRAYER FOR CHILDREN. London: Rivington's, Waterloo Place.

A book of daily simple prayer for children is a great desideratum; it is nicely got up, and is exquisitely simple and spiritual.

THROUGH THE KHYBER PASS: AN ACCOUNT OF TEMPERANCE WORK AMONG OUR SOLDIERS IN THE CABUL FIELD FORCE. By the REV. J. GELDON GREGSON. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

All who have at heart the welfare of our soldiers should read this volume. The author has shared their trials and their dangers, and bears his testimony to their courage in danger and their patience in sickness. It is cheering to find that officers and men alike acknowledge 'that they were much better off without their ration of spirits than they could possibly be with it.' The soldiers, it appears, are especially grateful to those who take a true interest in them; and the temperance men are said to have done their duty more cheerfully, and to endure hardships more patiently, because of their abstinence from intoxicants. The narrative is well written, and we understand now what going through the Khyber Pass really means.

HID IN THE CAVERNS; OR, THE MOUNTAIN REFUGE. SQUIRE BENTLEY'S TREAT, with coloured illustrations. THE YOUNG REFUGEE. London: The Religious Tract Society.

All of them charming little gift-books for children, and all calculated to quicken emulation in Christian courage and constancy.

THE OLD WORCESTER JUG. By EGLANTON THORNE. London: The Religious Tract Society.

This title was misprinted in our last, so we renew our notice of this interesting story. Very ably written, it contains in it the promise of greater power! The gifted authoress is no stranger to this Magazine: her contributions to it have appeared, and will appear again. Here is a writer who deserves special encouragement by all Congregationalists.

MEYER'S CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL HANDBOOK TO THE NEW TESTAMENT, embracing (1) The Epistle to the Hebrews, by DR. GOTTLIEB LÜNEMANN, Professor of Theology, Göttingen (translated by REV. MAURICE EVANS); (2) The Epistles of James and Jude, by DR. J. E. HUTHER (translated by DR. PATON, J. GLOAG and REV. C. H. IRWIN, M.A.); (3) The General Epistles of Peter and Jude, by DR. J. E. HUTHER (translated by D. R. CROOM, M.A., and DR. PATON J. GLOAG). Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

These volumes complete the Meyer series of commentaries, and are of sterling value, although they are not by the pen of the distinguished exegete who executed the greater part of this marvellous series of critical investigations into the text and the significance of the New Testament. We regret to hear that the work of Dr. Düsterdieck on the 'Revelation of St. John' is not to be translated; and this is due to the lack of encouragement to such undertaking from the subscribers. We can do little more than express profound gratitude to the publishers for this invaluable contribution to New Testament exegesis. We have long valued and read with satisfaction Lünemann's commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. He submits the entire arguments *pro* and *con.* the Pauline

authorship to a close and severe examination, and certainly does much to demolish the supposed special relation of St. Luke to the Epistle which was so laboriously defended by Delitzsch, and to make plausible the *Apolline* authorship. There is at present an interesting consensus of critical opinion in this direction.

Dr. Huther's commentaries on the Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul have made him well known, and we hail the volumes on the General Epistles of Peter, James, and Jude with great satisfaction. The introduction to the Second Epistle of St. Peter is very masterly, and, though Huther takes no account of the recent supposed discovery, by Dr. Abbott, of the writer's acquaintance with Josephus, he vindicates the Epistle from many of the charges brought against it by the opponents of its authenticity, and finally leaves the main question undecided. The exposition is very abundant, and is apologetic with reference to words and phrases which appear to indicate a different author from that of the First Epistle. He vindicates the Epistle of James from the charges brought against it from the time of Luther—viz., that it is in irreconcilable antagonism to the teaching of St. Paul, or indeed, as many modern critics have affirmed, is directly aimed at St. Paul's doctrine of justification — and accepts the authorship as that of the well-known James, the brother of our Lord, to whom reference is made in the Acts, and Epistle to the Galatians. In the same way Huther vindicates the Apostolic origin of the Second and Third Epistles of St. John against Baur and Hilgenfeld. The latter point is of immense moment in harmonizing the character of St. John as portrayed in the Gospel with that assigned to him in the Synoptic narrative and widespread tradition. These commentaries are too elaborate and minute to allow of any special examination in detail, but they form a very valuable appendix, or complement, to the great work of Meyer. The translations are excellent.

THE HISTORY OF THE PASSION AND RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN CRITICISM, by DR. F. L. STRINMEYER, Professor of Theology in Berlin; translated by REV. THOMAS CREVAR, M.A., and REV. A. CUSEN, M.A. The same publishers.

This weighty and important volume is prefaced by a very instructive sketch of the conflict of opinion which the Evangelical and Rationalist schools of Germany have maintained for a quarter of a century as to the precise relation of the death of Christ to the forgiveness of sins; shows the gratifying result that there has been along the whole line a decided return to the dogmatic statements of the Lutheran Church, and to the direct teaching of Scripture; there is an attempt in the words of successive writers, from Anselm to Baur and Holsten, to state the pith of the great controversy; and shows that no method is satisfactory which does not deal with the historic facts of the passion, death, and resurrection, with the light thrown upon them by the Epistles of Paul, Peter, and John. With considerable power the author reveals the irrelevancy and unproved assumption of divergence between the Apostles on this subject, and shows that nothing short of a positive objective act of Christ in His death, by which He gave meaning and consummation to His active righteousness, can possibly meet the cry of the burdened conscience and the statements of Holy Scripture. He shrinks from admitting any penal character in the suffering of Christ, or any effect, direct or indirect, upon the consciousness of God, produced by the endurance of death on the part of the God-Man. In this we do not agree with him, if we understand him rightly. The endeavour to set forth the facts of Gethsemane—the trials, the surrender, the death, the resurrection of our Lord—from the four accounts becomes a most powerful apologetic argument for the

authenticity of the Gospels, and is one of the noblest and best attempts to grasp the historical simplicity and dogmatic significance of the whole representation. The author submits his work throughout to the fiery crucible of modern criticism. At every point he takes notice of the effort of criticism to minimize, or reverse, or obliterate the significance of the sacred text, and he succeeds in revealing the Divine harmony which pervades the six or seven fold teaching of the New Testament writers on this stupendous theme.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS: Special part. First Division: INDIVIDUAL ETHICS. By DR. H. MARTENSEN, Bishop of Seeland. Translated from German, by WILLIAM AFFLECK, B.D. Second Division: SOCIAL ETHICS. By DR. H. MARTENSEN, Bishop of Seeland. Translated by SOPHIA TAYLOR Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

These volumes are supplementary to the well-known work of Dr. Martensen, on the general theme of 'Christian Ethics,' and will help to show the practical aspects of the fine theoretic discussion of great principles already enunciated by the author. In that discussion he drew the fundamental distinctions between morality and religion, and pointed out the relation of ethics to theology. Assuming the fundamental truths of Christianity touching God, man, redemption, and the kingdom of God, both in this world and the next, he proceeded to point out the lofty conception thus given of the 'highest good,' to discriminate between earthly happiness and eternal blessedness, and to contrast the Christian idea of the kingdom of God with the world's idea of itself. Dr. Martensen is happy in his proof that Christianity explains and blends all that is true in both the optimistic and pessimistic view of this human life. He shows theoretically how virtue finds its ideal and its stimulus in Christ, and deals with a group of difficult problems, as to the nature of law, and its bearing on the regenerate, and with the functions of conscience, and the divine education of man by the grace and mastery of the living Christ. The two volumes, which are now brought with much ability before the English student, are more popular and practical. The first deals with 'Life under the Law, and Sin.' Few questions arising in the examination of the Christian doctrine of sin are left unnoticed. The development of the life of sin is very impressive, passing on from step to step, from sense of vain security to self-deception and devilish egotism in the 'sin against the Holy Spirit of God.'

This is followed by a discussion of the life of conversion and the various forces of Christian love, first as it responds to the Divine love, and finds mystical expression in prayer and sacraments, and afterwards takes practical form in philanthropy, in love to the dead, in love to posterity, in love even to nature. He discusses the various functions of Christian self-love, contrasting the social with the solitary communings with God. Then the numerous questions which arise in a scientific treatment and practical application of the principle of personal Christian liberty are approached with fine appreciation and happy solutions. In the volume which deals with 'Social Ethics,' the author discusses the bearing of Christian ethics upon the Christian family, upon marriage, monogamy and divorce, and on masters and servants. From this and the like subjects he passes to the conception of the Christian STATE, the way in which Christianity affects the idea of property and labour, of punishment and all the principles of government. This, again, is followed by the bearing of 'Christian Ethics' upon *art*, *science*, and *education*, culminating in the work of the Church of the living God.

The numerous themes thus discussed touch upon many burning questions which are profoundly affecting modern society. The three volumes,

thus closely related to each other, are of general interest, and may be read with advantage by non-theological students. The style of the translators is more popular, less technical and Teutonic than many of their predecessors. Few things are more needed than a clear exposition of the principle of 'Christian Ethics,' when positivism and evolutionary doctrines are seeking to rival Christian theories of the relation of man to man. It is an old device of the enemies of Christianity from the days of Neoplatonists and of Julian to our own. But other foundation can no man lay than that which Divine grace has laid in Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and it is well to see how far-reaching, how life-giving, how sane, and strong is the principle of evangelical truth in its conflict with its enemies, imitators, and rivals.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT—being the Ninth Cunningham Lecture. By GEORGE SMEATON, Professor of Exegetical Theology, New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1882.

Dr. Smeaton has selected a theme for his Cunningham Lecture which embraces the whole range of Christian theology, including Christian ethics, a most important element of apologetics, and a wide department of ecclesiastical and doctrinal history. The lectures are written in a popular strain and style, and scarcely aim at the breadth or fulness of a theological treatise. The Christian reader is shown the lines on which the theologians of the Reformation defended their view of the personality and procession of the Holy Spirit, of the function of the Spirit in preparing and completing the humanity of the Lord Jesus for His Messianic office, and for His Divine association with the Logos—all the grades of the Divine anointing and crowning of the Mediator. The author has, with considerable ability, shown the nature of regeneration and holiness, of prophetic inspiration and Christian assurance, and the contrast between philosophic morals and the ethics of the supernatural life. The prologue and epilogue to these lectures will be also valuable to the general reader. The former supplies an outline of the Biblical teaching concerning 'the Spirit,' and the latter gives a somewhat superficial sketch of the controversial history of the doctrine from the days of Arius and Macedonius, to Schleiermacher and Dr. Wardlaw.

From the enormous extent of his proposed task Dr. Smeaton has failed to give that effect of diligent inductive treatment which his two volumes upon the Atonement supplied; and not infrequently there is a bald assertion of the acceptance by the editorial 'we' of some of the profoundest and most puzzling doctrines of patristic divinity, without any evidence shown for the opinion. This deprives the volume of high theological value.

WIDOWS' FUND.

THE Managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* acknowledge, with thanks, the following sacramental collections and donations in aid of the 'Widows' Fund:'

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Yours very Faithfully

John Parkett.

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are happy to inform our friends that we have secured an admirable likeness of the late heroic medical missionary, Dr. E. J. Southon. This will appear in May. A very interesting and touching memorial sketch of this devoted servant of the Master will accompany the portrait. 'His career has been watched with more than ordinary interest,' says the *Edinburgh Missionary Society Magazine*, and 'he has been loved with a more than common love.' We hear from all quarters, and from the London Mission House in particular, that there is likely to be an extraordinary run upon this number. The publisher wishes to disappoint none of the friends of missions; a much larger edition will be printed, but those only who are not yearly subscribers will be certain to secure a copy who send an order, accompanied with six stamps, to the publisher before the *close of this month*. The Magazine will be forwarded post free to any address for that amount. In Scotland the friends will welcome this photograph with much ardour; and we believe that it will be, as it deserves to be, looked for with intense interest by all who have read about his career. Dr. Southon gave a noble illustration that the martyr spirit of devotion to the Redeemer is not dead.

'FOLLOWING AND FEARING.'

St. Mark says of the disciples, 'And as they followed they were afraid.'

There are those who are *afraid* and *do not follow;* but here we have the followers *afraid.* Is it not often our experience too? Life at the best is never so full of the music of hope and the might of confidence as it might be. We have not yet reached the perfect love which casteth out fear.

If there were no purpose, no meaning in this life, and no goal of Home beyond it, we can understand the tremulousness of fear. Whither, ah whither? For in our darkness the heart that weeps and trembles would feel the *instincts of immortality*, and beat its wings of desire against the cage of mortality.

But where Christ has come, fear should be exorcised! One of the aims of His ministry was to quicken eternal expectation in the heart, and to save life, on the one hand from Roman frivolity, and on the other hand from Egyptian gloom.

We have to consider now this common element of fear. It seats itself in the universal consciousness. When some fears depart, others too often take their place. The Christian heart is too often a stranger to perfect rest in the Lord.

True it is, experience ought to teach us that our fears are seldom fulfilled. Mornings have come bringing unexpected mercies, and evenings that seemed to gloom before us have had the light of God's stars in them. We have passed the chained lions, whose hot breath we felt, and whose power we found to be restrained. We have discovered rivers in the desert and in the loneliest way. We have come, like Hagar, upon the angel in the desert. And yet experience fails to hearten us as it should do. How many of us still follow and are afraid!

As they followed; then even the glorious army of martyrs were afraid.

This comforts us; for the '*they*' includes St. Peter, who has left us the noble history of a faithful death, in which he thought it too much honour to be crucified like his Lord, and was crucified head downwards. '*They*' were afraid. Dangers disheartened *them!*

Ah! never let us think that the greatest souls are heroic right through, ever and always. That would make them superhuman. Homes they left had tender ties for them. The scorn of men had stripes of pain for them. The battle with the flesh was hard and keen and long with them!

Their biographies here are comforting. No pictures of unblemished faces on ivory meet us in the Bible. The first disciples were men of like passions with ourselves. Victory was not always theirs; for as Alexander Smith says, 'Armies are not always cheering on the heights they have won.' No; it gives us hope to look upon faces that were darkened with doubts and fears! We follow in the steps of men who were sometimes sore afraid.

Besides, some fears have their moral uses. It is well to be afraid of ourselves. If we are to cling closer to Christ, all is well! We are led to feel thankful that we have such a tender

friend and brother. Our dependence on Him is deepened while He whispers, 'Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'

'They were afraid'! Then what courage may not fear afterwards merge into? It does not always turn into craven-hearted cowardice. It is compatible with after-deeds that enrol the names of the Apostles among the confessors and martyrs who glorified Christ in the first persecutions of the Church.

As they followed; then fear did not hinder their progress.

They pressed forward through the forest of darkness. The night hung heavily above them; but they held on their heavenly way. How sad it is when men *cease to follow! This* is the hour to be mourned over when the footsteps are no longer seen in the pilgrim-path. If there was fear in their hearts, there was fidelity in their steps.

We cannot see the *inner life* of our fellow-men, or we should see how often they follow on, in paths of human or divine duty and are yet afraid.

Yes, even humanly they follow; some life so dear with them declines in health each year, each month, their fear deepens, and yet they fight life's battle, endure life's varied cares, give cheer to others, and you would not know the careful, anxious thoughts they carry, as they follow on.

Or they follow on, amid ghastly cares, about the reputation and character of others, dreading lest the escutcheon of honour should be degraded, lest the sentinel eye and the watchful heart being away, there should be disaster—misery.

And in spiritual things, too, concerning themselves, they are afraid. They know too well what sapless places there are in the vineries of the heart, and how a spark may set all in a conflagration. They have measured swords with their worst selves and been vanquished. They know what hidden forces there are within, which only the strong hand of Omnipotence can hold down; what lurking banditti there are around the inner temple, who may yet set the sacred altar of the heart. They follow on, and their *fear* is born of experience, and of knowledge, even the knowledge of themselves.

But still they follow—follow with weary steps and agitated hearts; they are on their way, and waiting for brighter days, praying, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!'

Did they cease to follow we might tremble; but whilst they follow, these fears are part of highest training, giving perseverance to character, energy to hope, and dependence to trust.

As they followed; then we need not doubt our discipleship because we are afraid.

I know in the language of some very confident Christians even 'hope' is the subject of half-suppressed contempt. You 'hope' you are a Christian, they say; when will you have done with hoping, and have an exulting confidence that can look with a sense of personal spiritual superiority over weaker brethren? And yet perhaps not *really* weaker; we have the testimony of observation to enforce the counsel, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' The Highest Himself has said, 'Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.' This exulting confidence ought to have with it marvellous signs of spiritual health, energy, purity, and sacrifice. Its fruits ought to be equal to the loftiness of its stem and the bold sweep of its branches! Paul was very confident in Christ, but not in himself; his cry was, 'Not as though I were already perfect.' He never put forth claim to freedom from spiritual anxiety! '*Within are fears.*' Comforting words for us. If ever sincerity and sacrifice might give consciousness of spiritual safety, surely it was so in St. Paul's case. But 'within are fears.' So as *he* followed he was afraid. He prayed, 'to be strengthened with all might by the Spirit in the inner man, for 'within were fears.' I can understand the *trembling* Christian just as much as I fail to comprehend the over-confident one. Most of us know St. Paul's experience of fear—and it is harmonious with their own.

'They were afraid.' But they were Christ's disciples still! and His witnesses in a world that knew not the Father. Do not doubt your discipleship! Why, discipleship *means* learning, and how much we all have to learn of our own weakness—of the world's fascination, and of the Saviour's infinite love and power.

It is *indifference* that is to be dreaded! Presumptuous self-confidence we need all to be warned against. Pharisaism was the curse of the Jewish Church, and by *that* the Christian Church has been more endangered than by aught else. There is a patronage of goodness still, that means well, but drives many poor faint souls farther into the darkness. The self-conscious often deal with the most earnest struggles of religion like 'superior persons,' as if they had done with them for ever. Forgiveness is needed for others—mercy for others—divine help for others. Yes, and for *them* too, and for us all. On our dying lips will tremble the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' What true preacher but must feel he is in some senses *worse* than the worst sinner he ever addressed? We counsel

you to watch, but we see a hundred *Arab eyes* piercing through the curtains of our own tent. We do not doubt our discipleship because of that, because we love Christ and try to follow Him. Yet this remains true, 'As they followed they were afraid.'

As they followed; then the departure of some fears does not do away with all.

They were not like the heathen people, afraid of God. He was their Father in Christ. They knew once and for all that God was love. The dark degrading dread of their deities which had cursed Egypt and the East were done away. They did not fear *poverty*, for they had left all to follow Christ, and learned how day by day He supplied all their need. They did not fear *change* in Jesus; they found that His word of promise was sure, and that they could trust Him ever and everywhere. But the prospect before them just now looked dark—the horizon was purple with threatening storm. *He began to tell them what things should happen* to HIM. The earthly kingdom had not faded out of their sight yet (*vide* verse 37). Ah! they little knew that what they feared most, even their Lord's decease, was to be a fountain of life for the world. Their fear is a parable, indeed, of much of our own fear! I believe that in heaven we shall talk with the angels who were once curtained in darkness, and who ministered to us! for out of the graves of our *hopes* spring sometimes the sweetest flowers of all, and the hours we dreaded, we look back upon as seasons of salvation.

We shall never lose *all fears* here, because often, all this *discipline of ignorance* is wise for us as well as for them. They could not bear the burden of every divine revelation. Many things Christ would have spoken to them, but they could not bear them then.

Exactly. Why does not a revelation reveal more? is a question we often ask ourselves. We have thought *that* again and again, saying GOD could scatter more of the darkness if He pleased. Yes! and then we turn to these disciples, and we feel sure they never would have been what they were without this discipline of life and character. We should lose all unworthy dread of God. We should rest in an unchanging Saviour; but, alas! we dread *man*, and we dread trial, and we dread death. We, too, are *amazed!* But Jesus goes before us! We can follow Him. We cannot go wrong then! No critic ever yet suggested that the *spirit* of that *life* endangered any life. What a millennium that—the world following in the footsteps of Christ! What a solution to all problems of a vexed civilization! Meanwhile *some* dreads we, like the first disciples, feel.

Some fears remain. Yes! we are not *more* saintly than the saints of old, 'as *they* followed, they were afraid.'

As they followed; then let none turn back.

The great counsel is, 'Follow on to know the Lord.' Even where the intellectual beliefs are more burdened with difficulty than they were! Never give up—never be afraid! Follow on! and your now grey light shall brighten into noonday. Even where there has been family defection, and some have gone back, though the inspiration of fellowship is lessened, follow on! Even where some grave fault—some special sin—has shown you how deceitful your heart is, yet, seeking renewed cleansing and forgiveness, follow on! Even where your enjoyment of God is less, and divine realities are dimmer, as physical strength and renewed health and energy sometimes comes back, so may the old joy in God return.

Follow on! For sooner than you think the golden gates may be before you, and the angels may greet you with their welcome, and the last scales fall from your eyes, and the last burden from your heart. Follow on! Often a range of hills just hides the City—all seems toil and peril still; but in a moment you have passed the crowning mountain, and there lies dear Jerusalem at your feet.

Follow on! 'Be thou faithful unto death! I will never leave thee,' You will be glad that you have girded up your loins again when you so run as to obtain—when with beating heart and exulting voice you say, 'This is Home!'

THE EDITOR.

I love
To think, as King of kings, upon the Throne
Of Universal Empire seated is
The God-Man Mediator!—With the Roll
Of Mystic Providence committed safe
Into His hands! In all his vast domain
Nothing too great to be beyond His sway,
Nothing too mean to be beneath His care!
While it is He who wheels in realms of ether
Worlds upon worlds; gives to the wandering comet
Its tortuous course, tracking immensity,
In cycles measuring a thousand years;
'Tis He who 'feeds the ravens when they cry,'
Pencils the hue of every desert flower.

CHRIST'S cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour.

EASTER.

'Did our Lord rise, or was He raised from the dead?

THE Lord Jesus Christ sent forth His Apostles to be witnesses for Him (Acts i. 8; xxii. 15; xxvi. 16); and that which they were especially to attest was the fact of His resurrection. That they might be fully qualified for this, they were chosen before of God to be witnesses of the fact, to whom the Lord was showed openly, and who did eat and drink with Him after He was raised from the dead (Acts x. 40, 41). To attest this fact the Apostles themselves regarded as the main purpose of their commission; and, wherever they went, this was one of the things which, first of all, they delivered to those to whom they preached (Acts ii. 32; iv. 33; xiii. 31; xxv. 19; xxvi. 20-23; 1 Cor. xv. 3-5).

What was it, then, that the Apostles specially testified concerning our Lord's resurrection? It was that *He was raised from the dead by the power of God the Father.* The first utterance of their testimony was by the mouth of St. Peter on the day of Pentecost, and it was in these words: 'Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains (pangs) of death' (Acts ii. 24). This was their first utterance, and from this they never varied. 'This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are witnesses,' was Peter's repeated declaration in the same discourse (verse 32); 'Ye denied the Holy One and the Just,' said Peter and John to the Jews at the gate of the Temple, 'and killed the Prince of life whom God hath raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses' (iii. 14, 15); a testimony which they immediately after repeated before the Sanhedrim when they were 'examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he was made whole' (iv. 8-10), and again on a subsequent occasion before the same tribunal (v. 30). When Peter preached to Cornelius and his company his testimony was the same: 'Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly' (x. 40). In his Epistle also the Apostle employs the same phraseology (cf. 1 Pet. i. 21). Paul, in his discourse in the synagogue at Antioch in Pisidia, and in his address to the Athenians on Mars Hill, used the same form of expression (xiii. 30 et seq.; xvii. 31); and in his Epistles the same repeatedly occurs (Rom. iv. 24; vi. 4; viii. 11; x. 9; 1 Cor. vi. 14; xv. 15; 2 Cor. iv. 14; Gal. i. 1; Eph. i. 20; Col. ii. 12; 1 Thess. i. 10; Heb. xiii. 20). In accordance with this, the Apostle, when he refers to the fact of Christ's resurrection, invariably uses the aorist passive or the perfect passive of the verb ἐγείρειν, *to raise* (ἠγέρθη, ἐγερθεὶς, ἐγήγερται, *was raised, being raised,*

has been raised). These words, it is true, may be taken intransitively, for ἐγείρειν is one of those verbs which, though properly transitive, may be used intransitively, or with a reflexive force in the passive (see Winer, by Moulton, p. 315). Instances of this are numerous in the New Testament (cf., for instance, ἐγέρθεις παράλαβε, *arise, take* (Matt. ii. 13); ἠγέρθη καὶ διηκόνει, *she arose and ministered* (viii. 5); οὐκ ἐγήγερται, *there hath not arisen* (xi. 11). In the Authorized Version this rendering of these words is given in several of the passages in which they are used of the resurrection of our Lord: Rom. viii. 34, 'Who died, yea rather, that is risen again' (ἐγέρθεις); 1 Cor. xv. 4, 12, 13, 14, 20, 'rose again, rose from the dead, is risen' (ἐγήγερται); 2 Cor. v. 15, 'Who died for them, and rose again' (ἀποθανόντι καὶ ἐγερθέντι). Grammatically, these renderings, which the revisers of 1611 have retained from Tyndale, are perfectly justifiable; but they are objectionable on the ground that they disturb the continuity of Apostolic testimony, and represent St. Paul as in conflict, not only with the other witnesses, but also with himself, on a most important point in their testimony. Happily, in the Revised Version this discrepancy is almost entirely removed, 'rose again' being retained only in 2 Cor. v. 15. Why the revisers have not rendered the participle here in the same way as in Rom. viii. 34—'was raised from the dead'—does not appear.

What the Apostles, then, as our Lord's witnesses have testified in regard to His resurrection is not that He rose, but that He was raised from the dead. It is not implied in this that He had not power to raise Himself had He so willed. As to this there can be no question; our Lord Himself has emphatically declared that as He had power to lay down His life, so He had power to take it again (John x. 18). But this power He did not will to exercise. As He was '*obedient* unto death,' that He might finish the work which the Father had given Him to do, so He submitted to be holden by death until He was released by the power of Him Who alone can raise the dead.

Nor is it to be denied that in a sense Christ raised Himself from the dead. For, as Bishop Pearson says, 'To whomsoever that infinite power doth belong, by which Christ was raised, that Person must be acknowledged to have raised Him. And because . . . the eternal Son of God is of the same essence, and consequently of the same power with the Father . . . we must likewise acknowledge'* that the Son as well as the Father raised Christ from the dead. But as that which was raised was *not* the divine nature of our Lord as such, but that body in which

* Exposition of 'The Creed,' Art. v.

the God-man had died, it is properly said that Jesus was raised from the dead by God the Father, as representing the One Godhead (Gal. i. 1).

This is not a mere question of words and phrases; weighty conclusions are involved in the fact that it was by God the Father that Jesus was raised from the dead.

1. This fact assures us that here was a true, a real resurrection: not a mere revival through inherent energy from a protracted syncope, but an actual resuscitation from actual death by divine energy.

2. In the raising of Jesus from the dead by the power of God we have the divine vindication of our Lord's pretensions and justification of His claims. The Jews adjudged Him to death on a charge of blasphemy because He called Himself the Son of God, thereby, as they justly argued, making Himself equal with God (John xix. 7; v. 18). God rebutted this charge, and vindicated our Lord's pretensions by raising Him from the dead, whereby He 'was declared to be the Son of God with power' (Rom. i. 4).

3. God's raising of His Son from the dead was the divine attestation of the sufficiency of the work which Christ accomplished on our behalf. God sent His Son into the world that He might be a propitiation for our sins, and that we might live through Him (John iv. 9, 10); and to accomplish this Christ offered Himself as a sacrifice for man's sins. Was this sufficient for the end designed? Did God accept the sacrifice thus offered as an adequate propitiation for sin? The raising of Christ from the dead is the divine reply to these questions. 'Whatever the death of Christ was designed by God to effect, the resurrection of Christ is the evidence of its being effected. If, as we are taught by the Gospel to regard it, the death of Christ was designed to be an atonement for sin; then the resurrection of Christ is the great proof of that atonement having been completely made; of its having been satisfactory to the Father, and of the consequent security of all who confide in it for pardon and justification.'* As He 'was delivered on account of our offences,' so He 'was raised again on account of (διὰ with the accusative) our justification.' He Who was put to death in the flesh was quickened, and thus justified in the Spirit; and in His justification that of all His people was involved. God raised Him up from the dead, and gave Him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God.† 'Though the atonement for sins was made by Christ's death, it was proved and manifested by His resurrection, and so presented as an object of faith. The resurrection, therefore, serves this

* Wardlaw, 'Systematic Theology,' vol. ii. p. 616.

† Rom. iv. 24; 1 Pet. iii. 18; 1 Tim. iii. 16; 1 Pet. i. 21.

purpose, that we may thereby be led to believe that Christ died for our sins, and by so believing may realize and appropriate the benefits of His death; in other words, that we may be justified.'*

4. The raising of Christ from the dead by the power of God is the pledge and assurance of the resurrection of all those who believe in Him. 'If we believe that Jesus died and was raised again, even so them also that have fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. If the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through His Spirit that dwelleth in you. Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe we shall also live with Him; knowing that Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by His life.'† Therefore may the believer comfort himself in the prospect of death with the assurance that as Christ lives, so all that are His shall live also; and when called to commit to the grave the body of some beloved one, dearer to him than life itself, may do it 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ,' and so be assured of 'receiving his dead again.'

FIDUCIA CHRISTIANORUM RESURRECTIO MORTUORUM.‡

W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

I.—WHAT IS A PLANT?

(*Continued from page* 116.)

6. *Function of Digestion.* — Animals possess mobility; therefore they need some *internal* apartment, or 'digestive cavity,' whence their food may be drawn by bloodvessels to the various organs. So, with his well-known love of teleological reasoning, argued Cuvier, who, accordingly, made the possession of this internal cavity his *primary distinctive character* of animals. His argument for the presence of such a cavity (namely, motile power) has broken down; the deduction itself also fails to be of diagnostic value, as we shall now see. The minute Amœba, and many of his relations, little masses of soft gelatinous matter found in our fresh-water ponds, possess neither

* Dr. Gifford in 'Speaker's Commentary,' note on Rom iv. 25.
† 1 Thess. iv. 14; Rom. viii. 11; vi. 8, 9; v. 10.
‡ Tertullian 'De Resur. Carnis,' i.

mouth nor digestive sac, but seem able to take in solid food, and, so to speak, form temporary 'stomachs' at any part of their bodies. Again, many animals are *parasites*—that is, live on other animals, usually inside them: the Gregarina resides inside the despised and disliked cockroach; the Tapeworm inhabits the alimentary canal of warm-blooded vertebrates. Many others might be named, and in every case the digestive cavity is absent, because their food being already cooked and digested, no such cavity is needed; it has disappeared, and the parasite, by his habit of dependence, assumes a degraded form, subsisting by absorbing the juices of his host—a kind of 'sponging' process, which, together with the degradation in nature, is seen very often in the 'parasite' among the human race. Among the Rotifers, already named, the *males* are entirely destitute of a digestive apparatus.

On the other hand, we now know of many plants that 'digest' the solid matter of animal food, only the digestion goes on *outside* the organism, the nourishing material being in some way absorbed. As an excellent instance of this, take the Drosera, or sundew, of our peat-bogs. Its red-tinted leaves are covered with hair-like bodies, called 'tentacles' (*they are not true hairs*), whose tips secrete a sticky fluid on being touched by the unwary insect alighting on the attractive leaf. The leaf-edges and the tentacles then bend over towards the centre of the leaf-blade, the insect being now in a kind of hollow basin, held fast and sure there, and bathed in the copiously secreted fluid. After some hours, the leaf again opens, and what do we find? The nutrient matter of the insect has been all dissolved and absorbed, while the non-edible, or harder parts, are cast aside, and the plant is ready for another meal!

We can try the experiment for ourselves by using small pieces of cheese, meat, or egg, when similar results will be obtained. If we use bits of china, stone, or coal, the leaf will slightly respond, and secrete some fluid; but it very quickly ceases to do so, finding the articles not to its taste. I hope in a future paper to fully study these flesh-feeding plants, and, therefore, I have simply outlined the action of Drosera, and shall only briefly allude to some other cases. Drosera has a first-cousin called Dionæa, or Venus' fly-trap; its leaves are formed of two halves, connected by a hinge; on each half are three teeth-like filaments, and round the edges a row of long spikes. The instant a fly touches one of the filaments, the two halves close with a snap, the intruder is caught, and there detained until fully digested by a fluid secreted by the many minute glands which cover the leaf's surface. Here, rapidity of action takes the place of viscidity. The Laplanders use the leaves of

the Butterwort to render milk solid, this being done by the secreted juice.

In Nepenthes, or the pitcher-plant, a brilliant colour and attractive odour first lure the victim to its fate at the bottom of the 'pitcher' existing at the tip of the leaf. One pitcher was found by Moore, of Dublin, to contain 'ninety-one ants, sixteen wasps, four flies, one cockroach, five earwigs, and seven wood-lice, besides a putrid mass of bodies beyond recognition.'

In the Side-saddle flower of North America, Dr. Hooker speaks of the attractive, conducting, glandular, and detentive surfaces, terms grimly significant of the destiny of intruders venturing inside the 'pitcher'!

Mr. Francis Darwin has found that the glandular hairs on the leaf of the field Teasel are able to absorb nutrient food from the bodies of insects drowned in the water which lies in the 'cup' formed by two opposite leaves at their base.

One very important fact remains to be noted in connection with this 'digestion' by plants. It is now well known that there exists in both Nepenthes and Drosera a digestive 'ferment,' *soluble in glycerine, and acting only when an acid is present;* that is, a 'ferment' precisely resembling the 'pepsin,' or animal digestive ferment, whose characteristic odour can be detected in the secretion of Drosera. Thus, the process of digestion in plants resembles in detail that which goes on in the animal cavity. So we see that Cuvier's primary test will not hold good *as he states it;* nevertheless, it is a fairly constant character of animal life. We may put it thus: *Animals can take solid food into the body, and there digest it.* This statement will include nearly all the animal kingdom, and will exclude all known plants. The contrast between the two classes may be summarized as follows: *plants* get their food from the soil, or the air, in a liquid or gaseous form, by absorption, through their surface; *animals* obtain theirs from plants, or 'plant-feeders,' taking it into their bodies, and there digesting it. Drosera and its allies are included in this summary, only their food is animal in constitution, and not gained from the soil or the atmosphere.

7. *Function of Circulation.*—The presence of organs of circulation formed Cuvier's *second distinctive character* of animals. Possessing an internal digestive cavity, and requiring to act independently of the atmosphere and of heat, they must needs have an *internal* system acting under an *intrinsic* force, by which to carry the food all over the body; so there came about circulatory organs, finding their fullest development in the higher animals in the apparatus consisting of the heart, arteries, veins, capillaries, and lymphatics. Thus did Cuvier argue, but

he admitted the absence of circulatory organs in some of the lower animals, and so practically resigned its absolute value. Of course, circulation goes on in plants, and for a similar purpose (to convey food); but relatively to the digestive process, and from a *morphological* point of view, there is no similarity to the animal circulation.

Circulatory organs, as such, are absent in all the 'animalcules;' also in the polypes, corals, anemones, sponges, etc. Still, a kind of circulation is kept up in the animalcules by the 'cilia' before referred to, and in the sponges by a system of canals, with 'pores' for water to enter, and 'oscula,' or little mouths, for its escape. These can be easily seen in a common sponge. We are, however, justified in saying that these animals are destitute of 'circulatory organs,' and Cuvier's second distinction is therefore invalid.

8. *Presence of Nitrogen.*—Cuvier reasoned, that because animals needed muscles to move with, and nerves to guide movement and receive impressions, therefore animals were chemically more complicated than were plants; and this was seen in the possession by animals only of the body called nitrogen. Chemistry in his time was only in its infancy as a science, so Cuvier is not solely responsible for the error. Error it was, although it formed his *third distinction.* We now know that nitrogen is always present in plants, seeing that the protoplasm, or living substance of plants and animals, whether high up or low down in their scales, whether in the germ or in the adult, is essentially and absolutely identical, and invariably possesses nitrogen as one of its constituents. This distinction, then, is hopelessly useless, and must vanish.

9. *Gas-Exchange: Function of Respiration.*—Fill a wide-mouthed bottle with water, place a few *green* leaves in the water, and expose the whole to sunlight. Bubbles of *oxygen* gas will soon be evolved from the leafy surface. These could be proved to be oxygen gas in a variety of ways, of which it is needless to speak here. The oxygen is gained from the *carbonic acid* in the water, for if we boil the water first, and so expel the acid, no bubbles are seen. If we had placed our bottle in the dark, no *oxygen* bubbles would have arisen, which shows *light is needed to decompose the acid.* We used *green* leaves; our inference is that the *chlorophyll is the decomposing agent.* It is so; we may call it the 'talisman' with which the plant works its will with the mineral world. Grow some mustard-seeds on moist flannel in darkness; the first leaves are nearly colourless; remove the plants to the sunshine; they become green; this shows *light is needed in order to produce chlorophyll,* which shall be able to decompose carbonic acid in the air. I said that

green leaves evolved no *oxygen* in the dark; they do evolve bubbles, however, but these are *carbonic acid gas!* Lead the gas into another bottle containing lime-water, and shake it up well; a milky fluid is seen, which is carbonate of lime, made by the union of lime-water with carbonic acid gas. Again, place some soaked peas, or some opening white chamomile flowers, or some mushrooms (*which do not possess chlorophyll*) into a well-corked bottle; after a few hours, put a lighted taper into the bottle; it is instantly put out by the evolved carbonic acid gas. This would be the case either in the light or darkness. Now let an animal breathe into a bottle of lime-water, and we get the same result named above, proving that animals evolve *carbonic acid*, and we know that they absorb oxygen by the breathing apparatus.

The green parts of plants take in much more carbon by day than they evolve by night, so they 'bottle up' the sunshine, so to speak, in the form of the carbon gained by their decomposing carbonic acid in the air.

On these facts Cuvier founded his *fourth distinctive character.* He held that animals gave off carbon and hydrogen in the form of carbonic acid and water, absorbing oxygen from the air; plants, on the other hand, took in carbonic acid and water, retaining the carbon and hydrogen, and giving off oxygen to the air; in short, *evolution of oxygen* is the special feature of vegetable life; *respiration, i.e.*, absorption of oxygen and evolution of carbonic acid, that of animal life. This distinction, however, fails in the light of modern research, as we saw just now with the green leaves in darkness; as Huxley puts it, 'the difference vanishes with the sunshine, even with the green plant,' while with parts not green, and the fungi, the process is both in light and darkness precisely that of animal life, *i.e.*, a true respiration. We must therefore resign the distinction, or write down an oak as plant by day, but animal by night, and the fungi as animals at all times—statements manifestly absurd. Thus Cuvier's four separating characters all fail in being absolute and diagnostic.

H. W. S. WORSLEY-BENISON.

(*To be concluded.*)

IT is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.
The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inwards slowly moulders all.

A. Tennyson.

A LIFE-WORK CROWNED.

MARVEL you his hair is silvern,
That his brow is furrowed deep?
Many ties are sometimes riven,
Many crosses sometimes given
Unto men, through life, to keep.

Child! the world to thee is sunshine,
And its path a flowery way.
Life is but a joyful vision,
Showing thee no sterner mission
Than to hail each coming day.

As the welcome sun in springtime
Floods the blackened earth with light,
So his skilful manhood gladdened
Hearts and homes, with sickness saddened;
Turned to day their dismal night.

Hoary men came forth to greet him;
Aged women clasped his hand;
Little children, weak and dying,
On their dreamy pillows lying,
Thought his touch some fairy wand.

Wondrous in his grand profession,
Mighty with his powerful hand,
Gradually his name was singled
From the busy crowd, and mingled
With the wisest in the land.

Everywhere his manly vigour
Grappled with some dread disease;
Coming with his wisdom laden
To some fever-stricken maiden,
Leaving consciousness and ease.

Can you wonder that such glory
In his middle-manhood's hour,
Left his spirit saturated
With a dazzled pride, elated
At his growing fame and power?

Child! you know not of the crosses
Sometimes given men to bear;
Coming to a life of gladness,
Leaving marks of woe and sadness
On the work of many a year.

One dark day his mien was altered,
And men saw to their surprise
That he feared each coming morrow;
That a wave of human sorrow
Clouded o'er his steadfast eyes.

When that day his labour ended,
And his stately home he sought,
Through the troubled air were flying
Constant sounds of moaning, sighing,
And their echoes faint he caught.

Death's dark angel, oft confronted
In his brave and grand career,
Sought *his* portal darkly, dimly,
Told him on his threshold grimly
All his skill was useless here.

And the great man, white in sorrow,
Bowed his head, and trembling crept,
Where but *late* his son and daughter
Filled the rooms with childish laughter,
And he took his cross and wept.

Darkened was his life's horizon
With this cloud of human pain;
All his future seemed a blankness,
All his love-wrought duties thankless;
Nothing left him to attain.

Many years since then have vanished,
Wintered long hath been his hair;
Once again is labour glorious,
Faith has made his cross victorious,
Full of hope, and *not* despair.

Love *diviner*, and sustaining
Now into his heart hath grown;
Now with perfect trust confessing
That *his cross* hath been his *blessing*,
Gaining him his master's crown.

E.

If we would truly sympathize with others, we must beware of hastily estimating the manner and degree of their trouble. . . Comforters must come as inquirers, not judges; come to bestow consolation, not criticism. —*Lynch.*

IN MEMORIAM—THE REV. JOHN MORRIS.

On Monday, January 15th, 1883, the Rev. John Morris, the oldest Congregational minister in England, passed away to his rest and reward in the ninety-sixth year of his age. The deceased was born in Oswestry, where he distinctly remembers hearing John Wesley preach, and we believe he was the last survivor of John Wesley's hearers. It was a great pleasure for him to tell the story of his youth, and nothing delighted him in the declining years of life more than to receive those friends who were glad to listen to his reminiscences of good and great men who flourished in his youth and early manhood.

Mr. Morris, who was a born preacher, studied at Rotherham College, and exercised his ministry for nearly fifty years at Tattenhall, a beautiful village near Chester. Here he laboured 'in season and out of season' for Christ, earning and retaining the respect and love of all who knew him. Not until he had reached his seventy-fourth birthday did he retire from active ministerial service. Since then he has resided in Chester, preaching occasionally for his brethren. His last sermon was, we believe, preached a few years ago, in Queen Street Chapel, in that city. We well remember his attending a Conference in that chapel some six years ago, and though he was then nearing his ninetieth birthday he earnestly appealed to those present to embrace the opportunity which the Conference afforded of starting a Society to establish and sustain English Congregational Churches in North Wales. Mr. Morris was a Welshman, and took deep interest in all that affected his much-loved 'Principality.' Whatever he did was done 'with both hands earnestly.' He was faithful in that which was least, faithful in much, faithful unto death, and we have no doubt he has gained 'the crown of life.' His remains were interred on January 18th, in the churchyard, Tatteuhall, and on the evening of Sabbath, January 28th, the funeral sermon was preached by his friend and successor in the ministry, the Rev. A. Craig Todd.

D. B. H.

'Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar and includes,
In grains as countless as the seaside sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.'

Cowper.

A TABLE-TALK ON BOOKS AND READING.

A FIT of despondency is apt to follow an inspection of the 'Index to Current Literature.' It is more than half a foot thick, consisting only of titles to books. If we put little dabs of colour on the books we have read, those forlorn little spots look like missionary stations on a map of the Pagan world, or currants in a school plum-pudding. A vast library is an awful sight to one who has not learned how to use and master it. No man should desire to possess a larger library than he has learned to manage. Like a heavy shovelful of coals on a feeble fire, a ponderous library is apt to extinguish thought instead of feeding it. Robert Hall said that Dr. Kippis laid so many books on his head that his brains could not move. Quaint old Fuller has some good observations on the same head. 'It is vanity,' he says, 'to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe everyone is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them, built merely for uniformity, are without chimneys, and more without fires.' But however appalling the forest of books may be, we must enter it, and thread our way as best we can, for we risk starvation by avoidance. We are not worms to live on inorganic food. The grass works up the earths and the gases. The cow works up the grass. Our children take the milk from the cow. For the prosperity of our minds we require to be conversant with the products of other minds. No man can be wholly original. We grow on the stem of humanity, and play our part well if we push our particular little twig a few lines farther into the free air around us.

We will therefore walk without panic into the vast hall of books, and survey the dim perspective without loss of presence of mind. There are guides through the wilderness, tracks in the prairie. There are books, as Charles Lamb says, that are no books, *biblia abiblia*, such as dictionaries, interest tables, ledgers, directories, army and navy lists, and the like. What we are now seeking for is books of literature or science; books that furnish us with facts, or thrill us with life and fire.

> 'And how shall I my true love know,
> From many another one?'

Like the porters of rival hotels at a railway-station, the clamour of self-assertion is multifarious and bewildering. We escape much of this bewilderment by 'having and holding' a distinct purpose. We should know why we enter the library, with whom our spirit desires to lodge, and who is its 'true love'

with whom it would hold communion. Everyone, save perhaps such as by their profession are destined to prolonged and severe thought, should have on hand some book of mental discipline some work that insists upon sustained thought in perusal. Euclid, or the 'Analogy of Religion,' or Coleridge's 'Aids to Reflection,' may be named as specimens of this necessary class of books. Without discipline the mind loses fibre, becomes flabby and inert, in which condition the owner of this degenerated mind becomes the prey of his editor, his priest, or other ruler and overseer. Remember Abernethy's advice to a rich dyspeptic, 'Live on sixpence a day, and earn it.' In these days of cheap books, and learning made easy, people are in danger of losing mental virility, and becoming incapable of concatenated thought. Words, phrases, mere counters and not coinage, lead them on fools' errands hither and thither. Intellect may be in danger of the fate that Gulliver narrowly escaped in his adventure with the Brobdignagian monkey, of being choked by cramming. How many a fat little dog we see, puffing and wheezing in the wake of its too indulgent mistress, whose chance of life lies wholly in a little healthy starvation. Food without exercise tends to degenerate muscle, and perpetual reading without adequate thinking at last reduces a man to the sorry plight of having to be carried, wheeled, by his editor and his clergyman whithersoever he would go, until he comes to the similitude of that small boy who angrily finished up an argument with a robuster antagonist by shouting, 'It *is* so, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so if it ain't so!'

The clergy sometimes profess to be grievously indignant at the sceptics and infidels. But sceptics are a very useful class of men, and if they were to die out the Church would soon feel the need of their stimulating disputatiousness. We never cling so fondly to a truth as when a threat is uttered of wrenching it from us. We are in danger of automatic reading, a mechanical process which leaves scarcely more definite impression on the memory than does the winding up of one's watch, or the bolting of the front-door at night. Without boiling water we cannot make tea. Attention is the boiling water of the mind, and without it there arises no fragrance or refreshment from our reading.

Passing from books of discipline, and braced with the vigour they impart, we survey various kingdoms of thought lying before us in our library. Science, History, Biography, Philosophy, Politics, Poetry, Fiction, and other realms are open to our pilgrimage. The old adage, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' torn from its connection in Pope's poem, is at least as often false as true. Profundity in science can only be achieved by the few who have

the leisure and the resolution to be deaf to other voices, and to pursue their way from tree to branch, and branch to twig, and twig to leaf, concentrating all the forces of the mind on some solitary pathway out into the infinite that everywhere surrounds us in this marvellous world. 'You are an entomologist, I believe?' said a gentleman on introduction to a savant. 'No, sir,' was the reply; 'I cannot justly lay claim to the appellation of entomologist; but perhaps I may without immodesty describe myself as a scarabæist.' Is it, then, unwise to get a smattering of the sciences? By no means. Blessed are the smatterers, if only they know themselves to be such. It is possible—nay, it is necessary—that a man should keep up a general acquaintance with the results of scientific research. The outlines of geology, the salient facts of astronomy, the theories that form the bases of modern chemistry, can be readily acquired, and so implanted in the mind that new discoveries and new departures in the application of science to the material progress of the race shall be easily apprehended and appreciated. Science is the ascertainment of the laws according to which the Divine Mind that is the unresting spring of all the movements of the universe elects to work. We, as the highest known products of this Mind, and occupying a filial relation to our Creator, must of necessity feel a thrill of awe and joy at every new perception of His ways and new instance of our power to understand Him. 'I think the thoughts of God!' exclaimed in rapture a first discoverer of one of the laws of the solar system. It is the privilege of the few to be the first of human kind to gaze upon some new glory of unveiled law, but we may all become cultured enough to receive the results of discovery with intelligence, and to 'think the thoughts of God' newly disclosed to the race who, alone among earth's host of tenants, are able to receive it, by virtue of the divine spark that is in them alone. It is unpardonable in any man to be indifferent to the truths of physical science, being, as they are, the sign-manual of the Creator. And the interlocking and interlacing of sciences, the 'correlation of physical forces,' the affinities and identities first suspected and then demonstrated, solemnize the mind with a growing perception of the majestic Unity that is at the heart of all. It is unpardonable cruelty, perpetrated by a man upon his own spirit, to neglect the keeping up of acquaintance with the march of scientific truth. In our library—between whose bookshelves we are supposed to be pacing slowly—it is, of course, the most recent works in science that will be transferred to our wallet.

History, as we seniors were dosed with it in our youth, was appallingly dull. Some big books we conscientiously worked our way through in earlier days left on the mind a confused con-

ception of perpetual wars—a nightmare of battles in which the movements of troops were traced with anxious accuracy, and all the subtler and profounder movements of mind were ignored. It was a hard glitter of kings, and emperors, and generals, and admirals—epaulets, swords, and guns. Other histories were sapless outlines of the births, deaths, marriages, and squabbles of the figure-heads of society. It was history written from the point of view of the authors of the *Court Circular* and *Army and Navy Gazette.* There was little or no effort to trace the finger of God in lines of reward and retribution, no soul in the history. Matters have mended since then. We have handbooks of history which give us the salient points in a period or in the growth of a nation, and more intelligent guides for those who can find the time to make a conquest of details. But though few but bookworms can say what has or has not been done already, we are not aware of any brief and pregnant books that gather for us the honey of history in modern times, expressing the really important facts, letting them quickly and impressively tell their lesson and then pass into darkness. Tales can be told as swiftly as the sad story of Francesca of Rimini, in Dante's 'Inferno.' What nervous history is told in a few sentences in the books of Kings and Chronicles in the Old Testament! We are putting ourselves in the place of those who have but brief half-hours to spare, and we want books that shall bear the same relation to vast researches in history that handbooks of geology and astronomy bear to the portentous labours of those who won for us the truths that, once gained, can be so simply stated.

We are inclined highly to commend choice biographies. Our motive in taking home the written life of a great man is the sympathetic introduction of our souls to aims, purposes, conception, and plan of life nobler than we, perchance, have been accustomed to cherish. We see virtue in action. It is a peepshow into another soul. We behold machinery in action, which is a vastly different thing from studying the plates attached to the specification of a patent. We might suspect the singular power of such exhibitions over the soul, from observing the extent to which the Bible is composed of biographies. And unhappily, *e converso,* we know what power the 'Life of Jack Sheppard' and other similar biographies have had to distort the young soul for ever, and leave the promise of a fair straight tree twisted to an ugly and useless encumbrance of the ground. The power for good or evil of biographies upon the life submitted to their fascination was well known to Cervantes, who, in the introduction to 'Don Quixote,' shows us that generous and chivalrous man immersed in the study of the histories of

Palmarin of England and Amadis de Gaul. And there are few more amusing chapters in that immortal work than that one which describes his friends, with just resentment, wreaking their indignation on his library. On the whole, we do not know a better equipment for the first shelves of youth or maiden's library than a well-chosen set of biographies of men and women who have struggled, fallen, risen again, suffered, been tempted, fought, conquered, and held on to the last, steadfast in their faith, enduring to the end, and saved. Communion with such men as Tyndale, and Howard, Livingstone, the Prince Consort, Wilberforce—but when we begin to name names, we have to take refuge in the 'time would fail us to tell' of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

And what are we to say of fiction? What the whole world says of it now is, that it is the appointed means of conveying all manner of moral and scientific truth. Every magazine seems to sink or swim, according to the style of its fiction. It is useless to quarrel with the facts. Unkind things are said of 'foolish love-stories.' But every love-story is not foolish, and we strongly suspect that many a young heart has found relief and sympathy in the old old tale, newly told in some novel vicious enough to be issued in three volumes, and seeming to us elders supremely silly, but conveying to that palpitating little soul the pleasant news that somebody, at all events, has gone before and trodden that path of roses with such very obtrusive thorns. Yet we hold to the old faith, that much of this sort of reading is extremely unwholesome, leading to the deleterious habit of self-pity, which is but too often to harden into an armour of selfishness. But how much we owe in the furnishing of our minds to the great novel-writers! Surely we are all of us the better for knowing Rebecca and Ivanhoe, Adam Bede, Mrs. Poyser, John Halifax, and Mr. Pickwick, and all the vast procession of those pleasant creatures of the fancy, almost more real to us that many of the dull commercial machines with whom we daily jostle. On the whole, there is but little difficulty, with the aid of a fairly competent librarian, in selecting our novels. The pre-eminently good are well known, and in number are sufficient for our needs. The rest we may dismiss to limbo without a sigh. One may almost repeat, concerning novels, Jeremiah's vision of the figs—'What seest thou, Jeremiah? And I said Figs; the good figs very good, and the evil very evil, that cannot be eaten, they are so evil.' Every man, at his own peril, must construct for himself an 'Index Expurgatorius' of novels.

Poetry is the most elevating, softening, stimulating form of literature. We are too canny to venture on a definition of poetry. Like the bold pulpit theologian, we 'look that difficulty

in the face, and—pass on.' It draws for us the divine thought and the spiritual significance out of the palpable facts of life, and lifts everything on to a higher plane, where it is suffused with a purer light, and reveals its innermost self, its construction, its veinings, its lights and colours. It cuts and sets the rough diamonds of life, which till a poet passed that way were but recognised as pretty pebbles. To all men or women who are striving to gain power over the minds around them, poetry of the best kind is simply a necessity. The poet's insight into problems that vex the spirit of the age, and his soft but sure action on that spirit, make it necessary for all who would fight in the front rank to read the poets. For illustration, let anyone take that wonderful, pathetic 'In Memoriam' of Tennyson, and looking into the faith, as well as the literature of the present day, note how its impress is everywhere. Nor are the grand old masters, represented by Milton and Shakespeare to be neglected. 'Time writes no wrinkle' on their immortal verse. And let us not forget to acknowledge the debt we owe to the singers amongst our brethren in the States. Many a quickened pulse, many a healthy dash of enthusiasm have we received from Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow.

And for a final word to this butterfly sketch of a great theme, let us say that in our judgment vague and discursive reading is to be avoided. We should read with a distinct aim, not omnivorously, not to gain the applause bestowed on a great reader, but with a purpose spreading out beyond ourselves, a purpose to gain for ourselves in order that we may pass on to others the light, the warmth, the food, the healing power, that lies hidden on the shelves of a great library. In the words of St. Bernard: 'Sunt qui scire volunt ut sciant, et turpis curiositas est; ut sciantur, et vanitas est; ut scientiam vendant, et quæstus turpis est; ut ædificent, et caritas est; ut ædificentur, et prudentia est.'

EDWARD BUTLER.

To be dejected is natural; but to be overcome by dejection is madness, and folly, and unmanly weakness. You may grieve and weep, but give not way to despondency, nor indulge in complaints. Weep as wept your Master over Lazarus, observing the just limits of sorrow which it is not proper to pass.—*Chrysostom.*

As the lapidary that shows the buyer an orient pearl, and having a little fed his eye with that, out-pleaseth him with a sapphire, yet outvalues that with some ruby or chrysolite, wherewith ravished he doth lastly amaze him with a sparkling diamond transcending all; so there are divers virtues like jewels, but the most precious virtue of all is faith.—*T. Adams.*

SERMONETTES FOR THE CHILDREN.

II.

'My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not.'—1 JOHN ii. 1.

IT is not easy to write in a friendly and pleasant way to people when you do not know who they are, or what they are like. I should much like to know you, dear children, now reading my little sermon, to be able to think of you as you really are, to call you by your names, and, in imagination, to see you all before me as I take up my pen to write again. As it is, however, all that I know about you is that you *are* children, boys and girls; some dark, some fair; some short, some tall; some richer and some poorer; and some scattered here and there throughout the kingdom, from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Neither, when we think about it, could the Apostle John know all the people to whom *his* letters were written, much less all the millions of fathers and young men and little children who have read them since his day. And yet he knew exactly what to say to them in the way of counsel and comfort, because he knew that men, women, and children, however their circumstances may differ, have all one nature, and that the things in which they are like each other are much more important than those which make them unlike one another. Their faces may be unlike, 'but He fashioneth their hearts alike.' And because he knew this, his words are as true and as loving and as wise for us as they were for the people who read them first so very long ago.

I. Let me say, then, that John knew those who should read his letters, even the little children, would sin in heart and life.

In verses 8 and 10 of the first chapter of this letter John says, 'If we say that we have *no sin*, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. . . . If we say that we have *not sinned*, we make Him a liar, and His Word is not in us.' And I take these verses to mean that we make a great mistake if we do not know and confess that each one of us has a deceitful and a sinful heart; and that we must believe, because God says so, that our sinful hearts have made many of our acts and words and thoughts sinful too. Water can be no purer than the spring from which it flows. Fruit can be no better than the tree upon which it grows. There is so much sin in our lives because there is so much evil in our hearts.

Now I want you, dear children, to see and to know that you are sinful and have sinned. 'That is not a pleasant message,' you say. No; but it is a *true* one. And it is a great deal better to be told and to believe a disagreeable truth than a

pleasant lie. But what do I mean when I say to children that they are sinful and have sinned? Sin is a hateful and injurious thing. It hurts others, and it hurts *ourselves*; 'He that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul.' And there is nothing more lovable and beautiful than childhood, with its winning ways. How, then, can that which is so hateful belong to those who are so lovable? I need not try to tell you how it has come about that children and grown-up people alike have sinful natures. It will be enough if I show you that it is so, the difference between them being this—that in children wrong-doing has not become a fixed habit, and therefore there is more hope of even naughty children than of bad men and women; they are more sensitive—it is childhood that blushes sin. Now when I try to tell you in simple words what sin is, I am sure that none of you will think or say that he or she is not sinful. To sin is either to do wrong, or to miss doing right—to 'do the things which we ought not to do,' or to 'leave undone the things which we ought to have done.' And how many things do you and I do every day which we know very well that we ought not to do! How many duties do we leave undone! When you tell a falsehood, or display an angry or a sulky temper, you are sinning. When you refuse to learn your lessons, when you disobey your parents, when you do behind the back of your father or teacher what you dare not do before their faces, you are sinning. When you have wrong thoughts about God, and do not like to say your prayers to Him; when you find it, as we all do, hard to do right and easy to do wrong, all this shows how sinful your hearts are. Will any of you say, then, that you do not sin? I never yet knew a child who was not sometimes naughty and sinful, except the perfect boys and girls that we read about in some good little story-books, and they nearly always die young and go to heaven, I suppose because they are too good for earth.

Now, my dear little friends, it is not for the purpose of making your lives gloomy and your hearts sad that I have written all this about your sins and sinfulness. For every wrong thing that you have ever done may be forgiven, and all that is bad in your hearts may be taken away, just as the ancient writing could be removed from the parchment roll, or as the sea blots out the footprints on the sands. For listen to what John says in the ninth verse of the first chapter of this Epistle: 'If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' It is a sad thing to be sinful, but it is a glad thing to have Christ for our Saviour. And the gladness of being forgiven ought to do away with the sadness at having sinned. And if the naughty things that you have

done and said lie like a load upon your hearts, and spoil your play, and sometimes keep you from sleeping when you go to bed, you may have all the heavy weight removed, and your hearts made joyous and light, if you will only go to God and say, 'My Father, I have been many times a naughty and disobedient child, but still I am thy child, and Thy Word tells me that Thou dost love me. I pray Thee, for Christ's sake, to forgive all my sins, and to take them all away.' Let us kneel down and say that to God now, not only with our lips, but with our hearts!

II. Our text shows us that it was John's earnest desire that the little children to whom he was writing should not go on sinning, but should make the present always better than the past.

We have seen that when we do wrong there is, if we trust in Christ, and pray to God through Him, forgiveness for us. And I can quite believe that some boy or girl, on being told that, will be tempted to say, what older people, who ought to know better, have sometimes thought and said, 'Well, if I can have forgiveness whatever I do, it does not matter much what I do. I may go on being sinful, and all that I shall need to do will be to ask God to forgive me and all will be right.' Now, I call that a very mean way of thinking about God and His great love for us. Suppose that your father is very loving and kind to you. And suppose that one day you do something which grieves him very much. He speaks to you very quietly, but very seriously, about what you have done, and tells you that He will have to punish you. You then burst into tears, and tell him that you are sorry, and he, instead of punishing, forgives you. Would it not be a very cruel and a very wicked thing for you to say to yourself, 'Oh, my father will forgive me whatever I do, he loves me so. I will do the same thing again whenever I please'? If he is a good and wise father, he *will* punish you this time, not only for having done wrong, but for having abused his tender love so. He forgave you the first time because he thought you were really sorry for what you had done, and because he thought your sorrow would keep you from doing it again. But when he finds that you were not sorry for your sin, but only afraid of being punished for it, and that you dare to do it again, because you think he will forgive you again, he will be, and ought to be, more angry than ever. And so it is with our Father in heaven. When we go to Him, and tell Him that we have done wrong, and ask Him to forgive us, we are really, in act, if not in word, promising Him that we will try not to do the wrong thing we have done any more. And it is an awfully daring and wicked thing to break a promise which we have made to God. He is

very loving and forgiving. But when His goodness to us does not make us better, His very love for us, and strong desire to save us from our sin, makes Him have to punish us. The Apostle Paul asks somewhere, 'Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?' And he firmly, and I was going to say indignantly, answers his own question, and says, 'God forbid.' My dear children, is it not shameful to go on grieving one who loves us as God loves us? When we have done wrong, and He has forgiven us, let us say to ourselves, 'I know that God hates sin, and I know that He loves me, and His great love for me shall make me try with all my might to give up what he hates so, and to please Him, instead of grieving Him, every day.'

III. But more than 'all *our* might' will be needful for us, if we are to be kept from sin. We must ask God for the strength which only He can give us. There is nothing more foolish than for people to think that they can live as they ought without God's help. Why, we could not live at all but for Him. It is He Who gives us life and food, Who makes us and keeps us strong and well. And one of the saddest things that can be said about wicked men is that they are taking the life and the power which God gives them and turning them against Him. You could not walk unless God gave strength to your limbs. You would not be as hearty and well as I hope you are, if it were not for the fresh air, and sunshine, and daily bread, which are God's gifts to you. And so neither can you become good men and women, walking in the way of God's commandments, and becoming stronger every day to fight against sin, and to choose and follow what is Christ-like and pure and true, unless you have with you every hour and every moment the presence and help of God. That presence and help are to be had for the asking. God has promised that His grace shall be sufficient for us. Whenever, then, we seek for forgiveness of our past sins, and whenever we feel ourselves in danger of doing something which we know we ought not to do, let us pray that God will make us strong in purpose and pure in heart, so that we may be able to gain the victory over our sinful natures, and to come off 'more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us.'

If we do this, it will not be in vain that I have written and that you have read these sermonettes in the *Evangelical*, nor that, ages before there was any such magazine as this, the Apostle John penned a letter, in which, though he was an old and grey-headed man, he showed that he remembered the little ones for whom, as well as for the grown-up people, His dear Master had died, and said, 'My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not.'

J. R. BAILEY.

HALIFAX.

VI.—SKETCHES OF THE FAMILY LIFE.

We shall now proceed to sketch the family life in the days of Greek culture: dealing first with the relation of the household to religion, and then passing on to the significant ceremonies connected with marriage and with birth. It is these, in fact, which throw the clearest light for any thoughtful mind upon the feelings and ideas of the Greek, which centred upon the family as the corner-stone of the state.

Let us now imagine ourselves to be standing in a street of Athens, in the fifth century B.C. Looking around us we should find abundant evidence of that 'great reverence for the gods,' on which St. Paul remarked in his address to the Athenians on Mars' Hill. If it happens to be the 'street of the Hermai,' then we notice at every corner one of those symbolic statues of the god Hermes, from which the street derived its name. Indecorous as these images were, it is not difficult to understand how strong a hold they had obtained over the fancy and affections of the citizens. In our own time the removal of an indecorous statue from a street in Brussels produced an uproar in the neighbourhood. Now each of these Hermai was supposed to guard or represent the guardianship of the god over the particular 'block,' as we might say; and well may we understand the consternation which was felt in the city on the eve of the expedition to Sicily, during the Peloponnesian war, when these images were found to be mutilated, and what wrath was excited against Alkibaides, the supposed author of the misdeed. But crossing the front court of one of the better houses, and passing up a narrow passage, on either side of which might be stables, workshops, and the porter's lodge, we reach the great house-door. On this being opened we find ourselves in the *aulé*, or central hall of the dwelling, around which the separate rooms were arranged. A second door, or opening at the back of the hall, led to the women's apartments. These again, in richer houses, opened into a second peristyle, or corridor, surrounded with elegant chambers, while the rooms adjacent to the first court were used for ordinary domestic purposes.

To return to the front door. Before it stands the column, cone-shaped, possibly nearly resembling an Egyptian obelisk, of Apollo Agyieus, that is, of the streets and ways. The symbol reminded the household, says Welcker, of the divine protection they enjoyed 'in their going out and their coming in.' On the return of the master from a journey, for example, some special sacrifice would probably be offered, some joyous pæan, or thanksgiving hymn, be sung in honour of the great god of light

and salvation. Here, behind the door in a niche, or shrine, is the figure of Hermes Strophaios, 'who turns about.' As it is now well established that Hermes is the god of Wind, there may have been some reference to the draught of air in the doorway.* Doubtless the practice was most ancient. Where we speak of 'letting in a draught,' by opening the door, the ancient thought of letting in the Being, the Banshee so to speak, of the Wind. And so his statue stood in the spot he seemed to haunt.† The goddess Hekaté had commonly a shrine, also near the entrance. Prophetic signs were hoped for from her. In the midst of the *aulé*, or court, we observe the altar of Zeus Herkeios, that is of the supreme god as guardian of the sacred enclosure of home. On an ancient lamp we see him figured in this capacity. with the faithful house-dog by his side.‡ In one corner of the *aulé* stood another altar to Zeus in his attribute Ktésios, the god of Possessions, and in another that of the Patrôoi, or ancestral gods. In the midst of the men's hall was the altar of Hestia, the chaste maiden-goddess, of whom we spoke in a previous chapter. The altar was round and probably had a dome-shaped cover, proto-typical of the shape of her well-known temple. As we pass from room to room we find every relation of life, every important occupation brought under the special sanction and protection of some divinity. Thus the Gamélioi, or gods of wedding, and probably the Genethlioi, or those of birth, were represented in the bridal chamber. Then in the ladies' work-room there would no doubt be a sanctuary of Athéna Ergané, the divine workwoman.

We have been picturing to ourselves the house of the rich man; but on a humbler scale the same objects would be found, the same ideas would be visibly represented in the poor man's dwelling. The wealthy owner of a splendid statue, like the Sicilian mentioned by Cicero in his oration against Verres,§ would need a chapel to place it in; while the peasant had to make the niche in the wall serve for *naiskos*, or chapel, and must set up the clay image in lieu of marble. Often, it appears, there was no image of the god at all, but there was a picture on the wall, like as those found at Pompeii.‖

There is an interesting but corrupt passage in the Athenæus¶ in which he speaks of a vessel called *kadiskos*, 'in which,' he says, 'they fix the gods of Possession (Ktesious Dias).' The vessel must be new, have handles on both sides; and these must be covered with white wool. Then, as far as we can make out what follows, the officiating person had to bind woollen threads

* So Welcker. † Aristoph. Plut. 1153. Lysist. 64.
‡ Bellori, Lucern. Vet. § ii. 2, 4, and iii. 5.
‖ Overbeck, 'Pompeii,' p. 197. ¶ xi. 473.

upon his right shoulder and forehead; after which he placed in the vessel a mixture of all kinds of fruits, with pure water and oil. This compound was called Ambrosia. The description seems to hint some ceremony of household offering to the gods, which possibly survives in the family customs amongst ourselves of taking part in the stirring of the Christmas pudding.

Any particular attribute or manifestation of the god might be made the object of domestic worship. Probably, and not unnaturally it was Zeus Ktesios, the Increaser of the Substance, who filled the largest place in household thoughts.* So jealous was the family feeling in the worship of him, that many carefully kept away every stranger, whether bond or free, from the sacrifices which they rendered to him; and only admitted those nearest dependents who, they were convinced, would do nothing to injure the effect of the offerings and prayers. The same exclusiveness of ancient custom is witnessed, too, in the case of Hestia.

Definite days of worship do not appear to have been fixed besides those of the great festivals. But these were numerous, and the frequency of acts of worship to this or that god doubtless exceeded anything known in the Roman Catholic Church in our times, although the numerous saints have gone far to replace polytheism. Every trade, profession, mode of life, was represented in the Greek cities by its divine protector. The physician honoured Asklépios, and the sick man prayed to him; the lover or the bride before the wedding sought the favour of Aphrodité; the merchant or the herald looked up to the wind-god, Hermes; the seaman to Poseidôn.† The workman and artists were supposed to enjoy the favour of Athéné Ergané and Hephæstos, the fire and artist god. Prometheus was patron of clay-workers, Hermes of the orators and the schoolmasters, Héraklés of the athletes, and Dionusos of dramatic poets and actors.

But of the home, the stock, or family (γένος) in the wider sense, the phratrys, or brotherhood, composed of a number of such families; the tribe, of several phratries; finally the state-union, visibly centred in the Prytaneum, or Guildhall, with its sacred hearth, the domestic altar of the great state-family: the gods held in highest reverence were Zeus and his great son, Apollo; Zeus of the Home (Herkeios), and Apollo of the Fathers (Patrôos). All genuine Athenian citizens regarded themselves as members of a fellowship, of which these great gods were the heads. Zeus of the Home had an altar on the Acropolis in the Pandrosion, and seemed specially to watch over the house of

* See Isæus 'De Ciron,' § 16.

† Cf. Plat. Legg. xi. 909, E.; Aristot. Pol. vii. 17; Callim. Hym. in Jov. 70.

Erechtheus, the representative family of the city. In the temple of Apollo Patrôos children were brought by their parents, or sponsors, and dedicated, or recommended, to the care of the god.

Thus were the earliest days consecrated by religion, and all life lived beneath the eye of gods, strict to punish and faithful to reward. Morning and evening prayer, or at sunrise, moonrise and their setting, was, we know, the habit of the pious Greek. In the 'Works and Days of Hesiod,'* a book which the Greek probably looked upon with respect similar to that of the Jews to the Book of Proverbs, we read: 'Do thou utterly restrain thy soul from unjust deeds, and according to thy power render the sacred dues to the immortal gods, with pure mind and clean hands; moreover offer sacrifice. Again, with libation and incense propitiate the gods, when thou liest down and when the sacred light appeareth, that thou mayest buy thy neighbour's lot, and not another thine.'† And such was the simple tone of family piety in historical times, for example, in any house like the good Xenophon. Of the great Pindar we read that his house at Thebes was adjacent to the temple of Rhea, mother of the gods, and that he greatly revered her; and in one of his odes we find him addressing her. If there is deep meaning in the saying of Wordsworth, 'We live by admiration,' it may in like manner be said of the family, 'It exists by reverence.'

REV. E. JOHNSON.

THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

OUR preachers are continually trying, in all manner of subtle ways, to explain the union of the Divinity with the Manhood—an explanation which certainly involves first their being able to describe the nature of Deity itself, or, in plain words, to comprehend God. They never can explain, in any one particular, the union of the natures; they only succeed in weakening the faith of their hearers as to the entireness of either. The thing they have to do is precisely the contrary of this—to insist upon the *entireness* of both. We never think of Christ enough as God, never enough as Man; the instinctive habit of our minds being always to miss of the Divinity, and the reasoning and enforced habit to miss of the humanity. We are afraid to harbour in our own hearts, or to utter in the hearing of others, any thought of our Lord as hungering, tired, sorrowful, having a human soul, a human will, and affected by events of human life,

* Hes. Op. 339. † Vv. 335 *et seq.*

as a finite creature is; and yet one half of the efficiency of His atonement, and the whole of the efficiency of His example, depend on His having been this to the full. Consider, therefore, the Transfiguration as it relates to the human feelings of our Lord. It was the first definite preparation for His death. He had foretold it to His disciples six days before; then takes with Him the three chosen ones into 'an high mountain apart.' From an exceeding high mountain, at the first taking on Him the ministry of life, He had beheld and rejected the kingdoms of the earth, and their glory; now, on a high mountain, He takes upon Him the ministry of death. Peter and they that were with Him, as in Gethsemane, were heavy with sleep. Christ's work had to be done alone.

The tradition is that the Mount of Transfiguration was the summit of Tabor; but Tabor is neither a high mountain nor 'apart,' being in those years both inhabited and fortified. All the immediately preceding ministries of Christ had been at Cæsarea Philippi. There is no mention of travel southward in the six days that intervened between the warning given to His disciples and the going up into the hill. What other hill could it be than the southward slope of that goodly mountain, Hermon, which is indeed the centre of all the Promised Land, from the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt; the mount of fruitfulness, from which the springs of Jordan descended to the valleys of Israel? Along its mighty forest avenues, until the grass grew fair with the mountain lilies, His feet dashed in the dew of Hermon, He must have gone to pray His first recorded prayer about death; and from the steep of it before He knelt, could see to the south all the dwellings of the people that had sat in darkness, and seen the great light—the land of Zebulon and of Naphthali, Galilee of the nations,—could see, even with His human sight, the gleam of that lake by Capernaum and Chorazin, and many a place loved by Him, and vainly ministered to, whose house was now left unto them desolate; and chief of all, far in the utmost blue, the hills above Nazareth, sloping down to His old home; hills on which yet the stones lay loose that had been taken up to cast at Him when He left them for ever.

'And as He prayed, two men stood by Him.' Among the many ways in which we miss the help and hold of Scripture, none is more subtle than our habit of supposing that, even as man, Christ was free from the fear of death. How could He, then, have been tempted as we are? since, among all the trials of the earth, none spring from the dust more terrible than that fear. It had to be borne by Him, indeed, in a unity, which we can never comprehend, with the foreknowledge of victory—as His

sorrow for Lazarus with the consciousness of His power to restore him; but it had to be borne, and that in its full earthly terror; and the presence of it is surely marked for us enough by the rising of those two at His side. When, in the desert, He was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered to Him; now in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants come to Him from the grave. But, from the grave conquered. One from that tomb under Abarim, which His own hand had sealed long ago; the other from the rest into which he had entered without seeing corruption. 'There stood by Him Moses and Elias, and spake of His decease.' Then, when the prayer is ended, first, since the star paused over Him at Bethlehem, the full glory falls upon Him from heaven, and the testimony is borne to His everlasting Sonship and power—'Hear ye Him.'

If, in their remembrance of these things, and in their endeavour to follow in the footsteps of their Master, religious men of bygone days closing themselves in the hill-solitudes, forgot sometimes, and sometimes feared, the duties they owed to the active world, we may, perhaps, pardon them more easily than we ought to pardon ourselves, if we neither seek any influence for good, nor submit to it unsought, in scenes to which thus all the men whose writings we receive as inspired, together with their Lord, retired whenever they had any task or trial laid upon them needing more than their usual strength of spirit. Nor, perhaps, should we have unprofitably entered into the mind of the earlier ages, if among our other thoughts, as we watch the chains of the snowy mountains rise on the horizon, we should sometimes admit the memory of the hour in which their Creator, among their solitudes, entered on His travail for the salvation of our race; and indulge the dream that, as the flaming and trembling mountains of the earth seem to be the monuments of the manifesting of His terror on Sinai, these pure and white hills, near to the heaven, and sources of all good to the earth, are the appointed memorials of that light of His mercy that fell, snowlike, on the Mount of Transfiguration.—*From 'Modern Painters.'*

THE possessions which we chiefly prize are the gifts of affection and the fruits of painstaking; those in which something of ourself, or a dearer than ourself still lives, and speaks, and feels. Now in regard to the heavenly inheritance itself, the God of love has consulted both of those deep-seated principles of the human soul. The heaven itself, the passport through its gates, and the right to its joys, are the purchase and the gift of Another. Nor is it to the believer the least enhancing element in its priceless possession, that it is entirely the donation and bequest of his dearest Friend.—*J. Hamilton.*

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Being and Doing.

WHAT a man *is*, is of more importance than what he *does;* and if you do a great thing and lose your temper in doing it, you are like a man who toils up hill to find a shilling and loses a sovereign on his way. Counsel—*Be* good.

Shamming.

Physical earnestness in speaking or preaching without deep spiritual or moral earnestness may be falsely called eloquence, because of clever diction, picturesque composition, or brilliant declamation, but its *real* name is shamming. Counsel—Be true.

Charity Thinketh no Evil, and Hopeth all Things.

Some able persons spoil their influence by speaking vitriolic words about others which they drop heedlessly, and which burn into the heart. There are no secrets. Remember that. What you think of others and say of others they soon know. Flattery is contemptible, and so is its opposite—scorn. Therefore remember that a diamond is a diamond, though it has flaws; and a friend is a friend, though he has faults. Learn to think generously, and you will speak and act generously, for 'out of the heart are the issues of life.' 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

Taking Trouble.

This is the real deficiency of many of my young friends, they will not take trouble. 'Oh, that will do!' 'Never mind!' 'Don't bother;' these are the hindrances to neatness, order, true comfort, and real progress. There are no *trifles* really. A little unheeded hair in the works impedes the best watch; a little grain of sand imperils the best wheel; a pin in the dress instead of the proper fastening rends the garment; a little medicine glass not put back in the 'chest' risks the ready relief of the sufferer; a sermon *unmarked* risks your preaching it again in the same place; a word unspoken or a letter unwritten risks the advancement of your friend. All honour to those who know that duty is often 'troublesome,' but who 'take trouble.'

True Courtesy.

It is delightful to me to see a young man offer his arm to an aged lady, and to mark the true nobility which does not always seek out the most fascinating face, or the most notable person for honour; but to see gracious gentle thoughtfulness to those who are not so outwardly attractive as others, but who often have compensating qualities of the very highest kind.

PASTOR VERSUS PRIEST;

OR,

OUR NEO-CATHOLIC CURATES, AND HOW TO ANSWER THEM.

Conversations with a Young Lady Visitor inclined to Ritualism.

VISITOR. Is there any necessary connection between the altar and the Mass, for I have perceived a tendency in some High Church periodicals to use the old term Mass for the Communion Service.

MINISTER. Yes; there is. We are threatened with a thorough re-introduction of the *Mass;* with all its priestly mummeries and profanities. Let us give the subject the attention it deserves, for the young Catholic neophyte makes little of the pulpit, and brings the altar, with its lights and its vestments, boldly before the eyes of all the people, with special intent.

I shall endeavour to show you what Anglo-Catholicism, as a system of sacerdotalism, really means. The question may arise, Are we in any danger ourselves? Are we, as Protestant Christians, likely to lose our love for the sweet simplicity of the Gospel? Are traditions, symbolisms, and ritualisms leavening our worship in any degree? And even if we are safe, how about our children? What flirtations with Romanism are revealing themselves in the use of crosses, and the love for sensuous worship? It is so true that the 'tree falls on the side to which it leans,' that we ought to dread the Anglo-Catholic tendencies of the present age. The key of the whole Anglo-Catholic system is the Mass, or whatever word the amazing miracle may be hidden in—Consubstantiation, Trans-Accidentation, or Transubstantiation—to that I next call your earnest attention.

Such Mass worship is in harmony with Paganism; and such Mass worship is in antagonism to the New Testament.

VISITOR. Surely you do not mean to go so far as to ally the Mass with Paganism?

MINISTER. Unquestionably, as an historical student, I do. Mass worship is a return to idol-worship. In the human heart there is a native love of idolatry. In history it is ever recurring. Rescued as the Hebrews were by the grace of God out of Egyptian bondage, and removed from the power of Egyptian idolatries; blessed as they were by the Law given on Mount Sinai, in which God spake out concerning the worship of graven images, and the likenesses of created things; yet history shows that the attractions of idolatry exercised an overpowering influence over them. 'No God but Me,' says the

first commandment. No likenesses or images, says the second. Yet what says their history? 'They made a calf in Horeb, and worshipped the molten image. Thus they changed their glory into the similitude of an ox that eateth grass.' And what occurred after the terrible punishment of the fathers, and the settlement of the children in the land of Canaan? They 'were mingled among the heathen, and learned their works, and they served their idols, which were a snare unto them.' Yes, a snare! Thus, too, has it been with the New Dispensation! Christ sent His ambassadors 'to preach the Gospel.' They were to go into all the world, not to set up altars to offer sacrifices, or burn incense, but to preach the Gospel to every creature. Paul and Peter are seen, not exchanging the silver shrines of Diana for crucifixes, not removing the symbols of Paganism from idolatrous altars, and substituting the symbols of a kindred faith; but everywhere preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Multitudes of altars then existed, like Ritualistic and Romanistic altars. There were brazen censer dishes; offerings of fruits and flowers; prostrations and genuflections, clouds of incense and bronze bells; priests clad in gorgeous robes, with their backs to the people; tinkling bells; and lighted lamps beside the idols on the altar. They had superior priests — Flamins and Arch-Flamins for sacerdotal service. They had orders and habits. They had inferior priests to attend on the sacred celebrations, called Curiones. They had particular vestments for special services. They had tonsures, or shavings, for the priests of Isis, Diana, and Jupiter. They had celibate priests, to whom marriage was forbidden, as the priests of Vesta, Minerva, and Apollo. Moreover they had had the Round Host, a small round loaf given to the communicants; and the very rites and ceremonies of the Pagans were called 'The Mass'! As you entered the Pagan temple there was the 'Asperges,' or sprinkling with holy water at the temple door, There was the Procession, when the priest, in his vestments, with shaven crown, and taper in his hand, carried about the shrine! There were the Altars, covered with cloths, lights and images. There were the Vertigines, or the postures and gestures of the priest at the altar; and there was the thural part, or the offering of perfumes and incense! Nor can I omit to mention that the priests' garments were called Albs, and Tunics.

VISITOR. Do you mean to say that there was, for instance, a Virgin Worship in Pagan times?

MINISTER. I do. They had their Virgin Mary in Vesta, the Queen of Heaven and Mother of God. She had a temple and nunnery erected to her. And they had their various Heroes and Intercessors, to whom they looked,

as do Papists to the saints, in whose names they built their temples, dedicated their feasts, and erected their altars. Moreover they were noted for days and years: they had their 'Festi,' or feast-days; their 'Profesti,' or working-days; their 'Intercisi,' or half-holydays. Now, this whole system of priests, altars, vestments, and idolatries was the heathenism which everywhere surrounded the Apostles! If the simplicity and spirituality of the Gospel be lost in the after-centuries, then by slow degrees the Church of Christ must become in the hands of the priests a new Paganism! This was actually the case. Every reader of mediæval Church history knows that the simplicity which is in Christ gradually vanished; and in its stead a superstition raised its head, under which the mind was fettered, the conscience stifled, the heart oppressed, the judgment perverted, and the people of Europe ruled by priests as with a rod of iron. Christians were entangled in the old yoke of idolatrous, Pagan bondage.

VISITOR. I suppose tradition often leads us astray?

MINISTER. Yes! There is analogy in the history of the Jewish Church. Our Saviour declares that the Hebrews had overlaid the law with their traditions. Professing to develop, through the Rabbinical Schools, the Old Testament teaching, they had perverted the grand moral simplicities of the Old Testament faith. The Jews quoted the Doctors of the Law, rather than the Prophets of God. Articles of faith were accumulated; requirements of devotion were multiplied; frequent fasts were ordered; ostentatious ritual was developed; casuistical distinctions in details of conduct were created; and long prayers enjoined. They had their schools of tradition—the rival schools of Hillel and Schammai, whose traditional teachings fill the Talmudical writings. The former of these schools, that of Hillel, upheld the honour of tradition as *superior* to the law; just as Roman and Anglo-Catholics interpret the Bible by the Church. The analogy is wonderful between the history of the Jewish Church and that of the Christian Church. Consequently Christ exposed the whole system of traditional imposture. The Jewish teachers were blind guides; they had almost quenched the light of Scripture: and the Saviour, whilst calling on them to search the Scriptures which testified of Him, declared that the Jews had overlaid the law by their traditions, and destroyed the simplicity of religion by their observance of feasts, and days, and ceremonies! A century had scarcely elapsed after the finished Atonement of Christ, before the Christian Fathers did with the New Testament what the Rabbinical Fathers of the Hebrew Church did with the Old Testament. Orientalism of expression began to be used concerning the Lord's Supper. Fervent en-

thusiasm of feeling led the Fathers to adopt modes of expression concerning the Memorial Supper which led, in the ninth century, to the development of the Transubstantiation doctrine, as a formal expression of the received doctrine of the Church. Ratramnus commenced the controversy by his memorable treatise, 'De Corpore et Sanguine Domini.' Paschasius, however, had preceded him in a great disputation with Bertramnus, about the year 886, as to whether the same body of Christ, that was born of the Virgin Mary, was present in the Eucharist. Three centuries and a half afterwards, the theological movement had consolidated itself in the doctrine of Transubstantiation, as the creed of Western Christendom. At first the common people were startled by the bold affirmation that the elements ceased to be bread and wine after consecration. From the writings of the Fathers of the first five centuries, the advocates of Transubstantiation endeavoured to support their doctrine. The Fathers, however, can be quoted on both sides; and even after the decision by the Fourth Council of Lateran, in 1215, under Innocent III., theologians, reformers, and large communities, rejected it. After the sanction of the Council, nearly half the West declared against it. It will be impossible to go into the distinctions which those who held the Transubstantiation doctrine created. Some said the bread was changed in 'substance;' some in its 'accidents.' Some believed that the bread was *changed* into the body of Christ, which the Romanists now believe; some that the bread *contained* the body, which the Anglo-Catholics believe.

VISITOR. Then the doctrine is virtually the same?

MINISTER. Yes; the doctrine is the same in fact. The mode of explaining the fact is of trivial importance. Now when we leave the Fathers in their conflicts with each other, and come back to the New Testament, we come out of the hot air of disputation into the calm atmosphere of Christian faith and simplicity. All is easy and natural, and in perfect harmony with the genius of the Gospel. Who could conceive that Christ meant that the bread is 'the body and blood, soul and divinity, bones and nerves, of the Son of God'? Rome believes 'that by consecration of the bread and wine a conversion is made of the whole substance of the bread into the substance of the body of Christ, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood;' the Anglo-Catholic belief is 'that the very body and blood of Jesus are present, under the sacramental elements and by virtue of consecration; so that in some heavenly and incomprehensible manner, the true body and blood are verily and indeed "given" by the priest, "taken" by the communicant, and "eaten in the Supper."' 'Those ignorant of theology,' says a

Ritualist, 'will say this is Popish doctrine, Romish teaching, Transubstantiation pure and simple. Such persons are mistaken!' No, they are not mistaken! The explanation of the *modus operandi* of the Real Presence matters little, if the real presence of Christ's body and soul be proclaimed as there on the altar.

VISITOR. What have you to say against any kind of miraculous presence in the Sacrament?

MINISTER. Several things. If such a kind of miracle as this had to be wrought, the New Testament would have been express and explicit about it. It would be a miracle altogether out of analogy with all the miracles which Christ wrought Himself. The beholder could test these. Lepers were cleansed. Water was turned into wine. The waves did subside. The dead were raised. Men could *see* the works Christ did, and therefore they believed on Him. Such a miracle as that termed the Real Presence insults our faculties, stultifies all our power of true knowledge, and reduces a man from a being who can think and judge, to a being who is to believe, not after evidence, but against the very evidence of his senses.

If such a miracle had to be wrought, conditions are involved which our Saviour never once mentions. He should have distinctly said to the disciples, 'You are to be My priests; I bestow upon you authority to appoint your successors. You are to be the head of an Apostolical succession of priests; you are to be priests in a sense in which the body of the faithful are not! True I have used the very word, which is the old word for sacrificial priests, as applicable to the whole Christian brotherhood, who offer unto God their own selves, body, soul, and spirit; but in doing so I have left a special application of that word to your functions, and when you "bless," as I do now, the bread shall then become My body.' Let me remind you that the sacrificial word for priest is never once used in the New Testament as distinctive of the ministers of Christ: according to the Gospel records, *all* Christians are a royal priesthood. God called the Jews a royal priesthood, but at the same time He appointed an official priesthood. None might take these functions but the sons of Aaron. There is nothing answering to such an appointment in the Christian Church. Tell me any text, or point me to any functions, in which ministers are called priests or act as priests! We read in the Old Testament, 'No man hath a right to take this honour to himself, except he that was called of God, as was Aaron.' We read in the New Testament even, 'Christ glorified not Himself to be called a priest,' but He was anointed to the work by the Father. What presumption then can equal theirs who take the name and office

of priest without one act of appointment in the whole of the New Testament! When Christ ascended on high, 'He gave some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers,'—but not one priest. He being Himself the Great High Priest, has entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. Moreover, when Paul, in Romans xii. 49, is describing the unity of the Church, with its many members and one body, he speaks of ministration, prophesying, teaching, giving, and exhorting, but not of one priest. And concerning himself he says, 'Who then is Paul, who is Apollos?' Not priests, who offer sacrifices for you, but 'ministers by whom you believed.'

VISITOR. Is the New Testament clear upon this point in the revelation of its institution?

MINISTER. Yes! It is clear that the whole language of the institution utterly ignores the Real Presence idea. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and Paul are our authorities! John does not mention the Memorial Supper. Strange Gospel that indeed, if this Eucharistic Service is 'The one peculiar Christian service, the queen of all services.'

These independent accounts differ in mere detail, but they all symbolically express this fact—that Christ is the eternal life of the soul, and that as bread and wine nourish the body, so the offering of His broken body, and the shedding of His blood, constituted that great atonement by which whosoever fed on Him by faith, should live by Him, and be filled with all the fulness of God. If we had only the narratives of Matthew and Mark, we should have no right to repeat the act at all, as no command or even hint of the kind is given. St. Luke simply says concerning the breaking of bread, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' This is the key-note of the whole, for we look to the sequel for the meaning. What a mistaken utterance it is if Christ had meant, 'Do this as a creation of Me'—flesh and bones, soul and spirit. The institution declares that they were to take bread, bless it, and break it, and give thanks! The fullest account we have is in 1 Cor. xi. 23-26: 'For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which He was betrayed took bread: and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is My body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in My blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come.' One sentence in this is extracted, and made to bear the entire superstructure of sacerdotalism, 'This is My

body:' concerning which a Ritualist in the 'Directorium Anglicanum' thus writes: 'The celebrant does just what Christ did, as near as we can imitate His actions. He takes when He says "He took," and presents to God the element; He breaks when He says "He brake it," and designs it to reception by laying His hand upon it; and in a manner imparts it when He says, "Our Lord gave it, saying, 'Take, eat,'" etc.; and he makes it the body of Christ by the words of consecration, "Hoc est corpus meum!" The hostia should be placed in the paten, and the celebrant, with his assistants, should reverently genuflect. After the consecration prayer it is most desirable that no person pass without genuflecting.'

We turn from this most monstrous perversion of the Memorial Supper to the simple guest-chamber, and we ask ourselves, Can this be so? For instance, Christ then was not crucified, the Atonement was not yet offered! Did He sit there with His disciples in the body not yet broken, and hand each of them His body when He said, 'This is My body'? Why it was there before them, reclining at the table. If faith means believing *that*, it is independent of all personal judgment, and must lose all moral quality whatsover! Our Almighty Father only mocks us by bestowing on us our reason and our senses, if they are to be contradicted on this wise. Now let me ask, How did Christ deal with the doubt of Thomas? Did He say, 'Oh! unbelieving disciple, you must accept the mystery of My resurrection without proof!' No; but in a better way: 'Handle Me and see, and know that a spirit has not flesh and bones as ye see Me have.' Nay, if the senses of the Apostles were to deceive them, see how infidels like Julian might have taken up the argument concerning Christ's resurrection, and said, 'The disciples' senses deceive them upon one thing now, and so they might upon another,' *then*.

(*To be continued.*)

'Is such a man a Christian?' was asked of Whitefield. 'How should I know!' was the answer; 'I never lived with him.'

Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frosts of May nip his blossoms. While he is a tender twig straighten him; whilst he is a new vessel season him; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him. Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be what thou wilt. Season his youth with the love of his Creator, and make the fear of his God the beginning of his knowledge. If he have an active spirit, rather rectify than curb it, but reckon idleness among his chiefest faults. As his judgment ripens, observe his inclination and tender him a calling that shall not cross it. Show him both the mow and the plough, and prepare him as well for the danger of the skirmish as possess him with the honour of the prize.—*James Hamilton.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

DIE ALTTESTAMENTLICHE WEISSAGUNG VON DER VOLLENDUNG DES GOTTESREICHES IN IHRER GESCHICHTLICHEN ENTWICKELUNG DARGESTELLT (Old Testament Prophecy of the Completion of the Kingdom of God set forth in its Historical Development). By C. v. ORELLI, Professor of Theology at the University of Basle. Vienna: G. P. Faesy. 1882.

It is a satisfaction to receive a work on the Old Testament, and specially on its Messianic prophecies, whose author is not under the spell of the dread or dislike of the supernatural, which is so common at the present day. All the fuller is our satisfacton when we find that he has ample learning, knows how to write, and does not shrink from the candid recognition in revelation of the human element, especially as shown in the law of development. In the interest alike of author and reader, our best plan will be to utilize the limited space at our disposal by first giving a brief abstract of the table of contents, and then referring to one or two of the more salient and interesting features of the discussion.

A long introduction deals with the following questions: The Nature of Biblical Prophecy; Analogical Phenomena in Heathenism; The Kingdom of God—its Subject—Matter; The Garb of Prophecy drawn from the Time at which it was Uttered; The Nature and Function of Types; Are there Analogical Prophecies regarding the Kingdom of God in Heathenism? Fulfilment in General and in the New Testament; History of the Treatment of the Subject by Christian Theologians. The *first* of the two great sections into which the rest of the work is divided treats of Patriarchal Promises; of Mosaism; and of The Anointed of the Lord; under the general heading 'Prophecy as the Forerunner of the Rise of a National Theocracy on Earth, and as the Accompaniment of its Establishment.' The *second* section, headed 'Prophecy as the Forerunner of the Resuscitation, and Pledge of the Future Final Completion, of the Kingdom of God,' treats of the prophets of the pre-Assyrian Period (Obadiah and Joel); of the Assyrian Period, in the Northern Kingdom (Amos, Hosea, Zechariah, 9-11), in the Southern Kingdom (Isaiah, Micah, Nahum); of the Period of Decline, or Chaldee Period (Zephaniah, Habakkuk, Jeremiah, Zechariah, 12-14); of the Period of Exile (Ezekiel, Isaiah, 40-66); of the Period after the Exile (Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Daniel).

What view does Professor v. Orelli take of the Jewish prophet and his work? He was not simply a poetical or a political genius, or highly religious man, or a member of a special order, as some have maintained, though he might be each and all of these; still less should he be regarded as a religious enthusiast, who confounded his own fancies or conclusions with divine communications; but he was a man whom the Spirit of God specially visited, and specially endowed, for special purposes. In other words, he was specially called, and specially empowered for the execution of a task beyond his natural inclinations and powers.

Nor did he give utterance merely to what he had himself thought out, or inferred, or hoped, or feared; but to the things which were unveiled to him by the Spirit of God. Hence his name, *Seer*, one who sees or beholds. What he thus beheld, though invisible, was as real as the visible things he beheld in his ordinary condition. He was further under compulsion to speak forth what was revealed to him: the Spirit Who unveiled from without, also impelled from within. Hence such expressions as 'Burden of the Lord,' 'Mouth or Speaker of God.'

It must not be supposed, however, that he was merely a *foreteller* of future events. He was that, but he was also more than that. Unveiled to him and uttered forth by him, were the ways, the footsteps, the thoughts, the purposes of God; and these might be either past, present, or to come.

All this involved no suppression of the personality of the prophet. The man whom God called was used just as God's Spirit found him, with his natural capacities of intellect and emotion, with his previous training, with his surroundings. Being a Jew he spake as a Jew, he gave his message with the colouring imposed on him by the time and circumstances in which he lived—religious, moral, social, political. This has sometimes been described as 'accommodation.' 'Accommodation,' however, implies that a speaker deliberately selects the mode in which he presents his message; whereas it would have been as unnatural for a Jewish prophet to speak other than he actually did, as for an Englishman to speak after the manner of a German. No greater mistake can be committed than to suppose that the Spirit of God interferes with or suppresses individuality: He heightens, quickens, invigorates a man's natural powers, so far as they are good, and purges what in them is evil.

Yet though that which had been revealed to the prophet was set forth by him in forms borrowed from the time and circumstances in which he lived, modified of course by his own mind, there was always a something even in the very style of his utterances, but especially in their matter, that pointed out beyond themselves. Those who heard, or read them, were compelled, in proportion to their sensitiveness, to ask, 'Of whom or what speaketh the prophet these things?' Nor did he himself always know the full scope and significance of his words. Does any true preacher at his best know? How much less one of whom God had taken special possession!

The great subject of prophecy—its specific subject—was the kingdom of God, in its development and final consummation—the will of God, so far as He deemed it good to make it known. Whatever bore upon this might be the subject of a prophetic word—exhortations, warnings, promises, predictions; yea, even the law and the religious institutions of Israel. Hence, Moses was primarily and specifically a prophet, and for the very reason just assigned—he made known the will of God in relation to His kingdom.

With regard to the *fulfilment* of prophecy, Professor v. Orelli thinks that this *never takes place till the whole truth contained in it has become a living actuality.* The central idea of the Old Covenant, in every aspect of it, has found realization in Christ—law and prophecy alike. But this is only true of His *personal life*, not yet of His kingdom. As far as that is concerned, the Old Testament prophetical word—law, prophecy proper, type—still awaits fulfilment, and may not be regarded as fulfilled, till the whole earth is full of the glory of God and all men magnify His holy Name.

Such are some of the ideas of the author on matters of more immediate and general interest. There is very much more to which we should willingly have directed the attention of our readers, had space permitted. The author's relation to critical questions may be judged from the fact that he accepts the division of Isaiah and Zechariah into two parts, each by different writers, and relegates the authorship of the book of Daniel to 175-164 before Christ, besides ascribing to it in other respects a peculiar position and character. At the same time, he is far from following the example of those German critics, whose *à priori*, anti-supernatural, and unsound reconstructions of Old Testament history have found so warm an advocate in Dr. Robertson Smith, and others.

We trust Professor v. Orelli's work may find many eager and thoughtful students in this country :—whether it does or not, it deserves them.

POPULAR HANDBOOK OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES, Vols. i. and ii. By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. London : Sunday School Union.

Dr. Kennedy has already done good service in the sphere of 'Christian Evidence' by his work on 'The Gospels—Their Age and Authorship,' and in these handbooks he furnishes a very masterly defence of Christianity. The first part is devoted to 'Theism and Related Subjects,' what he says in the Introduction is quite true: 'Men demand of us that we shall meet them first on gound anterior to the question who and what Jesus Christ was.' His chapter on 'Agnosticism : (*a*) The Intellect cannot rest in it ; (*b*) Morally wrong to rest in it,' is the best in the book. A survey of the printed contents will literally surprise the reader that so much can be debated, and in no sense superficially treated, in a volume of a hundred and twenty-one pages.

The second part is devoted to the direct treatment of 'Christian Evidences,' and deals with the 'Historic Beginnings of Christianity;' 'The Founder of Christianity—What He was according to Himself and His first Followers.' 'The Gospel Portraiture of Jesus Christ—Internal Evidence of its Reality;' 'The Jesus Christ of the Gospels foretold in the Old Testament—The Testimony of Prophecy;' 'The Jesus Christ of the Gospels certified by His Miracles;' 'The Jesus Christ of the Gospels certified by His Resurrection from the Dead' and 'Corroborative Evidences.' This is the most compact, the most complete, and the most convincing little volume we ever read. We should like to see it in the hands of all our young people. It would make a capital class-book for our senior Bible Classes in the Sunday School, and we congratulate the Sunday School Union on publishing such a volume as this. It is orderly and logical, and not at all dry or formal, but full of spiritual feeling, and written in an eloquent style free from all meretricious rhetoric. We cannot too highly recommend it as an antidote to indifference and scepticism, and as a volume fitted to establish our sons and daughters in the Christian faith. It has our very warmest word of commendation.

THE CITY OF GOD : A Series of Discussions on Religion. By A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D. London : Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

We need not call special attention to Dr. Fairbairn's writings ; he is fairly looked up to as a master on the subject on which he treats. His 'Studies in the Life of Christ,' and 'Studies in the Philosophy of Religion and History,' have prepared us for the work of a man quite abreast of the thought of his age—well read in German literature, and with a mind which has calibre enough to be wisely independent in its judgments. Some students are mastered by their studies. Dr. Fairbairn is master of his. We are all deeply interested in such subjects as the Professor treats of in this volume : The reconciling of theistic and scientific notions ; the mutual relations of theology and science ; the need of a constructive theistic argument adapted to the new conception of nature. His treatment of Christ in History in Part III. is perhaps the most profound and the most interesting, especially the fourth heading of the subject: A society spiritually constituted ; working from the unit to the mass ; its consequent universalism ; its adaptability to various forms of polity. A society universal existing only for and by the truth ; individuals made heroes through Christ. The moral power of the love of Christ ; on the individual and the race. This power in history ; creative of the personalities that have made history ; the inspiration of our service of man.

We have no space to do justice by any quotations of this scientific, spiritual, and scholarly work. The profound interest taken now in

matters of Christian philosophy ought to lead to a fresh edition being called for at once of this most able volume.

THE TRIPARTITE NATURE OF MAN. By REV. J. B. HEARD, M.A. Fifth edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, George Street.

That this volume should be called for in a fifth edition is sufficient testimony to Mr. Heard's great ability in the treatment of such a subject. The preface fairly exhibits *what* that subject is. There are two parts of human nature—the body and psyche, or sense and intellect, of which Aristotle knew as much as we do; and a third faculty—the pneuma of St. Paul, which lies wholly beyond the psychical man's horizon, and of which all that we know is to be gathered from one book—the Bible. Thus, of the three forms of consciousness—sense, self, and God-consciousness—Philosophy can tell us of the two former; Revelation alone discovers to us the existence of the third and highest. And again, the theology of the Bible tells us of the *function* of spiritual-mindedness; its psychology tells us of the *organ* itself. It appears that the volume has, in an appendix, a discussion concerning Dr. Crawford's view of the General Fatherhood of God, and Dr. Candlish's view of the Particular Fatherhood of God, which will make the volume highly interesting in Scotland. It is certainly an ably written and most suggestive book.

OLD TESTAMENT REVISION. A Handbook for English Readers. By J. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The writer has embodied, he says, in these pages a number of what appear to him improved translations of Old Testament passages, without having the least idea whether or not these have been adopted by the Revision Company. Dr. Roberts is well known as an author by his most able work, 'Discussion on the Gospels,' published by Macmillan and Co. In chapter ix., in this volume, he broaches his favourite argument of the habitual use of the Greek language by Christ. We think, if anyone *could* convince us of this, it would be Dr. Roberts; but we retain our original conviction that He usually spoke Aramæan. We do not believe Greek to have been the dominant language of Judea at the commencement of our era. We have been intensely interested in this volume. It gives an interesting insight into the language of the Old Testament, and is exceedingly honest in its endeavours to give the right readings. The Messianic references are well maintained, and we quite agree with Dr. Roberts when he remarks: 'I am afraid it must be said that the self-styled "critical" school of interpreters is distinguished by a tendency always, if possible, to set aside any reference in Old Testament passages to a coming Messiah. But why should this be so? What is the Old Testament without its Christology?' Students will find much to profit them in this excellent volume.

MOSES AND GEOLOGY; OR, THE HARMONY OF THE BIBLE WITH SCIENCE. By SAMUEL KINNS, Ph.D. Third edition. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Most Christian thinkers have come to the conclusion that the Bible was not intended to teach science, and manifold have been the attempts to make Genesis harmonize with the scientific discoveries of modern times. From a geological point of view, we cannot say that they have been completely successful. The attempt to show such harmony has again been made by Dr. Kinns, and we are bound to say he has done it with remarkable ability, and with very careful research. The volume is quite splendidly got up. It is printed on the very best paper, and the illustrations are remarkably well done. Though some of them have

appeared before in Figuier's book, yet, as a series, they are very complete, and admirably illustrative of the creative eras.

Dr. Kinns has succeeded in showing that there is no disharmony in regard to *order* in the successive eras of creative operation. He gives the order of fifteen creative events as taught by science, and shows how it corresponds with that given by Moses.

He proceeds to prove that all these events happened in the Biblical order, with probable intervals of thousands, it may have been millions, of years between each; and in his scientific inductions he quotes Mr. H. W. Bristow, F.R.S., Director of the Geological Survey of England and Wales, as having examined the proofs of the geological chapters, and other well-known scientific gentlemen as corroborating human physiology, oriental antiquities, Assyrian tablets, etc., and a learned Rabbi aids him in the proper translation of the Hebrew words. With great perspicuity he arranges his facts and arguments, and treads the fields as if he thoroughly enjoyed the study, and was devoutly thankful to have reached his conclusions. However much Christian men may differ with him as to the question whether it is not rather perilous to put upon the Bible, as a revelation of divine truths to the religious heart of man, the burden of harmonizing with the exact sciences unknown to men then, and likely to imperil their understanding of religious truth, if enforced by scientific illustrations contrary to their *then* experiences of nature, it is certain that all will sympathize with the devout endeavour which Dr. Kinns has made. We earnestly wish that there had not been so many laudatory references to 'bishops,' 'noblemen,' and 'eminent men' in the opening pages, as the age of such 'anointings' is dead as Dryden, and departed, we thought, for evermore. The author has our hearty good-wishes for the wide circulation of his well-prepared volume.

WHY ARE WE DISSENTERS? By EUSTACE R. CONDER, D.D. Fourth edition. Being three lectures on the principles of Evangelical Nonconformity. London: John Snow and Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

This is a republication of a little work long out of print. Certainly, 'the number of Dissenters is not small who hold their principles lightly,' as Dr. Conder says; and it is well for our young people to be taught that our Nonconformity to-day is no mere accident of birth, but has its root in principles of allegiance to Christ in its political aspect, and in principles of Evangelical obedience as opposed to a system which finds a home for the sacerdotalism of Rome.

THE LAMB OF GOD: Expositions of the Writings of St. John. By W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Thoughtful—tender—truly suggestive, beautifully simple, and yet full of literary charm.

THE TRAINING OF THE TWELVE. By A. B. BRUCE, D.D. Third Edition, Revised and Improved. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

We have had occasion before to refer in the very highest terms to Dr. Bruce's volume on 'The Parabolic Teaching of Christ.' His ability is seen in the fact that this is the third edition of a volume published first in 1871. The title carries with it the real burden of the book; and surely no subject can be more intensely interesting, to Christian teachers especially, than the study of the way in which the first disciples were *trained*, and so under discipline for the Apostolate. Dr. Bruce is familiar with continental literature, is truly Evangelical in doctrine and spirit, is most careful and scholarly in all his arguments and homiletic

teachings, and we can imagine no work more lastingly useful to all whose life-work it is to teach others. In all Christian households this will be an admirable volume for those 'quiet' hours which give opportunity for enriching the mind as well as inspiring the heart. We need a constructive scriptural theology, and Dr. Bruce is ably aiding this great end.

THE HOMILIST. REV. URIJAH R. THOMAS. Vol. I. Eclectic Series. London: W. Mack, 4, Paternoster Square.

When a periodical can print on its first page 'Vol. fifty-first from commencement,' it carries its own commendation with it. A year ago the present editor commenced his work in succession to his able predecessor and father, Dr. Thomas; and he has done it with great freshness and force. Some of the smaller etchings are the best, and free from the stiffness which characterizes some. What the editor calls 'Seedlings' and 'Breviaries,' contain the best things in the volume, such as 'Sins of Omission,' by E. Girdlestone, M.A.; 'A Characteristic Word of St. Mark,' by J. P. Gledstone. Taken throughout, however, it is a worthy fulfilment of its great aim to inspire preachers with living and quickening thoughts.

WEEK-DAY SERMONS. By R. W. DALE, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The subjects of this volume are related to the Christianity of common life. We have sermons on 'Talebearing,' 'Unwholesome Words,' 'Anger,' 'Cheerfulness,' 'The Discipline of the Body,' 'Amusements,' 'Summer Holidays,' 'Christmas Parties'—all capitally handled. The author says: 'There is no reason why these Week-day Sermons should not be read on Sundays. If week-days are never thought about on Sundays, will not Sundays be forgotten on week-days? Would it not be well for every man to spend one hour on the first day of the week thinking over—not the business affairs—but the morality of the other six?' Mr. Dale further suggests that as they are about every-day life, some readers may think them 'unspiritual,' and he adds: 'In the sense in which some good people use the word "spiritual," the Bible is in many parts extremely unspiritual.' We cannot read the preliminary chapter without feeling that we should like to transport it 'bodily' into the *Evangelical*, and perhaps we shall yet do so. It need scarcely be said that Mr. Dale does not ignore those higher elements of feeling which characterize spiritual life. 'God forbid,' he says, 'that I should depreciate those lofty acts of the soul in which it holds communion with the Father of Spirits, meditates on the love of Christ, strives to penetrate more deeply into the mysterious glory of His atonement for sin, and longs after every channel through which those streams of spiritual life and power can flow which have their springs in the living God.' This combination of true spirituality with every-day life religiousness of word and deed is the glory and beauty of Evangelical Christianity. This volume is full of wholesome words, and we most heartily commend it to all those who are gifted with common-sense in Christian thinking.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA. Edited by EDWARDS AND PARK. London: Trübner and Co., 1883.

The articles on 'The Proposed Reconstruction of the Pentateuch,' and 'Positivism as a Working System,' are worth the whole price of the January number; and as the periodical is in its fifty-third year, we may remark that it has lost none of its literary excellence and thoroughness. No Christian scholar should be without this learned review.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BUILDING. Letters by REV. J. C. GALLAWAY, M.A. London: John Snow and Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Gallaway has done such loyal service to Congregationalism by his able and energetic leadership in Congregational Church Building, that these weighty letters deserve careful perusal. They certainly fulfil the author's aim: 'to help readers generally to a better insight into the true nature and bearings of the work itself, and to awaken such spiritual sympathy with it as will lead to its wider and more steadfast support.' From many remarks in these letters, we see that Mr. Gallaway has understanding of the times, and comprehends the need of the sympathy and good-will of all kindred institutions.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY. By G. GRANVILLE BRADLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

These pages are the record of a friend. They contain, in fact, a course of lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. 'The subject on which I spoke,' says the author, 'was one of exceeding interest to myself.' Exactly! The consequence is that there is not a dull or dry sentence in the little volume, and it is full of interest to the end. There is much in it to stimulate to Christian service, and here and there it moves the very centre of the soul.

DICTIONARY AND CONCORDANCE OF BIBLE WORDS AND SYNONYMS. By ROBERT YOUNG, LL.D. Edinburgh: George Adam Young and Co.

This is a volume which exhibits the use of ten thousand Greek and English words occurring in upwards of eighty thousand passages in the New Testament, so as to form a key to the hidden meanings of the Sacred Scriptures. Surely every minister or student of the Bible will be glad to avail himself of such a monument of toil as this work, by the author of the well-known 'Analytical Concordance to the Bible.' It is given to few men to exercise the scholarly patience and research needed for such a dictionary as this.

EARLY DEATH.—'What is this voice to us?' says Bonar of the early death of M'Cheyne. 'Only this much we can clearly see, that nothing was more fitted to leave his character and example impressed on our remembrance for ever than his early death. There might be envy while he lived; there is none now. There might have been some of the youthful attractiveness of his graces lost had he lived many years; this cannot be impaired now. It seems as if the Lord had struck the flower from the stem ere any of the colours had lost their bright hues, or any leaf its fragrance.'

HAVE you ever thought of the life of a child? Why, the life of a child is a perfect life of faith. That little child, what can it do? Why, that little child could not find its way to the street-end and back again. It would be lost if you trusted it alone. That little child could not find the next meal. If you left that little child it would die of want. That little child could not furnish a shelter for its own head to-night; and yet, has that little child any fear about it? Has that little child any sort of alarm about it? Not at all! How comes it that the child's life is the happy life it is? Because, instinctively and beautifully, it is a life of faith.—*S. Coley.*

Photographed by Adams & Stilliard. Southampton

I am
Yours faithfully
E J Sonthon.

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1883.

DR. E. J. SOUTHON.

THE Central African Mission of the London Missionary Society was commenced in the year 1877. Noble men have laid down their lives in founding it, and others are bravely endeavouring to establish it. Captain Hore, the discoverer of the Lukuga River; the Rev. W. Griffith, who for long like a lonely sentinel has been in Uguha, and others, live; but the graves of the missionary statesman Dr. Mullens, of the devoted Thomson and the ardent Dodgshun, of the earnest Williams and the heroic Southon, may be seen at Mpwapwa, at Kigoma near Ujiji, and at Urambo.

> 'These graves are all too young as yet
> To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
> Its charge to each.'

Ebenezer J. Southon was born in Gosport, on August 23rd, 1850. When he was but three years old he lost his father, who was a local preacher among the Baptists. On his widowed mother devolved the responsibility of training a large family. He received his early education in the British Schools in Cowes, he was of a studious turn, and took pleasure in his leisure hours in rambling in search of insects and reptiles. He was apprenticed to a grocer in Ventnor, in which town he joined the Baptist Church. Before completing his apprenticeship he entered a situation as foreman in a warehouse in Brighton. Circumstances induced him to go to New York and to Texas, where he became an assistant to an army surgeon, and obtained his degree of M.D., U.S.A. In 1871 he returned to England, and was fortunate in becoming an assistant to a very intelligent and well-informed medical man in Hackney. After this he resumed his former calling, and held situations in Birley and Southampton. During that time he was a member of the church at Albion Chapel, Southampton, then under the pastoral care of

the Rev. S. March, B.A. Many lovingly remember him as a most devoted and active Christian. In his spare hours he worked hard in learning French and Spanish. The missionary enterprise now engaged his attention: information as to the open fields, and the fewness of the labourers, affected him, and induced him to offer himself to the London Missionary Society. He was accepted and sent to Edinburgh for two years' training, where it was his privilege to be under the care of Dr. Lowe of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. One of his fellow-students, referring to that period, remarks: 'While he studied in Edinburgh he attended the ministry of the Rev. J. Putlsford, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and there is still a fragrant memory at Albany Street of the man, whose prayers stirred the devotion of the prayer-meeting, and whose sympathy and gentleness drew all hearts to him in the Sabbath schools. He was an earnest worker in the Free Breakfast Mission, in the Cowgate Dispensary, and in other departments of Christian religious activity. As a student he introduced one or two inventions into the Infirmary, and gave promise of a brilliant career. No one would have been ashamed to be the owner of Dr. Southon's note-book. We remember one Sunday on which he conducted no less than five services, beginning with the Free Breakfast, and ending with a sermon in one of the city churches.' Before his term of training closed great trials befell the Central African Mission—sickness and death had overtaken beloved brethren, the experiment of the waggon-system had failed, and complications had arisen as to the detention of goods for the former missionary party. The Mission had to be reinforced at once, and Dr. Mullens nobly volunteered his services, and Dr. Southon and Mr. Griffith instantly responded to the necessities of the case. These brethren left England in April, 1879, and Zanzibar, June 13th, *en route* for Ujiji.

About that time it was well said concerning the work—'To have to travel 600 or 700 miles, every inch of it, measured by the weary tread of human feet, and to be accompanied by 200 or 300 porters, not simply to carry one's baggage, but even to carry the very money with which you have to pay your way, is no holiday excursion; and to have to deal with native chiefs of difficult and capricious tempers, with difficult and oftentimes opposing interests, demands qualities of the highest statesmanship.'

But Dr. Southon had lived a many-sided life; this prepared him for such work. For as one previously quoted says: 'In America he had acted as a schoolmaster, as a newspaper reporter, as a commercial traveller, as a mercantile clerk, as a journalist, as a sewing-machine agent, as a surgeon in the

American army, as assistant to Dr. Trueheart in Texas. At the same time he showed the writer a book he had bound, a writing-desk he had made, and a snake-skin he had dried. To illustrate the versatility of his mind, we may add that he wrote verses of no mean order with wonderful facility, read both French and German, and spoke the former language—was a most powerful preacher, a very fair musician, a first-rate carpenter, an excellent cook, a good shot, a delightful story-teller, and as popular in a drawing-room as he was tender in an infirmary ward.'

On him the conduct of the caravan largely depended; but that which he regarded as being to him, with his robust health as 'a mere picnic, no bustle, no care, no anxiety,' soon proved too much for Dr. Mullens. He fell ill, and notwithstanding the tender care and skill of Dr. Baxter of the Church Missionary Society, Dr. Southon, and Mr. Griffith, he died in Chikombe, and was interred by the brethren in the burialground of the Church Missionary Society at Mpwapwa on the 12th of July.

How graphically Dr. Southon described that sad day! 'On the morning of July 12th, a very mournful procession started from Mr. Last's house for the burialground of the Church Missionary Society at Mpwapwa. Solemnly and silently the procession wended its way down into deep gorges, now across the level road, then across the little hill. On either side the primeval forest stood in all its beauty, the lighter foliage of the mimosa mingling with the darker green of huge castor-oil plants. Forest trees, and a thousand different shrubs, made an effect decidedly pretty. Overhead the morning sun glints on the hill-tops behind and above us, and shines on the plains beneath and in front of us. Not a sound is heard, save an occasional whisper and steady tramp, tramp, of men who carry the burden. Just before arriving at the grave the solemn words of Holy Writ sounded in the stillness: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten," etc. After placing the coffin near the grave, and then lowering it into it, Mr. Griffith offered up a prayer, and then read the ordinary burial service. I closed the service with a short prayer. Another look at the coffin, and he is left in peace.

'When we turned from the grave,' says Dr. Southon, 'we fully realized our loss; but the Almighty's arms were around us, and we were comforted.'

'Perplexed, but not in despair,' he led the caravan by a somewhat new route through Ugogo, calling at many important places, and having friendly intercourse with chiefs and people. At length he arrived at Urambo, and at once had an interview with the great chief, Mirambo; and though his first impressions of the chief were of a decidedly unpleasant nature, by his firm-

ness, tact, and surgical skill, the visit proved to be satisfactory in many ways. Thus friendship with Mirambo was commenced. Favourable relations were established, an opening was offered for a station at Urambo, a most important centre for missionary operations, and a large portion of the detained goods was restored. Greatly encouraged he pressed on to Ujiji, which he reached on September 23rd, 1879, being heartily welcomed by Captain Hore and Mr. Hutley. Dr. Southon's amazing energy and great ability in the management of men were constantly displayed in this journey. It was the quickest on record from the coast to the Lake Tanganyika, being but 99 days, the quickest previously being that of Stanley from Bagamoyo, which occupied 236 days. The desertions of bearers were far fewer than usual. 'Other caravans had lost from twenty-five to fifty, and some of them ninety per cent. by desertion. I only lost *three* men at the coast, and seven left me when the journey was nearly completed. He was able to write of his followers: 'The men are cheerful, happy, and contented. Grumbling is rarely heard; *quarrelling never.* We are very much like a happy family, of which I am the honoured head.' The missionaries now at Ujiji conferred together, and it was arranged that Dr. Southon should return to Urambo. This he did, arriving there October 26th; and there he remained until his death. With the exception of two months, during which he enjoyed the companionship of the Rev. D. Williams, who died September 24th, 1881, he was *alone!* Who can understand the meaning of this? —few indeed. But He who trod the winepress alone was with His servant. By His help he proved himself to be the possessor in no common measure of the qualifications of the true missionary. His enthusiasm for Christ and Missions was intense; he knew something of perils among the heathen, of perils in the wilderness, and of other perils, but none of these things moved him. He joyfully made sacrifice 'No one will ever know until we meet "over there" what sufferings, privations, and hardships the Central African Mission has cost its pioneers; and even as we value that which has cost us most, so those of us who survive feel that no sacrifice is too great, no exertion too prolonged, and no suffering too deep for us to endure if we can but attain the end.'

He was an incessant worker. His letters to his friends, as well as his journals, afford proof of this. He laboured hard to acquire the Kiswahili and the Kinyamwezi, sufficiently reducing the latter to written form to enable him to prepare 'a reader' for his boys. Very careful was he in his scientific observations —his barometer, his rain-gauge, his hygrometer, were in constant use. Great was his delight in the pursuit of natural history and

botany, but before all he was active in his mission work. He *must* have toiled in his loneliness to have been able in a little more than a year to write as follows: 'During the past twelve months more than 1,600 persons have received medicine, surgical assistance and advice from me personally at the Mission House.' He was not the medical *man*, but emphatically the medical *missionary*. 'In severe cases the Wanyamwezi send to me to visit them in their own homes. When I enter into a house for the purpose of visiting a sick person a crowd generally collects round the door. Systematically I draw their attention to the relationship which exists between God and man, and preach to them Christ while on earth, especially His treatment of the sick. Leading up from these I gradually unfold the grand truths of the Atonement, redemption through Christ, and man's need of a Saviour.'

In his next, and as it has proved to be his last, annual report, after referring to financial questions and improved mail service, also to his boys' school, and his little hospital, and the work done therein, he states: 'Evangelistic efforts have during the year been made in every direction around Urambo. Most of the large towns have been visited, and a systematic course of instruction carried out. Many of the smaller villages have been itinerated, and, though in a feeble way, Christ and Him crucified have been preached to the people.' Truly his labours were abundant. He was a believer in the power of prayer. In Southampton, in Edinburgh, and in Africa, he was known as a man of prayer. His work was carried on in the spirit of prayer. How constantly in his letters did he appeal for the prayers of his friends! After this fashion did he plead for this—'Pray so earnestly that you shall agonize before God, that His Spirit may prepare the soil into which the good seed of the kingdom is to be dropped; pray so diligently that the throne of God may be besieged with ardent supplications that His blessing may fill the earthen vessel commissioned to proclaim His Truth. Do not let the subject drop after a few weeks, but let it burn into your very natures as though each of you were a missionary selected to aid the cause of God by your prayers.'

But there was no vainglorying or boasting with him. 'If I have succeeded when others have failed—if health and vigour were mine when disease and death were the portion of others—if courage in time of danger, strength in time of temptation, have characterized my actions, should we say anything in praise of the individual? No; a thousand times, no! Let us turn from him to adore the Father; let us praise the Infinite Son; let us praise the Guide, Comforter, and Protector in the person of the Holy Spirit, "One in Three, Three in One," co-

eternal for our new humanity, be all praise and glory for evermore!'

But Dr. Southon's day for work on earth was to be a brief one. In June of last year, after seven months of hard work without any break, wearied and ill, he felt it needful to go out for a day or two for change and rest. Among others who accompanied him was his faithful servant, Uledi—who accidentally discharged his rifle, and the charge shattered Dr. Southon's left arm. In the midst of his agony he had strength and courage to write two letters to his brother. One is dated July 3rd. In it he gives an account of the accident; of his instructions as to bandaging the shattered limb, and for conveying him back to Urambo; of the great sorrow of Mirambo; of the visit of Mr. A. J. Copplestone, of the Church Missionary Society; and of his instructions to that gentleman, though not a medical man, for the amputation of the arm. It is not surprising that Mr. Copplestone should write: 'At the first sight of his frightfully shattered arm I almost "went off." However, I soon recovered, and sat down by his bedside. He told me what he wished me to do, *i.e.*, to cut off the arm above the elbow. I could scarcely bear to think of my task; but knowing it to be a case of life and death, I nerved myself up to do what I possibly could.' On the next morning the operation had to be performed. 'I never felt so weak in my life, but I relied upon God. I seemed to have nerve for anything, and I doubt not that, however imperfectly the work was done, it was done according to His will and guidance.' In the letter referred to, Dr. Southon, concerning the operation, writes: 'Thank God, at last he got through; and considering he never did anything of the kind before, he made an excellent job of it;' and touchingly concludes, 'I bless God my trust in Him is strong, or stronger than ever; and if He allows me to live, I will do Him good service yet—if not here, in some other part of His vineyard. But, oh! if He calls me to be with Mullens and Thomson and others gone on before, how gladly will I respond, and joyfully "knock off work" here!' The other letter, and the last he ever wrote, was dated July 22nd, four days before his death, and enclosed in an envelope with the words 'To be sent after death' written thereon. It is, indeed, a wonderful letter; we would that it could be given as a whole, but that is impossible. Two or three sentences may be quoted. 'I feel I can't last much longer.' 'I cannot tell you how I should welcome death.' 'Tell everybody (*i.e.*, if I die) that my most earnest wish was to die at my post; but if I die I shall not leave the work, but shall be more efficient to aid it.' 'Don't grieve for me. I would you could be glad, positively glad, and rejoice most unmistakably about the event.' 'I leave no regret

behind except as to the unfinished way in which I leave my work to my successor; but even that is swept off by knowing that He will have it so. Good-bye, and good-bye all true friends. Let your efforts be to carry on the work by prayer and money, if none can give themselves. In the holy unity of God and man, heaven and earth—I remain, your angel brother (signed) EBB.' Another operation was necessary. On the 24th, with the assistance of Dr. Bohn, of Ugunda, this was performed by Mr. Copplestone, who wrote, 'He reminded me of the "terrible task" I had before me. Before we began to administer chloroform he engaged in prayer, so full of hope and trust, not fearing what the issue might be.' On the 26th those around him felt that the end was near—his breathing became less and less distinct—a happy smile rested on his countenance, and he was not, for God had taken him. Thus, at the early age of thirty-one, this Christian hero died, and his body was laid in the grave beside that of David Williams, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, for those who sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him. D. S.

EXPECTATION.

'MY expectation is from Him,' says the Psalmist, and there is nothing that fills life with such joy and rest as expectation! It is the 'beyond' of human history, and no landscape is beautiful without perspective!

We must either crush or change our nature to do without expectation. So far as we know, this belongs alone to man. Amid the created beings on earth; he alone can look behind into the fields of memory, and before to the hills of hope. Man cannot browse like the cattle on present pastures alone! When he has ascended the hill-top of creation, he looks across the blue and purple sea for the outlines of the land that is 'afar off.'

This is no modern development of humanity. It is not the result of civilization or education, it is one of the root-instincts of man's nature! It is older than David, old as the patriarch who by faith, looked for a city which had foundations, whose builder was God. We are here to-day as pilgrims. We were born into the world as strangers, and we shall die as strangers. Earth at its best mocks us! It is full of disappointments! Nothing abides. Day gives place to night, summer to winter, the garden to the grave! We have no continuing city.

Whence then comes this longing within us for continuance? If every instinct has its meaning, and every desire its object, why not this? Is it in the highest region of being alone that we are to be disappointed men?

David walked in a dimmer light than we do, but there was a 'beyond' in his life. 'I shall be satisfied,' he says, 'when I awake with Thy likeness.' Isaiah felt it! 'Thy sun,' he says, 'shall no more go down, nor thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.'

But it was Christ that brought life and immortality to light. Heaven came with Him down to earth. As He came forth from the Father, all the heavenly light surrounded Him. The Gospels are illuminated with its glory! Home is His benediction; it is the last and dearest promise of His dying days—'In My Father's house are many mansions. . . 'I go to prepare a place for you.'

Christian expectation, however, not only involves this, but it includes all that leads to it. We are 'born from above,' we are disciplined by sorrow, made enduring by tribulation, tested by temptation, sanctified by suffering; these things are no longer accidents in human history, nor fatalisms in human experience. There is always 'expectation,' not from change or chance, or self-conquest, but from God! 'My expectation is from Him.'

It will not be Disappointed.

'God is not a man that He should lie, or the Son of man that He should repent.' God's Word is the expression of His immutable counsel. It is not to be supposed that every human expectation we entertain God endorses and approves. These may be vain and foolish; they may conflict with the great expectation. He has promised to preserve us from all evil, and He will perform that! He has promised that through the crucible of life all events shall come forth in beneficent shapes, and He will perform that! He has promised that all deeds of patience, love, and heroism, shall be remembered, even to the cup of cold water, and He will perform that! He has promised that none shall pluck us out of the good hands, and He will perform that! He has promised not to forsake us in the last waterfloods, and to welcome us on the eternal shores, and as He stands at the edge of the breakers He will perform that!

We are pointed to the history of all ages for the attestation of this, and a mighty chorus of voices join in the refrain, 'He is faithful that promised.'

Let every Christian remember, therefore, that all is well. The sentries around every pavilion of God—'pavilions' that shelter His children—re-echo the watchword, 'All's well.'

Our human expectations are disappointed. The fair flower of human life puts forth a few blossoms to the morning air, and then droops and dies. The tide that seemed smoothly bearing

us along to some earthly harbour of promise, turns before evening and leaves us to nightfall and resurgent waters. The triumphal welcome to Jerusalem gave place to 'Crucify Him.' The nerves in their highest tension of power become like a jarring harp. The friends we made tryst with cross the ocean, die, and we see them no more. No life closes without many disappointed expectations. The sky is overcast at noonday. The smiling ocean turns to yeasty madness. The perspective of Peter's throne changed in the near horizon to a cross. But then the wise man knows that a few years at longest bury all expectations in the dust. There 'the rich and the poor meet together;' there conquered Cavalier and victorious Roundhead lie lanceless and nameless in a common grave. There honour's reputation is hushed, and the bugle-note that proclaimed a victor's march is as silent as the clank of the chains which the slaves wore in their sad procession through Rome's Capenian gate.

Expectations? Oh, think of the busy, bustling, wrangling, self-seeking crowd of men and women among whom you mingled yesterday! Not a crown but begins to fade as it is put on. Not an expectation that being gained, is not far less enjoyed in the possession than in the pursuit.

And then in the quiet church of God thank Him that you are a Christian; that you know in Whom you have believed; that your crown and kingdom are secure, and that Jesus will keep that which you have committed to Him to the last great day; so that if you love Him, and are loyal to Him, in motive and service, no man can take away your crown.

It will not be altogether Deferred.

God will reward your expectation here. That is, if you have the spiritual vision, as Paul says, that can discern spiritual things. The rainbow of promise is not only over the heavenly fields, its beautiful arch is over us here. Has God promised a conscious manifestation of Himself to you? and have you not felt, when alone, that still voice, that gracious touch, that mystery of comfort which tells you God is near, His spirit witnessing with your spirit, and for an end which you desire most of all, that you may know you are His child? Has God promised that you shall not labour in vain? and have you? Do you not know where the tender herb has sprung forth? and where your words have been as an amulet in memory? and where your visits have been as dew on parched grass? and where your revelations of truth have removed the eclipse of faith? and where long habit has been broken? and where solitude has lost its cheerlessness, through the Christ you have not preached for nought? Labour in vain! What, when lambs in

the heavenly pastures know that in the Good Shepherd's name you opened the fold to them? and God's enemies know that you have often defeated them? No! In Heaven you will be welcomed by multitudes who first trod the holy way through you. Many a time in your life, thoughts like these must have been the rich banquet of your memory; many a time you must have said, all my expectation of reward here has been more than fulfilled. Verily the Prophet's words are true, 'His reward is with Him.'

Nor is it otherwise when we devoutly consider the events that have befallen us in life. We have no magician's mirror, in which to see the might-have-been, that strange longing of many lives! There are moments, no doubt, when many feel what sunny orchards they might have entered, and what angels they might have entertained! but then they knew not what the end of that way was. The smoothest river, where even a summer fly makes a ripple on the water, often leads to the wildest water-rush; the brightest day often sets in darkness and in storms. You have no key into these chambers of the palace Might-have-been—no guide but Imagination—the falsest guide of all!

But you do know what God has done for you. You believed His promise, 'As thy day thy strength shall be,' and He has not disappointed you. You trembled amid the glaciers of new temptations, but when your foot well-nigh slipped, His mercy held you up; your harvest failed, like Jacob's, but Joseph was in Egypt, and all was well! You expected much, and God has given you more, and your motto is no new one, it was your fathers and your fathers' fathers. Jehovah Jireh: the Lord will provide.

It will not injure Duty.

I mean this expectation will not, especially as it centres in home and heaven. Some say that it will. A somewhat boastful array of Secularists in our day say that earth would be happier, and the interests of humanity here below, be better attended to, if there were no resting on and seeking after the heaven beyond!

Let us use no hard words to them; let us meet argument by argument! My answer is, that he lives better in the present who lives for the future too! The late President Garfield, it appears, when a young man, wrote an essay on the necessity for a future state, as an argument drawn from the inequalities and oft injustice of man's present life. True! there are judgments here, but how much wrong, rapine, cruelty, murder, goes unredressed! And if man has no expectation that it ever will be redressed, what is to prevent the sensual and the greedy and the

rapacious and the cruel from casting all conscience and consequence to the winds? Live better in the present life if there were no expectation of a future? I emphatically deny it. Even with the worst the dim dread of that future has some effect. And do you really believe that mere utilities, and expediencies, and fairness between men and men, and wholesome custom, and what we mean by moral life, would be best preserved if we limited our thought and time to this world alone? A thousand times No! Dissoluteness would have its wider harvest, and Lawlessness its reign of terror and of blood.

On the other hand, who so likely to be earnest, honest, faithful, kind and pure, as he who believes from his soul that the dear Christ above looks at and judges his most secret thoughts? Who when he makes a new home is likely to be so self-sacrificing and kind as he who lives for immortality and who loves others 'even as Christ gave Himself for the Church'? Who will so guard his words as he who knows that for 'every idle word that man shall speak he must give account thereof at the day of judgment'? Who will act the hero-part like he who knows that the rewards of earth are nothing to the martyr's crown on high?

We are always fetching strength from beyond—strength of endurance to bear trouble, while we look not at the things the Secularists wish us to look at most, at the things which are seen and temporal, but at those things which are unseen and eternal.

No! it will not injure duty to have expectations on high, for he who lives most in heart with the Christ Who is on high, will bring heaven down to bless the weary earth.

It will not Die out.

We need not fear that! Man cannot live well, or live cheerfully, or live long, without this expectation!

It is the charm of the humblest life, and raises it to a level with the highest. It is the solace of the sufferer when pain is wracking the brow, or when bereavement has drained each drop of joy out of the cup of life.

Moreover, it answers to the deepest instincts of our nature. Life even here always wants a beyond. We never in this little life live for to-day only; we are thinking of to-morrow. And have we not a suggestive argument here, that as the little parts of our life are related to some to-morrow here, so the whole of life is related to the great to-morrow beyond?

The child lives for his youth, and the youth is discontented till he is a man. Possession palls as soon as it is reached, and the finder seeks some new spoil to-morrow. I defy you, even in

a human sense, to live only in the present; you are thinking all of you of to-morrow.

So it is impossible for the soul to confine itself to time. The law of our nature forbids it. The soul has wings and will soar on high; like the lark, it sings best at heaven's gate! Speak to us of eternal service and eternal song, of nights that shall come no more, a sun that shall never set, and days of mourning that shall be ended, and the instinct of the soul is at home by expectation in such a land at once!

Thank God it is not an imaginative expectation—it is based on present possession. We have Christ, the immortal life, within us; and we feel that 'whoso liveth and believeth in Him shall never die.'

We must bear, then, all earthly disappointments in the Christian spirit. Who are we that we should have no cross to bear, and no vinegar and gall in the cup of life? We may all have to suffer at times, and none know how much we feel. The disciples had expectations which the Lord had to destroy, and in a new dissolving view they saw thrones of honour melt into chariots of flame.

These words are individual—'*My* expectation;' and there is no real religion without personal faith! Here, too, is the Divine object revealed: the living and the True God. 'My expectation is from Him.'

And if you believe, you have a right to expect much. He that spared not His only Son for you, will with Him also freely give you all things. But He will take care of you, of the real self, of the tenant within the tabernacle.

'Build not your nest in any earthly tree,' says an old and quaint divine, 'for God has sold the forest to death.'

Build higher: in the munition of rocks, on hills higher than the loftiest eagle-flight. Build on Christ and Christ alone! Trust your soul to Him, your hopes to Him, your honour to Him, your health to Him, your reputation to Him, and your reward to Him! Build on the Divine rock which is higher than you are, higher than your friends are, higher than your enemies are!

From that rock you can look beyond; the mountains that now tower above you will dwindle into hills; the sea which seems now so rough will look still as a lake beneath the throne of God; and the last river, whose waters seem at times so deep and high, will look only as a silver line in the valley. Build your every hope on Christ, and you shall never be confounded.

THE EDITOR.

'EVERYONE can master a grief but he that has it.'
Shakespeare.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

I.—What is a Plant?

(*Continued from page* 158.)

10. *Function of Sensation.*—The possession of the power to 'feel' was long held to be peculiar to animals only, and a distinction was based on this supposition, it being thought that this power was wholly absent from plants; moreover, sensation was supposed to be accompanied by the presence of a 'nervous system.' What do we find to be really the case? One of the chief properties of *protoplasm*, or the living substance of animals and plants, is '*contractility*;' we now know that this substance is identical in both sets of organisms; it is also known that the contractility seen in plant protoplasm can be in no way distinguished from that seen in animal protoplasm. Further, it was proved by Dr. Burdon-Sanderson in 1873, that this contraction in Venus' fly-trap, now familiar to my readers, was accompanied by a precisely similar *electrical disturbance* to that which takes place when a human muscle contracts, as in the bending of the arm.

All contraction ensues as the result of the application of some 'stimulus,' such as light, heat, electricity, mechanical irritation, and the like, or by the exercise of the 'will.'

Touch one of the 'tentacles' of a snail, or an anemone, and it is instantly retracted; this is due to the irritation being conveyed by the nervous system of the tentacle of the snail to his muscles, causing them to contract, and so to draw in this tentacle; in the anemone, no definite nervous system exists, and yet it clearly gives evidence of sensation by the immediate withdrawal of its circlet of tentacles. It is easy to show the same kind of result on ourselves by the simple process of touching a hot cinder, or of placing the finger in boiling water. We execute a similar retreat to those above described. Now many cases of so-called *reflex action* are seen in plants. We may at a future time take up the movements of plants as a separate study; here and now I will simply select a few instances of undoubted response to external 'stimuli.' *Light* very frequently is the agent which causes regular and automatic movement; this is seen in the Hedysarum, or 'moving-plant' of Bengal, where the large end leaflet slowly descends as the sun falls, while the two side leaflets perpetually move up and down; in the 'Compass-plant' of the Western Prairies, the sides of whose leaves place themselves east and west, their edges being north and south, a property often made use of by

'trappers' on a dark night; in the stem of the Sun-flower; in the southern inclination of ripe ears of corn, and in other instances.

A similar phenomenon is noticed in the opening and closing of flowers at certain hours, heat as well as light probably being instrumental in some cases; Bindweed opens at 3 a.m., Poppy at 5 a.m., Pimpernel at 8 a.m., Night catch-fly at 6 p.m., Goats-beard closes at noon, the dwellers on the Wye calling it 'John Go-to-bed-at-noon;' Daisy and Marigold in the evening: so Linnæus constructed his 'floral clock.' Probably similar conditions have to do with the closing of the 'poor man's weather-glass' (pimpernel) on the approach of rain, and also with the time of year during which plants are in flower.

We see something akin to all this in what is called the *sleep of plants—i.e.*, the folding of the leaves at night, observed in the Wood-sorrel, the Acacias, Balsam, Melilot and others.

Again, *mechanical irritation* is known to produce contraction in many instances; a footfall will sometimes cause the leaves of the wood-sorrel to close; a touch, the vibration of the ground caused by a trotting-horse, or a passing train, will similarly affect the sensitive-plant (Mimosa), whose beauty Shelley has immortalized; the stamens of the Pellitory, or of the Barberry, when ripe, will spring up suddenly and discharge their pollen-dust on being touched with a fine needle; lastly, the action of the leaves in Venus' fly-trap and Sun-dew * is distinctly responsive to the irritation set up by the intruding insect. Many other examples might be given, all showing contraction analogous to that taking place under the influence of nerve-tissue, so that the theory that plants 'feel' when plucked may not be quite so absurd as is supposed; we may wake some fine morning to discover 'a something' comparable to a nervous system in the plant domain, and Wordsworth may not be so far wrong in saying: ''Tis my faith that every flower *enjoys* the air it breathes.'

On the animal side, the animalcules, sponges, anemones, and some others are devoid of any 'nervous systems'; we meet with none until we come to the jelly-fishes, where Mr. J. G. Romanes' brilliant researches have discovered it. Still, those devoid of this respond, as do many plants, to stimuli of various kinds. Sensation, therefore, must fail as a distinctive mark.

Driven from the ground at every point so far, we will make our final attempt on

11. *The Nature of the Food.*—We have seen that plants are able to decompose *simple compounds*, such as water and carbonic acid. They get their oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon from these

* See p. 155.

chiefly; their nitrogen they obtain from ammonia, or ammonia salts (which contain nitrogen), these being usually dissolved in the water absorbed by the roots. From these simple bodies, they, by *taking away their oxygen*, can 'build up' the compound substances of starch, sugar, cellulose, and the great *nitrogenous body called Protein*, which forms the chief part of their protoplasm; in short, they are able, out of the above simple bodies, together with some mineral phosphates and sulphates—the 'raw materials,' so to speak—to build up their own 'stuffs;' *they are producers.* On the contrary, animals are wholly unable to do this: they need their food ready-made for them, and so they live on plants, or plant-eaters, which contain starch, sugar, protein, etc.; these bodies they 'break down' into simpler substances, and *by adding oxygen to these simple substances* (the reverse of the plant process) make the water, carbonic acid, and ammonia which are given off, to be in due course once more the food of plants—*i.e., they are consumers;* so the circle of life is ever being kept up, and, to use Huxley's apt way of putting it, animals are the 'ideal aristocrats,' as opposed to plants, which are the 'working classes.' Now this *manufacturing power* is the only sharp line of separation that we can find: on the animal side there is no known exception; for them, it holds good, absolutely; in plants, there are at least modifications, if not exceptions. Let us look at these. Many of the higher plants, the parasites before-named, as also the moulds, or Fungi, possessing no chlorophyll, are unable to decompose the simple inorganic bodies for food; still, they are *manufacturers*, for if we supply them with bodies slightly more compound, such as ammonia tartrate (containing carbonic acid), they can build up their protein from these, and *therefore* are plants, not animals. Suppose we 'sow' a single microscopic spore of the greenish mould found on old boots, or jam, in a solution of water containing ammonia tartrate with very little percentage of phosphates and sulphates, keeping it warm, either in darkness or light, we shall very shortly find a thick film of mould formed containing many million times the weight of protein, etc., possessed by the one spore. All this has been manufactured. No chlorophyll, and no sunshine, and yet the work has been done; showing that the *manufacture* can go on independently of both these agents, provided the food is something other than carbonic acid. Again, the *Yeast-plant*, a minute organism causing fermentation in sugary solutions, will flourish if placed in the tartrate solution; but—*and this is important*—if pepsin, a highly nitrogenous body, be added, it flourishes far more abundantly! Here, it seems to feed on ready-made protein, like an animal, and we see no reason to doubt that the fungi of the caterpillar and house-fly, the fungi

of the potato-disease and coffee-disease in those plants, and those parasitic on the human skin, do really feed on the ready-made protein of their hosts, thus resembling animals, although they are undoubtedly plants. Æthalium, or *Flowers-of-tan,* an organism growing around tan-pits, during part of its life, is destitute of a cellulose coat, feeds on protein, takes in solid food and has distinct power of movement, and yet at another period shows distinctly plant-like characters. It is a biological puzzle to us at present. So also are the *Monads* seen in infusions of hay, etc.; these are only $\frac{1}{3000}$*th of an inch* in size, and possess two tiny cilia, the hinder one of which is only $\frac{1}{100000}$*th of an inch in diameter!* These bodies resemble plants in some respects, but in others might with equal truth be placed among animals; we cannot say, as yet, what they are, until their method of feeding is fully ascertained. We see, therefore, that the nature of the food, as a distinctive mark, fails us on the plant side in some cases; *i.e.*, certain plants need more complex bodies provided for them than do others, while many of the moulds appear to live on ready-made protein, *and possibly* could not do without it. At the same time, *physiologically* speaking, *i.e., from a functional point of view,* the most marked feature of plant-life is this power to manufacture protein from less complex bodies; of animal life, its absence.

Let us now gather up our facts from first to last, and see what reply we can give to the query forming the title of our first 'Study.' In form, in the presence of starch, or of chlorophyll, in the power of locomotion, in the presence of circulatory organs, or of nitrogen, and in the functions of respiration and sensation, we can by no means find diagnostic characters, while in the *presence of a cellulose coat in the plant-cell, in digestion followed by absorption, and in the power to manufacture protein,* we have fairly clear lines of demarcation: the *morphological* feature of plants being this *cellulose coat;* of animals, its entire absence: the *physiological* peculiarity of plants, their *manufacturing power;* of animals, the want of it. Finally, seeing that some plants are devoid of the power to make protein out of the simplest compounds, requiring more complex ones, and that some of the Fungi feed on the highly-organized body, protein, itself, and remembering the cases of the 'flowers-of-tan,' and the 'monads,' we are obliged to admit that in many cases the difference between a plant and an animal is one of degree rather than of kind, and that to the question, *Is this animal, or plant?* we must in many cases reply, *We do not know.* One word of caution. Do not imagine that we are trying to prove any *origin* of animals from plants. Were that the case, the lowest animal would be most nearly related to the

highest plant, whereas it is among the lowest forms of both kinds that we find this perplexing identity of form and function. As Dr. Andrew Wilson puts it, 'The two series form a tree with two branches, diverging most widely at their highest forms;' they become more parallel as we go down the scale, meeting below in the *root* of the tree, the speck of *protoplasm*, which by differentiation of one sort and another, guided by the Divine Hand which governs all life, is directed along either the animal or the plant branch. Should further research show the linking in closest union of these first parallel and afterwards divergent lines of life, and entire inability to primarily separate the one from the other in many instances, this result will not lessen the fascination and delight which the study of life and its wonders can and does possess for us. Nay, more, we shall not have less reverence for Him Who, behind and above all the forces and powers, ever stands as the primary cause of all force and all power; the one Lawgiver, behind all the laws of His marvellous universe; the Maker of all the 'atoms' whose 'concourse' is not 'fortuitous,' let the theorists say what they will. The more we study the intricacy, delicacy, and beauty of the varied creations of a power, which, though we cannot comprehend, we are, through that very study, constrained to believe in, the more surely shall we be led reverently, silently, lovingly, to

'Look through Nature, up to Nature's God.'

H. W. S. WORSLEY-BENISON.

THE WORTHIES OF A PAST AGE.

SACRED memories spring to light as we peruse the records of the worthies of a past age, and I venture to offer for your acceptance some personal incidents referring to more than one of those who have passed away and whose 'works do follow them.'

It is now over fifty years ago since I listened to Dr. Raffles, at the opening of the 'Old Chapel,' Oswestry, then being rebuilt, and since that time superseded by 'Christ Church' in that town.

His appearance in the pulpit has been well preserved in the *Evangelical Magazine* for 1842, now before me. I well recollect the musical intonations of his voice as he gave out his text, 'I am the Way,' followed by, 'Never man spake like this Man.' The chapel was densely crowded, a double row of people in almost every pew, while I gained standing-room on the pulpit-stairs. To express the sensations I experienced as a young con-

vert while listening to the weighty words of the preacher, would now be impossible, although the impression still remains with me. This beginning of my recollections of a truly great and good man was followed some years after by the privilege of personal intercourse on the occasions of his preaching the School Sermons in one of our Lancashire factory towns,* where I became superintendent of the Sunday-school. We were favoured to secure his valued services oftener than could otherwise have been possible, owing to a highly esteemed relative of his being a member of our Church, coupled with the fact of our pastor being always a welcome supply at Great George Street in his frequent absence from home. Through the influence of this valued lady relative we were specially favoured, much to the benefit of our Sunday-school funds. On these occasions I was honoured by invitations to spend the Sabbath evenings with him. These seasons were sacred and blessed opportunities to me. The good doctor, always amiable and genial, used to unbend, after the labours of the day, and say all sorts of happy things, to the delight of the assembled friends: congratulating his lady hostess on the choice judgment which she displayed in the appointment and provision of the table, expressing his profound conviction that she was the most perfect of providers for a 'tired parson after a hard day's work,' and saying kindly and considerate things to all around; and this was done with the most careful regard to the proprieties of the occasion and the day.

On later occasions when I was thus privileged, I specially observed the growing spirituality of his mind. His whole converse seemed to belong to the higher life. These interviews took place thirty-five to forty-five years ago, when he was in the zenith of his fame, and crowds followed him everywhere. He never seemed as if he could do too much to further the Master's cause, and if he succeeded in one thing more than another, I think it was in diffusing throughout the churches a spirit of genial kindly influence, which we all realized. He was an honoured 'bishop' of Independency to whom all appealed in times of trouble for guidance and leading. On one such occasion I had to seek his advice and friendly counsel, and I well remember how thoughtfully he listened to my tale of trouble, and how deeply he seemed to feel the difficulty of the position which I stated to him. If he erred at all on that occasion, it was from a strong aversion to divisions in our churches. I left him feeling hopeful and comforted; but the turn of events proved too powerful, and the dreaded division became an accomplished fact, resulting in the formation of a new church in a vastly increasing

* Burnley.

population, and now, after a period of thirty years, grown to a prosperous and still increasing community of our order.

The worthy doctor after such a result was not the man to look askance on those who, by the force of circumstances, were placed in such a difficulty as I have described, and I retained his kindly friendship in after years, for on one occasion I was called to speak at the annual meeting of Great George Street Sunday-school, and concluded by reference to a charge he had delivered at the settlement of a minister at Skipton, when he said, 'And finally, my dear brother, give over when you have done.' The sunny spirit of the old man came out in his happiest manner as he realized the little compliment implied in a remembrance of words he had used many years before. Speaking of these by-gone days we of the then young generation used to entertain feelings of reverence for the leading spirits of our Congregational body, which I can hardly realize as existing at the present day amongst the present race of our young and rising men. I have precious memories of personal intercourse with such men as James Parsons, Winter Hamilton, Dr. Vaughan, George William Conder, John Ely, Professor Scott of Airedale, James Spence, and many others whose memories and autographs in my possession I cherish with a sacred pleasure, and value beyond price. I remember on one occasion hearing Dr. Hamilton relate an incident which occurred at the opening of a chapel at Sheffield, when Dr. Raffles was one of the preachers for the day, and during the sermon called out in his musical voice, 'I will thank some one to shut up that window;' and one of the company referring to this during dinner asked, 'I say, Raffles, were not you shut up just then?' Pleasant incidents such as this crowd on the memory as I think of the past. One such occurs in reference to Professor Scott of Airedale, to whom I had applied in the time of division and trouble to which I have made reference, for supplies for our pulpit. The letter came before the students at teatime, when the appointments for the succeeding Sabbath were arranged. The worthy professor said, 'I have a letter from B——, on behalf of some people who have left the old chapel. And I have another letter from two gentlemen there, giving these people a sad character; and if they are as bad as is represented, they certainly need the Gospel, and we must try to send it to them.' And he did all honour to the worthy old professor, who was the father of the present honoured principal of Lancashire College.

W. HUGHES.

BOOTLE.

CHRIST is not valued at all unless He is valued above all.—*Augustine.*

MEMOIRS OF EXTINCT LONDON CHAPELS.

III.—The King's Weigh House.

This is the last of our old friends that has passed away, and grief is fresh as with the dews of a recent bereavement. Fain would we have been spared this loss, for we all loved the building well; and albeit men did not crowd to it as in days of yore, its richest memories were yet green, and there was life in the old place to the end, with the promise of fuller life still. But speculation cast its envious eyes upon the site, and coveted it for a railway station. The position was commanding, and the thing would pay. It must therefore be had; and sentiment was laughed at, and sacred uses set at naught, and the religious good of the locality waved off with a sneer. Naboth's vineyard must be had. The esteemed minister, the Rev. Alex. Sandison, was brave enough to stand up in the building at the last public meeting held within its walls, and say, that the taking away of that house was, he believed, as gratuitous, and, in its way, as iniquitous a piece of work as ever was done by a public corporation. He knew, as much as the railway company would suffer any outsider to know, of their plans and schemes, and they had shown nothing that did not demonstrate that the Weigh House was to be taken as a speculation, because, not having been opposed in Parliament, they were able, as they believed, to take it for less than it was worth commercially. He could only hope that justice and equity would be done. All disinterested persons will agree with Mr. Samuel Morley in his statement at the same meeting, that it is a very grievous thing that when property of that kind is taken, especially by a railway company, there should not be a requirement of absolute reinstatement. We can only express the hope that full compensation will be got, and that the old church of the Weigh House, which, in its time, has worshipped in several buildings, though all but on the same spot, will find a site not far off where it may continue to carry on important work for the good of the city of London.

Having said so much in the way of sympathy under the loss of walls that had become so precious, we may recur to our expressed design in the writing of this series of papers, namely, to give some memoirs of extinct chapels, telling of personal reminiscences, which will, in all probability, awaken similar ones in others. In following this design, in respect to the Weigh House Chapel, our chief thoughts will gather around the eminent and honoured name that has been ever identified with it. It was built for Mr. Binney; it was the scene of his ministerial marvels; he continued to minister in it almost to

the end of his days, and more than the present generation will have passed away before Thomas Binney and the Weigh House Chapel will cease to be regarded as linked together by natural association. At the time of Mr. Binney's death, in 1874, the present writer contributed to the *English Independent* an article entitled 'Reminiscences of Mr. Binney, by a ministerial correspondent.' The article was quoted, or rather portions of it, in various ways at the time of its appearing. As the very same associations are revived at the present crisis as were awakened by Mr. Binney's decease—it seems indeed like burying him over again—the substance of that article will be here reproduced, though not without some modification and considerable addition.

A FIRST VISIT TO THE WEIGH HOUSE.

I remember the first time I saw or heard Mr. Binney. I was but a young boy, but, having heard of the great preacher's fame, I found my way one Sunday evening to the Weigh House Chapel. It must have been nearer forty than thirty years ago. Arriving late, I gained a seat during the singing of the hymn before sermon. Then rose the preacher, tall, upright, self-possessed, with thought upon his brow, and he announced for his text the words, 'Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.' 'I wonder,' said the preacher, 'how these words would strike us if we were hearing them for the first time.' This is all that can be remembered of the sermon. Is it not a testimony to the power of the preacher that anything can be remembered? and does it not show how he could lodge a thought even in the mind of a child which should never be lost? It was a characteristic thought, too, one that even governed the preacher's own mind. He was always endeavouring to get behind the familiar words of a text, and set forth the living truth in fresh and striking form.

SUNDAY MORNINGS AT THE WEIGH HOUSE.

In youth and early manhood—in College days, and afterwards on holiday Sundays—the Weigh House Chapel was often revisited. And who that has been there can ever forget the Sunday morning services? The packed pews, the substantial families, the rows of young men, the eager visitors from the country—all these recur to the mind; but above all the worship, conducted as it had never before been heard in a dissenting chapel; the 'Service of Song'—careful, quiet chant, more joyous anthem, and subdued psalm tune; the reading of Scripture, so calm, and so suggestive of meanings; the prayers, which took the worshippers into the very audience-chamber of the King; and then the sermon, taxing the attention, opening

the understanding, stirring the imagination, quickening the conscience, moving the heart, nerving the will, sending men away with loftier conceptions of 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' with purer and more elevated purposes for the working out of life. Some such sermons I can almost hear and feel once again. There was one—*e.g.* on the 73rd Psalm—which, like many of Mr. Binney's discourses on the Psalms, gave a rendering which recurs to the mind most vividly whenever the Psalm is read. There were two discourses also on the 37th Psalm—one of them to the aged at the close of the year — which were equally striking and suggestive. 'The righteous man of the Psalms' and 'The righteous man of the Epistles' were alike favourite themes. So also were sermons on the Life of Christ viewed chronologically. Old Testament histories too, in their time, were made most vivid, and suggestive of living principles. But it was not only what the preacher *said*, but what he *did*, that made these things striking. The preaching was remarkable as being a part of the preacher himself. So to speak, the whole man preached. The hand spoke as well as the tongue, even to the fingers. There were action, gesture, expression of countenance, all highly dramatic, but wonderfully natural. It was once remarked by a hearer that Mr. Binney could appear one minute as a fiend, and the next as an angel.

THE SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

were not always so effective as the morning. In fact if Mr. Binney discovered any minister in the morning congregation who could be asked to take the evening service, he sometimes seemed anxious to be rid of it. Disappointment to the people was often the result. 'What a stick we had!' was occasionally the remark when Mr. Binney was not in the pulpit; it was sometimes said to Mr. Binney in respect to his substitute, when he would reply with surprise, real or feigned, 'I thought it was beautiful!' Those Sunday evenings at the Weigh House were the best which were devoted to young men, or on occasion to young women. As, for example, when he went through the Book of Proverbs, or took up some Scripture characters, or selected some aspect of his great study, 'Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?' The questions of the time, or some public event, was not infrequently seized by him, and broken up and made to disclose some great principle of morals or religion, or the want of it, lying at its core. It will be remembered how when Müller, the German tailor, had murdered a gentleman on the Hackney railway, and had fled to America, Mr. Binney preached on the Sunday evening previous to the culprit's execution from the apt text, 'No doubt this man is a

murderer, who, though he hath escaped the seas, justice suffereth not to live.'

MR. BINNEY NOT AT HIS BEST.

All this will recall Mr. Binney at his best. But, of course, he was not always at his best. When he was not so, it was disappointing, and sometimes painful. The manifest effort to say something that would not come, the 'floundering and foundering,' the impetuous, almost ill-tempered air—all these made the hearer feel uncomfortable. Mr. Binney used himself to say humorously that he could preach the worst sermon of any man in London. Still, however, the people went with the hope of hearing something worth. Generally, too, it came, though there were seasons when it tarried. A visitor, speaking one Sunday morning to a regular attendant in delighted terms of the discourse, was met with the reply, 'It ought to be good; we have waited six weeks for it.' I have occasionally heard Mr. Binney 'beating about' a text without beating much out; but I have known him to return to the text until he had brought out what he had all along seen to be hidden in it, and made it to appear instinct with the breath of God.

MR. BINNEY ON OCCASION.

As a rule Mr. Binney was not the greatest on great occasions. There were, of course, glorious exceptions, especially in his earlier days. There was, *e.g.*, the 'Tower Church' sermon, 'Salvation by fulness and salvation by fire;' and another on the words, 'Are ye not carnal, and walk as men?' There was also, perhaps the most marvellous of all his discourses, 'Life and Immortality brought to light by the Gospel.' I heard that sermon, not indeed in the Weigh House, though it was preached there, and I can never forget it. The bold statement of his theme, the clear reasoning, the dramatic power, both in style and delivery, were surprising. The thing was an inspiration—almost a revelation—of the meaning and power of the resurrection of Christ. The theme was a favourite one with Mr. Binney. He saw how all Christianity turned upon its truth, and how all the destinies of man hung on its power. It is well that sermon has been preserved—that is, as much of it as can be preserved in print. The particular discourses we have noted were the work of his best days, or rather specimens of it. In later days, when he made an effort it was apt to be too great an effort. The sermon became a treatise, and the 'underlying facts' engaged too much attention; the analysis and synthesis, the taking things to pieces and putting them together again, so as to show what was in them, became too recondite a process for a popular audience; the idea of the sermon was lost; the

'exercise' was too long, and at length became wearisome. The Cheshunt College centenary sermon may be taken as an instance; and some would think the sermon preached at the opening of Stamford Hill Church to be another instance—and, indeed, it was the last of his great efforts.

PREACHING WITH A MANUSCRIPT.

Mr. Binney's sermons were certainly more striking, because less elaborate, when he did not read, and they afforded him the best opportunity for the exercise of his dramatic power. But when he did read—preaching with a manuscript, as he called it—he was wont, at least in his best days, to brighten up the sermon in its course by pausing, and perhaps, while wiping his spectacles, making an easy, sometimes humorous, remark, or narrating some illustrative circumstance. For instance, when preaching on the words, 'If children then heirs,' etc., he had dwelt at some length on the nature God had originally given man, and which made him, even after he had sinned, worth God's adopting; then, breaking off at the end of his argument, he told how an old man whom he used to hear as a boy was wont to call out in the course of his preaching, 'Human nature—what is human nature? Half beast, half devil.' 'Now you see,' said Mr. Binney, as he readjusted his glasses, 'I don't agree with him.' At another point of the sermon, after dilating on the nobility of nature necessary to one whom God should adopt as His child, he stopped as before, and, dropping his voice, quietly observed, that a Roman Emperor might have knighted his horse, had he pleased, but it would not *be* a knight, but only a horse after all.

'JUST A MEDITATION.'

For pith and point and practical effectiveness nothing could be better than what Mr. Binney was accustomed to call 'just a meditation.' He used to apply this term to his ordinary Sunday morning sermons; but of late years these meditations used to come on Tuesday mornings, when it was his turn to deliver the Merchants' Lecture. It was his peculiarity not to like too many people at these services. They should be, he thought, like family gatherings, and it suited him to think of himself as talking to them. Yet in fact he often gave the most delightful expositions of Scripture at these services. Some of them consisted, probably, of material which he reproduced, and, as by the turn of a kaleidoscope, gave them new shapes. Meditations on Incidents in the life of Christ, and on the Passion-week, and 'after the Resurrection,' occur to me with perfect freshness, almost as things of to-day. I remember dear Enoch Mellor being present at one of the last of these, and walking away

together, he exclaimed, 'Talk of *him* giving up; it's *we* who ought to give up!' They have greeted each other ere this 'on the eternal shore.'

I may now extend my reminiscences of Mr. Binney in a direction that would not have been appropriate or judicious at the time of his lamented decease, and tell something of what I have witnessed of

MR. BINNEY'S ODDITIES.

Nobody will deny that he had them, nor that on occasion he suffered them to come out in the pulpit. The giving out of notices would sometimes afford opportunity for letting off a few of these oddities. One Sunday morning I heard him say, with a shrug of his shoulders, 'The place is cold; we need stoves.' Then pointing down with each of his hands to either side the pulpit, he continued, 'Those spaces were intended for stoves, but they were filled up with seats for the poor. We have no poor here; the people who sit there are as respectable as those who are in the pews. We must have stoves placed there for the general good.' Then came a pause, and a glance round the building. 'The place needs cleaning,' he continued; 'it needs painting and beautifying. We must have a meeting to consider it. It cannot be next Tuesday, for the notice would not be long enough; nor the following Tuesday, for that is the church-meeting night; but it might be on the Tuesday after that. So, if you please, we will have a meeting, not next Tuesday,' (telling off the days upon his fingers) 'nor the following, but on the Tuesday after that,' etc.

Mr. Binney had a strong objection to people coming into the chapel after service had begun, and he gave orders to the attendants that they should by no means show visitors to seats either while the Scriptures were being read or prayer offered. These orders would not always be strictly obeyed, but sometimes, almost surreptitiously, one and another would be quietly passed on. It did not often escape Mr. Binney, and, observing it, he would pause and look vexed. On one occasion the good woman in office must have gone beyond the bounds of prudence in her desire to lessen the crowd in the aisle, and transpose the people into vacant seats. Mr. Binney was 'down upon her.' 'Mrs. Hitchcock,' he exclaimed, 'have I not told you that I forbid you putting people into seats except during the singing?' Down went 'Mrs. Hitchcock' upon the nearest seat, stunned by the blow of having received a public reproof. It used to be said by some of the young folks that she scarcely recovered it to the day of her death, which happened not very long after.

Once, at the Merchants' Lecture, in Mr. Binney's later days, I

witnessed a most humorous *contretemps*. A gentleman seated in the middle of the chapel seemed restless, and presently moved to go out. Mr. Binney paused in his discourse, and fixed his eyes on the stranger; and, when he had reached the end of the pew, addressing him, Mr. Binney said, pointing to the vestry door, 'You will get out more quickly by that door, sir.' The good man followed the direction, Mr. Binney's eyes following him all the way. Then, turning round and pulling himself together, he said, 'We shall get on better now *he* has gone;' a remark which, under such ludicrous circumstances, evoked a general titter.

It is said that on another occasion, in the Weigh House, Mr. Binney found his match. He had been irritated by the coughing of some of the people, and had made long pauses till they had ceased. A somewhat rough wag who happened to be in the congregation, taking out his pocket-handkerchief, proceeded to apply it to his nasal organ, accompanying the act with the loudest and sharpest trumpeting. Again Mr. Binney paused, and fixed his eyes on the offender, but said nothing. Pursuing his advantage, the man put forth the full strength of his proboscis for a final clear-up, Mr. Binney looking indignation at him all the time. Returning the handkerchief to his pocket, the man looked straight at the waiting preacher, and giving him a sharp nod, said, 'I've done, sir. You can go on!' Let us hope it is not true; but I am afraid it is. Any of us, however, would be glad if some such wag had but the chance of making those old walls resound again, though it could no longer be to the discomfort of the dear old nervous, and sometimes irritable, minister of the Weigh House.

MR. BINNEY'S LAST AT THE WEIGH HOUSE.

It was by slow degrees that the distinguished minister of the Weigh House relinquished his hold upon it. Changes incident to the removal of city families to the suburbs, and to the uncertainty of Mr. Binney's appearances, reduced the congregation to a very low point. Mr. Binney felt how desirable it was at his advanced age to hand over the pastorate to another and younger man. The Rev. D. L. Bevan, on leaving college, became his assistant for two or three years, and almost playful was his attachment to his young 'Timothy,' as he was wont to call him, only shrinking from doing it, as he said, lest it might seem that he meant that he himself was Paul. When Mr. Bevan removed to Tottenham Court Road Chapel, the Weigh House was again in distress; but ultimately relief was found when the Rev. W. Braden came up from Yorkshire to take the sole pastorate. Then Mr. Binney preached his last sermon as

minister of the Weigh House, and it was expressive of his humility and honesty of spirit that the text chosen by him on reviewing his forty years' pastorate was, 'Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord,' etc. Occasionally he appeared in the pulpit after that, and he still continued for awhile to take his turn as Merchants' Lecturer. Ere long, however, he relinquished that office, and finished his stated engagements with a discourse which evinced a spirit similar to that with which he had taken leave of his church, for it was from the words, 'Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ *unto* eternal life,' explaining that mercy to be not exactly the mercy of God, but that of Christ as a master in dealing with his unfaithful or mistaken servants. This was, I believe, his last sermon in the Weigh House. I heard him once after that, away among the moors of Yorkshire, on a most interesting occasion, and I can never forget the intercourse I had with him then. But of that I have told elsewhere.*

WEIGH HOUSE ASSOCIATIONS.

It remains only that we indite a few words respecting the various persons and events that associate themselves with the Weigh House, especially those of bygone times; and first as to the persons. At the head stands the genial and right-minded Dr. Cooke, of Trinity Square, long a 'pillar' in the House of the Lord there. Along with his gather the names of Samuel Morley, Edward Cook, George Wood, and such names as Relfe, Mann, Angus Jennings, Hunt, Sylvester, Russell, Ashby, and many other 'citizens of no mean city,' many of them reared, morally and spiritually, in the bracing air of Mr. Binney's ministry. The Weigh House also came to be regarded as Nonconformist head-quarters for the city of London. When the Lord Mayor was a Dissenter he usually attended there on Sundays. The Weigh House, too, was the frequent rendezvous of religious societies. The Colonial Missionary Society, the child of Mr. Binney, who ever took a lively interest in the distant Colonies of Great Britain, and their enterprising sons, was brought forth in this place. There the annual meetings of the Congregational Union were at one time held, and Samuel Martin, Newman Hall, John Stoughton, Dr. Mellor, and other of the chairmen gave their manifestoes there. The annual missionary sermon to young men during the May meetings was for some years preached at the Weigh House, and Dr. Norman MacLeod, R. W. Dale, and Robert Balgarnie are among the men who there delivered the sermon. The Weigh House had, of

* 'Walks in Abney Park.' Completed volume. Just published by James Clarke and Co.

course, its own religious and benevolent institutions, such as the Sunday school at its side, and another at Dalby Street, near the Mint, and other agencies for the temporary relief and spiritual instruction of the poor of the outlying districts, and these will continue to be maintained.

And now we take a reverential and regretful leave of the old chapel endeared by many associations, and especially by memories of one for whom many of us thank God with a more hearty enthusiasm than for any other of our Christian teachers.

SPA FIELDS CHAPEL AND THE LATE REV. T. E. THORESBY.

The demise of the Rev. T. E. Thoresby revives memories of the old building in which he so long preached, and of the old congregation of which he was the only settled pastor. Built as a place of entertainment in the green fields of Clerkenwell, whence flowed a spring of healing water, it was at first called The Pantheon. After a few years it became a carriage repository. In 1779 it came under the notice of the zealous Countess of Huntingdon, who was ever on the look-out for preaching-places. She secured a lease of it, and it became the head-quarters of her connection. She resided at the chapel-house hard by, and there she died, and was carried thence to the family burial-place at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. 'Whether in times of prosperity or of temporary depression, the mention of Spa Fields Chapel has always called forth recollections of interest, and of gratitude to God for having raised up at a time of great spiritual need, Lady Huntingdon, Whitfield, Wesley, and their coadjutors; and, notwithstanding occasional leanings on the one side or on the other, it has invariably been esteemed as fairly representative of the grand idea of an evangelical alliance, and an institution where Christian men of all denominations could find a cordial welcome—a hearty, loving, Christian appreciation.' Although its foundress was soon after under the necessity of declaring herself a Secessionist, it was opened by a clergyman of the establishment, Dr. Haweis, and it was for nearly seventy years supplied by a succession of godly men of all denominations. Thus it will be seen that it had its rise and origin at about the time and under the same circumstances that gave birth to the *Evangelical Magazine*, and its course, especially in early days, was to some extent coincident. Arising out of the evangelical movement of the eighteenth century, this magazine was promoted by clergymen of the establishment, its first editor being one of them, the Rev. John Eyre, A.M.; and the very names which were identified with Spa Fields were, at the same period, identified with the Magazine, those of Dr. Haweis, Platt, and others of like associations being amongst them. The

London Missionary Society was wont to hold its annual meetings in Spa Fields Chapel before the existence of Exeter Hall; and missionary intelligence was given at that time at first in the pages of the Magazine itself, and afterwards, from 1813, in a separate sheet under the title of 'The Missionary Chronicle,' an arrangement which exists to this day. As time went on the force of circumstances withdrew from Spa Fields Chapel the special interest of clergymen of the Church of England, as it also did from the *Evangelical Magazine*, although in both cases there ever continued to be a respectful recognition of the broadly Catholic character of the institution, even on the part of Churchmen. This was made evident at the funeral of its lately deceased minister, when clergy of the Established Church and Nonconformist ministers took part in the service.

It is, however, an instance of the advanced Catholic feeling in the parochial clergy, that, whereas it was by the interference of the vicar of Clerkenwell, who claimed authority to control it, to preach in it if he pleased, and to use the money received from its sacraments and pew-rents—in short, to treat it as a chapel of ease, that the Countess was obliged, after trying the case by law, to take shelter under the Toleration Act, and to submit to this, and all her other chapels, being regarded as dissenting places of worship, the present vicar of Clerkenwell, the Rev. J. H. Rose, took part in Mr. Thoresby's funeral service, both in the chapel and at the grave.

Mr. Thoresby became the minister of the chapel, formerly served by 'supplies,' in 1846. His ministry was for many years most successful. A man of massive build physically, he was of strong mental calibre. Resolute in purpose and bold in action, he undertook from time to time a great amount of work. He was a zealous promoter of Free Churches in localities where ritualism reigned, and by which it is sought to provide for the use of the liturgy free from ritual adornment. In full sympathy with the traditions of the Countess's connection, yet as the son of a Congregational minister, and himself the pastor of a Congregational Church for ten years in Bristol, he always maintained brotherly relations with Congregational ministers, and was, in fact, at no great remove from Congregational Church polity. He greatly enjoyed the use of the liturgy, and read it with marked impressiveness. His evangelical sentiments were very pronounced, and his ministry, in his best days, was one of great intellectual force and spiritual efficiency. After some months of failing health, he died at the old Chapel House on the 7th of March, and was interred at Abney Park on the 14th. Honour to the memory of a worthy worker in the Church of Christ! The lease of Spa Fields Chapel, successively renewed, expires in

two or three years, and the building may be required even before that for street improvements. A new Spa Fields Chapel will, it is hoped, take its place in a near locality when the old one shall be reckoned among the 'Extinct London Chapels.'

JAMES BRANWHITE FRENCH.

THE STAGE:

WHAT IT WILL ADMIT, AND WHAT KIND OF EXHIBITION ITS ADMIRERS MAY LEARN TO ENJOY.

GOOD Christian people, especially those of the old type, are satirized and censured because they have broken with the playhouse, or rather perhaps have yielded to the kindly cautious influence which has made most of them, for life, utter strangers to it. In answer to their misgivings as to the *delicacy* of some theatrical exhibitions, and as to the injurious influence of certain sights and sounds upon the modesty of the audience, it has been said over and over again that no manager would dare to trifle with the virtuous susceptibilities of the public. The thing is not done, we are told; and it would be hissed off the stage if it were.

It happens that some light is thrown on this subject in the third volume of Miss Fanny Kemble's 'Records of Later Life.' Miss Kemble—a Unitarian by religious profession—was one of the most accomplished actresses of the day, and one of the most gifted and noble-minded women, that have ever adorned the ranks of the British aristocracy.

The point to which the reader's attention is specially solicited is this—What the Stage will *admit* of, and what kind of exhibitions its admirers may *learn to enjoy*. Let it be particularly observed that it is no 'Evangelical' that is speaking. Very humbling is the fact the very term is, with many, a jibe and a taunt! Further, it is no crabbed censurer, no peevish nor half-envious critic, that speaks; not one reared in the shade and in a corner; but one of the most advanced in the highest attainments of all that is literary and artistic.

The passage is introduced into Miss Kemble's book quite incidentally, and without any intimation that since its date, 1848, things have changed for the better. It forms part of a letter to one of the most valued of her friends, and more than explains her often-expressed distaste for the profession in which she long enjoyed distinction and *éclat*.

'You ask my impressions of Dejazet, and the piece I went to

see her in; and here they are. The piece in which she came out was called "Vert, Vert." You remember, no doubt, Gresset's poem about the poor parrot so-called. Well, instead of a bird they make this "Vert, Vert" a young boy of sixteen, brought up in a girl's convent and taken out for a week, during which he goes to Nevers, falls in with garrison officers, makes love to actresses, sups and gets tipsy at the mess, and, in short, "gets ideas" of all sorts, with which he returns again to his convent. If you can conceive this part acted to the life by a woman who moves with more complete *disinvoltura* in her men's clothes than most men do, you may imagine something of the personal exhibition at which we assisted. As for me, my eyes and mouth opened wider and wider, not so much at the French actress as at *the well-born, well-bred English audience* who, women as well as men, were in a perfect *ecstasy* of amusement and admiration. I certainly never saw more admirable acting, but neither did I ever see such uncompromising personal exposure, and such perfect effrontery of demeanour. I do not think even ballet-dancers more indecent, than Mademoiselle Dejazet; for the revelations of their limbs and shapes are partial and momentary, while hers were abiding and entire through the whole of her performance, which she acted in tight-fitting knee-breeches and silk stockings; nor did I ever see such an unflinching representation of unmitigated audacity of carriage, look, and manner, in any male or female, on or off the stage. If I had not seen it, I should not have believed that so impudent a performance would have been tolerated here: tolerated it not only was, but *applauded with enthusiasm;* and Mademoiselle Dejazet carried the town before her, being the least decent actress of the most indecent pieces I ever saw.'

S. McALL.

THE FAULTS OF OUR FRIENDS.

'A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.'
Julius Cæsar.

It cannot be held a condition of friendship that we should see no fault in our friends. There are blind loves doubtless, but blind love is not the highest type of human affection. The crown must be given to the strong, patient, discerning love, which sees faults as well as virtues in the loved one, and yet loves on with undiminished strength; for it is akin to the love of the Divine Friend, who 'knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.' True love 'gives insight,' as George Eliot says, and

our best friend will read our heart more truly, and understand us more thoroughly than any other can.

Love thus-wise is worth any amount of blind adoration, for the blindest lover must have the film removed from his eyes some day, and then of force proportionate to his previous delusions will be the shock of disappointment which he will suffer. And this blind love is quick 'to alter when it alteration finds.' Such is often the case with the hasty, ardent attachments which youth is wont to form. Who has not smiled at the idolizing enthusiasm of schoolgirl friendships? When we are young we believe in the impossible, and demand perfection in our friends. Our love commences with excessive admiration. We adorn its object with every grace, and raise him or her to such a height of imaginary excellence that we are bitterly disappointed, when at length we discover that our friend is but an erring mortal after all. In the reaction which follows the awakening from our delusion we are ready to deny him all merit. For hot lovers are cruel haters. 'Who love too much, hate in the like degree.'

But even those who, having learned wisdom by experience, are less impetuous and vehement in their attachments are often unreasonable in the view they take of the faults of those they love; and it may not be a waste of words, therefore, to inquire what should be the attitude of a true and loyal heart with respect to a friend's failings?

And first we must say, though it may seem to contradict what has gone before, that we should guard against being too quick to discern faults. For though it is true that 'love gives insight,' it does not follow that a ready perception of faults proves the existence of love. There are persons who, looking at the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus of Milo, would see only the stains and flaws in the marble, and miss the majestic beauty of the whole. So there are some who can see *only* faults in others, but these ready fault-finders are never good friends.

But even when our perception of faults is quickened by love, it behoves us to hold it in check, for sometimes it happens that the very strength of our attachment makes us hard upon those we love. Because we love them we want them to be better than others, and so we watch them with jealous closeness, grow impatient and suspicious of their conduct, and find it far harder to excuse their faults than the faults of anyone else. The least shortcoming on their part awakens within us bitter resentment.

But this exacting temper, like the fault-finding disposition, has its root in self-love, and is opposed to the spirit of true friendship. It may easily lead us to exaggerate the defects we see.

'A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are,'

says Cassius. Are not we sometimes thus guilty towards our friends? A friend may once or twice fail us at an appointed time, and we declare that he is never punctual; we find him on some occasions over-considerate of his own interests, and we assume that he is wholly selfish; we hear him utter an untrue word, and we leap to the conclusion that nothing he says is worthy of confidence. And yet, if we knew that we were judged by such judgment, how injured we should feel!

'A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.' Shakespeare evidently held forbearance to be one of the first duties of friendship. And a nobler Teacher than Shakespeare has taught us to show patience and forgiveness towards the friend or brother who offends us. If it be a direct trespass against ourselves or another, or only some weakness of character which gives us annoyance, it is equally our duty to forgive. For what right have we to resent the faults of others? 'Consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted,' is a counsel of which we do well to remind ourselves; for we, too, are weak and erring, and it may be that for every fault we discover in our friend he sees two in us, though out of a larger heart he can make allowance for our frailty and love us none the less.

It ought to be unnecessary to add that loyalty to friendship requires that we should as far as possible keep silence to others respecting our friends' faults. One would imagine such faults would be too much matter for regret to a friend for him readily to reveal them to others. Yet who has not known persons who seemed to enjoy dilating upon the faults and foibles of those whom they professed to regard as 'dear friends,' and far from seeking to soften or extenuate their failings, appeared to take delight in painting them in the darkest colours! And what misunderstandings and sore heart-wounds have resulted from talk of this description! From such 'dear friends' we may all pray to be delivered.

But though we should be silent to others concerning the faults of our friends, we are not bound to hide from themselves our knowledge of them. Rochefoucauld, whose keen penetration laid bare so many of the shams of life, and showed the hollowness of much that passes by the name of friendship, says: 'The greatest effort of friendship is not the discovery of our faults to a friend, but the endeavour to make him sensible of his own.' The truth expressed by these words is no new one. It has always been considered a token of faithful friendship that it reproves as well as commends. But this is, as Rochefoucauld says, 'its greatest effort,' and one which only sincere love can

successfully put forth. The friendship must be strong indeed if it can bear the test of 'open rebuke,' and a loving heart would be reluctant to apply such a test; but by the exercise of delicate tact and the wisdom which God will give to those who ask it, a gentle word may be spoken, or a hint given, which may make our friend conscious of the fault which we see to be marring his character, and lead him to resolve to overcome it. Many a one has cause to feel thankful for a word thus fitly spoken, the influence of which will not soon pass away. It may be that it gave pain at the time of its utterance, but even whilst its throb was keenest the wound was recognised as the 'faithful wound' of a friend.

The sacred duty of reproof should never be lightly undertaken. But some people seem to have a strong liking for this office of friendship. The candid friend who prides himself—or perhaps more often it is herself—on always speaking her mind to her friends and telling them exactly what she thinks of them, is but too well known. Clad in armour of self-righteousness, which is proof against every assault, in season and out of season, she loses no opportunity of finding fault, her rebukes being generally accompanied by loud blowing of the trumpets of her self-satisfaction. But her officious friendship is but a sham, and she cannot be taken as an example of the faithful friend whose reproof is as 'excellent oil.'

With regard to the faults of our friends the question arises: 'Are there not faults so grave that the discovery of them must put an end to friendship?' We cannot deny that it is so. Whilst there are no faults too great to pardon, there are faults that in the very nature of them make further friendship an impossibility. Absolute untruthfulness, treachery, malice, the revelation of these, must destroy the confidence which is the foundation of friendship. But it is well not to be over-hasty in breaking off a friendship. Let us beware of listening to the 'whisperer,' who 'separateth chief friends.' We should withhold judgment till we are certain that the fault of our friend is as great as we suppose. He is perhaps the victim of misconception or misrepresentation. We ought, at least, to hear what our friend has to say for himself—what excuse he can offer, ere we decide that his sin against us, or against others, has made a breach which cannot be healed.

As we pursue this subject our thoughts naturally turn to the Divine Friend, in Whom alone we see the perfection of friendship. How strong, yet unexacting, was the love our Lord bore to His disciples! Whilst demanding their obedience and allegiance to Him as the Christ, how few were the claims He made upon their time, attention, sympathy! How patiently He bore

with their folly and blindness; how freely He forgave, how tenderly He reproved their faults! He was wounded in the house of His friends. Peter denied Him, and only by a look—a look whose loving reproach went to the faithless disciple's heart—did Jesus rebuke him. Even to the one who betrayed Him with a kiss His bearing showed no harshness, no resentment. He knew the evil designs which Judas cherished, but He kept silence concerning them as long as there was the possibility that Judas might repent. To the last He regarded with sorrowful love the false-hearted follower who by his treacherous act severed the link which bound him to his Lord. What a friend was Jesus when upon the earth! What a friend is He now! As we study His example, as we remember how much He has forgiven us, and muse on His great love in dying for us, should we not find it easier to bear with our friends when they disappoint and grieve us? Humbled by a sense of our own shortcomings, and kindled to warmer love, might we not rise to nobler heights of friendship than we have yet attained?

EGLANTON THORNE.

GIVING ONE'S SELF TO PRAYER.

'I give myself unto prayer.'—Ps. cix. 4.

DAVID says in this psalm that his enemies had compassed him about with words of hatred, and had fought against him without a cause; and that whilst they were doing this he gave himself unto prayer. Imagine a man surrounded by a great host of enemies, all intent upon doing him mischief; and imagine the man himself on his knees praying to God, and all the people kept back by an unseen but mighty hand. That is the pictorial view of the text. If we keep it steadily in sight we may learn something both as to the man and his enemies that will help us in the work and sorrow of life. Have the children of the congregation got the picture well in sight? Look: a great many bad people all wishing to do some kind of harm to one man, and that one man praying to God to help him and keep him and save him; now that is the little picture you have to look at, and we have to find out what it means.

What then may we understand by this word 'prayer'? It is a far larger word than it is sometimes thought to be. I have said that the man was upon his knees, but I do not mean that he was really so, that he was physically so; it is not an action of the body, it is an action of the soul that we are speaking about. The man's mind was fixed upon God; his hope was in

heaven; he felt that God, and God only, could save him when men went about to kill him. When a man feels that, he is upon his knees in the best sense.

We think that prayer means *asking;* so it does in part, but not wholly. You may ask, and not pray; and you may pray, and not ask. Look at the prayers of Christ. Jesus lifted up His eyes and said: 'Father, I thank Thee'—then thanksgiving is prayer. To be glad in heart because of divine mercy is prayer; to send out the soul in holy and tender song, like a bird seeking the gate of heaven, is prayer. Again: 'Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, I knew that Thou hearest me always, but because of the people which stand by I said it'—then explanation may enter into prayer. People will say, 'Why tell God this? Why explain to the Almighty what He knows better than you do?' But you cannot shut up the soul within the narrow cold limits of formal order. The soul must talk freely to God. What is it but a little child talking right out of its heart to its Father? When your little child writes you a letter, do you say with critical severity, 'This word is not correct,' 'That sentence is not happily turned,' 'The young scribe blunders here'? Is it so that you criticise the note? Far from it. You say, 'Bless her heart, she has done very nicely!' and the note is the dearer to you for its very blunders. I do not say that the child should write public letters, or get up public petitions to the Queen; so I do not say that every man should pray in public. I speak of prayer as an act between the soul and God, and that in such an act the soul cannot be shut up within formal rules and be bound by the standards of courtly etiquette. It may thank God, explain to God, give its own views of life to God; in short, it must pour out itself before God without restraint and without formality.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, tells of a man called 'Bible John,' who had a great gift in prayer. Once, in a long storm of snow, having read his chapter, he said: 'Is the whiteness o' desolation to lie still on the mountains o' our land for ever? Is the earthly hope o' Thy servants to perish frae the face o' the earth? The flocks on a thousand hills are Thine, and their lives or deaths would be naething to Thee. Thou wad neither be the richer nor the poorer; but it is a great matter to us. Have pity, then, on the lives o' Thy creatures, for beast and body are a' Thy handiwork; and send us the little wee cludd out o' the sea, like a man's hand, to spread and darken, and pour and plash, till the green gladsome face o' nature aince mair appears.'

The same man tells us of an old Scotch herd, or shepherd, who had been turned out of service by his master after many years' connection with the family, and the old man prayed thus:

'Thou knowest that I have never studied night's rest nor day's comfort when put in competition with his interest. I forgive him with all my heart, and will never cease to pray for him; but when the hard storms o' winter come, may he miss the braid bonnet and the grey head, and say to himself, "I wish to God that my old herd had been here yet!"'

Sometimes, Hogg tells us, he was more Scotch than that, thus: 'And when our besetting sins come bragging and blowstering upon us, like Gully o' Gath, oh enable us to fling off the avimer and hairnishin o' the law, whilk we haena proved, and whup up the simple sling o' the gospel, and nail the smooth stones o' redeeming grace in their foreheads!'

But these prayers are not equal to old Adam Scott, a shepherd in Upper Dalgleish. Thus: 'We particular thank thee for Thy great goodness to Meg, and that ever it came into your head to take any thought of sic an useless baw-waw as her.' (She had been saved from drowning.) 'For Thy mercy's sake, for the sake o' Thy poor sinfu' servants that are now addressing Thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we dare weel name to Thee, hae mercy on Rob. Ye ken yoursel he is a wild, mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish; but put Thy hook in his nose, and Thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to Thee wi' a jerk that he'll no forget the longest day he has to leeve.'

If you had given these men a book of prayers to read from, they would have thrown it away with violent indignation, for no print could ever hold all that was in their swelling hearts crying for utterance to the God of heaven. There are times when every man must make his own prayers.

This large and true definition of prayer sweeps out of the way all plausible but really silly objections. For example, we often hear the expression, 'Trust in God, and keep your powder dry'; and the latter part of the sentence is quoted as if it held the true doctrine. Now to keep the powder dry is really to pray. The man who prays, and is idle, does *not* pray. The man who says, 'Lord, prosper my business,' and does not attend to it, simply does not pray; it is unfair to quote him as a witness; he puts himself out of court by his own frivolity and negligence. To work is to pray. To pray and not to work, is not to pray.

The objector might say, 'Would it not have been better for David to have fought his enemies than to have prayed?' Foolish inquiry! Fighting may be prayer in action. A man may be praying in drawing a sword; he may pray when he cuts down the bridge and thus keeps himself on the battleground.

We close by noticing the advantage accruing from this devotion to prayer:

1. Relief of heart that comes from mere *expression of grief.*
2. The more *sympathetic the listener*, the greater the relief.
3. The *sense of being overlooked and guided*, even tried and disciplined, is itself an unspeakable comfort.

'I give myself unto prayer;' I give myself to the religious aspect of life; I give myself to divine protection; I give myself to the care of Providence; I will not think of myself as standing alone and having no heart to care for me; I believe in God; I am His; I am not my own; 'I will look unto the hills whence cometh my help.' The man who feels this, and says it with his whole heart, will mount above his distresses and dwell in cloudless and infinite light.

JOSEPH PARKER.

RELIGIOUS ENCYCLOPÆDIA;

OR,

DICTIONARY OF BIBLICAL, HISTORICAL, DOCTRINAL, AND PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.*

WE do not think, in all the wealth of theological literature with which the Messrs. Clark have enriched their English readers, that any one work can vie with this for essential importance to the student. This Encyclopædia is to be completed in three volumes. The introductory list of writers in them is a perfect glossary of names of the best theological thinkers and writers in Germany, France, and England. Frederick Augustus Arnold, of Halle, is here; so also are Eugene Bersier, of Paris; Dr. Blaikie and Dr. Calderwood, of Edinburgh; Dr. Christlieb, of Bonn; Dr. Dexter, of Boston; Dr. Dorner, of Wittenberg; Dr. Ebrard, of Erlangen; Dr. Luthardt, of Leipzig; Dr. McCosh, of Princeton; with our own Dr. Stoughton, and some hundreds of others. We open the volume on Gnosticism, and there is a complete history of it; on the Greek Church, and we have the same; on the Jesuits, the same; on Foreign Protestant Missions, the same. Do we want to read about the Fathers? here are Ignatius and the rest; on heresies? here are Montanism, the Nestorians, the Monothelites, and others. Do we want the history of the doctrine of 'The Mass?' it is here; or the story of the Lollards? it is here. Do we want to study

* Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. Based on the Real-Encyklopädie of Herzog, Plitt, and Hauck. Volume II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

the last form of philosophy which the Greek civilization developed, and which stood in such interesting relation to Christianity, viz. Neo-Platonism? there are four columns about it here. In specifying these subjects we merely hint at the contents, which are compact and yet comprehensive in treatment, there being no mere verbiage and book-wadding in them. We welcome this second volume as a noble addition to our library, and it will certainly fairly oust several others. We do not hesitate to say that it is a marvellous production—a theological library in itself, condensed as essences are condensed, but never so as to impair a worthy fulness of treatment. We should like to see it not only in every college library, but on every ministerial student's shelves; and we can say this to those popularly called 'laymen,' that in securing this volume they will have theological professors of their own, who know how to interest as well as instruct. We give prominence to our review because the Encyclopædia deserves our warmest word of commendation.

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

With all your Might.

It is the *full effort* that lifts the burden. Half-heartedness is wasted power. We need in all our duties to remember that success comes with all-round endeavour—head, heart, and hand. Many a failure comes from wasted energy. Only at the Cross do we secure motive-power enough to do our work well.

Fretting.

To fret is to fray out. A garment is fretted when ravelled at the edges. It is not great troubles that do the worst work. We seek divine strength and make great spiritual effort to triumph over these, but experience endorses the truth that little worries, like mosquitoes, destroy rest and peace.

Room.

When we meditate astronomically, we feel amid all the wonders of the heavens, in the magnitude of the worlds above us, that there is plenty of space! It is miserable to feel that in some great assembly we may be crowded out, and so lose the music or the eloquence. God's home is large enough for us all. 'Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in!' 'And yet there is room.'

Suspicion.

The worst atmosphere to live in is the atmosphere of suspicion. Let young people remember that a lie creates suspicion; let employées remember that a little delinquency creates sus-

picion; let slanderers remember that when once deceived they are likely to be suspected when false insinuations are set going again. We like to meet men with the open brow and the trustful heart. 'Suspects' cannot be branded as criminals, but they are shunned and feared.

Comfort.

This is not the synonym for mere ease. It is the element in life which makes duty pleasant, and elegance subordinate to adaptation. We all know what a comfortable home is! So there are 'comfortable' persons: they make others feel at ease, and do not worry you with little irritable argumentations about nothing. Some travellers destroy the comfort of a journey by a mental restlessness which alarms you for their sanity, for they try to create some sort of disputation; they are never tired of playing at 'Aunt Sally' with all sorts of subjects, and the sticks fly fast and thick round your head all the journey. Some are never comfortable at home—the very furniture seems made to hurt you; and many churches are so full of 'draughts' and 'hard seats' and pseudo-elegance, that you cannot enjoy the service! We do not know what virtue there is in discomfort, bodily or mental. The Great Father wishes to give us the true comfort, for though there may be comfort *without*, all is as nothing unless there be comfort *within*. Unforgiven sin is a thorn in the softest pillow, and if there is no peace with God, neither beautiful scenery nor sacred solitude will give rest. Christ has promised us 'the Comforter,' to abide with us, and the prophet of old says, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people, saith your God.'

He means well.

Then let him learn that 'good intentions' are his worst condemnation; for God never left any soul so impotent as to live in the 'mind' alone. We want actions as well as intentions. We do not read of the Resolutions of the Apostles, but of the 'Acts of the Apostles.'

'TREMBLE AT MY PRESENCE, WHICH HAVE MADE THE SEA.

THOU glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving, boundless, eternal, and sublime—
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible.

Byron.

IN contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.

Milton.

PASTOR VERSUS PRIEST;

OR,

OUR NEO-CATHOLIC CURATES, AND HOW TO ANSWER THEM.

Conversations with a Young Lady Visitor inclined to Ritualism.

VISITOR. Father Breton is very emphatic about 'This is My body.'

MINISTER. Yes. But the literal interpretation is condemned by the whole genius of the Bible. It abounds in Oriental figures—'All flesh is grass,' says Isaiah; 'This Lamb is the Passover;' Christ is called 'the vine,' 'the rock'; and we read in Revelation, 'The seven candlesticks are seven churches.' Then, too, Christ speaks of His disciples, 'Ye are the sheep,' 'Ye are the branches.' Moreover, to fully understand Christ's meaning, we must remember His own explanation. 'Whoso eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life.' What! I thought Judas, the traitor and suicide, ate the flesh and drank the blood! Had he eternal life? It cannot be. Now mark again what our Lord says: 'I am the bread which came down from heaven' (John vi. 41), and this bread He calls His flesh. Now did our Lord's flesh come down from heaven? No! It came from Mary; but in this verse Christ describes His flesh as having 'come down from heaven'!

It is remarked by a Ritualist that 'the Jews understood Christ literally. "They murmured at Him because He said, I am the bread which came down from heaven." Again, "The Jews therefore strove amongst themselves, saying, How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" Evidently they took the words in their literal meaning, and were offended at them.' It does not seem to have struck the Ritualists that the same mistake occurred in relation to the doctrine of the new birth. Nicodemus said unto Him, 'How can a man be born again when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?' Surely proof enough that the Jews were not otherwise than prone to err in this respect! Dr. Wiseman admits that in the former part of this discourse Christ spoke figuratively and spiritually, for he says the ideas of giving bread and partaking of food were commonly applied to giving and receiving instruction; but when Christ says 'Except ye eat My flesh,' He argues that Christ was entering on an entirely different subject. He forgets this, that the Lord's Supper was not instituted till twelve months after the delivery of the discourse, and that the blessings of which the Saviour spoke to His disciples were

available while He spoke. Yet once more, if that little word *is* rules the sentence literally, 'This is My body,' then the little word *is* rules the next sentence—this *is* 'the New Testament'! No logic can evade that. The more strictly the former is pressed, the more strictly ought the latter to be pressed. The wine cannot be blood—it is literally the New Testament or covenant.

Moreover, Christ should have altered the words: He should have said—not 'This bread is My body,' but 'This is no more bread, but My body; this is no more wine, but My blood;' and added to all is the awful implication that the Atonement was consummated before the Saviour hung on the cross, and that before the wicked hands of His enemies crucified Him He was slain. Oh, how beautiful is the simplicity of the New Testament words, 'The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? the cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?' The tendency of the ecclesiastics to become a sacrificing priesthood, in time altogether perverted the utterance. Dr. Stanley says, 'The Eucharist became more and more set apart as a distinct sacred ordinance, till at last it was wrapt up in the awful mystery which has attached to it in the highest degree in the Church of the East; and in some degree in the Churches of the West also, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. Beginning under the simple name of "breaking of bread," known from Paul's Epistles by the social and almost festive appellation of "the Communion" and "the Lord's Supper," it first receives in Pliny the name of "Sacramentum," and in Justin Martyr that of "Eucharistia," till in the days of Chrysostom it presents itself to us under the formidable name of "the dreadful sacrifice."'

VISITOR. I have thought it strange that there are no records of 'elevation of the host' in the Scriptures.

MINISTER. Certainly not. Had this doctrine been Scriptural, the New Testament would have been full of references in the Apostolic Epistles to 'processions of the host,' 'elevation of the host,' and 'adoration of the host;' but there is not a word. For several years the memorial feast continued to form part of the social meal at eventide; and remember that it was not till the third century that its administration was limited to the chief minister. Previous to that, it was the custom for each member of the congregation to take of the elements himself. Instead of reading that Paul went everywhere preaching the Word, we should have read that he went everywhere erecting altars and offering sacrifices. It is strange indeed, according to the Anglo-Catholic theory, that the Apostles were ambassadors of Christ, preaching glad tidings, and not priests dressed in sacerdotal garments performing the Mass Ritual. Moreover, what of the

abuses in the Corinthian Church, when they not only 'spilled the wine,' but became intoxicated? Paul says, 'What! have ye not houses to eat and drink in, or despise ye the Church of God?' He does not say, 'Why profane ye the body of Christ?' According to the Anglo-Catholic 'Cautels of the Mass,' I will tell you what he ought to have done. I read thus: 'If the Eucharist hath fallen to the ground, the place where it lay must be scraped, and fire kindled thereon, and the ashes reserved behind the altar.' I abstain from further quotations from these Cautels, concerning possible dangers to the consecrated bread and wine, as they are fearfully suggestive of blasphemy, and of the way in which the Divine Lord puts Himself, not only within the power of His reasonable creatures, but within the power of the very beasts that perish.

It is a terrible thought, then, that Masses are restored in England. Hundreds of millions of Masses have been offered—that is, hundreds of millions of the offerings of the body and blood of Christ—when once for all Christ put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. If Christ's sacrifice is infinite, and if we have through Him perfect forgiveness, how fearful a mockery in His sight must be this Mass service, which may be bought with money, and offered up for departed souls. One thing is certain, if the word 'sacrificing,' as used in the New Testament, means sacrificing the body and blood, soul and divinity, of Christ, on the altar of the church, as a propitiatory sacrifice, then kings and rulers, women and men, have all a right to do it, as their sacrificial duties are called in Scripture by this word! spiritual sacrifices being the only sacrifices offered up by the kings and priests of God.

No word can do justice to the emotion of sadness I feel in the knowledge that the Mass is introduced, in all its fulness, to England. The Mass! Yes, and all its correlative doctrines! Soon we shall hear that only those who have had absolution may attend, and that confession is the necessary preliminary to absolution! and that, as only priests can administer sacraments, so only priests can teach us what is the truth of God. Let the doctrine of the priesthood triumph—the greatest sins again in England will be heresy and schism, and the grossest tyranny will triumph in the power to curse, which accompanies the power to bless.

VISITOR. I notice that the newspapers counsel conciliation in all these matters.

MINISTER. Yes; the newspapers of the age—an age in which commercial and fashionable and worldly interests are predominant—counsel quiet forbearance with each party by the other, so that none may be offended or cast out. Exactly what Cæsar

did in the Pantheon with the pagan gods, and bid them all be on easy terms with each other. Forbearance! Oh, there are moments when the very word sounds the deepest depths of degradation. Forbearance, if Christ's Gospel is trampled under foot—His perfect Atonement dishonoured—His precious Gospel made void by tradition? Forbearance! No; let us not make compromise the grave of truth! Listen to St. Paul: 'Beware lest any man spoil you, after the traditions of men, and not after Christ' (Col. ii. 8). 'Rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith. Not giving heed to Jewish fables, and commandments of men, that turn from the truth' (Titus i. 13, 14). And be it remembered that all traditions of Fathers, and all decrees of uninspired Councils, are only 'commandments of men.' We must raise our testimony against the paganism and superstition of Roman or Anglo-Catholicism; and, God helping us, we will! There can be no common standing-ground between Protestantism and Popery; there never has been—never can be—never will be!

Tendencies to Roman Catholicism must be resisted by us to the death. The pernicious symbolism which begins so prettily, and ends so disastrously, must be discarded. Why wear those paltry crucifixes, which, though they had been studded with pearls and diamonds, our fathers would have cast into the street?

(*To be continued.*)

SEVENTY AND SEVENTEEN.

I.

THERE'S oft a sweet serenity
  That settles o'er life's e'en,
Which makes the heart of seventy
  As young as seventeen.

II.

There's oft a hair so silvery
  Clothing a heart so green,
Which makes the face of seventy
  Beauteous as seventeen.

III.

There's oft a power of sympathy
  Springing from deeps unseen,
Which gives a charm to seventy
  Unknown to seventeen.

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peculiarly liable to misrepresentation. His opalescent nature, his kaleidoscopic moods, his profound intellectual and spiritual insight, his impatience of the mere mechanics and formularies of religion—which are of more importance than he realizes, because the weak need props which the strong do not need—his intensely emotional nature, and his utter disregard of his own reputation, make him often an enigma to his friends, and always an easy subject for the misrepresentations of envy, malice, and uncharitableness. That this volume will clear away all misunderstandings I do not imagine; still less that it ever will mitigate misrepresentations. But I trust it may serve a useful purpose in making known the man to those who have only known the orator and the Christian.' Exactly! This is what it will do. Part III.—his characteristic utterances—is full of vitality and force! We read little anecdotes, too, full of touching revelations of the Divine source of his own consolations in his season of great trial. 'What shall I do, Mr. Beecher?' asked a lady parishioner in domestic trouble. 'Where can I go for help?' 'Is it possible,' answered Mr. Beecher, 'that I have been preaching to you all these years and you do not know where to go for help?' 'It hurt me at the time,' said this lady, afterwards speaking to me, 'but I never forgot it; and when his trouble came, I knew where his help came from.' The author adds: 'Generosity of sympathy and quickness of insight are a part of Mr. Beecher's genius; his sympathy opens your heart to him; his insight quickly discerns its wants; and thus he is often able to accomplish in an hour an amount of pastoral work which a man less magnetic, less sympathetic, less genial in mental and spiritual action, would require days to accomplish.'

The entire volume abounds with matters of quick interest, and with analyses of Mr. Beecher's power as a preacher, lecturer, orator, and journalist. We congratulate the young publisher, Mr. Bordon Hunt, on being entrusted with the production of so important a work, and we predict for it an extensive sale. No man could be a good man who could sanction such a record of his career and character, whose conscience was not void of offence, and whose devotion to the service of his Master was not really, as it here appears to be, supreme.

OUR MASTER'S FOOTSTEPS; or, Bible-Class Notes for Thoughtful Girls. By CHARLOTTE BICKERSTETH WHEELER. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

It must be very difficult to secure suggestive notes for Bible Classes, or we should never have such dull productions as we too often get. We know no lesson of literature where commonplace reigns so supreme as in many School and Bible Class notes; and yet how vast the field—and how wonderful the influence one able mind might work here! These notes are an exception to the rule; they are good—very good. The authoress well says, 'How brightly a diamond of truth, before unnoticed, flashes into glorious beauty if a single ray of light fall on it!' True. The art of the teacher is pre-eminently to quicken by animated thoughtful touches and to bring out the salient points in the Gospel histories. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John are all treated of here, and we wish we had space to give some illustrations of the method of treatment. It is enough to say it is able, suggestive, spiritual, and fresh. We recommend all teachers of senior classes to secure a copy at once.

MEN WORTH REMEMBERING.—ALEXANDER DUFF. By THOMAS SMITH, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The life of Mr. Duff is bound up with the work of missions, and certainly he holds a very prominent place amongst men worth remembering. Dr. Smith had a long and intimate association with Dr. Duff, so that

this is not a made-up sort of book, but full of living touches. The author says 'Excepting as a missionary Dr. Duff was, and desired to be, simply nothing.' True! But we need in these days all the inspiration that can be given, to carry on the noble work of Foreign Missions; and therefore we heartily commend this compact and interesting little volume.

THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING. By ANNA WARNER. London: J. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

This is one of the little pocket sort of series of religious books. Some are good and useful without being intellectually stimulating or spiritually suggestive. This has both of these elements in them, and is well worth reading, and keeping, and circulating.

SUNSET GLEAMS; OR, PROGRESS FROM DOUBT TO FAITH. From the French of A. SCHŒFFER. Translated by FREDERICK ASH FREER. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

This book was recently published in French under the title of 'The Déclin de la Vie,' and is a record of individual life. As such it is full of pathos and power. The French edition was rapidly exhausted, which we do not wonder at. It meets the difficulties and objections of honest doubters, and is evidently the product of a cultivated mind. We gather by the writer's dialogue—put in a Socratic form—that he is seventy years of age, that he had been a judge, that he has had correspondence with George Sand, Dickens, St. Marc, Girardin, Michelet, Thiers, Guizot, Quinet, Montalembert, Lacordaire, and many more distinguished writers of the nineteenth century. The first part is pensive, not to say depressing in the last degree, as the author opens up the secret of a mind doubtful about immortality and eternal life, the sun setting upon one mountain-top of thought after another! The latter part of the book is bright with personal hope in the Saviour. The author says in the preface that he treats some points, which is true, with great reserve, but that he has become strongly affirmative on one point, viz., 'Conditional Immortality.' We do not agree with that doctrine ourselves, but that need not prevent us saying that the volume is a wonderful psychological study in the author's process of painful self-revealing, and that it is well written and deeply interesting.

MANUAL FOR MINISTERIAL CANDIDATES. By the REV. JOHN HUDSTON London: C. D. Ward, 4, London House Yard, St. Paul's, E.C.

This unpretending little volume is designed for those seeking entrance into the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion, but its counsels and its methods make it available for all young students for the ministry. The chapter on the 'Free Delivery of Sermons' has some excellent suggestions and arguments in it. 'A few years ago,' the author says, 'Mr. Gladstone gave in the City Temple an address on preaching, and in it he announced a decided preference to free preaching over reading sermons. But Mr. Gladstone added a caution which ought to remembered: "Do not let us suppose that, because the principle is to be adopted, there will be a smaller necessity for knowledge and cultivation on the part of those who are to preach. On the contrary, if they are to preach extempore without knowledge, thought, or cultivation, as well as those high and more sanctifying means which every right-minded preacher will adopt, they will be "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," and no better. It is only out of the full heart, and likewise out of the well-furnished mind, that good extemporaneous preaching can proceed.' The chapters on 'Mental Pre-requisites' and on 'Conducting Divine Service' are capital, and we should like to see the little volume in the hands of

every earnest-hearted young man seeking entrance to the Christian ministry. It is written in the right tone and with beautiful modesty of spirit.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM, A TREASURY OF MORAL TRUTHS BY THE BEST AUTHORS. By J. E. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo and Co.

This type of book is somewhat on the increase. The fact only proves that there is a demand for such treasuries. Certainly this is one of the best of the kind we have seen. The extracts are not too long, and the selection is made from men who stand in the first ranks of writers, teachers, and preachers. It is a capital volume to put into the travelling-bag, and to read in half-hours that might else be wasted in desultory thought, or in talk with people whose mental resources are exhausted on the weather, or servants, or some favourite 'ism.' We think, too, that it will start the mind sometimes on a fertile theme of meditation. It is well printed, the extracts are well headed, and a copy ought to be left on the parlour-table for all doomed to wait therein for some considerable time! Few there are who fail to be interested in pithy proverbs, homely similes, and noble thoughts.

LITERARY WORLD. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet Street.

The best pennyworth in London. An admirable review of current literature.

EXPOSITION AND SERMON. By DR. MCAUSLANE. London: W. Penny, Ivy Lane.

Ministers do well to use the press as well as the pulpit. It helps to keep their style from wordiness and their thoughts from repetition.

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By ALFRED H. MILES. Price 6d. London Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.

Capital. Music bright and words good. Much needed and well done.

THE NEW HAND-BOOK OF SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Is this the best that can be done in this splendid sphere of labour? We trust not. The fact is this, and it must be boldly stated, there is no work more 'woodeny' and uninspirational than the 'Notes' of the various providers for Sunday School Classes. The sphere, as we have said, is a magnificent one. The congregation is million-fold. When will the various 'School' publishers be wise and aggressive enough to secure excellent brains as well as excellent hearts, and pay well suggestive writers who will give stimulus and suggestion to the teachers. We have waited long and are waiting still; but the results at present are little less than deplorable. We are sorry to write thus, but we are bound so to do, and must reiterate our judgment that the Sunday School teaching manuals, as a matter of literature, are the feeblest of any that we know. This new Hand-Book is better than some, but not much.

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

Sound, strong, and good, but very denominational.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. London: James Nisbet and Co., 20, Berners Street, W.

Better than most of its class, but still making us sigh, 'Oh, for less print, and more thought of a seedling character!'

THE FIRESIDE. London: 'Home Words' Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

Admirably illustrated, well printed, and a very cheery, chatty sort of paper.

Photographed by M. Guttenberg, Manchester

Yours truly
Wm J. Woods.

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1883.

*THE REV. W. J. WOODS, B.A.**

CAVENDISH STREET CHAPEL, the Manchester 'Nonconformist Cathedral,' has had a long and honourable name for many years, though its history has not been one of unbroken prosperity. It became recently of much concern to the Nonconformists of Manchester who should be appointed to occupy the position, in succession to such men as Dr. Halley and Dr. Parker. It is hoped and believed that under the wise and kindly care of Mr. Woods, the future of Cavendish Street Chapel will be, if not so brilliant, at least as useful in the high work of ministration as it has ever been in the past.

Mr. Woods is still comparatively a young man, but, as will be seen, he has had more experience in relation to Church matters than might be supposed, and has given sufficient proof of his ability and fitness to occupy a position even as responsible and difficult as that of the pastorate of Cavendish Street Chapel. He is the son of the Rev. W. Woods, who was for many years the highly respected and successful minister of Oxford Street Chapel in Leicester, and whose memory is still warmly cherished by those who were privileged to receive from him their guidance and instruction. The subject of the present sketch was educated at the Leicester Grammar School, and early gave promise of an earnestness and devotion to duty which has been abundantly fulfilled in after-years. Trained in a Christian home, when the time came for him to decide upon the path he should enter, in which to find his life's work, inclination and affection had already made the one decision alone possible—that he should walk in the footsteps of his father, devoting his abilities, whatever these might be, to the service of the Church of God. With wise forethought his father sent him, then about sixteen years of age, to

* At the request of many readers of the *Evangelical Magazine* a brief history is appended to the photograph.—EDITOR.

undertake a course of theological reading under the guidance of the Rev. Thos. Mays, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a kindly and useful man, and withal a famous lover of the old Puritan divines. Here he was introduced to much of sterling worth and manliness, of earnest belief and strong utterance; the effect of which upon a youth of ardent temperament carefully matured must have been incalculably useful and healthful. Whilst at Ashby, too, he was brought to some extent into the more practical work of a pastorate—taking some sort of pastoral oversight of two village churches, whose pulpits he occupied on alternate Sundays. No doubt many of the doings of this time and these communities were very primitive, and the young man inexperienced enough; but his services were highly appreciated, and he was able to gain some knowledge of men, and some acquaintance with the principles and practice of Church government. Here, indeed, was a danger from which he happily escaped. A young man of easy utterance, sufficiently furnished mentally for the requirements of a charge which need not put him under any very great strain, of exceedingly youthful appearance, he soon became very popular, and was notorious for miles round as 'the boy preacher,' on several occasions addressing very large audiences in the Temperance Hall at Leicester. It would not have been surprising if this early fame, accompanied by an amount of petting and admiration, had completely turned the youth's head; and it says much indeed, not only for the wise influence of his father, as also of Mr. Mays, but also for his own discretion and self-control, that, in this time of popularity, refusing in more than one instance urgent invitations from churches to pass at once fully into the pastoral office, he preferred to enter upon a long collegiate course, that so, by patient study and with more matured powers, he might fit himself for the great work towards which all his aspirations were leading him.

In 1868 he became a student in New College, London, of which the Rev. Dr. Halley was then the principal. Here he remained six years, a general favourite with all who knew him, and recognised as a young man of great promise, and of great service in the collegiate debates, most of his utterances being marked by good sense, thorough knowledge, and great earnestness. Here he obtained first-class literary honours and several college prizes, including the Bennett-King Scholarship in 1870. In 1873 he graduated as B.A. at the University of London in the first division. Whilst at college, too, he took a kind of pastoral oversight of one of the village churches connected therewith—Brackley, in Northamptonshire; an association which was kept up with mutual regard for three or four years, and was only severed,

and then with great regret, on the occasion of his leaving college for the settled work of the ministry. During this time also he gave great assistance to a small church at Hyde in the neighbourhood of Hendon, and occupied frequently many of the pulpits in London.

In 1874 he undertook the pastorate of the Spencer Street Church in Leamington, having previously declined pressing invitations from the church at Beccles in Suffolk, and at Queen's Square, Brighton. Mr. Woods remained seven and a half years as pastor of the Spencer Street Chapel, and during that time won the high respect and warm regard of the people amongst whom he laboured; the relation being never embittered by the least sign of dissatisfaction, the bonds of union and the ties of mutual affection only growing more and more firm till the time when, at the call of duty, he felt it incumbent upon him to relinquish the association. His modesty, thoughtfulness, and practical wisdom brought near to him the mature amongst his flock, whilst the young men and maidens, and the little children were devoted to him, and were ever glad to avail themselves of his kindly counsel and warm sympathy. Among those of his own congregation, also, he won golden opinions; and being of broad sympathies, firm and outspoken in regard to his own convictions, but ever ready to appreciate and acknowledge the motives of those who differed from him, he was respected by all, and without sacrificing one jot of his rightful independence he found it still 'possible' to 'live peaceably' with most men. Always placing first in his regard the obligations which rested upon him in connection with his pastorate, he yet found time to take an active and useful part in the affairs of the town in which he had been called to reside—being a member of the Council of the Institute, of the Free Library and School of Art Committees, of the Board of Guardians, and other public bodies. In addition to these and other duties he was an earnest worker in connection with the County Union, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Temperance cause, and all kinds of Evangelistic work in the neighbouring villages, taking a practical oversight of a number of village churches; his life in Leamington proving him to be a man of steady purpose, of earnest consecration, of good business ability, of great practical wisdom both in the managenent of affairs and in his intercourse with men; and withal he was sincere and kindly, lovable and loved.

When the news reached Leamington that the Cavendish Street friends were seeking the services of Mr. Woods, and when it seemed likely that his association with the Spencer Street congregation would be speedily severed, a feeling almost of consternation prevailed; resolutions, petitions, and hortatory letters

were for a time abundant, all with the object of retaining his services as the pastor of the Spencer Street Church. The call from Cavendish Street was strong, not only from the fact that it was unanimous, but also from the fact that hard and patient work would be needed for the building up of a church that had become enfeebled. Mr. Woods has been now something more than a year and a half in Manchester, and it is too early yet to pass a full judgment upon his labours and success there; but undoubtedly amongst the people of Manchester, whether connected with the Cavendish Street Chapel or not, there is a general belief that he is the right man there, and a strong hope is felt that coming years will be full of power and blessing. The congregations are increasing steadily, a hearty spirit of work prevails, and already there are clear proofs discernible that the same consecration which marked the course of Mr. Woods at Leamington will ensure a prosperous and useful career in the city of Manchester.

'The city' is to so many the place of toil and business, from which the wealthy merchant and the well-to-do tradesman are glad to escape, if it be only 'at the week-end.' Every man who gets on at all, soon thinks of the delights of a house in the suburbs, and though with the best intentions in the world he determines he will not forsake his church or his pastor, yet his intentions are generally found to go the usual way. Meanwhile church and pastor remain to strive with more earnestness than ever against not only the ordinary difficulties of the work, but against the special difficulties of their own position with regard to it. It is said that the village churches feed the churches in the large manufacturing towns, it is even more true that the city churches feed, and feed well, the suburban churches; and a city pastor must work hard and work assiduously, with constantly decreasing help, endeavouring to meet as well as he may the requirements of the toiling many who must remain. There is more of wealth, more of society, more of noise and show in a suburban church—the tide sets that way, and failure is almost an impossibility; but perhaps in the great account of heaven the highest meed of praise which can be awarded to a church or human worker is the record of poor men's blessings, thanking God that they are not forsaken, and that for the city poor there are still the city church and the city pastor. It is sincerely hoped that Mr. Woods and the band of Christian workers at Cavendish Street Chapel will be abundantly blessed, and that the glory of this latter house may be worthy of the former days.

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.—*Chrysostom.*

THE MASTER'S USE.

ST. PAUL EXHORTS TIMOTHY TO BE 'MEET FOR THE MASTER'S USE.'

CHRISTIAN service is the subject we have therefore to meditate upon. This, St. Paul tells Timothy, has in it elements of culture and wisdom, as well as zeal and earnestness. It is beautiful to be earnest; but it is well to remember that earnestness is valuable in relation to thought, culture, and adaptation. We do not want the earnest dentist, or the earnest musician, or the earnest medical practitioner; in each sphere there must be skill as well as force. In the sphere of the Gospel we are not emancipated from the ordinary conditions of service. Faculty is a thing of cultivation as well as creation. This is part of the glory of man: he can grow. The instinct of the lower animals does not seem to be a matter of higher development. The first nest of the bird is as perfect as the last. The earlier honeycomb of the bee is as geometrically exact as the later. The keen scent of the dog does not improve. Here there is a perfection after its own kind. Here there is limitation. Growing meetness there is none. The use is perfected at once. With God's own child it is different. He is to grow in grace, to grow in the knowledge of Jesus, to grow in meetness and power. To this end he is to be sanctified, not made sanctimonious, not set apart by ascetic modes of life, or monastic modes of dress; but separated from the spirit of the world. 'I pray not,' said Christ, 'that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.' We are to meditate, then, on

MEETNESS AND MINISTRATION.

First comes Meetness. The preparatory elements for Christian service are within the reach of us all: these are moral and spiritual in the main: that is, they have to do with the conscience and the heart. It is in the renewed spirit, the chastened imagination, the energized conscience, the obedient will, that we find the highest meetness for spiritual service. The Gospel is no mere intellectual study. Let it be simply this, and it will hide its perfect light from us. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' Blessed are they that do the Saviour's will, for they shall know of the doctrine. We have had no lack of intellect seeking to analyze Christ. Strauss, Renan, and others sought for what Matthew Arnold calls Christ's secret. But this habitation of the divine glory refuses to open to the key of the intellect alone. Love, as of old, is the golden key to the understanding of the mystery of redemption. To

'know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge' was the prayer of the finest intellect in the Apostolic Church. Our meetness, then, for the service of the Saviour is mainly that of the spiritual life and character. Given that, the humblest faculties may well be laid out for His service.

Meetness Comes from Faculty Patiently Used.

This is true of all faculty. Mr. Ruskin shows us how hard it is to draw a straight line, how none but an accustomed hand can do it. Men shrink from commencement. If you wish to skate, you must not mind a fall. The graceful curve is not a gift, but a growth. The most perfect musician once had the drill of exercises. The most perfect classic once toiled over unpoetical grammar-books. Christian service is not an easy service; to teach a child is not merely an inspiration, but a habit. Of course faculty varies, and there are diverse adaptations. Talents are differentiated—ten, five, one—but all *have* talents. When Christ asked Peter, 'Lovest thou Me?' and received the reply, 'Thou knowest,' Christ said, Do something, 'Shepherd My sheep. Feed My lambs.' We have none of us immunity from service. We need it for ourselves. Work has its reflex influence on the workers. It cultivates patience, perseverance, and self-denial. It is not supposed that we can all serve Christ in the same way. 'There are diversities of operation, but the same spirit worketh all in all.' The age is luxurious. We must allay the fever of fleshly inclination by service. It is not Christian to banish art, culture, and elegance in our homes. That is only another form of asceticism. It *is* Christian to be self-denying amid all these, and to learn how to live above them while we live amidst them. Remember, then, we are all to be of use, and use is to be a matter of careful; 'meetness,' through thought and prayer and cultivation.

Meetness Comes through Suffering Patiently Borne.

Many of the Church's best angels are not the ablest or the cleverest, but the humblest. Sorrow often does what no other agency can achieve. Suffering creates sympathy, tenderness to the erring, consciousness of our own frailty, and humility of heart. Moreover the heavenly home becomes clearer to the vision when purified by trial. Youth has its faculties of healthy enthusiasm and abounding energy, but riper years have their hours of happiness too. When we have touched the hill-top of life and begin to see the valley sleeping in calmness beneath our feet, we thereon feel that the time for Christian work and service is fast hastening away. It will soon be too late to serve the Master here. We have worked hard perhaps, but our books

will soon be turned by other fingers, our pictures hang on other walls, our tables be headed by other hosts. We have seen much at mid-life: fortunes dissipated by commercial panic, the child lambs gathered into the heavenly fold—men at business on Monday, their faces putting on the mystic peace of the last tragedy on Tuesday. We too were weak and ill; the clock-beat was painful to our nerves; the children have been told to hush! Then come thoughts like these: What work have I done for the Master? What sacrifices have I really made? How imperfectly my ideals have been realized? Christ has not always been in the foreground of life's picture. To live has not always been Christ. Our service has been poor at the best. How faltering has often been our faith! how cold our love! But the hours of grief and pain have not been in vain! Our Father has had a wise purpose in them all. Friend and brother, you and I have need of tribulation.

Meetness Comes from Instrumentalities Faithfully Employed.

These are divine and wonderful. As soldiers, we have the perfect panoply of the heavenly armour. As stewards, we have each a many-acred farm to care for. As vine-dressers, we have the sun and shade and shower, and God has given us our own sweet vineyard of Church or home. Yes, if we do not the work nearest to us, we shall do no other. Let us not blame enthusiasm for particular churches. I have known old people love the spot in a church where first the Saviour was born in their hearts. I have a deep sympathy with those who are patriots, and love their Fatherland; and a deeper sympathy with those who speak ardently about their own churches. It does not shut out a universal love for the Church. Here, then, near to us are the heaven-provided instruments. Let us not be tempted to despise our own little vineyard. The emigrant who has had glamour thrown over a new country, knows not what a dear land he has left until he wakes up under other skies. We must make the best of our own Church, our own schools, our own circumstances, our own abilities. We have all the weapons we need in the Word of God, in the glorious Gospel of the incarnation, redemption, and resurrection of Christ! Many of the best artists did their work at first with poor inefficient tools, but we have the finished instrumentalities of God. Alas! how contrasts shame us! Reynolds, it is said, could sit thirty-six hours before the canvas without a break to bring out in beauty the human face divine. How seldom have we ever lingered enthusiastically at our work to bring out in the living canvas of the human heart the beautiful likeness of Jesus Christ! Let us be diligent, let us be faithful; the evening is coming, the

shadows are creeping up to the hill-top, and the day will soon be gone. Meetness will come through meditation, which is prayer in preparation, and prayer which is preparation spoken; and, above all, from the consciousness of dependence on the spirit of the living God, which will strengthen us with all might in our inner man.

MINISTRATION.

We come here to the word 'use.' We English people have need to think much about it. Beauty is meretricious when it is not the handmaid of use. Mere ornamental work is meaningless, just like imitation pillars and arches which have no strength of support in them. So, too, attire which does not serve a purpose is both a sign of want of culture, and of the absence of reality and sincerity. Use characterizes all the works of God. The running stream is more than a line of silver beauty in the landscape; it brings fertility and blessing with it. The sea bears the freight of commerce, and brings the healthful ozone on its bosom, as well as spreads its broad expanse of beautiful blue. The tree gives you shade in summer, and breathes out its air of oxygen. We cannot as yet discern all uses; but use there is, delicate and exquisite, in all the works of God.

The Christian man is to be a useful man, not a self-indulgent one—not conscious so much of the relation of others to himself so much as of the relation of others to him. We are to be like the Master, Who came *not* to be ministered unto, but to minister.

We are under a Master.

Many of you will remember an admirable book, 'Christ and other Masters.' Alas! how many take Christ as a Saviour who do not take Him as a King, and seldom ponder how much they can obey Him! 'If ye love Me,' He says, 'keep My commandments.' Works without faith are vain: they are not Christian works—they are carved dry wood, not graceful living branches; they are not a fruit—they are waxwork grapes. Life, true life, is sure to effloresce in beauty, and to develop into fruit. Master! Yes, we are to serve and obey Him. His Throne is in the conscience, and all our powers of thought, imagination, and affection are to stand in ready phalanx obedient to His will. Master! The word is disliked sometimes. The word 'servant' is shrunk from. But we are all debtors, and owe much to our fellow-men. The beauty of public-school life is that petted home-boys have to *serve*. The old training of the knight's son that had to wait at his father's chair was a grand service. Occasionally there was interchange, and one nobleman's son

served another's father. Service is divine. God works. His hands made us, and not we ourselves. 'His servants ye are,' remember, 'to whom ye yield yourselves.' Christ may be at this hour saying to some of us, 'Ye *call* me Master and Lord, but ye do not the things which I say.' His final reward is this, 'Well, done, thou good and faithful *servant*.'

We are of Use to the Master.

Children like to be made use of. They will put away books and toys to render one little tribute of service to household industry, and delight in the fact that their tiny energies can aid in the service of home. Now, would you say to the dear bright faces, 'I am only pretending to have made use of you; you have done no good.' You would never do that. Yet some scarcely like to think, concerning the Saviour, that they are of use. Christ they think, can do without them as well as with them. True; but He has condescended to link His Kingdom in its extension with our poor endeavours. Christian work is not merely a kind of spiritual exercise. Your living and your loving heart, your sanctified energies, *are* useful to the Master. It is considerate in our Saviour to *use* us, but He has done so in every age. Let us reverence His wisdom, and delight to know that spiritual function is a reality. The command, 'Son, go work to-day in My vineyard,' has in it a purpose of Divine salvation for the world.

We must Give our Best to the Master.

It is sad, in this England of ours, to think how little faculty is cultured. The Scotch set us a splendid example in this respect, though not equal to the Germans. Dr. Guthrie's autobiography shows what Scotch lads did and do to *rise*, not merely in purse, but in mind! They have had heroes other than those who fought at Bannockburn—heroes of the parish school and college. Is it not lamentable to find faculty so little cultivated amongst us? How few *fit* themselves for higher posts! The consequence is that, when the occasion of promotion comes, they cannot write a foreign letter, or take charge of higher spheres. The disgrace of England is that many are trying to do as little, and to get as large pay for that little, as they possibly can. Pleasure, too, of a sensual kind unfits for duty; we are reproducing the circus era of the Roman history, and our walls are often placarded with inane amusement-bills and mindless attractions. This is the way to social corruption and death. History says so. To give our best to the nation is patriotic; to give our best to Christ is heroic. The preacher, the teacher, the worker, must all offer their best. We must linger in the pre-

sence of Jesus till we become transfused with tenderness, gratitude, admiration, devotion. In one of the Continental galleries where Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration is to be seen, there are always collected around it crowds of students and copyists—they keep coming and going—each striving to reproduce every shade, every light, every expression, every delicate touch. Such is the enthusiasm of art. We need not be noisy because we are earnest, but we might and we ought so to linger in the presence of our Divine Lord as inwardly to catch His Spirit Who came to seek and to save that which was lost. 'Meet for the Master's use,' since it is only for a very little time! The open gates will soon show us the heavenly Throne. In the midst of life we are all of us much alone. Child-faces have gone from us to be transfigured into a more perfect glory. Suffering forms have had the thorn-crown lifted from their brows, and have no need now to be wheeled to the open casement to breathe fresh summer air. The redeemed walk by the river of the water of life, under the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, and there night and pain are known no more. The reverend form and the flowing white hair of age are enjoying the eternal life which knows no weariness and no age. We are much alone, and shall be more alone. We cannot understand God's ways always; we work and wait. In the garden of our hearts there are many graves. But Jesus knows all, and He says to us, 'Yet a little while.' We cannot long keep our friends here; Death's chariot drives noiselessly in time to all our doors. But *we* look not at the things which are seen and temporal, but at the things which are unseen and eternal. Let us not only work while it is day, but do that work in the spirit characterized by these words, 'Meet for the Master's use.'

THE EDITOR.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON THE SENTIMENT OF GALLANTRY.

READERS of Charles Lamb find few of his essays more admirable than that on 'Modern Gallantry.' It is especially admired by women; many of whom, nevertheless, evince more delight in the essay than appreciation of its sentiment. I read it one evening to a company of ladies, and was rewarded by smiles and beaming faces. Calliope lifted up the light of her beautiful countenance on me, and thanked me for making her acquainted with 'sweet Susan Winstanley.' But Calliope dishonours her sex by patronizing nearly all the women whom she notices. She spoke that evening of a lady whose powers were failing as

a 'poor old thing;' and, pointing to a gifted woman present, she 'wondered what men could see in that queer old thing, that they paid her so much attention.' I own I was not surprised at Calliope. Nature is parsimonious even when she seems most prodigal; and a woman with a face like Calliope's may be considered as richly endowed. I was, however, disappointed in Urania. She did not thank me; by a movement which I understood she drew me to her side. 'That essay,' said she, 'was an ample vindication of the place of humour in serious literature;' and she added that 'such were the papers which had won for Lamb the title of the "gentle Elia."' Two days after I was dining with Urania, when she told me that since her young coachman had come she could not keep her waitress from the garden; and her voice did not falter, even though the waitress came to serve us while she was saying this. The girl was no more fluttered than her mistress; I was the only disconcerted party of the three.

I know no expression of gallantry more apt than that in the line of an old song—

'In one girl all womanhood to me.'

Gallantry is the reverence which our sex owes to the other: in most men it originates in the perception of the superlative merit of some individual; in all men it is sustained by such a personal perception. Susan Winstanley understood this. 'I thought,' said she, when explaining to her lover that her aversion towards him was occasioned by his harsh treatment of his sempstress, 'that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them.' That is how women may foster the spirit of gallantry in men; by resenting dishonour done to womanhood more keenly than a personal affront; by accepting the homage paid them as due rather to the sex which lives in them and charms through them, than to themselves. To forget this is to invite dishonour; she has already betrayed herself who has allowed herself to be exalted at the expense of her sisterhood.

This is a homage which women can pay as well as receive; which they must pay if they are to continue to receive it. They should see 'all womanhood' in any and every woman; nor, on any account of poverty, or ungainliness, or want of good manners, treat another with disrespect. The feminine lip is more apt to curl than the masculine should a girl display a lack of education. Women have a 'finer sense' for female *gaucheries* than men, and are more offended with them. Be it so; the

finer sense should be a sympathetic sense; should be allied with the charity that covers lapses, and not with the scorn that draws attention to them. A girl's laugh when a woman misplaces the letter *h*, silvery though the laugh may be, sounds harsher than the blunder which provokes it.

The daughters of my old friend Scutiger are noble ladies as gentle as they are full of dignity. Men always feel their charm; women also respond to it, and are not envious of advantages of which the possessors seem quite unconscious. After her father's funeral, the other day, one of them described to me an incident she remembered of her childhood. It was my old friend's custom to make his library the evening sitting-room of the family. While he was at his reading-table his wife brought her work to the fireside, and the children, at their table, went on with their lessons. On one occasion a young lady visitor was talking to the mistress of the house of some sempstresses whom she had seen working in a ladies' sale-room. 'I thought, by their manner,' said she, 'that they were ladies and could hardly believe that they were common women.' In an instant Scutiger wheeled round on his chair, and, with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, said, 'I had rather see one of my children in her coffin than hear her speak scornfully of working women.' The young lady blushed; Mrs. S. fidgeted in her chair; the children looked up, eyes and mouths rounded with amazement at this unusual heat in their quiet father. He returned a little sheepishly to his reading; and, for the rest of the time of the visitor's stay, a peculiar gentleness in his manner towards her betokened his desire to remove the memory of her offence. 'I never forgot,' said his daughter, 'my father's anger; and I have learned to understand it. He saw none of us in our coffins,' continued she, with a little catch in her breath, 'but he never heard one of us speak of a "common woman."'

There is no fear of the decay of gallantry while Christian civilization endures. Human nature retains possession of the discoveries which it makes; and the secret of elevating the tone of social intercourse by special deference from one sex to the other is too precious to be lost. The value, however, of the sentiment depends quite as much on the temper of those who receive the homage as on the temper of those who offer it. There are women before whose absolute simplicity compliments cast off their fulsomeness; the gallant cannot preserve his levity; he feels that he ought to mean what he is saying, even if he did not mean it; he is purer and more genuine in his gallantry than he intended to be. The ideal womanhood is exalted thus in the estimate of men; and the exaltation of the ideal of womanhood is the security of every woman.

One of the ends subserved by gallantry is the protection of woman against the excesses of masculine strength. The stronger are very apt to be turbulent, intolerant; there is an impulse of actual destructiveness awakened with the early consciousness of power. The moral forces are, however, sure in the long run to prevail over the physical; the sentiment of gallantry is the expression of a moral need. Personal charms are no sure warrant that the self-respect of the charmer shall be revered; the affections which these awaken are not always of a protective order; there is no safety for womanhood in a society where women subordinate large moral interests to their own caprice or ambition, or to the preservation of adventitious advantages.

It is as much in the interest of men as of women that the sentiment of gallantry should be sustained, its true meaning understood, and its standard elevated. The protective instinct is strong in women; women are quite as conscious that they are the guardians of the purity and peace of manhood as men are that they are the protectors of women. Women know well that, apart from the direct influence of religious principle, there is nothing which can preserve youthful purity and the bloom of life in men as can the sense of feminine sacredness. But they are not always aware of what they themselves do to degrade that sanctity by the disdain with which they treat other women, the mean judgment they pass on others' actions, the jealousy and intolerance and coldness which occasionally mark their intercourse with one another. Mothers and sisters often lament what they call 'the influence of the world' on the lads who have left home; they are quick to notice signs of degradation of the female ideal in them, and attribute it to the coarseness of the intercourse which, they are prompt to imagine, prevails among men in colleges, in warehouses, and in hotels. In truth, the degradation began before the young men left home; the treatment of the domestic servants at their mother's table and the gossip of the drawing-room account for it. Women worship ideals, often the more passionately because the reality is far from satisfactory; men—it may be due to their coarser fibre—do not care much for the ideal, but they are keenly alive to the actual tone of the society in which they move. It is not so easy for young men to lose their sense of the sanctity of womanhood, even in 'coarse male society,' if it has not previously been weakened by observation of the way in which women speak of and to women. Young men wake up, as they think, to the perception that the 'ideal womanhood' they have been taught to revere is a mere superstition imposed on them for their good—if it were a reality, women would treat other women differently—and, in resentment of the delusion palmed upon them, they adopt the tone that so pains the circle at home.

By and by they find out that this, too, is a mistake; but it is a mistake which has robbed young life of its beauty, and may entail perpetual regrets.

For the sake of their less favoured sisters, too, women should understand what the sentiment of gallantry means, and how to preserve and elevate it. Self-respect is natural, but it is not spontaneous; it is part of a true human character, but it requires to be instilled and disciplined. Some years ago, a lady, speaking at Newark to the wives of labouring men, urged them to train their daughters to self-respect, for want of which, she said, hundreds of country girls were brought every year into our towns and cities, where, after a short career of dissipation, they were trodden as the dirt beneath men's feet. They are good words, deserving to be repeated in the ears of other than working women. Self-respect comes by imitation as well as by inculcation. Domestic servants, and all the many women whose lot it is to live by manual labour, will easily learn to respect themselves when their superiors in birth and circumstances and education respect them.

Gallantry is a Christian sentiment. It sprang up in the bosom of the Church, and has developed along with the development of the Christian social feeling. It is one way of recognition of the worth of the human soul. The sacred image of man, revealed in a perfect personality, and henceforth to be sought and recognised in every human being, however lowly, however hidden, however incomplete, is the sublime meaning of the Incarnation. Gallantry is a form of Christian courtesy, and the law of Christian courtesy is this: 'We which are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.'

ALEX. MACKENNAL.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

II.—FROM ROOT TO FLOWER.

HAVING endeavoured to ascertain the main differences between animals and plants, and also to glance at the chief characters of plant-life, our next object will be to show, by a series of 'studies' in different typical flowers, the wonderful adaptation of form to function, the beautiful mechanism and contrivance for certain purposes, the why and wherefore of shape, size, position, and colour, and, in a word, the facts and uses of the thousand wondrous organisms that, to the earnest student of nature, lie

ready and open to him who cares to see, to know, to understand. To this end we shall study—not the intricate internal structure, and then the patent, easily-seen parts, thus going from the 'unknown to the known,' but first of all the familiar organs—those that can, for the most part, be seen by the naked eye, or, at any rate, with an ordinary pocket-lens; afterwards, possibly, searching into the more minute parts of root, stem, and other organs, thus advancing from the 'known to the unknown,' so to speak.

We shall use for our purpose those flowers easily obtained by anyone, and I must ask my readers to take nothing on trust, but to examine for themselves the flowers we use, and verify all the statements made about them. This proceeding is essential to a proper understanding of the facts of the plant-domain, and serves to cultivate the use of hand and eye, and the faculty of observing as well as merely seeing. As Grant Allen says, 'To watch the succession of the members of the floral commonwealth, to learn the connection in which they stand to one another, and to interpret the purpose that they severally have in view—these are the great problems and self-sufficing rewards of those who slowly spell out for themselves from living hieroglyphics the emblems of the country calendar.' Our stock-in-trade consists of two needles, *each* mounted in a wooden handle, or in sealing-wax, a penknife *with a good edge*, and a small pocket-lens (easily obtained at any optician's). A pair of scissors and a small tweezers also come in useful sometimes.

I have spoken of 'typical flowers.' By this I mean those which are 'types' of the few large groups into which the plant-kingdom is divided. A clear knowledge of these type-characters renders the study of nearly all other flowers far easier, as well as the placing of them in their proper groups; it is surprising how soon the student is able to put most of our common plants where they should be placed, and how easily he sees why they should be so arranged, if only he knows well the main types.

One word to encourage my readers. Do not be afraid of a few new words and terms. All those needed are quickly learned, and soon become familiar as household words by their perpetual repetition. It is inevitable that some should occur, especially at first; but the number lessens as we go on, and in every case shall be fully explained where this is necessary. Make them slaves, not masters, and they will do our bidding.

Our first type shall be the Common Buttercup, which for many reasons, to be gradually seen, is the best on which to 'operate' in starting. First of all, *get* your Buttercup. There are some sixteen species in our country, excluding the water ones, which are mostly white. Of the yellow kinds, three are

common enough, and found in most meadows; it does not matter which we take; we shall see how to know them apart later on. The *true* Buttercup is one growing from one to two feet high, with deeply divided leaves, and a *round smooth stem, i.e.*, there are no ruts or furrows on it; the Upright Meadow Crowfoot is its proper name; the scientific name is *Ranunculus Acris;* the former word is common to all the Buttercups, and means 'a little frog,' a name formerly given to these flowers by Pliny, because they are nearly all found where frogs abound, and flower when the frogs are young; the term *Acris* is applied to this species on account of the acrid or bitter property of the juice it contains. It was supposed that the yellow tint of butter was due to the fact that cows ate these plants in the meadows; unfortunately for the theory, cows are too wise to eat Buttercups, the acrid juice, especially present in *R. Acris,* but more or less found in all Buttercups, being not to their taste. The bitter juice of some species is used in the Hebrides to produce counter-irritation in certain diseases, and beggars are known often to use it to bring about ulcers on the hands and feet, in order to excite compassion in the minds of unwary money-givers.

Let us, then, take this Buttercup as our first flower, and see what we can learn about it. We will study two chief questions. First, What are its parts, and how are they arranged? Second, What is the use of each part, and how does each part perform its work?

We must dig up our plant, roots and all in this instance, because we want to know *what a root is,* and, having found out this fact once for all, we need only refer to this organ for the future in certain special cases, when it differs from the one we are now regarding. Wash the roots well, and let us give our attention to them only for the present.

Our plant consists of a central *Axis,* with branches going off from it. This is made up of an ascending Axis or *Stem,* and a descending Axis or *Root.* This is our first general statement about any plant.

Now for the characters of the *Root.* It consists of small *fibres* like little cords, and these branch irregularly into smaller cords called *fibrils.* It is pale, or nearly colourless. it avoids the light; it possesses no leaves and no buds. It ends in what is called a '*Root-sheath,*' which is a little cap protecting the young cells underneath it. In virtue of this 'sheath' it can push its way among stones and earth as it likes, and select the easiest road. The young cells underneath the cap are soft and moist, and, taken together, form the '*growing-point.*' As the protecting cap wears away, by its cells growing old and being

worn by rubbing against stones and earth, these young cells come forward and replace the old ones, and so fresh growth is ever going on from this 'growing-point.' This 'sheath' reaches only a little distance up the outside of the root; above the point where it ends, the outside of the root is not hard, like the 'sheath,' but soft, in order that it may do the work it has to do. We shall see what this is presently. Sometimes it is difficult to make out this 'sheath,' even with a lens; but if you take a small bit of green Duckweed (which covers our ponds), and turn it upside down, you will see a small swelling like a little club at the end of the tiny rootlet; that is the 'root-sheath,' acting as a protecting cap to the young cells inside it. Remember that the root grows only from the tip. So much for root characters. There are others seen in special kinds of roots, but of these another time.

Now look at the *Stem*, and contrast it with the root. Its structure is not fibrous like the root, but is softer and more easily crushed, and, not being woody, we call it *herbaceous*. It has branches, but these are definitely arranged, not irregularly—*i.e.*, they are placed in the *Axil* or angle formed by the stem and a leaf. It is coloured green except at the very lowest part, which is partly buried. It travels upwards, seeking the light. It bears *Leaves* and *Buds;* the latter become either *Branches* or *Flowers*. All the leaves are set on the stem according to some plan. For the present we will say only that they are on different sides of the stem. Those near the ground are in a tuft; they are, nevertheless, arranged according to the same plan. The Leaves are of two kinds: one, the *Foliage-leaves*, are green; the other, those forming the Flower, may be green or some other colour, and are called *Floral-leaves*. Here let us lay down, once for all, a botanical axiom: *Everything borne by the stem and its branches, speaking generally, is a Leaf of some sort, whether green or coloured.* What about the ending of the stem? It never terminates in any 'sheath,' but in a Flower or a Bud, as do also all its branches. Thus we see the stem differs from the root in its structure, method of branching, colour, direction, the bearing leaves and buds, and in its ending. I referred just now to the piece of stem more or less buried in the soil; it is more bulky than the green part, and gives off leaves above, and roots below. We know it is part of the stem because it does give off leaves; this is proof positive. Such a thickened part of the stem is called the *Stock*. Stems may sometimes have underground growths; they are still part of the stem. The edible potato, for instance, is *not* part of the root. Why? Because, as we all know, it will develop buds from the 'eyes,' and leaves, even in a dark cellar; and by our rule, therefore, it is

essentially a stem-production. So the old saying, that a potato-plant, like love, springs from the 'eyes.'

We now come to those organs borne by the stem and its branches; these are all leaves of some kind, as stated above. Let us take, first of all, the *Foliage-leaves.* We see that they are coloured green, like the stem; this is due to their possessing chlorophyll. The point on the stem from which a leaf arises is called a *Node*, from a Latin word '*nodus*,' which means a knob, the little leaf-bud looking at first very like a small knob. The space on the stem between two nodes is an *Internode;* these internodes are of some length in our plant. We shall have to refer to them again. The leaf consists of a stalk or narrow part, and a large flat, wide part. The stalk of a leaf is called a *Petiole*, from a Latin word meaning 'a little foot.' The large flat part is the *Blade* of the leaf; in our specimen the blade is deeply divided, or cut up into parts called *Segments.* Now notice that only the lower leaves down near the ground are stalked; the upper ones have no stalk, the blade springing directly from the stem; such leaves are *sessile—i.e.*, they sit close on the stem; so we see that a leaf may be sessile or *petiolate—i.e.*, having a stalk or petiole. Both are to be seen here. The word 'sessile' is applied to other organs devoid of stalks, and always with a similar meaning. The word 'petiole' only applies to a leaf-stalk; other terms are applied to other stalks, as we shall see. The blade is mostly horizontal here, the reason of which will be seen presently, as also why the stalk is present in some, and not in others. Now we know the main parts of a green leaf. One word about position. Those in a tuft near the Radix or root are called *Radical* leaves; those distinctly on the stem are *Cauline*, from the Latin '*caulis*,' a stem. Why are the 'Radicals' in a tuft? Simply because the internodes of the stem on which they grow are undeveloped, and so the nodes, instead of being separated by spaces, are pushed down, so to speak, or crowded into a small space, forming a tuft as the little buds become leaves. We shall see another case of 'suppression' of internodes in the remaining portion of this paper, which we shall devote to a study of that most wonderful of all contrivances, a flower.

H. W. S. WORSLEY-BENISON.

(*To be continued.*)

'SAND FOR THE BOUND OF THE SEA.'—Modern science has shown that the resisting power of sand is enormous. By the mechanical laws which govern it, the shock of a blow is distributed laterally, and produces little effect. An egg buried a few inches deep in the sand would not be broken by heavy blows falling upon the surface. And so a wave which would shatter rocks falls powerless upon sand.—*Dr. Payne Smith.*

A ROMAN NATAL FÊTE.

RAPHAEL. GOOD FRIDAY, 1483.

In Easter week this year there was celebrated at Urbino and Rome the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the greatest of the sons of men—Raphael, 'the Phœbean singer of the Renaissance.' At Rome there was a grand procession to the artist's tomb in the Church of Santa Maria ad Martyres in the ancient Pantheon. First came the ancient corps of the Vigiles, in their brass helmets; and then, accompanied by bands of music and Fedeli, municipal officials in ancient costumes, followed the Syndic of Rome, the Italian Minister of Instruction, Count Mamiani, representing Urbino, the artist's birthplace; the representative of the King of Bavaria, the Prefect of Rome, a number of municipal councils, Italian, English, and French Art Academies, and various bodies of art-workers and art-lovers. The line of march, which was crowded with people, was kept by the Vigiles. The bronze gates of the Pantheon were thrown open, and the procession passed in, drew up under the great dome, and laid its offerings of wreaths before the new bronze bust of the painter, among them being a laurel crown from the English Royal Academy. This tribute paid before the altar where lie all that was mortal of Raphael, there was a commemoration gathering in the Hall of the Horatii and Curiatii on the Capitol, where the King and Queen were present. The Commendatore Quirino Leoni delivered a discourse suitable to the occasion; Falchi's cantata, composed for the occasion, was sung by two hundred of the Academy of Santa Cecilia; in the Hall of Tapestries was hung Mr. Morris Moore's picture by Raphael of 'Apollo and Marsyas,' and, to complete a brilliant festival, the Farnesina, after being long closed against the public, was thrown open to the gay crowd who thronged to see the Cupid and Psyche frescoes. At night the Trastevere Palace and the House of the Fornarina were illuminated.

A splendid piece of pageantry truly; and one with which English people, who pride themselves on being practical, and on seeing through tinsel and show into the heart of things, are not much in sympathy. But he before whose tomb in the Pantheon many nations paid homage in Easter week, was as notable a man in his own department of life as was Martin Luther or our own Shakespeare; and exercised in the domain of the Fine Arts as great an influence on modern civilization as did the one in the Church and the other in the field of literature.

In few words we will sketch the brief and brilliant life which,

beginning on Good Friday, 1483, ended on Good Friday eve, 1520; and, like that of Shakespeare too, which also terminated on the natal day, completed a perfect circle of human life, and filled the sphere of the mission committed to his keeping.

Raphael, or Raffaello Santi or Sanzio, was born at Urbino, in the Contrada del Monte, on April 6, 1483. Studying the rudiments of painting under the tuition of his father, Giovanni Santi (he was a motherless boy at eight), at Urbino, with occasional instructions from Timoteo della Vite, Luca Signorelli and Fra Canesole, he, on the death of that parent, was placed by his uncles, the ambitious priest, Don Bartollomeo Santi, and the gentle layman, Simone di Ciarla, in the studio at Perugia of Pietro di Vanucci, better known as Perugino, the most famous painter at that time in Umbria, three of whose pictures are in the National Gallery. Subsequently Raphael came under the influence of Masaccio and Fra Bartolommeo, the latter of whom was a disciple of Leonardo da Vinci, the versatile genius, the mystic, 'the diviner' of the Renaissance. For a few years only he was resident in Florence, but removed to Rome in 1508, where he was constantly employed by Julius II., and, upon his death in 1513, by his successor, Leo X. It was in 'the Eternal City' that he formed his one and only love attachment. Margarita was the lovely daughter of a soda manufacturer who lived near St. Cecilia, on the other side of the Tiber from Rome. Seeing her one day bathing her feet in a fountain in her garden, he fell violently in love with her, and forthwith he must needs write sonnets to her, some of them having been written on the studies for the 'Disputa,' one of the magnificent frescoes in the Vatican. She is the original of the lovely Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden, of which there is a tracing by Jakob Schlesinger in the basement of the National Gallery. Considering the licentiousness and unruliness of the age, Raphael was chaste indeed. In this he was one more illustration of the truth that all outward greatness, in whatever department of life, is only possible to those of pure mind and inward holiness. Vasari speaks of him as possessing 'the gracious sweetness of a disposition more than usually gentle . . . all were surpassed by him in friendly courtesy as well as in art, all confessed the influence of his sweet and gentle nature, which was so filled with excellence, and so perfect in all the charities that, not only was he honoured by men, but even the very animals loved him.' And as you look on the lovely face which has come down to us, one realizes that it was the outward sign of an inward grace. It was this beautiful spirituality in the man which lifted his works far and away above the works of other

men, who perhaps equalled him in technical skill. He died in Rome on April 6, 1520, at the exact age of thirty-seven.

A career of exceeding greatness of achievement, Raphael's life was one of wondrous industry. Considering the fewness of his years, the work he accomplished was simply magnificent. Besides the frescoes at the Vatican, a great number of his pictures adorn the churches and public and private galleries of Europe. Our own National Gallery is perhaps the poorest in this respect, only four small works from his hand being found there. These are the little gem 'The Knight's Vision,' 'St. Catherine of Alexandria,' of which it has been said, 'No sorrow but would be soothed, nor sinful thought but would be banished, in presence of its ineffable loveliness and modesty;' the portrait of Julius II., the beginner of St. Peter's at Rome; and 'The Madonna, Infant Christ, and St. John,' in the Virgin's face of which perhaps may be recognised the pretty outline of the beloved little sister Elisabetta, a facsimile of a drawing of whom is given in N. D'Anvers' 'Raphael.' Pope Julius II. is rendered immortal on this panel in the National Gallery, but his name will also be ever lustrous as that of one who was quick to recognise the versatile genius of the youthful artist. In a letter to his friend Count Castiglione, Raphael speaks of the great honour done him by the Pope, who, on the death of the architect Bramante, appointed him to the office of architect of St. Peter's, at a salary in our money of £150 a year, after he had satisfied his Holiness of his architectural ability by executing a model in wood of the design which he intended to carry out. Besides the works in the National Gallery and some in English private collections, this country is fortunate in possessing the well-known Raphael cartoons. A word about these cannot but be welcome to Puritan readers; for not only are the Scripture subjects of them grateful objects of contemplation, but the historical vicissitudes through which they have passed are of especial interest to Protestant Nonconformists. The Sistine Chapel is famous for its ceiling, which was painted by Michael Angelo. It was for this chapel that Raphael was commissioned to design ten cartoons for tapestry. The ceiling represents the dealings of God with men in the creation of mankind, in the history of the Israelites, and in the long prophetic period which anticipated the Advent. Raphael took up the narrative where it left off. The seven cartoons we have represent 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' 'Christ's Charge to Peter,' 'St. Peter and St. John Healing the Lame Man,' 'The Death of Ananias,' 'Elymas the Sorcerer,' 'Paul and Barnabas at Lystra,' and 'Paul Preaching at Athens.' The three lost cartoons referred to below represented 'The Martyrdom of St. Stephen,' 'The Conversion

of St. Paul,' and 'St. Paul in Prison.' The ten tapestries were woven and worked by Bernard Van Orley at Arras, and arrived in Rome in 1518. At the pillage of Rome in 1527 they were carried off to Lyons; but in 1533, coming into the hands of Constable Montmorency, they were given back to Julius III. as the property of the Papal See. In 1789 they were stolen and partially destroyed by some Jews, but the remnants were redeemed in 1808 by Pius VII., and placed in the Vatican, where they now remain. The original cartoons lay neglected and forgotten at Arras until 1630, when seven of them, the other three having mysteriously disappeared, were seen by Rubens, and, at his suggestion, purchased by Charles I. for Whitehall Palace. After the death of that king they were purchased for £300, by Cromwell—who is daily maligned in execrable English by the apparitor of Canterbury Cathedral as a ruthless destroyer. Subsequently Charles II. would have sold them to Louis XIV., but was prevented, happily, by the Earl of Danby. William III. had them removed to Hampton Court, where an apartment was especially built for them by Sir Christopher Wren. They are now at South Kensington. 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes' is nearly all from the master's own hand. In the 'Charge to Peter' the figure of the Saviour is by him, as is also the head of the cripple dragging himself along in the 'St. Peter and St. John Healing the Lame Man.' In the 'Ananias' most of the ten heads are by him, and nearly the whole of the 'Paul Preaching at Athens.' Raphael's assistants in these cartoons were Giulio Romano and Penni, and probably one or two other pupils. We have spoken at length of these, because they have special interest for Englishmen; but we must now proceed to speak more especially of Raphael's position in the Renaissance, and of his universal influence on the progress of civilization.

We have said that the life of Raphael was, like that of Shakespeare, a circle of complete fulfilment. So also may it be claimed for him that he was, like Martin Luther, the child of the fulness of time, when the world, once more since the coming of 'that Greater One,' travailed against old superstition and mysticism, in favour of the new human brotherhood, and its consequent brightness and freedom. It is noteworthy—not remarkable, for God orders times as well as forces—that the same year saw the birth of both Raphael and Luther, and the Renaissance and the Reformation were certainly the complement one of the other. From the time of Dante in the thirteenth century to that of Galileo, a period of exactly three hundred years (Dante born 1265, Galileo 1565), the civilized world was blessed with men of genius such as were never known in number and in quality in any similar previous period of history;

and these all, under one divine inspiration, strove, voluntarily or involuntarily, towards the great goal of man's emancipation from ecclesiastical, political, social, and intellectual thraldom. Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Savonarola, Luther, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Galileo, are all names of men who were the apostles of the new Light—the light of freedom for body, soul and mind. The golden age of that golden time was that embraced within the period from about 1480 to 1520, and during that period Raphael lived, and accomplished a work, not for himself, not for his own generation, but for all the world and for all the ages. His works possess the charm of great serenity, loveliness of form, and richness of colouring. In his early days he lived in the midst of horrors incidental to the faction fights which disgraced the Umbrian territory; but no trace of loathsomeness is visible in his works. Raised to a pure and joyful radiance above the turmoil of earth, he not only breathed the serenity of heaven himself, but lifted us up to breathe it too. Literally this. There was no ecstatic pietism about him. His loveliest virgins were but portraits of the loved little sister, the fair presentment of the sweet mother from whom his grace and sensibility came, or of 'that dearer one;' yet he realized in his work the beauty which is alike in essence and in source, in intellectual and material, as well as in spiritual things. And his influence on the world at large was, and is, and must ever be, the natural result of such a high achievement. Starting in youth in accord with the old dogmas and beliefs, his early works express fervid asceticism. That school of thought condemned the things of the world, especially manly beauty. Coming under the influence of the antique, he was met with the apotheosis of the human form. Both were wrong. Gathering up into himself the whole spirit and genius of the Renaissance, he put aside both, and humanizing one and spiritualizing the other, he realized in works of art, more effectually than could ever be done in systems of philosophy, that spirit and genius; and thus turned the whole stream of modern thought. Of all the children of the Renaissance, no one is more to us to-day than Raphael; and no one equal to him can arise, who has not the pure heart and open mind which he had. As Raphael crystallized the Renaissance, so a coming artist—thinker, painter, and saint in one—may crystallize the teaching of Christ in the light of modern science and discovery. But for the moment the new Raphael seems as far off as the new Shakespeare.

SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

WHEN Jacob worked for Rachel, sweet smiles lit up his shepherding: so life brightens when expended for Jesus.—*S. Coley.*

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

BY

THE REV. JAMES GRIFFIN.

So interesting to our readers do we find the 'Memories of the Past,' that instead of cursorily reviewing this most interesting volume published by Hamilton, Adams and Co., we prefer to make into an article extracts from its pages. It is most beautiful table-talk, indeed, and carries us back to men and scenes which should never be forgotten. We find, too, by a letter on the second page from Dr. Spence, that Mr. Griffin was inspired to commence these reminiscences by Dr. Spence himself, who was then editing the *Evangelical Magazine*. He says, 'I am confident you would be doing good to the cause you love and honouring the Master by giving a little time to writing down some of your most interesting and touching pastoral reminiscences.' We have therefore an especial claim to them, and feel sure that our readers will thank us at once for reproducing some of them. We select a few sketches here and there.

Dr. McAll and Robert Hall.

'Dr. McAll told me about a visit of his to Bristol. "Mr. Hall and I," he said, "were riding together to the place where I was to preach. 'How astonishingly calm you are, sir,' said Mr. Hall, 'and yet you are going to preach! How is it, sir? I should like to know the secret; it seems to me very remarkable.' So I smiled, and taking out my manuscript, I said, 'There is the secret.' 'Oh, I see, sir; but *can* you read in the pulpit? I wish I could. What advantage there must be in it!' I answered, 'No one besides yourself wishes it, Mr. Hall.' When we reached the vestry he found a sofa in it—I had got it placed there without his knowledge. 'See here, sir, they have got a sofa in the vestry, so you see I can recline on that, and with the door a little open I shall be able to hear you.' I had not been preaching long before I observed the people's eyes directed towards the door with a titter on their faces. I suspected the cause, and glancing round, I saw Mr. Hall's pipe protruding from the door, and clouds of smoke rapidly emitted from it. Then I saw his face, and then his whole body leaning against the door-post; and so there he stood to the end of the sermon. When I went into the vestry, I said, 'Mr. Hall, do you know what you have been doing?' 'No, sir; what have I been doing?' 'Why, you have been smoking your pipe in the chapel nearly all the time I have been preaching.' 'Have I indeed, sir? I was not aware of it; but it was impossible to lie still, sir—quite impossible.'"'

We next notice one of the most beautiful of the letters of Charles Dickens, which does him honour as a brother, and is far more interesting than any letter in his already published correspondence.

MRS. BURNETT, CHARLES DICKENS, AND PAUL DOMBEY.

'It was about seven years after our first introduction to Mrs. Burnett that our beloved friend's health began to show serious symptoms of decline; but "Hope" continued to "tell a flattering tale." She could not believe she was really ill. But she consented to go to London to consult Sir James Clark. Yet, a short time before she went, she insisted on being three times at worship on the Sabbath—the Lord's Supper, according to our custom, occupying an hour in the afternoon. Before the evening service she said, "Do let me go again. It may be the last time of my hearing my pastor;" and so it proved, for I was leaving home for a while, and when I returned she was laid up at her sister's house in London, and never left it till she entered the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We went up to London to see her. Deeply affecting was the interview, for it was too evident that it would most probably be our last meeting on earth. She appeared, after the first gush of emotion, surprisingly calm, resting in Jesus in well-assured hope, mingled, however, with the deepest solemnity and humility of spirit. We commended her into the hands of her Redeemer, fully aware that our next act of worship together would be before His throne. The details of the interview and of the final parting were too touching for recital.'

'In Forster's "Life of Dickens," vol. ii. p. 427, we have a letter from Dickens to his friend, writing after visiting his dying sister. Forster writes, quoting an earlier record by Dickens, "This day eleven years poor dear Mary died;" and then adds, "That was written on the 7th of May, 1848, but another sadness impending at the time was taking his thoughts still further back, to when he trotted about with his little elder sister in the small garden to the house at Portsea. For the faint hope which Elliston had given him in Paris had since completely broken down; and I was to hear in less than two months after the letter just quoted how nearly the end was come. 'A change took place in poor Fanny,' he wrote on the 5th of July, 'about the middle of the day, yesterday, which took me out there last night. The cough suddenly ceased almost, and, strange to say, she immediately became aware of her hopeless state—to which she resigned herself, after an hour's unrest and struggle, with extraordinary sweetness and constancy. The irritability passed, and all hope faded away; though only two nights before she

had been planning for "after Christmas." She is greatly changed I had a long interview with her to-day alone; and when sh expressed some wishes about the funeral, and her being buried in unconsecrated ground (Mr. Burnett's family are Dissenters) I asked her whether she had any care or anxiety in the world she said, "No, none;" it was hard to die at such a time of life but she had no alarm whatever in the prospect of the change felt sure we should meet again in a better world; and thoug they had said she might rally for a time, did not really wish it She said she was quite calm and happy, relied upon the media tion of Christ, and had no terror at all. She had worked ver hard, even when ill, but believed that was in her nature, an neither regretted nor complained of it. Burnett had alway been very good to her, they had never quarrelled; she was sorr to think of his going back to such a lonely home; and wa distressed about her children, but not painfully so. She showe me how thin and worn she was; spoke about an invention sh had heard of that she would like to have tried for the deforme child's back; called to my mind all our sister Letitia's patienc and steadiness; and though she shed tears sometimes, clearl impressed upon me that her mind was made up and at rest. asked her very often if she could ever recall anything that sh could leave to my doing, to put it down, or mention it to some body if I was not there, but she firmly believed there wa nothing—nothing. Her husband being young, she said, an her children infants, she could not help thinking, sometime that it would be very long in the course of nature before the were reunited, but that she knew that was a mere human fanc and could have no reality after she was dead. Such an affectin exhibition of strength and tenderness, in all that early decay, i quite indescribable. I need not tell you how it moved me. cannot look round upon the dear children here without som misgiving that this sad disease will not perish out of our bloo with her; but I am sure I have no selfishness in the though and God knows how small the world looks to one who come out of such a sick-room on a bright summer day.

'"' I don't know why I write this before going to bed. I onl know that in the very pity and grief of my heart, I feel as if i were doing something. After not many weeks she died, an the little child who was her last anxiety did not long surviv her.'"

'Who can fail to be struck with the amiable light in whic this very beautiful and touching letter places Mr. Dickens written, as it was, to his friend the day after visiting his sister The "little deformed child," Harry, was a singular child— meditative and quaint in a remarkable degree. He was th

original, as Mr. Dickens told his sister, of little "Paul Dombey." Harry had been taken to Brighton, as "little Paul" is represented to have been, and had there, for hours lying on the beach with his books, given utterance to thoughts quite as remarkable for a child as those which are put into the lips of Paul Dombey. But little Harry loved his Bible, and evidently loved Jesus. The child seemed never tired of reading his Bible and his hymns, and other good books suited to his age: and the bright little fellow was always happy. He died in the arms of a dear, dear nephew of mine since passed away, John Griffin.

'On the death of our beloved friend, I went up to London, in compliance with her dying request, to officiate at her funeral. Her grave was selected in a secluded and picturesque nook in Highgate Cemetery. All the male members of her family attended. To me it could not be other than a peculiarly solemn and affecting occasion. Mr. Dickens appeared to feel it very deeply. He spoke to me in terms of great respect and affection for his departed sister—he had always so spoken of her—as I accompanied him in his brougham on my way to my brother's house. His behaviour to myself was most courteous and kind.

'Our congregation mourned with unusual sorrow the loss of their friend, for she had been greatly beloved by them, and by a very large circle of acquaintances besides. I preached her funeral sermon from the words: "Now He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, Who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit" (2 Cor. v. 5). Her husband is still a pilgrim. He knows that his "citizenship is in heaven, from whence also he is looking for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change the body of our humiliation, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."'

Dr. Guthrie.

'Late on a Saturday evening I received a note from my friend, Mr. Percival Bunting, of London, to say that Dr. Guthrie and his family had gone to Hastings, and that he hoped I would endeavour to see him. I was not slow to take the kind hint. I could not get to him on the Sunday; but the next morning, as I was leaving the house to visit him, his son, Mr. Charles, of the Chancery Bar, met me with a request from his father to see me. For years I had wished to see him; once we went to his church, Free St. John's, at Edinburgh, but he was from home. He was now suffering severely, as he had been for years more or less, from disease of the heart, but he was able to converse pretty freely. He received me as if he had always known me,

with all the geniality and open-heartedness so characteristic of him: you were at home with him at once. He was wheeled out most days in a Bath-chair, and once drove up to our house with Mrs. Guthrie and some other members of his family, but he could not alight from the carriage. Looking round on the picturesque scenery amidst which our house is situated, he said, "Nature and art have combined to do much for you here." Many a talk we—for he would have my wife there—had with him on "Disruption" matters. Speaking of his efforts throughout Scotland on the "manse" business, I said, "You collected, I think, £100,000?" "Ay," said he, his eyes glistening with joy, "£116,000 for the good men's homes." After a fortnight we found he had suddenly taken worse, and we were with him from that time daily. The interviews were scarcely more than for a few minutes' prayer at his request, during which he would throw his brawny arm over my shoulder as I knelt at the bedside, and at every sentence ejaculate, "Amen, amen!" or, "Ah, that's it!" and then, when it was finished, "Well, that will do now, but come again to-morrow." When I asked him one day if his mind was at peace, he replied, "Ay, that's just it; yes, *peace*, but no raptures—no, no raptures, but peace; and that is what she will have," pointing to Mrs. Guthrie, who sat by the bedside, "and what they will have," pointing to his family; "the atonement, the atonement, that is sufficient."

'It was during these last days that his daughter, Mrs. Welch, and his sons, who were present, used to sing around his bed, as is recorded in his "Memoirs." The most beautiful hymns were selected from the Scottish Collection appropriate to his state. Nothing could be more touching. The tunes were of the sweetest, and sung in extremely subdued and tender tones, for they all sang their parts with chastened taste. It seemed to soothe the spirit of the dying saint, and to raise it in holy meditation, as the minstrel harps of the ancient prophets may be supposed to have prepared them for their divinest inspirations. Dr. Guthrie died on the Sabbath; I was not there at the time. On the Monday when I called, the body was already laid in the coffin, and all the family had left except his son Charles, who was to accompany it to Edinburgh. As I entered the men were just putting on the lid; it was removed for me to lay my hand on his face, still noble and beautifully placid, and as I withdrew it the cover was fastened down.'

Mr. Darling.

A Sunday-school superintendent at Rusholme Road Chapel, Manchester. Here we have a glorious example of consecration to the work of the Church in winning young men for Christ.

'Mr. Darling, like his predecessor, *loved the Church*, and sought its welfare in every way. He sat with the choir in the gallery behind the pulpit, from which he could see the whole congregation. His quick eye readily discerned the face of a stranger, especially if a young man, for he was looking eagerly for such. As soon as the service closed he would be round at the porch to meet the young man as the congregation departed. Introducing himself kindly, with a few gentle words he would ascertain if the unknown person was a stranger in the town, or belonged to any other congregation. On finding, as he often did, that the young man had lately come from some other place, and was unconnected with a congregation in Manchester, he would invite him to tea on the Sunday evening, and bring him to the chapel again. And thus many a youth, who might otherwise have been left to wander away unnoticed and unknown, and perhaps to be drawn into evil society and evil ways, was brought by Mr. Darling's influence into connection with the Sunday-school and with the people of God, and led on in the paths of piety and peace.

'Nor did he confine his attention to the welfare of the young people to the period of their continuance in the school or in the congregation. He took special note of those who were leaving, and wherever they went they were sure to be followed by letters of affectionate and judicious counsel, admonition, and encouragement; and correspondence was kept up with them for years after their removal. In this way his correspondence grew to be absolutely immense.

'Besides all his work in connection with the school and the congregation, he found time to attend most of the public meetings of the great religious societies, and other occasional meetings of a philanthropic kind, so frequently held in Manchester. The Young Men's Christian Association, which comprehended representatives of all sections of the Christian Church—clergymen of the Establishment uniting with Nonconformist ministers in its support and public advocacy—had his special sympathy and very effective co-operation. Many a young man was introduced to it by his agency. Indeed, he seemed to be always "devising means" of usefulness, and always carrying them into effect. Yet there was nothing fitful or capricious in his proceedings, nothing like scheming to start new things of his own, or contrivances to bring *himself* to the front. All was modest, simple, sincere. And he did all with such a joyous heart, such a cheerful countenance, such an agile step, such a ready hand, that everybody about him caught, more or less, the inspiration of his zeal. "He served the Lord his God with joyfulness and gladness of heart," and "the joy of the Lord was his strength." And

as he appeared to be never "weary" and always happy "in well-doing," no gloom or sullenness in the work of the Lord could live in his presence, and sluggishness and selfishness were put utterly to shame.

'The secret of all Mr. Darling's indefatigable industry was his steady and ardent piety. The fire of holy love was kept brightly burning on the altar of his own heart. He evidently attended as diligently to the cultivation of his own vineyard as to that of others. There are "workers" who seem to be nothing but *workers* in the barest and driest sense, yet, it may be, hard workers withal—even remarkable for their activity and bustle, perfectly faultless in the matter of punctuality and order, but in whom one can discern little beyond or deeper than habit or routine or love of "work;" who appear to have no spontaneous spring of vital energy within themselves. Their personal religion seems low and inert; their spiritual sympathies are feeble and inefficacious. They are active or steady "workers," and that is all that can be said of them. Mr. Darling did not borrow *his* religious industry from the mere habits of the warehouse. He was "filled with the Spirit." Deep within him, it was an upspringing "fountain of living water," from whence flowed forth those abundant streams of holy influence that made him a blessing wherever he moved.

'No doubt his opportunities of mental cultivation were less than might have been desired. His reading must have been restricted within a narrow compass, and much did he regret it. But, quick of apprehension and intent on self-improvement, he was constantly endeavouring to make the most of the slender advantages he possessed, hastily culling flowers or gathering fruit as he passed along, like the disciples plucking the ears of corn that grew by the wayside, and eating as they walked. He listened attentively to the preaching of the Word, and it was easy to perceive, from his social prayers and his addresses and speeches, that he had profited by it, and was turning it to personal and practical uses.

'It might naturally be suspected that, with such earnest and almost incessant religious occupation, less attention was given to the claims of secular business than prudence or duty dictated. Happily, in his case, there was no ground of fear with regard to this point. His diligence in business was no less remarkable than his assiduity in the school or in the Church.'

We must leave the volume now to speak for itself, and we feel sure that its circulation will show our dear friend, the Rev. James Griffin, that retired pastors like himself can still do precious work for Christ in quickening the memories of devoted servants of the Master who now rest from their labours.

THE WORTHIES OF A PAST AGE.

In continuation of such reminiscences as appeared in the May number of the *Evangelical*, I offer for your acceptance a further contribution.

My position as a-Sunday school superintendent brought me into contact on several occasions with the Rev. James Parsons, of York, when he favoured us with his powerful aid at our school anniversaries. The following extract from the notice of his death, which appears in the 'Year Book for 1878,' exactly describes his peculiarities and his powers:

'Mr. Parsons' elocution was not to be compared to his eloquence, though the former was not so distressing, nor the latter so consummate as that of the celebrated Robert Hall, yet there was something like the same want of correspondence in the two sacred orators between the weakness of the physical organs and the mental and spiritual opulence straining to be delivered. Mr. Parsons' voice was weak and unmusical; his chest was narrow, and his tall figure slightly stooping. In the large and crowded chapel where he so often preached it was for some time difficult to hear him at all, but so earnest and solemn was his manner, so elevated the expression of his countenance, so piercing his eye, and so striking the words that could be caught, that thousands were held in breathless silence during his weighty paragraphs, till, at the close of each, the audience relieved their suspended breathing by a unanimous cough, in sympathy with the exhausted preacher. Thus, to a considerable extent, his weakness became his strength, for no speaker so riveted his audience or secured such unflagging attention.'

Many times have I witnessed what is here described, with the advantage of being able in personal intercourse afterwards to judge of the man after his exhaustive labours. His manner in the family circle was a charm, his attention to the children was endearment itself, and he gained their confidence to a degree which I have never seen excelled. He seemed perfectly unconscious of the eminence of his position; and could be playful with the juniors, and affable to all. He possessed a fund of quiet genial humour, a perfect contrast to many whom I entertained, who had no word for the children of the family, nor even for youth or maiden, all their conversation being directed to the elders of the family. I have witnessed the chagrin of young people in such circumstances, and felt grieved at the waste of influence which such a course involved. Speaking of the quiet humour of Mr. Parsons, always latent, often genially called forth by circumstances, I remember on one occasion I

had gone in the carriage of a relative to a neighbouring town where Mr. Parsons was to preach, on a week evening, and was to return with my friend for the night. He was silent during the journey, for he had preached to an audience of some 1,500 people, and was careful to protect his throat from the night air but when he entered the light and cheery dining-room, with a warm temperature, his natural amiability displayed itself, and looking round the table, addressing his host, asked, 'Mr. L did you notice a man on the pulpit-stairs when I was preaching to-night? He nearly upset me by his ejaculations' (it was a Methodist chapel he was preaching in). 'I wished him far enough,' he said, 'but you know I couldn't tell him to go down It reminded me,' he further said, 'of an occurrence when Billy Dawson, of Bradford, was preaching once from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." A somewhat deaf man, a petty shopkeeper, had placed himself in a similar position to our friend to-night. Billy Dawson's illustrations were very quaint and homely. He described the shoddy men, and put them into the scales and found them wanting when the man behind exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all, "Short again, Billy." Another illustration described the tyrant masters, when "Short again, Billy," was repeated from the same quarter. Another and another illustration followed, with the same "Short again, Billy," following each until the preacher began to describe the petty shopkeepers, with their adulterations, short weights, deficient measures, and inferior goods sold to the operatives and the poor factory people when the deaf man behind, instead of repeating his ejaculation cried out for pity and mercy, and marched down the pulpit steps exclaiming, "God Almighty help me! Why, Billy, I didn't think thou would be down upon *me* after that rough fashion!"' The anecdote was new to us then, now nearly forty years ago, and Mr. Parsons' voice and manner convulsed the company.

He was extremely sensitive in the pulpit, and his look when anyone coughed was a thing of terror to some. One worthy gentleman, who almost idolized him, was deterred from repeating his visit to our chapel through one of his piercing looks when he coughed, and, with a feeling of intense disappointment, exclaimed to me almost despairingly, 'I can't do with Mr. Parsons; he won't let me cough!' My love for children leads me sometimes to exhibitions of 'Punch and Judy.' I venture to become a looker-on, but I always take my place behind the performance in order to study the audience. The countenances of the youngsters display a wonderful variety of inward sensations; a strange, and sometimes almost an uncanny, sort of pleasure

lights up their faces. Character is developed, and childish beauty of face may be seen to the best advantage; and the picture delights me, for to witness children happy is a sacred joy to me, something similar to the sensation one feels in walking through a rural scene in early spring, when the young buds begin to develop. Renewed life in nature has an invigorating effect on the physical frame as well as upon our mental and spiritual nature. In like manner I have once and again looked quietly round into the countenances of the audience when Mr. Parsons has been preaching. What a picture of intense attention! every eye fixed on the preacher, while the thin small voice and the piercing eye seem to entrance them. The preacher and the audience seemed in direct contact with each other, and every frame appeared to be thrilled with emotion as he approached those strangely wonderful climaxes of his. How shall I attempt to describe them, or rather, how shall I express my own sensations while in the act of listening? No other man I ever heard speak or preach possessed for me such a power of fascination. I know of no illustration so apt as that of a lark as it soars heavenward, with the voice of song rising higher and higher towards the sky, till, having exhausted its powers, it gently descends to earth to recruit its powers for, if possible, a nobler song and a loftier flight. Or may I borrow a simile from the poet when he says:

> 'Just as a bird each fond endearment tries
> To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies:
> It soars aloft, reproves each dull delay;
> It points to brighter worlds, and leads the way.'

What a contrast is this to the manner of some, whose eyes glance everywhere except at their audience, as they seem to be reciting an exercise from memory even with the manuscript before them! Would that some 'master in our Israel' would rise up and re-baptize many of our preachers, that their lips might be touched with a 'live coal from off the altar!'

And yet it was not an unmixed pleasure to listen to James Parsons. The gems of thought, as they fell from his lips, were very apt to get lost in transmission, unless circumstances were very favourable. The most perfect silence was usually maintained, but the slightest rustle, a cough which could not be restrained, a passing vehicle, or some other cause, was often sufficient to render his sentences inaudible. I think it was in Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool, I heard him last, when he preached from the text, 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' I took notes of the sermon, but they are imperfect. It was an occasion to be

remembered. The crowded audience in that large chapel calle forth all his powers—he was at his very best; but, for all tha many went away unsatisfied, myself for one, through havin lost so much owing to the noise from outside; yet those wh possessed quick ears would gather up incentives to labour, an realize in anticipation the glories of that shining world whic will be the home and reward of every successful worker i winning souls to Christ. He did a glorious work for the Maste witnessed a good confession before many witnesses, and was a eminent example to those who aim to follow in his footsteps a he followed Christ. When shall the Christian Church look upo his like again?

W. HUGHES.

RYDAL LODGE, BOOTLE.

CHRIST'S GIFT OF JOY.

'And your joy no man taketh from you.'—JOHN xvi., 22.

O THRILLING promise! Who the depths of bliss,
The infinite blessedness, the soothing power
Of these brief words can show? Spoken first to them
The chosen ones, who by the Master's side
Daily had walked, and many gracious words
Had heard Him say; but few more bright than these,
Love's legacy of joy.
Although from lips
Which soon would tremble with excess of pain,
And parch with fearful thirst, and raise that sad,
Anguished, mysterious cry, 'My God, My God,
Why hast Thou Me forsaken?' seemed it not
Strange that such words should issue?
Did they think
Of them when He was gone; when cruel hate
Baffled their hopes, and led their gentle Lord,
Meek, unresisting, on the cross to die
As felons died?
Perchance—their faith, we know,
Failed in that awful hour—their hearts grew faint,
And they would think this promise could but be
A mystic dream; that never more again
Could joy smile on them.
But when He, the Life,
Who, dying, death destroyed—Who through the grave
Took the grave's sting away—came forth again,
And while they on Him looked with wondering gaze,

Spake half-reproachful, yet how tenderly,
'Why doubt ye? Are not these the things I spake
When I was with you?'
Then with far more power,
And far more sweetness than they held before,
These words would echo back; and bearing them
As truth's own motto through all after-life,
'Mid scenes in which the bravest well might quail,
And eyes that knew but smiles might learn to weep,
In which the purest, deepest joys of earth
Could not but die—in scenes like these they proved
More leal and brave, and found there was indeed
A joy which none could take.
Behold them stand
Before the surging multitude, and spite
Of threat or laugh, proclaim in all its power
The Name of Jesus. Or, when brought before
Rulers and councils for His sake, and scourged
With cruel stripes, rejoicing but in this,
That they were counted worthy to endure
And suffer shame for Him.
See Stephen's face—
That first devoted martyr of the cross—
Shining as doth an angel's.
Hear that strain,
That ringing hymn of praise from yon dark walls,
On the still midnight rise. Who sings the song?
What joyous feast is held?
Oh, not from those
Holding glad meeting or high festival,
Not even from those, on whom the world has smiled,
From lips earth-blest, it comes. But from two men
Whose flesh still quivers from the stinging lash;
A prison-cell, a prison-chain their lot,
Their feet placed in the stocks. Yet still, yes, still
They find this beautiful, mysterious joy,
Doth well atone for all. They lift the voice
In such glad ecstasies of praise and prayer
That all the prisoners hear them.
List to them
Who for our sakes have written these records down—
The men who sought to gather souls for Christ,
Sufferers who made their hearts His throne. And who,
Whatever griefs, whatever pangs they knew,
Whatever perils met, whatever snares
Were by their foes in earth and hell combined

Laid for their feet, yet failed not, wavered not,
But counted all earth's charms and riches loss
So that they might win Christ.
Till raging flame,
And struggles with wild beast, and all the throes
That torture could devise or flesh endure,
Bore witness to their courage. Even when love
Was turned to hatred, and their bitterest foes
Were those of their own house; yet still we know,
Whatever else man touched, he could not take
This joy away.

* * * * * *

Those days are past,
And we are living in a happier time.
We wander not as they, we suffer not
As did those early heroes, and the train
Of after-martyrs. Not our holy faith
We buy with our life's peril. Not in cells
Of darkness sing our songs.
Yet even we,
O Saviour, need this joy; for even we
Have hours of trouble; hours of anguish deep;
Wrestlings with sin and Satan, and the cares
That life aye brings.
Our hearts ofttimes grow sad,
Our eyes forget to brighten, and earth-joys pall
Ever around our path.
Cravings there are
Eternal love alone can satisfy;
Wants it alone can meet.
Then give to us,
Oh, give to us also this wondrous joy,
This never-failing, everlasting source
Of gladness.
These sweet, satisfying words
O may we take as ours—a gift from Thee—
A sweet-toned bell to chime within our hearts—
God's Temple made—our thoughts the worshippers;
A fair, immortal rose of fadeless bloom
To make life beautiful, and fill the air
With perfume; a heavenly lamp, whose rays
Will amid life's dark hours but shine more clear;
A blest reality to cheer in life
And guide through death—a joy which none can take,
Lord Jesus, give to us.

FAITH CHILTERN.

THE STILL HOUR.

'If God had not said, "Blessed are those that hunger," I know not what could keep weak Christians from sinking in despair. Many times, all I can do is to complain that I want Him, and wish to recover Him.'

Bishop Hall, in uttering this lament two centuries and a half ago, only echoed the wail which had come down, through living hearts, from the patriarch, whose story is the oldest known literature in any language. A consciousness of the *absence of God* is one of the standard incidents of religious life. Even when the forms of devotion are observed conscientiously, the sense of the presence of God, as an invisible friend, whose society is a joy, is by no means unintermittent.

The truth of this will not be questioned by one who is familiar with those phases of religious experience which are so often the burden of Christian confession. In no single feature of 'inner life,' probably, is the experience of many minds less satisfactory to them than in this. They seem to themselves, in prayer, to have little, if any, effluent emotion. They can speak of little in their devotional life that seems to them *like* life; of little that appears like the communion of a living soul with a living God. Are there not many 'closet hours,' in which the chief feeling of the worshipper is an oppressed consciousness of the absence of reality from his own exercises? He has no words which are, as George Herbert says, 'heart-deep.' He not only experiences no ecstasy, but no joy, no peace, no repose. He has no sense of being at home with God. The stillness of the hour is the stillness of a dead calm at sea. The heart rocks monotonously on the surface of the great thoughts of God, of Christ, of eternity, of heaven—

> 'As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.'

Such experiences in prayer are often startling in the contrast with those of certain Christians, whose communion with God, as the hints of it are recorded in their biographies, seems to realize, in actual being, the Scriptural conception of a life which is hid with Christ in God.

We read of Payson, that his mind, at times, almost lost its sense of the external world, in the ineffable thoughts of God's glory, which rolled like a sea of light around him, at the throne of grace.

We read of Cowper, that in one of the few lucid hours of his relig ous life, such was the experience of God's presence which he enjoyed in prayer, that, as he tells us, he thought he should

have died with joy, if special strength had not been imparted to him to bear the disclosure.

We read of one of the Tennents, that on one occasion when he was engaged in secret devotion, so overpowering was the revelation of God which opened upon his soul, and with augmenting intensity of effulgence as he prayed, that at length he recoiled from the intolerable joy as from a pain, and besought God to withhold from him further manifestations of His glory. He said, 'Shall thy servant *see* Thee and live?'

We read of the 'sweet hours' which Edwards enjoyed 'on the banks of Hudson's River, in secret converse with God;' and hear his own description of the inward sense of Christ which at times came into his heart, and which he 'knows not how to express otherwise than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision . . . . of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and rapt and swallowed up in God.'

We read of such instances of the fruits of prayer, in the blessedness of the suppliant; and are we not reminded by them of the transfiguration of our Lord, of Whom we read, "As He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment became white and glistering?' Who of us is not oppressed by the contrast between such an experience and his own? Does not the cry of the patriarch come unbidden to our lips, 'Oh that I knew where *I* might find Him!'—REV. A. PHELPS: *The Still Hour.*

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Summer Flowers.

WILL those of our readers who live near cities kindly remember the hospitals once a week, and transfer the riches of the greenhouse and garden to the bedside of the sick and dying.

'*De Imitatione.*'

'Who do the little darlings favour, do you think?' a gentleman was asked. 'Papa or mamma?' 'I will watch their manners and tell you by-and-by,' he quietly replied.

Fashion.

This cannot be beautiful if, instead of setting forth the glorious figure-sculpture of the Divine Designer, it *alters* that figure according to its own conceited fancy.

A Non-intoxicating Beverage.

A parent's quiet praise, for there is none of the poison of flattery in that.

Emmaus.

What a short journey the disciples had! Fellowship and fervent words make the heart keep pace with the feet, and milestone measurement is forgotten. 'Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?' You never took a solitary journey in your life since you have been a Christian indeed.

PASTOR VERSUS PRIEST;

OR,

OUR NEO-CATHOLIC CURATES, AND HOW TO ANSWER THEM.

Conversations with a Young Lady Visitor inclined to Ritualism.

VISITOR. What is your counsel to us, then, in the present age?

MINISTER. Rest in the one perfect sacrifice alone, and let your motto be 'Jesus only.' Yes! Fasten your trust, not on priests, but on the Great High Priest! Flee not to the crucifix, but to the Cross! The sufferings of Gethsemane, and the agonies of Calvary, were endured once for all: there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. Flee from the Mass, as from 'a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit,' and let no new mode of explanation make you parley with the old enemy of your fathers. There arise afresh the altars with their tawdry pageantries, their uplifted crucifixes, their lamps, their priests. But see, 'Ichabod' is written on them all. Christ has entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. Turn from the mimicry of the Great Sacrifice to the One Sacrifice. Come once more to Calvary. See the Lord of Life and glory uplifted on the cruel tree, that He might offer one sacrifice for sins, and then not descend to mere earthly altars, but for ever sit down on the right hand of God. Look up once more to your dying Lord; see His bowed head ere He gives up the Ghost. Listen! listen! 'It is finished!' Yes: finished! The long race of priests and Levites pass away for ever; and the High Priest lays aside his robes of glory and beauty to be worn no more! The splendid veil of the Jewish Temple is grasped, as if by unseen hands of superhuman strength, and rent in twain from top to bottom! All the long struggles of saintly souls after

the holiness of the law, which should perfect conscience, are set at rest by the perfect work of Him who 'through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot unto God.'

'It is finished!' Types, symbols, and sacrifices are fulfilled! Priests, sacrifices, and altars are relics of the dead yesterday of the law! Meats, drinks, divers washings, and carnal ordinances, imposed until the time of Reformation, are done away. The Cross without the aid of man attests its power. Faith kindles in the penitent's heart, and forgiven souls enter the gates of Paradise! 'It is finished!' Christ has not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself. When priests of this day offer sacrifice, whisper to your hearts, 'It is finished!' When your companions go to a faulty mortal for confession and absolution, whisper to your consciences, 'It is finished!' When some 'Directory' is put into your hands, write over it, 'It is finished!' When the suggestion arises that you can add one whit to the work of Christ, read once more, 'He made an end of sin, and brought in eternal righteousness.' 'It is finished!' When you feel the sting of conscience, the sadness of an imperfect life, the weakness of your worthiest work, whisper once more, 'It is finished!' And when you come to die, you will not be fortified by the rites of the Church—you will not kiss the crucifix, or be anointed with the holy oil, or be absolved by the earthly priest; but as the sombre shadows of the grave gather thicker and thicker about your head—when you hear the washings of the great sea which breaks upon the shores of immortality—when you tremble at the water-floods, and think with mystic awe of the Great White Throne, the centre of all worlds, as the throned judgment-seat of God—you will whisper once again, 'The Law is magnified! The Curse is gone! The Salvation is finished!' And resting your dying head on the bosom of your Lord, though priests may anathematize you, though Churches may excommunicate you, though the world may forsake you, be well assured of this: your iniquities will be forgiven, your redemption will be completed, your heaven will be secured. And when friends lean over you to hear the last whisperings of your failing voice, you will be able to say, 'None but Christ! None but Christ!' for "He died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

VISITOR. I notice that Father Breton calls the Reformation a Deformation.

MINISTER. That is so. But has it never struck you that it is strange indeed, when in the same breath Ritualists argue that the Church never was reformed at all, but only the faults of what they are pleased to call the Roman obedience removed! What

inconsistency! They call the Reformers 'irredeemable villains,' and then proceed to argue that the Reformers only did that which needed to be done, and that the Church only had its Romanist blemishes removed.

Run your eye over the advertisements of the popular Ritualistic reviews and newspapers, and you will see enough to awaken you to the rampant evils of the present times. You see advertised, 'The Ordinary and Canon of the Mass, from the First English Prayer-Book;' 'Non-fasting Communion;' 'Plain Speaking on Confession;' 'The Rule of our Most Holy Father, St. Benedict, Patriarch of Monks;' 'The Presence of Jesus on the Altar.' All such extracts tell us that the great aim of the Ritualist school is Reunion; and if at last Rome requires unfeigned submission, they will explain away their present objections to Rome, as they have hitherto explained away the Prayer-Book Article against Transubstantiation; an article, I am bold to say, as definite against such doctrine as well can be. But what say the Ritualists? Why, this: that it is an objection to the mode of statement called Transubstantiation, but not to the fact itself. May the Lord guide and keep the Evangelicals in this great crisis of the Church, and lead them in the right way, for His Name's sake. No counsels to moderation affect the Anglo-Catholic party, and the Evangelicals find themselves each year face to face with men who boldly confess their Anti-Protestantism, and their open desire for union with Rome.

VISITOR. But Anglo-Catholicism having so increased, what reason have you to hope for the triumph of Truth?

MINISTER. The Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. For most of us the strifes of the nineteenth century will soon be over. We shall enter the gates which open only once, guarded by the warder Death; and we shall pass from the sorrows and conflicts of life into the unbroken rest of eternal day. Our hope of the celestial paradise is in Christ alone: 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' That is our only title-deed, and it has on it the sign-manual of our Redeemer! Let us be confessors for the glorious Gospel while we live, that we may be crowned with glory when we die. History repeats itself. The courage of Paul, Luther, and Bunyan may be required again. Twelve years did Bunyan lie in gaol, in a dungeon so small that the sight of it a century afterwards inspired Howard with his chivalry of mercy in the visitation of the prisons. When Bunyan was finishing his imprisonment, it is beautiful to hear the old faith triumphant in his words. Listen! 'I have determined, the Almighty God being my help and my shield, yet to suffer, if frail life might con-

tinue so long, even until the moss shall grow over my eyebrow rather than violate my faith and my principles.' Brave Bunyan Scutcheon, Bunyan had none; but the shield he has hande down to us is the shield of faith, which is the Word of God. I the name of our country—in the name of our fathers—in th name of Wycliffe, Baxter, Bunyan, and the brave men of olde time—in the name, above all, of Christ, Who came to break th bonds of all oppression, and to lift the enfranchised soul in free communion with God—I beseech you, be a champion f Christian truth. Dread above all things, my young friend, th indifferentism which has no principle to defend, no cause honour, no Saviour to serve. Concerning the ultimate issue this crisis, I do not fear: the Bible, which has been the chart of present freedom and of future hope, will still remain the su basis of our Christian faith. And the days will dawn when a who hold the truth in simplicity will clasp hands as brethren Christ. Our enmities and divisions will be forgotten! W may still have our separate Churches, but we shall all be one Christ. And now you can ask Father Breton to answer an thing I have said to you.

(*Conclusion.*)

Family Prayer.—A family without prayer is like a house without roof, it has no protector.—*W. Jay.*

Oh ye mothers, whom death has deprived of your best half! say n that you are too feeble to conduct the family altar, or that it is n woman's place; methinks it is even a sight that angels must weep wi joy when they look upon; and surely God Himself must listen, if th were possible, with a doubly attentive ear, as that young mother, in h solitude and her weakness, gathers the fatherless little ones around h morning by morning, and presents them with tearful eyes and achi heart to their father's God.—*Ruby.*

Knowledge of God.—As he that diggeth for treasure casteth the ear from him, and maketh a deep pit until he find that which he seeketh even so he that seeketh the knowledge of God must cast away all earth affection and wholly pry into heavenly affairs.—*Cawdray.*

Mercy and Truth.—Mercy and truth are the paths in which G constantly walks in reference to the children of men, and so frequent does He show them mercy, and so frequently does He fulfil His trut that His paths are easily discerned. How frequent, how deeply indente and how multiplied are these tracks to every family and individua Wherever we go we see that God's mercy and truth have been there the deep tracks they have left behind them. But He is more abundant merciful to those who keep His covenant and His testimonies, *i.e.*, tho who are conformed, not only to the letter, but to the spirit of His tr religion.—*A. Clarke.*

Mercy and truth are as ministers of God standing in His presen ready to execute His pleasure, and employed by Him in the salvation His people.—*Chandler.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

WALKS IN ABNEY PARK. By the REV. J. BRANWHITE FRENCH. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet Street, E.C.

Our readers will welcome this interesting volume with much pleasure. Papers which appeared in the *Evangelical* for 1882 are now reproduced, with some alterations and additions. The map which accompanies the volume will be a great assistance to those who go to Abney Cemetery with the view of visiting the resting-places of great and good men. There can be no doubt that the papers themselves created very great interest. Mr. French speaks from personal fellowship in many cases of our revered fathers, and in other cases he has done his best to secure reliable information, though some mistakes have inevitably here and there occurred. Of course it is difficult to make selection amongst all the honoured dead, and it is most difficult concerning many of them to say enough and not too much. Here and there we find matter of criticism which we certainly wish had been left out. It is never part of an author's duty, in such a solemn record, to point out either the infirmities or the peculiarities of the departed. Far from it! Neither is it proper to use any words which may seem like faint praise, or supercilious description. These faults however are few, and, in the main, the descriptions are so good that multitudes will delight to have their memories quickened concerning those who sleep in Jesus. The volume is handy for reference, and is published at a price which will bring it within the reach of all. If disappointment is felt by any, it will naturally be by those who would have desired a more elaborate description of memorable men, whose histories are here epitomized in a few words; but it is to be remembered that such a work, if produced at all as a handy volume, necessitated such treatment. It speaks well for the Christian heart that it does not like forgetfulness of the blessed dead, and many will be the tears shed, and the grateful emotions stirred, and the gracious words or deeds recalled, as readers peruse this graphic record. We can at all events bear record that the sketches in the *Evangelical* created so much interest, as to make it probable that this volume would have a very considerable circulation.

ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.; HIS LIFE AND LABOURS. By his son, EDWARD JUDSON. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

This is a life ever to be had in remembrance. The marble tablet in the Meeting House, Malden, Massachussets is marvellously terse in its description of him:

'Born Aug. 9, 1788.
Died April 12, 1850.
Malden his birthplace,
The Ocean his sepulchre.
Converted Burmans, and
The Burman Bible
His monument.
His record is on High.'

We have here his life in Burmah, Rangoon, Ava, Amherst, Maulmain, his visit to America, his last years, all well told, and accompanied by excellent engravings of himself and his devoted wives. In this age we

need all the stimulus we can secure to further the work of Forei Missions, and to quicken interest among our young people in an ente prise, which has called forth the love and devotion of their fathe Mrs. Judson's pathetic lines commencing

> 'We part on this green islet, love,
> Thou for the Eastern main,
> I for the setting sun, love;
> Oh, when to meet again!'

will be read with renewed interest by all who remember that heroine the Christian War. The volume is not too large, and yet large enou to give a faithful record of Dr. Judson's life. The paper and print a good.

A Popular Introduction to the New Testament. By the Re J. Rawson Lumby, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 2 Paternoster Row, E.C.

A much-needed volume. We have been delighted with it for clearness and its fulness. Moreover, Dr. Lumby is just the man to the work well. Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, he brin to the work a full mind and a ready pen. 'The New Testament—wh is it?' is a question answered in the most interesting manner. Afte preliminary chapter full of information concerning Uncial and Cursi Manuscripts, the various versions of the New Testament, Dr. Lum discusses the Synoptic Gospels, St. John's Gospel, the Acts of t Apostles, the Pauline Epistles, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catho Epistles, the Revelation of St. John, and adds thereto a table of autho ties with date. Those who are now conducting Bible-classes in co nection with a study of the Revised Version of the New Testament, w find in this an admirable digest of all they need to know about t history of the New Testament. A study equally profitable and deligh ful is now brought within the reach of all, and we hope to hear that t book has been a great success. It certainly deserves to be, alike fro its remarkable utility and its timeliness just at the present time, wh the Revised Testament has quickened in so many minds an interest the history of the Inspired Book.

The Clerical Library. Pulpit Prayers by Eminent Preache London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

These prayers are many of them very beautiful. Some of them are t elaborate in poetical imagery, and keep the thoughts too long in suspen We certainly do not approve of telling God what His own experienc are, as on page 63: 'The smallest cry of expiring weakness is louder Thine ear than the thunder is in ours.' And an illustration of what mean by keeping the thought waiting through long description, is such elaborated sentence as this on page 97, 'We thank Thee that Thy tru grows more and more ineffable, and that we can perceive that while the earlier days with our rude and gross fancies we expected it as a thi physical and visible, we are being taught more and more to receive spiritually, and to understand how little of it we can take; for he th is bathed in the light of the sun all the day long, conceives but little the light and of the warmth, nor understands what are the sweep a the power of the sunlight through all the universe.' This is more li an essay on light than a prayer for it, and the faults of the work lie in this direction. At the same time the volume is remarkably varie and fresh, and spiritual, and suggestive, and we commend it to preache

as a book to read for the quickening of thought in the direction of true prayer. We all need to keep alive as ministers the gift of true prayer, and to remember that the free prayer of our churches, if it is to be saved from monotonous repetition, require, on our part, considerable preparation of mind and heart. We know no subject which ought to be brought so prominently before our students for the ministry as this, and we heartily wish a good circulation for this volume, *not* as giving sentences for prayer, but in enlarging the scope of, and quickening thought concerning, the varied subjects of devotion.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE. A Practical Guide for Girls. By LADY BRABAZON, DORA HOPE, ALICE KING, and MARY SELWOOD. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A nice quartette of writers who treat of what our girls may do—Bible-classes; poor children's clothing; work among soldiers and sailors; Sunday-school treats; winter treats. There are some very picturesque little etchings in the volume, and the arousing of slumbering energies is what we hope for through the reading of this work.

AMONG THE MONGOLS. By the REV. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A. With illustrations. Same publishers.

Racily written, very well illustrated, and contributing much information about mission work in a way that will amuse and instruct the young. Cordially commended.

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY OF THE YOUNG. By S. GREEN, D.D. Same publishers.

A most healthy book. All pastors should read it. Earnest without being lugubrious, spiritual without being pietistic; suggestive alike of topics and illustrations. Parents and teachers as well as pastors should purchase it at once. We have often wanted just such a volume.

QUIET CORNERS; an American Tale. By HOWE BENNING. Same publishers.

This is a superior book on thick toned paper, with capital illustrations. The heroine is saved from a life of fashionable frivolity by the reverses her father sustains in business. There is none of the fictitious excitement of a love-story, and all the healthy excitement of service which, beginning with the duty of living for others, merges into joy in so doing.

MAHALA, THE JEWISH SLAVE. A Story of Early Christianity. By A. L. O. E. Same publishers.

Graphically told, and very interesting.

NOBODY LOVES ME. By Mrs. O. F. WALTON. Same publishers.

To keep the sinful, sad, and weary from feeling thus, is the object of this little book; and it will help to turn the 'Nobody Loves Me' into 'Somebody does.'

ROVING ROBIN. By NELLIE ELLIS. Same publishers.

Like the previous ones, this little book is well illustrated, and is a pithy and touching tale.

BLUE-BELL TALKS. Same publishers.

Capital. A nice little gift-book. Its contents run thus: January—Snowdrop, Hope; February—Crocus, Cheerfulness; March—Violet, Contentment; April—Wallflower, Patience. Any mother may read this to her children on Sunday afternoons with great advantage.

ELINOR VINCENT'S DISCIPLINE. A Story for Girls. Same publisher

Day-Dreaming, Out in the World, A Firm Decision, etc., are go titles to the chapters ; and it will do all young girls good to find t paths of discipline lead to goals of blessedness.

OUR EASTERN SISTERS AND THEIR MISSIONARY HELPERS. By HARRI WARNER ELLIS. Same publishers.

Excellent. A native gentleman well says in an Indian paper : 'T light has begun to shine in our Zenanas, and everything is chang Only get the *hearts* of our women, and you will get the *heads* of t men.' We are quite sure this little volume will quicken interest in t good work. The authoress says : 'It is as Christ's work, and not that any section or party in His Church, that these records are given.'

THE QUEEN'S COLOURS, AND OTHER SKETCHES OF A SOLDIER'S LI Same publishers.

Admirable sketches, and equally excellent Christian application of entire narrative.

THE LAWS AND POLITY OF THE JEWS. By E. W. EDERSHEIM. Sa publishers.

The first part of this book deals with the polity of the Jews, the seco with the domestic life of the Israelites, and the third with the moral a social life of the Israelites ; and over all the golden motto, 'Holiness u the Lord.' It is an admirable exposition of the great heart of the anci economy.

THE PARISH OF HILBY : A SIMPLE STORY OF A QUIET PLACE. MRS. FAIRMAN MANN. London : Elliot Stock, 62, Paternos Row, E.C.

Amid much 'tale' literature that is vapid and commonplace, we li now and then on a really good story. There are 351 pages in this, a little etchings that we have read of it here and there show a racy st and a real pictorial power.

REVELATION AND MODERN THEOLOGY CONTRASTED ; OR, THE SI PLICITY OF THE APOSTOLIC GOSPEL DEMONSTRATED. By the RI C. A. ROW, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's. London : Freder Norgate, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Mr. Row did such admirable service in his Bampton Lecture (now its third edition) on 'Christian Evidences Viewed in Relation to Mode Thought,' that we rejoice to receive another volume from his scholar and able pen. 'The object of the present work is to develop the po tion which was assumed as the foundation of the Bampton Lecture, vi that Christianity, as distinct from the theological systems of the differe communities into which Christendom is divided, consists of a few simp principles which constitute its essence as a Revelation, and to inqui what is really essential to it, and what are merely human additions.' says the preface. The discussion is very carefully and completely do The sections on 'The Pertinacity with which Theologians have Clung Erroneous Modes of Investigation,' and 'The Human Faculties Unat to Penetrate into the Ontology of Being, and the Unreliable Charact of Abstract Theology thus Resulting,' are excellent. Mr. Row is origin earnest, and Evangelical, and he presents us with the fullest and mo faithful exposition of the subject that we have seen. Every Christi preacher and teacher should read it.

CHRIST OUR LIFE. By the REV. J. T. WOODHOUSE. Printed for the Author.

These are pulpit sermonettes on 'Christ Our Life'—'A Daring Faith,' 'Christian Heroism,' 'The Silence of Christ,' 'The Triumph of Faith,' etc.—and are full of much freshness, earnestness, and power. We cannot fairly call them original, yet they are not stereotyped in style nor destitute of suggestiveness. 'God Manifesting Himself to Man' and 'The Desponding Encouraged' are both excellent discourses, and we shall look forward to the second series with much interest and hope. This volume is likely to be helpful to all seeking 'subjects' for thought, and to be useful and comforting for Sunday reading to sufferers at home.

DAVID EASTERBROOKE: AN OXFORD STORY. By TREGELLES POLKINGHORNE. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The moral of this story is the beauty of Catholic sympathy between all true Churches of Christ, and shows how a rather proud Church clergyman was won to good fellowship through the faithful life of a Methodist. The scenes in it are well sketched, and as a gift-book to the young it is worthy of circulation.

PRIDE ABASHED.—There never was a saint yet that grew proud of his fine feathers but the Lord plucked them out; there never was an angel that had pride in his heart but he lost his wings and fell into Gehenna, as Satan and those fallen angels did; and there never shall be a saint who indulges self-conceit and spiritual pride but the Lord will spoil his glories and trample his honours in the mire.'—*Spurgeon.*

GOD'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE HEART.—There is a recent application of electricity by which, under the influence of its powerful light, the body can be so illuminated as that the workings beneath the skin can be seen. Lift up the hand and it will appear almost translucent, the bones and veins clearly appearing. It is so in some sort with God's introspection of the human heart. His eye, which shines brighter than the sun, searches us and discovers us altogether.—*Pilkington.*

MAN'S WILL SUBJECT TO GOD'S WILL.—It is reported of a gentleman travelling in a misty morning, that he asked a shepherd (such men being greatly skilled in the physiognomy of the heavens) what weather it would be? 'It will be,' said the shepherd, 'what weather pleaseth me;' and being courteously requested to express his meaning, 'Sir,' saith he, 'it shall be what pleaseth God, and what weather pleaseth God pleaseth me.' Thus a contented mind maketh men to have what they think fitting themselves; for moulding their will unto God's will, they are sure to have their will.—*T. Fuller.*

IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.—The soul that is insatiable in prayer, he proceeds, he gets near to God, he gains something, he winds up his heart higher. As a child that seeth the mother have an apple in her hand, and it fain would have it, it will come and pull at the mother's hand for it. Now she lets go one finger, and yet she holds it; and then he pulls again, and then she lets go another finger, and yet she keeps it; and then the child pulls again, and will never leave pulling and crying till it hath got it from his mother. So a child of God seeing all the graces be in God, he draws near to the throne of grace, begging for it, and by his earnest and faithful prayers he opens the hand of God to him. God dealing as parents to their children, holds them off for a while, not that He is unwilling to give, but to make them more earnest with God to draw them nearer to Himself.—*Fenner.*

MANAGERS' MAY MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* wa held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on Wednesday morning, May th 9th, before the missionary sermon at the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct

Breakfast commenced at nine o'clock.

There were present the Rev. J. Viney (treasurer), the Rev. W. M Statham (editor), Rev. Drs. H. R. Reynolds, J. Kennedy, R. Bruce E. R. Conder; T. W. Aveling, S. Newth, W. H. Aubrey, T. Rees, Revs S. Hebditch, S. McAll, James Kennedy (late of India), E. H. Jones C. F. Vardy, J. D. Williams, J. B. French, A. Mackennal, G. M. Murphy W. S. Fielden, A. Reed, H. Griffith, S. Goodall, F. Brockway (missionar from Madagascar), J. Gilmour (missionary from China), etc.

Communications were received from the Rev. Drs. J. Stoughton H. Allon, C. Clemance, J. Edmond, R. W. Dale, L. D. Bevan, Revs. G D. Cullen, J. C. Harrison, J. B. Brown, C. Symes, W. Roberts, S. Pearson R. Redpath, A. Cave, etc., expressing regret for unavoidable absence.

The CHAIRMAN opened the business of the morning with some inte esting and appropriate remarks, bespeaking for the good old Magazin the wide circulation it deserved, both on account of its intrinsic worth and the benevolent purpose to which the funds were devoted.

The Rev. Dr. REYNOLDS, the previous editor, spoke in the kindes terms of the admirable way in which the Magazine was being conducted and the pleasure with which he read it every month.

The Rev. Drs. BRUCE and CONDER bore testimony to the favourabl opinion entertained of the Magazine in the country, and sincerely wishe long life to the present excellent editor.

The Rev. Dr. REES said that the *Evangelical Magazine* was a grea favourite in the Principality of Wales, and that he eagerly looked fo the new number with the first day of the month.

The Rev. JAMES KENNEDY (for thirty-seven years a missionary i India) stated that he always looked out for the arrival of the Magazine which he invariably read with both pleasure and profit.

The Rev. S. HEBDITCH suggested that an effort should be made t secure for the *Evangelical*, in Australia, a wider circulation, where, h could testify from his recent visit to that land, it would be welcomed a an old and valued friend.

The Rev. Dr. NEWTH, A. MACKENNAL, A. ROWLAND, and others, bor distinct testimony to the excellence of the Magazine, which desreve to be well sustained.

The Rev. W. M. STATHAM sincerely thanked the brethren residin both in town and country for the kind and gratifying manner in whic they had spoken of his services as editor, and assured the meeting tha no effort should be wanting on his part still to increase the circulatio and usefulness of the Magazine.

The TREASURER called special attention to the desirableness of mor of our churches making *sacramental collections* in aid of the *Widows Fund*, as many applicants were anxiously waiting to be added to th list of grantees.

During the meeting a telegram was received from the Rev. D. E Jenkins, M.A., the preacher of the missionary sermon at the Cit Temple that morning, expressing much regret that he was unavoidabl prevented taking breakfast with the managers, according to hi promise and wish.

The Rev. Dr. KENNEDY concluded the interesting proceedings wit prayer.

I. V. M.

Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company 54, Cheapside

Very truly Yours,

Charles Wilson

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1883.

ON GOING FORWARD.

GOD says to Moses: 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.'

The Hebrew life was, at that time, a camp-life, and as such it is the picture of ours—for a while we rest beneath the shadow of Elim's palm-trees, or lie down beneath the green pastures; yet ere long the bugle-note of our great Leader's voice is heard calling us to the onward march. Moses was the hero of the old world. His character stands like some consecrated height, more lasting than the Egyptian monuments; for the pyramids of the Bible are holy men. Moses was the historian of the creation, the legislator of the Jews, the leader of the Hebrew exodus! In this last capacity we find him here rallying hearts that are faint, and strengthening hands that hang down. It would be but natural to suppose that the Hebrew band who had suffered so much of cruel wrong, would have confronted all difficulties in the way of their deliverance, and would have preferred the worst perils of the wilderness to the woes of Egyptian slavery? But it was far otherwise. They were a stiff-necked, rebellious people—often forsaking Jehovah for idols, and more ready to repine at the judgments, than to rejoice in the mercies of God.

Picture to yourself the scene described in this chapter! The white tents of the Hebrews are grouped together in the vicinity of the sea before Baal Zephon; groups of Hebrews are standing at the open curtains of their tents, talking of the coming deliverance, and recounting the story of their cruel wrongs. Presently a wandering eye looks back across the plain. What sight is that? Surely not the glittering sand of the desert? What sound is that? Surely not the deep murmur of the sea? All eyes are turned to the rising cloud, all ears are open to the rushing noise! Behold the sunlight on the glittering equipages of Pharaoh! Hark to the sound of six hundred chosen chariots, and captains over all of them, with

Pharaoh himself, and his horsemen! What consternatio the Hebrew camp! What moving to and fro! The disconte and affrighted look to Moses. They feel that his enterpris failed. 'Success is virtue, and misfortune blame.' Thus craven hearts they accost their glorious leader: 'Because were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die i wilderness?' Remembering their past words, or more prob indebted to their imagination for their facts, they said: 'I this the word we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, Let us a that we may serve the Egyptians?' Then the man Moses straight to God. What could he do? On the right hand the craggy rocks of Pihahiroth; on the left hand, Baal Zep with its forts and garrisons; behind him was the majestic of Pharaoh's host. God decides the difficulty by one q brief command: 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that go forward.'

Happy the Church that has a Leader who can say, 'I am Way.' We are glad their way was difficult, because we see their life was a parable of ours, and that we must walk by

Go forward! Can they then make for themselves a pa through the sea?—there stretches the blue waste of wat their feet. No! all they can do is to go forward to the s and, as an old divine says, when they did what they could, did for them what they could not.

The Heavenly Direction shows that there are Seasons for S Obedience, as well as Earnest Prayer.

'Wherefore criest thou unto Me?' says God. Surely str language from the lips of One who has taught us to be ins in prayer. And yet there is a deep meaning in it. Even pr must not be a medium for distrust to unveil itself. Pr must bespeak faith, not doubt. God had previously sai Moses, 'I have established my covenant with thy father give thee the land of Canaan;' and again, 'I will bring you the land.' Day by day difficulties had vanished. They gained the confines of Egypt. They had the pillar of clou day and the pillar of fire by night. Surely they scanned G work in vain, just then. 'Wherefore,' says God, 'criest unto me?' Act well thy part. Prayer will be fulfille action. Rise from thy knees—leave thine orisons, put on accoutrements. The walls of adamant will not crumble thou touchest them. The sea will divide when the foot of reaches the glassy wave. Our way is dark—we crave one in the night. Our way is difficult; it seems like very deat breast the waves. Yet we must. We want brave hearts well as suppliant knees.

The Heavenly Direction was accompanied by Example.

Men crave leaders—in the State, in the Senate, in the Field, and in the Church. Fix your eye on this unfaltering hero. Gaze on Moses. Mark the dubious people of his company who died in the wilderness. Yet disheartened never, he carved a way to Canaan, which was the grand story of the Hebrew nation and the grand subject of their temple song.

'Forward!' says a voice that floats and falls from the better land. Moses' journey was a myth, say some, a fable of the ages; but they have strangely forgotten the testimonies of historic names and Egyptian records and pilgrim songs, as well as the Redeemer's reference to all that Moses said and did. Christ's life was a myth, say some! If indeed it be, we wonder at the footprints He has left for all the ages. Ghosts are said to wear white robes, but are scarcely recorded to have left marked footsteps. We need not fear whilst we have such a Christ to follow. No greater miracle could be conceived than that the Evangelists should have conceived a life like that of Christ.

Go forward! Has the trembling heart never felt a temptation to worldly paths? 'Here,' says the syren Pleasure, 'here where there is the embrace of Beauty and the harp of song.' 'Here,' says eager Ambition, 'where the way is steep and rocky, but where a dazzling crown is stretched above your head.' Oh, what wondrous desires, longings, yearnings, there are in these hearts! The very eagerness with which they can speed on an earthly way, suggests their immortal power and their adaptation for eternal things. But in these whisperings of varied voices, there is a call from Christ to follow Him. Not there! not there! The dead are there! He says, 'Follow thou me;' and what path of life has not He trodden Who was acquainted with grief? what form of temptation, as Neander teaches you, has not been embodied in the wondrous scope of Christ's temptation?—'tempted in all points like as we are.' Fight your battles and follow Him; shed your tears and follow Him; bear your solitudes and follow Him; bury your dead and follow Him. Divine Leader!

> 'Counting gain and glory loss
> We will tread the path He trod.'

We are often faulty here. There is a deep analogy between our conduct and that of the Hebrews. When the old World—Egypt—has sent out its armies to affright us, has there not been coldness in the glance with which we have gazed on the Master? and have we not said in our hearts, 'Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians'?

The Heavenly Direction teaches us that God hides Difficul
till they come.

They had no forewarning of this hour. All, indeed, was cl
to the eyes of Him who knew the way which they took. I
God keeps the veil down before each life's future hour. V
never know what shall be on the morrow: save that grace v
be there if we live, and glory if we die. You will find this f
illustrated again and again in Hebrew history. It was wh
Pharaoh had let the people go that God led them, not throu
the way of the land of the Philistines, but by the way of
wilderness of the Red Sea. It was when they had arrived cl
to the waterfloods and there was no escape that they saw
host behind them. It was when they had passed the wat
and were in the wilderness that their provisions failed and th
faith was tested. And it was when they pitched in Rephid
that there was no water for the people to drink, and they cl
Moses, saying: 'Thou hast brought us out of Egypt to kill
and our children and our cattle with thirst.'

Such illustrations abound. Let these suffice. They serve
show that now, as then, God lifts up the curtain of provider
day by day. Go forward! Where, Lord? 'What I do th
knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' Forwa
Yes, bringing the blind by the way which they know n
Great God, we think of Thy glory and Thy goodness in conce
ing, as well as in revealing! The inspiration of our happin
springs in a large degree from our ignorance of the future. A
God knows all. There are no after-thoughts with Him.
knoweth the end from the beginning.

To-morrow! Yes; the fairest lamb in the fold may wand
the most loved friend be gone; the thorn may spring from
pillow, and the garden contain a grave. We must meet the
morrow, even then. Or it may be that the sunlight may ma
golden the edges of now dark clouds, and the weeping of
night, give place to the joy of the morning. Meanwhile
dear Lord of all conceals the difficulties till they come.

The Heavenly Direction tells us that we are not to Live in
Past.

Neither in its successes nor in its sorrows. 'Let the dead p
bury its dead.' We must 'act in the living present—heart wit
and God o'erhead.' The motto is largely needed even
Christians. What memories we have; and all the bright hou
come—such services, such songs! Stay, it is in the nature o
retrospective landscape that we see the hills and forget
valleys. We can forgive and honour these old memories; y
not if you through them depreciate the duties of the hour.

Piety should be no fossil relic of other days. Yesterday's religion will not save us! The memory of yesterday's banquet will not satisfy the strong hunger of to-day. We have our work, like our Master's, to-day, and to-morrow, and the third day. Disturb me not, says one; I am sitting by the grave of the dead. Here lies my child! It seems but yesterday my mother died! Behold this monument! beneath it slumbers the companion of my youth. True; but Rachel even must not always indulge the dainty luxury of the bread of tears. To-day the plough is waiting. To-morrow the battle will be raging. Besides, you will never meet your beloved ones here again. Forward, till you clasp inseparable hands in the Father's home. We did great things, says one. We had crowded aisles and cheerful prayer-meetings and successful schools. We collected large subscriptions, and engaged in glorious undertakings. All is well if these memories inspire you to exertion; but if they deaden your energies, forget them. I know one who had planted churches in Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, Rome, Bithynia, who said, 'Forgetting the things which are behind;' and only when the executioner's axe was trembling above his head did he say, 'I am ready to be offered up.'

There is another whose countenance wears the settled gloom of melancholy. He once delighted in God; but he has been revisited again by the 'memory' of the transgression of his youth, and now his sin is ever before him, and he is laying again foundations of repentance to God. To such the text says, 'Forget the past; God has forgiven and forgotten all, like a millstone that settles in dark depths of the sea.' We read of one who persecuted the Church of God, dragged devout men and women to prison, and consented even to Stephen's death; yet he forgot the things behind: 'I press toward the mark for the prize.' Let us leave past sins to the obliterating grace of our Saviour's sacrifice, and think of our past services as the imperfect work of men who have only done at the best less than their duty to the Lord. Let us awake to righteousness. Let us put on our armour for fresh conflict, and be eager for the coming time. There is a future for us all. Men of silvery hair and youths with the smooth locks of early days. Up! there is work for all of us! Leave the past to the tender mercy of a covenant God, and go forward in the way which yet remains between your present hour of life and the on-coming day of reward.

The Divine Direction answers to the Spiritual Instincts of the Soul.

Forward! Not *to* the grave, but *through* the grave. We sometimes wonder at life's weary way and God's long discipline; but

we must remember that the law of preparation is always relat to the law of duration. The mushroom grows up in a day, b then it perishes in a night; whereas the oak, that monarch the centuries, reaches its perfection through the long course years. Our probation involves glory, honour, immortality, a eternal life. Forward! When shall the lake of the hum heart hold so much of love divine as never to contain yet mo When shall the tree of knowledge be so laden with preci fruit, as never to weigh down its boughs with more? Forwa Why, the very joy and knowledge of heaven will only be init bliss and discovery; our life in eternity will involve those t elements of our present character which Archbishop What shows us are not sinful parts of our nature, and therefore i mortal powers, viz., a love of *employment* and *improvem* too. Yes; we shall press forward then; forward to fresh d coveries of the creative power of God and the redemptive lo of Christ. Onward evermore!

The Christian Revelation not only gives us the princip of progress, but opens up the sphere for their exercise in unveiling of the immortal state. We need not share the unr and *ennui* of this world. We need not repeat the melanch dirge, 'Vale, vale in æternum, vale.' We can write over all pursuits and pleasures the name of that Saviour who is resurrection and the life.

The world's great grief is its exhaustiveness. The cup is so drained, the goal soon reached; and then the pleasure of purs evaporates, and the bubble, instead of being a little world, comes emptiness itself.

And taking this life by itself separate from Immortality, wh is there worth living for? Buried are the tenants of those ancestral halls. Dead and gone the forms that filled the rus armour—men of mailed breasts and gauntleted hands, of batt fields and honours. Silent now the brave hearts that r beneath royal sarcophagi and carven shrine! Forgotten now knights of old renown, above whose abbey tomb the fadi banners rustle:

> 'Thou unrelenting past,
> Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
> And fetters sure and fast
> Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign;
> Far in thy realm withdrawn
> Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
> And glorious ages gone
> Lie deep within the shadow of thy tomb!'

The Divine Direction tells us that we have Supernatural Assistance to go Forward.

In all divine life we must honour the Holy Ghost. As our physical nature there is not only constant operation

vital power, but also the all-sustaining breath of heaven, which once removed we die; so in our spiritual life we have constant need of the Comforter. When in our earthly life, God has called us to human progress, what aids he has given us! fellowship, friendship, love. And we have not been left alone, when in a spiritual sense God says, Go forward! We feel how He has aided us. Go back to your first Communion—to brotherly sympathy and prayer—to tender guidance and help from hearts that now rest. What a way it has been! How at first you trembled and thought it was too much for you to come to the banquet table of the Church! yet out of weakness you have been made strong, and in keeping Christ's commandments you have had great reward. In blackest hours of human darkness you have had the beautiful light of Christ's love. And think how the Holy Ghost has helped men and women before you to do and suffer and dare! Forward! and lo they have gone forth amid broken fortunes, broken health, and broken friendships too. Forward! and heroes and conquerors have entered dungeons with a smile, and have met death without affright. No future need distress us. Greater is He that is for us, and in us, than all that can be against us. No trouble shall come greater than we are able to bear. No enterprise for the Redeemer but He will give us grace to carry it through! At times we are tempted to live in life's yesterday. We tread the old gardens, and think how richly the flowers used to bloom, and what shadows the stately trees once cast for us to rest beneath! We would sit at the fountain. We would linger by the old trysting-places. But the Saviour says, 'Arise; go work to-day in My vineyard.' I have service waiting for you. Souls that need to be saved. Children that need to be gathered as lambs into the blessed fold. There are weak and dying ones, too, that need holy consolation. Go forward! So will we, Lord, not in our own strength. We are very weak, very poor, very temptable, very easily disheartened. But with Thee, Lord, all is strong, true, and sure. We will go with Thee. For close to us there will be the fountain where we can daily wash away our sins. Close to us there will be the bread which we can daily eat. Close to us we can talk ever with Thee; and close to Thee we can die, and yet not die—death shall have no more dominion over us. Then, even then, it will be forward! And we shall enter into the eternal light, and be at Home! Language breaks down in its endeavour to tell the amazing mystery of that great joy. But we shall have reward, and be with the blessed dead, and with Christ evermore, world without end. Amen.

THE EDITOR.

SINS are at first like cobwebs, but at last like cables.—H. STRETTON.

SKETCHES OF THE FAMILY LIFE.

VII.—Ideas of Marriage among the Greeks.

Every thoughtful reader who has sat down seriously to pon social questions will know that there is nothing more diffic than to give an account of what is thought and felt by differ nations on such a subject as marriage. It would be easy indulge in sweeping assertions and broad comparisons, which of no value whatever on so delicate a subject. National se love counts for so much in all such comparative judgments, t the average vulgar man, whether Englishman, Frenchman, German, naturally supposes that his nation furnishes the idea the lover, the husband, the father. Life would be wanting colour, national poetry in zest, without this intense self-bel Nevertheless, the habit is apt to distort our views of our nei bours, and still more our views of ancient times. We are ready, at least many of us, to fasten, like the flesh-fly, on corrupt spots of ancient life, neglecting what was sound a healthy in it. This is obviously unfair; and before we denou the social evils of Greece, we should do well to take a meas of those that exist in our own country now. My impression that if our excellent friends of both sexes, who feel stirred to depths of their hearts by the contemplation of our social miser and who are eager with rebuke and with doctrine to our ti would devote more attention to the experience of antiquity, result would be to impart more calmness to their thought, m moderation to their arguments. If, for example, I were asked state as briefly as possible, the difference between ourselves a the ancient Greek in respect of the relation of the sexes, I sho say that he had an equally profound sense with ourselves of sacredness of marriage and of the Home; and that he tolera much that was irregular and vicious in the interest, as he thoug however mistakenly, of the Home and the State. We, on other hand, have thought well to shut our eyes for the most pa in social discussion and in legislation, to these evils; whet wisely or not, is a question that cannot be discussed here. object is but to point out that the life of the Greek presents every part the most extreme contrast. He was, typically c sidered, the most highly organized specimen of humanity e seen in the world; and if this means for good, so also does mean for evil. In the sphere of the affections and passions imagination led him into enthusiasms and devotions, compa with which all that has been seen since seems pale and frig Never have men known how to die for a city, for the altars religion, for the sacred name of friendship, like the great

Hellas. And never did men know how to make themselves more ridiculous in the aberrations of their fancy. It is one of the most singular things about that great race, that they should have flattered themselves on the cultivation of passions which strong sense pronounces silly, correct taste abominable, and our religion a sinful infatuation. This dark background will always be present to the eye of the student of Greek culture, but it will not hinder him—but the contrary—from appreciating what stands clearly enough, and of quite a different complexion, in the foreground.

There is a striking contrast between the general freedom allowed by modern law and social custom in respect of the contracting of marriage, and the restrictions existing in Greece. There were actually laws prohibiting celibacy in some states; likewise customs by which it was sought to throw contempt upon single life and upon childlessness. Plutarch, in his essay on the 'Love of Offspring,'* casts an oblique reproach against those who wait to marry until laws are passed against celibacy, like the countrymen of Lykurgus and Solon. In his life of Lykurgus, he gives us a brief picture of the ancient Spartan sentiment. When a strange lady observed to Gorgó, wife of Leónidas, 'You Lacedæmonian women alone govern the men,' the other replied, 'We alone give birth to men.' While the women were made to undergo gymnastic exercises, so as to render them fit mates and mothers of warriors, the lawgiver inflicted disgrace upon the unmarried. In the winter-time, stripped of their upper garments, they had to walk round the agora, singing some melancholy ditty, in which they confessed their guilt in disobeying the laws; and they were deprived of the respectful observances which the younger rendered to the elder man. Derkyllidas, a distinguished general, but a childless man, had to submit to the affront of a younger man, who refused to give place to him, saying, 'You have no son who shall give place to me in turn.' Compulsory marriage was not confined to Sparta, as we find from Pollux, a lexicographer of the second century, A.D., that a man could be indicted for *agamy*, *i.e.* for not marrying, at Athens.† And Plato, in the 'Symposium,' describes a class of confirmed bachelors who will not marry from inclination, but only 'because they are compelled by the law.' We cannot wonder if marriage did not present itself in a very attractive light to many men under these circumstances. Some rather caustic sayings have come down to us on the subject: that of Menander, *e.g.*, who is reported to have said, that 'marriage was evil, but a necessary evil.' Another story is to the effect that when one was counselling Solon to impose a fine on unmarried men, he hesitated, saying that woman

* Chap. ii. † Page 192.

was a difficult piece of goods. Socrates' talk about his wife notorious; but we have not heard poor Xanthippe's side of question. A man of such peculiar habits, spending the grea part of his time with young men, coming home at strange hou and when he was at home lost in fits of abstraction among ' clouds,' may well have tried the patience of the sweete tempered spouse.

Marriages, at least among the wealthy classes, were regula 'arranged' for the young people without any reference to th wishes. The interest of the individual must ever give way those of the family, as those of the family to the state. A you man, who had perhaps taken the liberty of falling in love on own account, might meet his 'governor'—for so his father truth was—in the street, and be taken aback by the sudd command: 'You must take a wife, Pamphilus, to-day; ma ready, go home,' etc.* It fared still more hardly with the you ladies. They were kept at home and close seclusion, th bound being the inner house-door, as that of the matron was outer door. At public festivals the young people had opp tunities of mutual introduction; but the lady's consent never asked. She took the husband provided for her by friends, by contract, whether direct or indirect. There actually a class of intermediaries or brokers in marriage, w provided wives for the men, and husbands for the wom 'When we come to our glad prime, we are thrust out and so complains a girl; another, 'Let him be thy husband whomsoe thy friends may select.'† In a Greek romance of the fou century, by Chariton, the Hymenæus or nuptial hymn is he sounding in the street before the bridegroom as yet knows w is to be the bride. It would, however, be obviously unsound argue that under these conditions marriages must necessar have been unhappy in the majority of cases. For when mind is trained to respect a custom as an integral part religion, the affections will follow, as a rule, the lead of du Nor is it always the case, unhappily, that freedom of the aff tions secures happiness, even in this most important relati We think that the happiness of the parties concerned is the f consideration in marriage; the Greek thought first and last the welfare of his country, with which was bound up insepara the honour of his gods. 'For the weal and increase of fatherland, and still more for the honour of the gods; for if race were to die out, who would sacrifice to the gods?'‡ s were the objects of the institution. One passage from Pla 'Republic' illustrates the lofty ideal: 'Sacrifices and prayers

* Ter. Andr. i. 5, 19. † Stob. lxviii. 19, lxxiv. 7.
‡ Stob. Serm. lxvii. 25.

to be offered up at every marriage ceremonial, by priests and priestesses and by the whole city, that the children to be born may ever be more virtuous and more useful than their virtuous and useful parents.'* It may be instructive to compare such ideals with that of Christianity, which teaches us to view all the relations of the family in the light of a training for eternity. Some nobler expression of the thought seems to be required than the somewhat bald and frigid formula in the service of the English Prayer Book.

NEUADDLWYD.

'I HAVE an impression that I have seen that unpronounceable word somewhere before, the double "d" brings the Welsh hills to the mind's eye; the word *must hail* from the Principality, though I have no recollection of having visited a place of that name.' You have not, very likely. But let me tell you where you have seen the name: was it not when looking over the Alphabetical List of Ministers in the Congregational Year Book? In the Year Book for 1867, the latest I can refer to now, you will find the names of twenty-nine ministers who were educated at Neuaddlwyd; the number has rapidly decreased of late, the enemy Death has been thinning the ranks till only twelve are left in this year's list. Many readers of the *Evangelical* probably have never been through the Vale of Aeron. Though they have been delighted and charmed with their holiday excursions through North Wales, South Wales is still an almost unknown country to them, and they have not heard before of Aeron Vale. We can assure them that it is well worth visiting, though it is not mentioned in the usual guide books. The heart of the poet and artist will be gratified with the view all the way down from Ystrad to Aberaeron. The latter is a small seaport town in the Cardigan Bay, about midway between Aberystwith and Cardigan. Many a poet in olden times received inspiration from the murmuring sound of the river Aeron as it rushed through the valley to the sea. Neuaddlwyd is a large, old-fashioned chapel, nestling at the foot of rather a steep hill, about two miles and a half from Aberaeron. It is the mother church of several Congregational churches in the neighbourhood, and the work of God has been carried on there with great zeal and earnestness for many years. However, it is not owing to the Church life and activity manifested that the name is so well known in Wales, but on account of the fame of the school or college over which the Neuaddlwyd pastor presided. Some fifty years ago it was known throughout the Principality as 'Ysgol Neuaddlwyd,' though the institution

* Page 461.

was located at Penybanc, about two miles distant. In the ye
1810, it was resolved by a number of Congregational minist
in South Wales to establish a classical and theological school
prepare young men possessing natural preaching abilities for t
Christian ministry, who could not gain admission to any of t
colleges on account of their lack of knowledge of the Engli
language, etc. About the same time the Rev. Thomas Philli
the pastor of Neuaddlwyd, had determined to build a small hou
where his own children and those in the neighbourhood cou
be educated; when the committee heard of this house at Pen
banc, it was decided to start the theological school there, a
eventually the pastor of Neuaddlwyd became the tutor. Let
now rapidly glance at the man who was the teacher of scores
young men who in their day did a noble work for God, a
many of whom occupied the most important positions in Wal
The Rev. Thomas Phillips, D.D., was born in 1772. His fath
was an officer of the church at Pencadair in Carmarthenshire
a church renowned for its stern orthodoxy in days gone by, a
woe be to the man who would give an uncertain sound fr
that pulpit. After the service the sanhedrim would meet in
small house not far from the chapel, when the culprit would
examined and cross-examined by the elders, and his serm
pulled to pieces if it did not contain what was called 'healt
doctrine.' Young Phillips was brought up under that kind
puritanical religious influence. His father sent him to the b
grammar school in the neighbourhood. Sometime after havi
been admitted to the church at Pencadair he was invited
preach; the minister was to make the resolution of the chu
known to the young man, which he did in the following wor
'It appears that the people here want you to become a threshol
intimating that if he commenced to preach he would meet w
many who would try to step on him. But we believe that a
attempt made in that direction in after years would meet w
signal failure. Dr. Phillips was not a man who would stand a
such treatment from any person, rich or poor; his tall comma
ing presence, his position in the county, and his pure conver
tion commanded the respect of all who knew him. He w
ordained at Neuaddlwyd in 1798; soon after a large number
members were added to the church. His fame as a preac
rapidly spread abroad, though he seldom, if ever, had what
called the '*hwyl*,' yet he was listened to with rapt attenti
and deep appreciation wherever he went. He had invitati
after invitation to leave his charge, and that from some of t
strongest churches in the Principality; but when an invitati
came, there was a revival or more than ordinary prosperity
the church at the time, which to him was an unmistaka

sign that it was his duty to remain with his faithful flock. His public spirit urged him to engage in the work of extending the kingdom of Christ. Many parts of Wales at that time were in a benighted condition, so he felt it to be his duty to see what could be done to enlighten the people at a place called Llanbadarn-fawr, some eighteen miles from his home; he preached in the open air, and in a hired house for a time; then a chapel was built, and in a short time a strong and flourishing church was formed there. For upwards of two years he travelled to another place about twenty-five miles from his home, where he preached many a time under a large tree, sometimes exposed to the rough treatment of the rabble; the result of these self-denying labours was the establishment of a Congregational church which to-day is one of the strongest in the county.

The first time Phillips preached in that chapel, seeing all the men with their hats on, he reminded them that in days of old the people took off their shoes when in the presence of God, but now the custom was to take off their hats; in an instant all the hats disappeared. During his ministry members left Neuaddlwyd and formed new churches at Nebo, Penycae, and Aberaeron, whilst the weak and almost defunct church at Cilcenin was revived and strengthened. The Doctor used to tell his friends that the mother would never suffer as long as the daughters flourished around her. If it were only for his great ministerial efforts, the name of Dr. Phillips is worthy of being held in loving remembrance by the churches in Wales. When the small thatched cottage was built at Penybanc, the Doctor had not the least intention of undertaking the duties of the school; but in a short time after it was opened, the young minister who had been appointed master died, and the work of teaching devolved on Dr. Phillips. When we remember that it was some eighteen years since he had left college, we are not surprised to hear him confess long afterwards that he was obliged to remain up half the night sometimes to keep abreast of the first class, and that he was not sorry when the most advanced students left for the ministry or entered college. In this primitive building with its thatched roof and whitewashed walls, the Doctor carried on his work from year to year, preaching generally three times every Sunday. Hundreds of children, the sons of farmers, farm-labourers, and artisans received a good sound education; and upwards of two hundred young men were trained for the ministry; some of them, it is true, entered other colleges, but the great majority went forth to the Master's work from Penybanc, or, as it is more widely known, Neuaddlwyd School. As far as we know, it was entirely under the Doctor's own control; it was unsectarian, and every denomination in Wales has derived great

advantage from it. The children were in one part, whilst t
students occupied the upper part of the building, one of wh
often assisted in teaching the little ones. The reader may
ready to ask, 'How was it possible to train young men for t
work of the Christian ministry under such circumstances, a
was not the education given of a very limited and superfic
character?' The circumstances certainly were not the m
favourable; but the fame of the school spread throughout t
Principality, and young men came from all parts to sit at t
feet of this Welsh Gamaliel. Many of these lads entered t
school perfectly innocent of all knowledge of the English tong
and when they left they could read English, Latin, Greek, a
Hebrew. The writer knows more than one of the old schol
still living who can read Hebrew and Greek as well as th
beloved mother-tongue; so the training after all was not so ve
artificial. Again, you are ready to exclaim, 'A strange colle
that, in such an outlandish place! Where did the stude
lodge?' Yes, rather rural and primitive we confess. T
students lodged wherever they could, in the neighbouring far
houses and cottages. 'What a rough, uncouth way of prepari
for the ministry! how could those men be expected to condu
themselves properly in a drawing-room!' They were not e
pected to sojourn or to spend much of their time in drawin
rooms; most of them would have to preach three times eve
Sunday, perhaps walk twenty miles between the services, a
to live on a salary of between £25 and £70 a year. They we
trained for a work to be done *then* in Wales, and they we
forth not expecting to lounge in drawing-rooms, but to rough
among the hills, to help the sons and daughters of toil, to spe
to the sorrowful in heart, to sympathize with the heavy lade
to visit the sick, and to cheer the last moments of those w
were passing out of sight down the dark valley of the shado
of death! This work they did nobly and well. In their dai
contact with those somewhat rough and blunt farmers a
labourers, they had splendid opportunities to learn somethi
of human nature; the simple yet genuine piety, as well as t
honest natural life of those men and women, left an influen
on the young men's hearts which time could not efface. Th
they had frequent opportunities to exercise their preachi
powers in the chapels and farm-houses in the neighbourhoo
when the Doctor himself would often be present. More th
one mighty revival broke out when the students were preachi
at these farm-houses. In Neuaddlwyd Chapel on the Sunda
generally one of the students had to conduct the introductor
part of the service; and if careless in reading, a sharp criticis
from the tutor after the service would have to be endure

Once a student, not one of the brightest, had read and prayed; when Dr. Phillips gave out his text, he said, 'My text is in the chapter which David so terribly mutilated just now;' looking towards the big pew, he added, 'Where is he now? I should like him to notice how this part of the chapter should be read.' Then he read the passage with his own peculiar emphasis, which gave the sense more clearly than many an exposition. If space permitted we should like to give some of his wise counsels to the students when leaving for the holidays, as to their conduct in the homes to which they would be invited during their preaching tours. Though having been brought up in a rather stern and solemn religious atmosphere, he was full of mirth and liveliness; his anecdotes and witty sayings generally produced laughter. On one occasion he had been preaching with great power, a brother minister was listening; after service they retired to the house, where Phillips soon made the people laugh. His brother minister remarked that when listening to his sermon, he thought he was too solemn to speak in that witty style. 'Oh,' replied he, 'the only difference between us in that respect is this, you use your wit *in* the pulpit, and I *out* of it.' His piety and deep humility were beyond a doubt. One of his students relates that he remembered him one afternoon reading the account of the missionaries in Madagascar with the tears flowing down his cheeks; he retired to commune with his God, and when he returned to the room, said: 'I am ashamed of myself when I think of how little service I am to God and His kingdom.' Two of the students were ordained at Neuaddlwyd in 1817 as missionaries; they were the first Protestant missionaries in Madagascar. In the year 1835, Dr. Phillips, feeling the infirmities of old age coming on, advised the church to appoint an assistant minister; their choice fell on one of the students, the Rev. William Evans, who, on the death of Dr. Phillips, became the sole pastor of Neuaddlwyd and Aberaeron, and continues to this day to labour with acceptance in the same sphere. After serving his fellow-countrymen as a pastor and tutor for many years, this man of God fell asleep in the year 1842, having reached the promised three score years and ten.

JENKIN JONES.

LOVE TO GOD AND FROM GOD.—Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, for Himself is Love, and it is the greatest thing that we can give to God, for it will also give ourselves, and carry with it all that is ours. The Apostle calls it the bond of perfection; it is the old and the new, and it is the great commandment, and it is all the commandments: for it is the fulfilling of the law. It does the work of all the other graces, without any other instrument but its own immediate virtue.—*J. Taylor.*

CONCERNING LODGERS.

'And she said unto her husband, Behold, now I perceive that thi an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us mak little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him ther bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick; and it shall be, wh he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither.'—2 KINGS iv. 9, 10.

'But withal prepare me also a lodging.'—PHILEMON 22.

THE furniture of the little room in which Elisha lived was sumptuous. Yet it showed a hospitable disposition; and it suitable to the prophet's habits. The bed would hold his ti frame, and give him balmy sleep. The stool would enable h to sit at the table, and by the light of his candle he would able to read any scrap of sacred literature that he might ca with him, or to make notes of the journeys which he propo to take, or of the messages which he proposed to deliver. Th though the furniture was meagre, it was sufficient; and it wo often be a welcome nest for the prophet wherein to rest awh amid the storms of life.

We cannot tell what kind of a lodging Philemon would p pare for the Apostle Paul. Philemon was at the head o large household, and would be able no doubt to offer Paul co fortable quarters during his stay in the city of Colossæ. present Paul was writing from a hired house in Rome. He occupying furnished apartments, but he was being guarded the soldiers. He was both a lodger and a prisoner. Who host or landlord was, we cannot tell. He was a lodger. A when he escaped from the irksomeness of prison life, he wo be a lodger still, even though a guest at the house of Philem One of the greatest men in the Old Testament, and one of greatest men in the New Testament, as well as others that mig be named, whose lives are recorded in Holy Writ, belonged the class of lodgers. It is an interesting class, a very la class; and no doubt extremely important. The lodger recognised by the British Constitution, and under certain co ditions can exercise a vote. He is recognised in the Bible, a there is comfort for him and help for him in the example of su men as Paul and Elisha.

A large part of our population may be said to be in the lodg state. What is called 'shifting' is a very common and wid spread habit. Our large towns and cities do not allow us know much about that stability and deep-rooted influence whi come to many who live in the same house for many yea together. It is true that we get shaken up more, and gain mo breadth of view; but it is often at the expense of depth a intensity. People see different towns, and know more of differe

trades, but it often happens that they know little of themselves and little of God. We may become a superficial, restless, sensation-loving people by seeking to combine Arab habits with the customs of modern civilization. But be the dangers what they may, the fact remains that thousands of young men and women, that tens of thousands of householders, that tens of thousands of sailors, are wanderers on the face of the earth; and that when they rest and abide it is not in a house of their own, but in a lodging belonging to another.

This seems a very lonely life. It tempts a man to isolate himself from all social and political interests. He is apt to stand aloof, too much depressed by his own isolation to do anything, or too much inflated by egotism to take any part except that of a critic. Let a man cure himself of this to begin with. Life in a lodging does not involve a separation from all work for society. A lodger may be a member of the House of Commons, and may walk on foot to his Parliamentary duties with a noble purpose and endeavour to serve his country worthily. The lodger may be an artist, who, at present unknown by the great world, is yet, by diligent and noble work, seeking to purify and raise the tastes of his fellow-men. The lodger may be a young man in a house of business, who yet enrolls himself in some political society, or engages himself in some Christian enterprise. The lodgers in the cases to which we refer were Elisha, who was doing his best to purify Israel from many stains; and Paul, who was the world's great reformer at the time in which he lived. The lonely chamber may be peopled with many interests; and the solitary man may make himself the centre of much that contributes to the world's happiness and progress.

Such an outward condition is often the time of *opportunity*. First it disciplines the character. The young men at Oxford and Cambridge are lodgers. They have to keep chapel in the morning, or to respond to the roll-call; but in many respects they are thrown on their own resources. It becomes an anxious question with their parents and guardians as to how they will turn out. Other young man are not surrounded with these old associations. There is nothing romantic in their lot. Landladies differ. Some make the young man very comfortable; and some make him just the reverse. Lodgers and landladies have much to put up with on both sides. There is often friction, unpleasantness, and a week's notice. But amid these apparently mean surroundings there is opportunity for developing a sturdy, honest, self-controlling Christian character. The practice of necessary economy; the little hardships and privations that have to be undergone; the simple fare that has to be eaten—these make demands on patience and on self-control, which often result in

forming the noblest types of men and women. Most of Christian merchants have had to pass through such seas Most of our doctors, of our barristers, of our large shopmen our ministers of religion, have been numbered among the lod of the community, and if they grappled well with lodgers' d culties they became all the stronger and finer men.

It is also a time of opportunity, inasmuch as it enables to choose their friends and their books. Such a season m freedom from the interruptions which come in after-life men of affairs, and to those who are settled down in t own houses. It is often a season of celibacy. And thoug will not be prolonged, yet while it lasts it allows men qui to improve their minds, to read history, to ponder the Bibl make lasting friendships, and deliberately to choose their m and spiritual associations. Such a vantage-ground ought no be occupied in vain. It is there that the true and highest paration is being made for a life of usefulness and influe If you go into a cotton-mill you are surrounded by noise; the wheels are spinning, all the looms are moving, all shuttles are running to and fro, all the bobbins are winding their thread. But if you go into the fields where the cot plant is being grown all is silent; the soil makes no noise, the streams down quietly, the showers and dews fall without dem stration. So it is in the preparatory periods of life. There silent secret chambers where the soul is filled with God's li where the heart passes through repentance and convers where the spirit seeks God in prayer, where the man selects path and his companions. And these make up the raw mate out of which character is formed.

The lodging is a place of opportunity inasmuch as it be a place of work. There is a tendency in us all to put what we think are the great achievements of life till we more settled. Repentance gets postponed; conversion is ferred; confession is not made to-day; service and generos are not entered upon now, because we imagine that better d are dawning. This is especially the temptation of the lod condition of life. The man in the parable said that he married, and therefore could not come to the feast. But n men seem to say that because they are unmarried, or beca they have no fixed position, therefore they cannot be expec to do anything as members of God's kingdom. But we see t Elisha did his great work in his lodging. It was there that raised a child from the dead; and what was true of him true of Paul. Instead of sitting still doing nothing because was a prisoner, he began to preach and to write. Paul's pri letters were some of the most touching and instructive

ever wrote. The letters to the Philippians, to the Ephesians, to the Colossians, to Philemon and the second, to Timothy, were all written while Paul was a lodger and a prisoner in Rome. What some men would have regarded as an idle episode in life, was regarded by him as an opportunity for recording Christian truth and doing Christian service. So Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison. And Martin Luther translated the Bible into German while a prisoner in the Castle of the Wartburg. Much may be done by writing sensible and Christian letters to friends; and by work which easily suggests itself to a willing mind. Some may think that this advice is all too heroic to be followed in the present day. The commercial traveller, *e.g.*, thinks that he is quite out of the beaten track of Christian usefulness. And yet when he sits down to a commercial dinner he has some quiet opportunities not granted to other men. He can ask for a "free table," *i.e.*, a table where he is not compelled to drink strong and expensive drinks. He can offer a quiet protest against pungent story-telling. He can turn the conversation into useful channels. He can at night-time decline card-playing, late hours, and undesirable forms of passing the time. Though he is only a lodger he can do useful and present work.

Extracts from a pastor's correspondence might not be uninteresting. One writes from the coast of Africa to say that he is doing his best to speak of Christianity to the natives among whom he has to work. Another writes from South America to say that he never forgets our Sunday-school where he was converted, and now he does his best amid very few spiritual privileges to lead a Christian life. An Asiatic writes to me to say that he is studying hard at an American university, to fit himself to return to Asia Minor, to be a missionary to his brethren. A Christian man writes to say that he has joined a congregation and taken a class in the Sunday-school in the town to which he has removed. These are satisfactory proofs that those who roam need not neglect Divine things and Divine calls to service. Some give way to a restless neglectful disposition; they never settle; they are the rolling stones of the community; the critics of the churches and of preachers, and hangers-on of the spiritual camp, and at present engaged in no earnest enterprise.

Now consider how much better a man is or may be than his lodging. We are all lodgers; all pilgrims; all occupying our sphere only for a time. It matters little how the chamber may be furnished, whether with simple stool or luxurious lounge, whether with hard deal table or polished wood, holding on its surface every sign of civilization, education, and refinement.

The great thing is, who and what is the *man?* who and wha the inhabitant and occupier? The desert is wild, but it c tained a John the Baptist. The inn was lowly, and the adjo ing courtyard was filled with the lowing herds, but there Saviour of the world was born. The carpenter's shop common, but there the Christ prepared Himself for His gr work. And in that place which you now occupy, you can present duty of the highest and noblest character. The cha ber at Shunem was consecrated by many a prayer, and glorified by a resurrection. Why should it not be so with room which you occupy? Go to it to-night, and ask God give you there and then a new heart. Go to it, and there rep of sin; not try to repent, or prepare to repent, or think ab repenting; but actually turn away from sin—your own whatever it may be—and there and then begin a new life, w new purposes and a new choice. And then from out t chamber you shall come mighty with Divine force to overco temptation, to put down spiritual adversaries beneath your f to do some good in God's world, and, finally, to pass on to of the many mansions prepared for you by the loving fo thought of your Saviour Jesus Christ.

SAMUEL PEARSON, M.A

THE LAKE OF GENNESARET.

LAKE—mirror once of walnut, palm,
  Fig, oleander glowing bright;
  Gardens with cactus hedges, white
Cottages pictured in thy calm.

Deep blue; brown boats upon thy breast,
  And patient pelicans for prey
  Haunting thy shore, while azure day
Rejoiced to see herself at rest.

In thy translucent waters, now
  The busy life from thee has passed,
  No net into thy waves is cast,
No tree is garland to thy brow,

The curse of Islam, like hell-flame,
  All round thee, Lake, has scorched and scarred;
  But thou art still the Master's bard,
And all thy voices breathe His name.

G. T. COSTER.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

II.—From Root to Flower.

(*Continued from p.* 258.)

Take now a few specimens of the flower, place their stems in a glass of water, and use the specimens one by one in order to become acquainted with the various parts of the *Flower*, which, having examined the Root, Stem, and Leaf, is the only remaining portion of our plant.

First of all, the extreme tip of the stem, the point on which the flower is fixed, is called the *Receptacle;* it is the residence, so to speak, of the flower.

Next, the stem itself, or stalk of the flower is called the *peduncle*, from a Latin word meaning 'a little foot.' Do not confuse this word with '*petiole*,' which is only applied, as I have said, to the stalk of a leaf. Some flowers, like some leaves, are stalkless: they, like leaves with no stalk, are 'sessile.' The 'Receptacle,' then, is the extreme tip of the 'Peduncle.' To see it, cut perpendicularly down through the centre of the flower with a penknife, and it is the *conical solid part* in the centre of your section.

Now, then, examine the flower itself, using another specimen from the glass.

We shall find *Four* sets of organs, and we will go from the outside to the inside of our flower. Each set forms what is termed a *whorl*, or circle of similar organs.

In the two outer sets the circular arrangement is clearly seen; it is not so plain, at first sight, in the two inner ones.

First, there will be seen a circle of five yellowish-green 'leaves' which rest against and support the circle of coloured leaves next inside them. These are the *Sepals*, and the five together form the *Calyx*, or 'cup,' as the word means in Greek. Note that these sepals are covered with soft hairs outside, while inside they are smooth and glossy; they are 'spreading,' *i.e.*, they are not sharply bent back and down against the peduncle in this specimen; they are so in another kind of buttercup. Now pull these sepals off one by one, and notice that they are all quite '*free*' from one another! the meaning of this we shall see at a future time. Look at a bud, if there be one on the plant, and you will see that these five sepals cover up all the other parts of the flower, and are *green*, not greenish-yellow. There is a reason for this. Again, note in the bud, when it is slightly more advanced, that between the sepals are five very narrow yellow lines which *prevent your seeing* the central parts of the flower through the spaces between the sepals. All these

little points have their importance, and show the wonderful f sight and care, and the evident design of the Maker of all flowers.

Secondly, in a fresh specimen, pull away the sepals and see our second circle, consisting of five bright yellow leaves, 'free' from one another. These are the *Petals* (from an Greek word meaning 'spread out,' a position which this sec circle usually assumes). The petals taken together form *Corolla*, or 'crown,' so called, probably, because it forms glory, as it were, of the flower. So we are told:

> 'There's not a tiny buttercup
> Returning with the spring,
> But it can boast a golden crown
> As bright as any king.'

Take another specimen with the Calyx also present, and that these five yellow petals come *between* the five sepals, not *opposite* to them, accounting for the five narrow yel lines seen in the bud just now. They are 'alternate' with sepals, and if we call the sepals A, C, E, G, I, and the pe B, D, F, H, K, you will find that they will come thus:

Sepals	A		C		E		G		I
Petals		B		D		F		H	K.

This second circle, the Corolla, is usually the coloured par the flower, as it is here, but sometimes we find a Calyx colou (as in the Columbine); sometimes both Calyx and Corolla green. For all these changes there are good reasons, as shall see from time to time, more especially in our study of uses of the flower and other organs. The glorious blaze yellow in our meadows just now is a sight to gladden eye heart, but there is a deeper meaning in it than even this. To ret to our corolla, pull a single petal off and look at it. It is yel on both sides, the outside being a soft quiet yellow, the insid bright glittering glossy yellow. Now look carefully at the lo part of the inside surface, close down to its point of attachm and there is a tiny scale under which you can push the poin the knife; raise the scale, and you find a little soft lump juicy matter. This is the *nectar-gland*, and it, with its scal called the *Nectary*. It may not possess any odour to our se of smell, but there the odour is; and those insects with th keen olfactory sense, *they* know all about it! They use knife but an instrument of their own, and thrust this under scale, and then the treat they look for is theirs in the shape the honey or nectar in the gland. What it is that first gui them to scent the honey we shall see by-and-by.

Thirdly, having pulled off from another specimen all the sepals and petals, we come to a set of very different organs. They are yellow in colour, many in number, and look not unlike little clubs, each with its thread-like stalk, supporting a swollen upper part. These are the *Stamens*, or *Staminal leaves*, and are of vital importance to the plant. They get their name from a Greek word 'stemon,' which means the 'warp' in the upright loom, the part that stands upright! Examine a single stamen under the lens. It has two parts. The thread-like part below is the *Filament* (in Latin meaning 'thread'); here we have a third kind of stalk. We had 'petiole,' and 'peduncle;' now we have 'filament.' It is the stalk of the little club at the top. The club is called the *Anther*, from a Greek word meaning 'flowery,' because it is one of the essential organs of the process of flowering. The Anther needs a very close examination. There is a tiny groove down its back (or outer side), and another down its front (or inner side); these two grooves divide it into two halves, called *Lobes*. These are really little pouches, or cells, and are of course hollow. These pouches contain a quantity of golden 'dust,' which can be readily seen by tearing open one of the pouches with a needle. In a more fully open flower there will be seen a minute slit down the outer side of each pouch; this slit comes about naturally; the process was simply hastened by the needle in our former case. When the slits appear, the golden dust falls out of its own accord, or is pushed out (when it is ripe and ready to fall) by the head of some insect that comes bustling about in the flower in search of honey. He probably takes away some of the dust on his head before he goes to another flower, and in doing so *he does exactly what God intended him to do.* We will see what this means later on. For the present, suffice it to say that he is doing the plant a great service, and he gets the honey as his reward, so to speak. The yellow dust is called *Pollen*, which means fine flour or dust. Each mite of this dust is a *Pollen-grain*, and under the microscope is seen to be a hollow cell with two coverings. Without these pollen-grains flowers could not be reproduced at all; it is the 'fertilizing agent,' this pollen, and has a wondrous mission to perform. Some pollen-grains are exquisitely moulded and ornamented, and form beautiful microscopic objects. Sometimes the wind carries pollen on its journey, and the so-called 'sulphur showers' often seen in pine forests, are really clouds of pollen borne by the wind from the flowers of the pine-trees. So we find a Stamen is made up of Filament and Anther; the Anther of two lobes which contain the pollen or pollen-grains. The filament may be absent, and when this is so the Anther is 'sessile.' Pull off all the stamens, and note the little scars

which they leave on the receptacle, these being in reality arrange in a true spiral or succession of circles.

Fourthly, clear away sepals, petals, and stamens, and you wi find in this freshly-treated flower a mass of closely-packe greenish bodies. These are, as were the stamens, quite 'fre from one another. They are broad below, and somewhat hooke or curved in their narrow upper part. These are the *Carpels* o *Carpellary-leaves*, and all taken together form the *Pistil*, whic is the very centre of the flower. They are called carpels from Greek word meaning a fruit, because they finally become fruit Examine one of these. Cut it down vertically with a knife. I is a hollow case so far as its lower broad part is concerned; th is the *Ovary*, and holds a single whitish body down in on corner called an *Ovule* (a little egg), tied to the wall of th ovary by a little cord, which is called the *Funiculus* (meanin a small cord or string). Now look at the upper or hooke portion of the carpel. It is moist, loose, and soft, in a youn carpel. This is the *Stigma*, originally so-called because in som plants it resembles the 'stigma' or brand with which condemne persons used to be marked. This, like the pollen, is an essentia part in the process of reproduction. It is almost close down o the ovary here, only separated by a narrow short neck called th *Style*, or as the Greek word signifies, a column, because in man plants the style is very long and raises the stigma some wa above the ovary. So we see that the carpel consists of ovar (holding the ovule), style, and stigma. The style is our fourt kind of stalk; when absent, the stigma is 'sessile.' Now loo at a very advanced flower, where only carpels are left; we fin the stigma dried up, the ovary is harder and larger, and inside i is a body called a *Seed*. This seed is a ripened ovule. Th whole ripe carpel is a *Fruit*. The fruit contains the seed.

Here we must conclude our study of the flower, leaving othe kinds of flowers for future work, as also the question of Fruit and Seeds, and how they come to be such. We shall first of al have to find out the uses of all the parts we have discovered and in doing so we shall find that we have yet a few organs t describe, properly omitted here, because they do not exist in th buttercup. Recollect that all the four circles are made up o organs which are modified leaves of some sort. In poor Pete Bell's case, Wordsworth says :

> 'A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.'

Our buttercup has already become something more than a yellow buttercup, and we shall see presently that this, and the primrose

and all other flowers, are the outcomes of the thought of God, each created for a purpose, each with its own mission to fulfil, each with its lesson waiting to be learned by all who are willing, patient, and careful to find and to study it.

H. W. S. WORSLEY-BENISON.

IN MEMORIAM

W. IRVING, ESQ., J.P., OF HULL.

AT the close of a very long illness, which had caused years of retirement from public life, Mr. W. Irving has entered into rest. Although he had not taken his place in the public life of Hull for many years, his influence continued to be felt for good up to the day of his death. A Liberal in politics, he was never an extreme man, and he secured the goodwill of even his opponents by the mild and consistent advocacy of those principles both in religion and politics which were so dear to him. He has always been a staunch supporter of Congregationalism in Hull and in the East-Riding, his interest in many of the mission churches which are scattered over the Riding being unabated up to the time of his death, and he liberally contributed to their support, as well as to the support of all Congregational institutions. Mr. Irving was one of the promoters of the Hull General Cemetery Company, and for many years held the post of chairman of the company. The funeral took place at the Spring-bank Cemetery, Hull, and the officiating ministers were the Rev. W. M. Statham, the first pastor of Wycliffe Congregational Church, and the Rev. J. Hunter, the present minister of that church. In the address delivered by Mr. Statham, he said: 'We meet to leave in their last resting-place the reverent face and the still form of our departed friend. It is not other than appropriate that I should say a few words above his coffin. For fourteen years I have been permitted to enjoy his confidence and his love. And as I thank God for his personal influence, so I thank God also that he taught men by his life to avoid all human adulation, and to glory in Christ and His cross alone. The Redeemer was his all in all, and alike in prayer and hymn his sigh was heard, and his head was bowed, and his heart was full, when the Name above every name was heard. His departure will open not alone the floodgate of first tears, but will leave the conscious blank of after days. Like David, "his seat is empty;" but like the saint of whom David sings, "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Beneath that lid lie, closed in death, eyes that lightened with welcome to those he

loved, and hands that were ever open to help the poor a
needy, and to aid the cause of God. He was not a man of te
but he *was* a man of tenderness. He hated all priestism, but
loved and honoured all sincere and single-eyed ministers
Christ; he shunned all false ambitions, but he won and w
the honour that cometh from God only. Trained in old P
Street Chapel, under Mr. Stratten's ministry, he has often tall
with me about the hour of his decision for Christ, and his f
engagements in Christian service and devotion; there it was
caught the missionary spirit, and grew firm alike in the doctr
and defence of the Gospel of Christ. His character had gran
foundations; he built upon the rock Christ Jesus—not wo
hay, stubble, but solid stone—and if he cared more for the pi
than for the winding acanthus of beauty around it, it was
cause he had seen and known how often in life there was pal
adornment without basal strength. He loved all who lo
our Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth, but he was a stur
Independent and a staunch Nonconformist. In earlier days
suffered much in the cause, and we who live in easier tir
must not forget that our forefathers knew what persecution w
With him religion was carried into life's innocent pleasur
earnest pursuits, and common politics; and with a quiet
serve force of strength he was a leader behind the public lead
in all the great questions of the day. He hated superstiti
but he was a man who reverenced the grandeur of hum
nature; he honoured all men. He longed to see the workin
classes on the side of Christ, and in his dying days he saw as
vision the slow but sure triumph of the Master's cause.
dulgent to the faults of others, he was never indulgent to
own, and he sought for the Saviour's redeeming grace at the
with the same depth of conscious guilt as when he first fou
mercy. He was a man of prayer—he loved it. The night bef
he fell asleep he had his household called together for devot
and in words and tones never to be forgotten he commend
their souls and bodies to God. As a citizen he was acti
courageous, and enterprising. This beautiful cemetery ow
much to him. And now in this garden is his grave, where
a few years ago we laid to rest the wife of his youth. He w
a strong man—a true man; a man whose large beneficence w
linked with careful wisdom; a man whose place in the Chur
and the world it will be difficult to fill. How shall I speak
the months and years of his physical suffering? Oh! th
patience, that battling for breath, that escaping sigh of weakne
and yet withal that interest in life, in young men, in pub
interest, and above all in the cause of God! What a lesson
us all! As a friend how I loved him! as a father amongst

faithful how we all honour him! To his fellow-deacons at Wycliffe I can say but little: he makes the third now that has fallen on sleep, and he has gone to the great majority. You will remember how, without seeking prominence, he won it by his quiet holy character, his might of wisdom and of grace. To his own family I can say still less. Affection makes my words few, and fear of harrowing delicate susceptibilities keeps me from touching on his fervent love for the children and the children's children. Your best consolation will be the memory of life-long devotion, your highest joy will be the thought of meeting him again.'

REGENERATION.

'How can a man be born when he is old?'—JOHN iii. 4.

NICODEMUS did not deny the doctrine of the Second Birth, he merely started a difficulty. Though a master in Israel, he was apparently destitute of that spiritual insight which sees the possibility of the very stones being raised up as children unto Abraham—that sensitive and hopeful ideality which feels everywhere the throbbings of an inner life, and believes instantly in every word which even remotely hints at immortality. Nicodemus was a literalist; his ideas were cramped by the fixed meaning of words; he never could have written the Apocalypse—seal and trumpet and vial were not for such men as Nicodemus. He was startled by the word 'born;' probably he doubted its exactness; it was, in his estimation, too specific in its common meaning to be literally applied to anything else; consequently he took his stand upon nature, and judged as if there were but one way by which life could come into the world. He who had been convinced by the miracle was astounded by the metaphor. What if there were no metaphors? What if dogma never coloured and brightened into parable? The answer of Jesus Christ was strikingly consistent with His whole method of teaching; the strangeness of his language excited attention, provoked thought, sometimes awakened controversy, and so through a process of troubled inquiry and anxious strife men often entered into the mystery of Christ's rest. It is a hard way, but the men who travel it came into great strength. Simon Peter asked no questions at first, but Simon Peter denied his Master at last; Paul began with enmity and ended with most passionate and rapturous love; Nicodemus expressed a wonder almost dark enough to be a doubt, but in the long-run he took his stand by the dead body of the 'teacher come from God.' It seems as if every man must at some time have doubts

and even anguish of heart respecting Jesus Christ and His kingdom; and as if some men particularly, of whom Simon Peter may be taken as a notable example, must be utterly dashed to pieces before God can begin His constructive work upon them.

Nicodemus had been an attentive observer of the public life of Jesus Christ. He was one of those persons who always ground their course upon facts; they never throw themselves boldly upon principles, or risk themselves upon the supposed strength of an argument; they only *believe* history, they never *make* it. The facts which Nicodemus had observed led to reasoning, and the reasoning was expressed in this conclusion: 'Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him.' The admission is one of the utmost spiritual importance, because if the *works* are from God, what of the *words?* Can the same fountain send forth sweet waters and bitter? Can the worker have found his way to the omnipotence except through the omniscience? Yet, important as the admission was, Jesus Christ returned an answer which apparently had no bearing upon the subject of miracles: 'Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' The subject which Nicodemus introduced was miracles; the subject which Jesus Christ introduced was regeneration. Did Jesus Christ, then, evade the question of miracles? No; He incidentally showed the true position and value of the 'mighty works' as elements in His ministry; they were hardly to be mentioned; they lay somewhat remote from His great scheme; they were symbolic and illustrative of one great miracle; they all pointed towards the final triumph of His power, the second birth of creatures who had dishonoured their first estate.

When men are not sure of their ground, they make sudden deflections and raise side-issues, so as to escape a perilous topic. Read superficially, Jesus Christ's remark about the new birth looks like the stratagem of a skilful controversialist; but looked at more carefully, we may find it to be strictly in the line of the original subject. Earnest men often avail themselves of ellipsis. They are impatient of mere detail; they are 'straitened' until their work be accomplished. Jesus Christ did not evade the subject of miracles; He merely passed the intermediate points, and went at once to the spiritual result which the great works of His hands were meant to prefigure and elucidate. Not only so, He taught that unless every man became himself the subject of a miracle—the miracle of regeneration—his belief in other miracles would not admit him into the kingdom of heaven.

Other miracles were to be looked at, this was to be felt; other miracles were public, this was intensely personal; other miracles were material, this was moral; other miracles gave new views, this gave new life. This miracle is the only explanation of all other miracles, and until a man has undergone its power the other miracles may possibly be stumblingblocks to his reason; except a man be born again he cannot see—cannot see anything as it really is—specially cannot see the kingdom of God.

This call from outward circumstances to the deepest experience which the soul can undergo, not unnaturally suggested the question, 'How can these things be?' And the answer does not attempt to clear itself of the original mystery, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' The meaning of the answer would seem to be, that we are not to deny results simply because we cannot understand processes: we may see a renewed life, but cannot see the renewing Spirit: we may gather the fruits of autumn, though we know not by what cunning the leaf was woven, nor can we follow the skill which set the blossom in its place. Jesus Christ thus gives nature an illustrative function; all its beauty, its splendour, its force, is to teach something beyond itself; there is a voice in the wind other than strikes the hearing of the body; beyond the common fragrance of the flower there is an odour which reaches the soul; the starlight comes of a fire veiled from all eyes. Jesus Christ thus finds a common law in nature and in grace; the Spirit is the same whether it direct the courses of the wind or renew the springs of the heart—the earth is but a lower heaven.

This method of reasoning from the physical to the spiritual gives great interest to life and nature; it is not meant that we should force meanings from the things which are round about us, but we are certainly taught that there is congruity between all the works of God, and that the limitation of our earthly knowledge should teach us modesty respecting the things which are heavenly. Look at the words: 'Thou hearest . . . but thou canst not tell.' Man occupies an outside position; even in common things God fixes a tabernacle of His own; He will not tell man the whole of His secret; He brings man to his appointed stature, and then says that man cannot even by taking thought add one cubit to it; He counts the hairs upon the heads of His saints, and tells them that they cannot make one hair white or black; He says to the master in Israel, 'Thou hearest the wind, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.' As a mere matter of fact, then, apart from theological inquiries, there are limitations to man's knowledge. Man does

not even understand himself; on every side he touches imr diately the boundary of his information and his power. T atom baffles him; the insect is only half-comprehended; the sounds like a great mockery; the dwelling-place of the ligh yet undiscovered; and as for darkness, no man knows its hab tion. The wise man knows only his folly; he cannot tell what way the light is parted which scattereth the east w upon the earth; he knows not whether the rain had a fatl or who hath begotten the drops of dew; he cannot tell out whose womb came the ice, or who gendered the hoary frost heaven; Mazzaroth, Arcturus, Pleiades, and Orion take no h of his voice; he heareth the sound of the wind, but cannot whence it cometh or whither it goeth!

These considerations show the spirit in which the subjec the new birth should be approached; a spirit of self-restraint conscious limitation of ability, and, by so much, of preparedn to receive not a mere confirmation of speculative opinion, bu Divine revelation of doctrine. The expression of wonder is forbidden; there is, however, a wonder which belongs to region of doubt, as well as a wonder which accompanies glimp of new phases of truth. This wonder is one of the joys of soul; it often forces the cry of delight, the shout of men w have come suddenly on much spoil. A great shock of surpr seems to shake everyone respecting this new life. The sh comes differently, indeed, yet it always comes. Sometimes, example, it comes on the *intellectual* side, as in the case Nicodemus, throwing into confusion the arguments and theo of a lifetime; sometimes the shock comes upon the sel instincts, as in the case of the rich young man who could give all his possessions to the poor; sometimes the shock co on the natural sensibilities, as in the case of Bunyan, extort groans and lamentations the most piteous and distressing. S men represent the most dissimilar experience. The young n might know nothing of the intellectual struggles of the mas in Israel, and Bunyan might know nothing of the despe hold which property may get upon the heart. Hence the fo of setting up a common standard of judgment, or of any n measuring all other persons by himself. The *intellectual* n has troubles peculiarly his own. Is it an easy thing to pronou one's self a fool before God—to give up intelligence and c viction and begin again just where little children begin? man finds it hard work to give up, one by one, the eleme which he imagined were necessary to his manhood, and to st again empty-handed, as it were; or at least with nothing t bears the mark of his own wit and independence—to know much about the great change of his heart as he knows about

course of the wind. He would part with money rather than with theories; he would endure the laceration of his natural sensibilities rather than surrender his logical position. What then? He can only know the agony of birth by giving up what he prizes most. He might give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet remain out of God's kingdom; he might give his body to be burned, and yet keep his old heart. God will not give His kingdom other than as a revelation, and a revelation always implies the ignorance and helplessness of the man to whom it is given.

Though the *mystery* of regeneration may for ever remain unexplained, yet it is important to have a clear idea of the *truths* with which it is inseparably identified. It would appear that Jesus Christ delivered the most complete and formal gospel-discourse to Nicodemus that he ever uttered. It occupies twenty-one verses, and touches upon the work of the Holy Ghost, the lifting up of the Son of man, faith, Divine love, salvation, eternal life. All this Jesus Christ spake to the man who came to talk about miracles; could He have said more if He had called the universe to audience? It is as if all the stars had come out together to light a trembling traveller along a lonely road.

What Jesus Christ has left as a mystery it would be presumptuous in any man to attempt to explain. We hear only the sound of the wind; we cannot follow it all its way. Yet we know the analogy of intellectual life. Can we explain the origin and succession of ideas? How did they begin, expand, mature? Do we know where the child was displaced by the man? 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit,'—so are many of the processes of the mind. As with thoughts, so with affections. Can we make plain all the secret processes of the heart, and trace the transitions through which the soul passes from distrust to confidence, or from indifference to admiration and love? 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit,'—so are the troubles and changes of the heart. All birth is mysterious. 'Thou knowest not how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child.' Can we say why one grain brings forth thirty, another sixty, and another a hundredfold? If we cannot understand these earthly things, how can we understand things that are heavenly? Yet, as the sound of the wind is heard, so there are *results* which prove the fact of regeneration. Jesus Christ says that if any man is in Him, that man bringeth forth

much fruit, as a branch that abideth in the vine. The Apostle l
says that if any man be in Christ Jesus, that man is a new crea
living in a new world, all old things gone. The Apostle John
that men know that they dwell in Christ, because Christ has gi
them of His Spirit. This is the practical side of the doctrin
regeneration—'thou hearest the sound thereof.' 'Secret th
belong unto the Lord our God.' The regenerated man is kn
by the spirit which animates his life, for it is the motive wh
gives quality to character. The regenerated man lives by
but it is the unwritten and unchanging rule of love; the reg
rated man advances in orderliness, but it is the orderliness,
of mechanical stipulation, but of vigorous and affluent life;
regenerated man is constantly strengthened and ennobled by
inextinguishable ambition to be filled with all the fulnes
Christ; his new life springs up for ever as a well of water
cannot be exhausted.

It is important to dwell upon the signs of regeneration,
the doctrine be classed with merely speculative or metaphys
theology, a study of deep intellectual interest, but powerles
the life. It is quite conceivable that an unregenerate
may do many outwardly decent or even beautiful things,
as it is conceivable that a watch may be altered by the ha
and not by the regulator, or as it is conceivable that
ruddiness of the cheek may be artificial and not natural. If
unregenerate nature can produce the same quality of m
life as the nature that has been born again, the testimony
the inspired writer is simply untrue, because it declares t
'the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subjec
the law of God, neither, indeed, can be; so, then, they that
in the flesh cannot please God.' 'The natural man receiv
not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness u
him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritua
discerned.' Thus, on the explicit authority of Jesus Christ
His Apostles, the broadest possible distinction is made betw
the first birth and the second birth—'that which is born of
flesh is flesh, that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;' 'mar
not that ye must be born again.'

In making this great claim on behalf of regeneration it
easy to see the ground upon which a condemnatory charge m
be urged against those who bear the name of Jesus Chr
How is it that new-born men often walk as the children of t
world? The answer is that man has not only a soul, bu
body; that while the soul is renewed, the body remains in
old condition; consequently, though the Christian delights
the law of God after the inward man, yet he sees another law
his members warring against the law of his mind, and bringi

him into captivity to the law of sin, which is in his members—'the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.' It is undoubtedly true that the Spirit may attain great mastery over the flesh, so much so as to explain Paul's words, 'Ye are not in the flesh but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you.' Still, as a matter of fact, the body is dying; an inexorable law condemns and hastens it to the grave; what, if in going down it should trouble and vex the spirit? The Christian man is an anomaly; in a sense, which unregenerate nature can never understand, *his body and soul are at constant war.* What, then, is the complement of regeneration? The complement of regeneration is resurrection, and not until resurrection has done for the body what regeneration has done for the soul, can men be perfect in the stature and quality of Jesus Christ.

JOSEPH PARKER.

MEMOIRS OF EXTINCT LONDON CHAPELS.

IV.—SURREY CHAPEL.

PASSING along Blackfriars Road a few weeks ago, in anticipation of writing this 'memoir' I stepped into the large octagonal, domed, brick building known so many years as Surrey Chapel. It is now a show-place for agricultural instruments, and around the pagoda which crowns the dome is written, in large characters, 'SURREY WORKS.' It might certainly have been applied to worse purposes; yet, as I gazed around the vast, airy, and even now handsome building, with its fresh coat of paint in various tints, I was conscious of something like a pang that dear old Surrey Chapel had ever been diverted from its original use. What memories gather around the old walls! What scenes come back as one casts one's eye over the place! So painfully vivid were they that for the moment one could have said, 'Blessed is he that hath no topographical imagination.' Yet, apart from the loss of the place, there is much that is pleasurable in recalling the scenes of Evangelical interest which old Surrey Chapel has, in its day, presented; and some of which many of my readers, in common with myself, will have witnessed.

A FIRST VISIT.

I have the most vivid recollection of the first time I entered within its walls. I had been taken there as a little lad by a lady friend who had gone to reside in the neighbourhood. I had never been in the midst of so vast a congregation before—

I had never seen so large a place of worship, save indeed St. P
Cathedral, which was then resorted to chiefly as a show-p
and was not used, as now, for the gathering of great congregat
My amazement at the rush and crowd at Surrey Chapel on
Sunday evening, now some forty years ago, was intense.
less so was my interest in the most effective service:
liturgical forms rendered with so much of life; the force o
choir ranged in the gallery behind the pulpit; the organ, w
thunder-peal that night, as it rolled round the dome, in pla
'Denmark' to the Hundredth Psalm, was enough to ma
young heart quail under the vivid realization that the
assembly was indeed 'before Jehovah's awful throne.'
came Mr. Sherman, ascending with solemn step the pulpit-s
—which he had reached by a way being made for him by
verger through the dense crowd—and entering the pulpit
streaming eyes, and kneeling with his face buried in gl
hands, as was his wont. And then his fervent prayer, and
telling sermon from the text 'My people shall be willing i
day of My power,' etc., so full of winning similes, and n
ing appeals, and burning fervours—all this sufficed to conv
the little stranger lad that there was no scene of religious int
to be compared with that in all the world.

Surrey Chapel was always known more or less as

ROWLAND HILL'S CHAPEL,

and the interest of my first and of many subsequent visits
no doubt enhanced by the antecedents of the place. Even a
moving in religious circles would have heard much of
famous and somewhat eccentric Rowland Hill. The marble
of the venerable minister which adorned the tablet to
memory rose above the pulpit, and it would require no
vivid imagination to picture him as standing in it. The his
of Surrey Chapel from its foundation gathers around this not
man. The circumstances of its origin may here be recalled.

Rowland Hill—one of whose ancestors was the first Protes
Lord Mayor of London in the reigns of Henry VIII.
Edward VI., and whose father was an earlier Sir Rowland
and M.P. for Lichfield—after being educated at Eton, and stu
ing at Cambridge, had been refused ordination on account of
Methodistical tendencies, and at length succeeded in obtai
deacon's orders only, not because he could not subscribe
Thirty-nine Articles, or would not use the Liturgy, or objecte
a State Church, but because he would not promise to keep ou
the parishes of other clergymen, to cease preaching in unc
secrated places, nor to give up uniting on equal terms with
who claimed to be ministers outside the Church of Engl

But preach he would; and, encouraged by Whitfield in his life, he became his virtual successor at his death, preaching to crowds in his tabernacles at Moorfields and in Tottenham Court Road, on Kennington Common, Hampstead Heath, Blackheath and Clapham Common, and far and near in many parts of the land. After ten years of such itinerant service, he began to think of a settled sphere. London sadly needed such labourers as he. The Surrey side of the river had been long destitute of the Gospel, and the New Cut, Lambeth, was in so evil a case that it was said to be the very 'paradise of devils.' The eager Evangelist fixed his eye on that spot, and on February 4th, 1782, a few gentlemen met at the 'Castle and Falcon,' Aldersgate Street, and resolved to erect 'a tabernacle' for Rowland Hill in the Blackfriars Road. The foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Hill himself on the 24th June, when he preached from the words, 'Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation.' The chapel was opened on the 8th of June, 1783, exactly a hundred years ago, when Mr. Hill was again the preacher, taking for his text the motto of his life and ministry, 'We preach Christ crucified.' The cost of the spacious edifice was less than £6,000. Unfortunately the ground was only leasehold—being held for ninety-nine years, at a yearly rental of £40—and hence the loss subsequently of the venerable building for the purposes for which it was erected. Including the lifting seats in the aisle, some 1,800 persons could be accommodated; but when, as was frequently the case during its long existence, the passages and pulpit-stairs were crowded, as many as 2,500 would be crushed together. Mr. Hill's prayer at the opening was fulfilled to a remarkable degree: 'That the worship of God in Surrey Chapel might prove the beginning of happy days to thousands who were already born of God, and the cause of future joy to tens of thousands who were then dead in trespasses and sins.'

A CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

Surrey Chapel was originated and maintained on the broadest principles of Christian Catholicity. 'The pulpit and the Communion were alike open to all who held the fundamental articles of Evangelical Christianity. No one was supposed to relinquish his ecclesiastical preferences by worshipping there. Churchman and Dissenter, Baptist and Pedo-Baptist, Methodist and Independent met on common ground,' and realized in the highest degree a practical Evangelical alliance. From such broad and open principles Rowland Hill could never be induced to swerve. When asked to make over the building to the Church of England, his reply was the crucial question, 'Would

Dissenters still be allowed to preach in it?' On the other ha
Surrey Chapel was never identified with any particular Chu
polity, while it adopted in some sort the methods peculiar
several. It was Independent in the sense that no power outs
itself was permitted to touch it, on which account it was m
nearly related to Congregational Churches than with oth
The administration of affairs was, however, in the hands of
minister and a body of trustees; and subsequently elders w
appointed for attending to spiritual matters, who constitute
limited presbytery. The Catholic spirit of its founder
the very life of Surrey Chapel. Hence 'all sorts and conditio
of Christian men crowded it, and among them from time
time were men of name and fame, the Duke of Kent, D
Milner, Wilberforce, and others of rank and station am
them.

ROWLAND HILL'S MINISTRY.

Mr. Hill was thirty-nine years old when Surrey Chapel
built for him, and he lived to minister in it for fifty years.
style of his ministry was suited to his time and natural to
man. His discourses were by no means profound—he preac
too many to spend much time on them, and, indeed, he se
to have possessed neither learning nor ability to make th
intellectually strong—but they were Evangelical in sentim
striking in form, and, while never wanting in common se
were replete with spiritual fervour, and liberally spiced with
and humour. This last quality in particular took hold of
popular mind, and brought characters into Surrey Chapel
would otherwise never have been found there; and not a
attracted by these means were brought to know the Lord.
stories of Rowland Hill's pulpit oddities which were current
my childhood have been, I believe, fairly verified. One of th
which used to be told by the good old folk, was to this eff
He was one Sunday walking in Blackfriars Road as the peo
were on their way to the chapel, and he overheard two you
men saying, 'Let's go and hear some of Rowland Hill's f
Hastening on to the chapel, he gave directions that the you
on their arrival, should be placed in a front seat in the gall
opposite the pulpit. There they sat; and the preacher delive
a most solemn appeal to the conscience, reasoning 'of righteo
ness, temperance, and judgment to come.' Then, looking direc
at the two youths, he said, 'And now what do you think
Rowland Hill's fun?' The words went straight to their conscien
Both the young men were converted, and both became preach
of the Gospel.

ROWLAND HILL'S DROLLERIES.

He once began a sermon thus: 'Matches! matches! matches!' and then proceeded to say that he heard that cry shouted very lustily under his window, just as the devil had been whispering to him, 'Ah, Rowland, your zeal is indeed noble—how indefatigably you labour for the salvation of souls!' But conscience said to him, when he heard the man cry his matches, 'Rowland, you never laboured to save souls with half the zeal this man does his matches.' In the course of another sermon he said, 'I saw an extraordinary sight—a drove of pigs following their drover. I followed on to see whither he would lead them, and it was into a slaughtering-yard. I wondered at their so following him; but, watching narrowly, I observed that every here and there the man dropped a few beans. That's the way some of you are following the devil. He lets fall a few of his beans of worldly folly and wicked pleasure, and you are lured on. But this is what it will come to—ruin, even as it was with the pigs.' The strange story and its application served, it is said, to arrest the attention of at least one young man, and to lead him to Christ for salvation; and *he* afterwards became a missionary.

It was, no doubt, Mr. Hill's manner to feather his arrow with some startling similitude, or facetious remark, or sparkling witticism; and often it sent the weapon quivering home to the sinner's conscience, or piercing its way straight to the heart. It must not be supposed, however, that he aimed at being witty, or went into the pulpit to make people laugh. 'His humour,' says Mr. Newman Hall, 'was natural and spontaneous. It was the colour of the glass through which the light streamed. It was his habit to see things on the humorous side; and in the pulpit he was gravity itself compared with what he was in social life. The world generally thinks of Mr. Hill's preaching as chiefly distinguished by wit. I have conversed with many who regularly attended his ministry, the deepest impression on whose memory is not his fun, but the solemnity of his manner, the importance of his theme, the sanctity of his character.' One of the elders of Christ Church still remains, and is known to me, who can remember distinctly Mr. Hill's preaching; and he affirms that whenever he uttered anything humorous he would instantly 'pull himself up,' and proceed to press home some important lesson on the mind his humour had excited. Sheridan said, 'I go to hear Rowland Hill, because his ideas come red-hot from the heart.' Mr. Jay said of his preaching, 'He had the power of seizing a thought, and, by shrewd, familiar illustration, furnishing a handle by which people might carry it away.' Said another, 'I never heard Rowland Hill but eternity seemed next door.'

ROWLAND HILL'S CHARACTER AND WORK.

I am indebted to my excellent friend, Mr. Newman Hall, fo the confirmation of the above incidents, and also for assistanc in estimating the character and work of his venerable pred cessor.* In a summary of the points that went to make hi what he was, Mr. Hall further observes: 'He had birth, fortun family connections; a majestic figure, noble features, a piercin eye. His voice was full and melodious to the end, capable breathing the dulcet notes of promises, the trumpet blasts judgment. He was a man of education and refinement, charming manner, a gentleman in every sense, courteous alike rich and poor. He was generous, often beyond the limits prudence. He had a catholic heart which embraced the go of every rank and party.' 'He was a churchman among di senters, a dissenter among churchmen.'

The venerable Rowland Hill continued his labour witho intermission till his death. When toward the end, within sig of his ninetieth year, he was so feeble that his servant 'Charle had to assist him up the pulpit stairs; he then placed befo him his text, written large on a sheet of paper, as he could longer see to read the printed page without difficulty. H preached his last sermon in Surrey Chapel, from the text, 'W preach the wisdom of God in a mystery.' He closed with characteristic appeal to the unconverted to come to Christ f salvation at once, warning them that 'by-and-bys' were not wi them. He passed away April 11, 1833, and his remains we interred in a vault beneath the pulpit he had so long occupied

MR. SHERMAN'S SUCCESSFUL COURSE.

Surrey Chapel had only three stated ministers for the mo than ninety years of its ecclesiastical existence. The ministry Mr. Sherman, to which reference has already been made, may termed the middle period. It commenced some three yea after Mr. Hill's decease, and continued for eighteen years. was in its advancing stages that my personal experience of began as already recorded. That first visit was succeeded many others, the little lad often trudging all the way fro Hackney to the Sunday evening service at Surrey Chap Though his after relations with Hoxton Academy caused the visits to be less frequent, yet the link of connection with Surr was never entirely snapped. Indeed, it was rather strengthen as years went on, and he became a student of Cheshu College—a position to which Mr. Sherman's influence h

* *The Rev. Rowland Hill, M.A.* A memorial on occasion of the interment of his remains. By Newman Hall, LL.B. Nisbet and C John Snow and Co., 3d.

done not a little to lead him, as it also did not a little to secure it for him. As one of Mr. Sherman's 'Cheshunt boys' he was always welcomed to the parsonage, and sometimes after spending a Sunday evening at the chapel he would remain for the night. He was present when Mr. Sherman preached his farewell sermon on removing to Blackheath, and witnessed the crowded and deeply-impressed congregation which not only on the last evening but on antecedent occasions continued to fill the place, much to Mr. Sherman's astonishment, although not to the surprise of those who felt the almost electrical influence which the preacher exercised over his congregation to the last. If it did not amount to what was felt under the celebrated sermon on the 'little ships,' when some eighty souls were drawn to the Saviour, or even to those not infrequent occasions in Mr. Sherman's earlier ministry when, under the influence of intense emotion, some would utter a loud and piercing cry, it did not fall far short of it. Though of little intellectual depth, Mr. Sherman's ministry was throughout one of amazing spiritual power, and the membership of the church which after Mr. Hill's death had fallen to some 300 rose to 1,300 as the years went on. But feeling that it was a work for younger hands to take up, Mr. Sherman withdrew from it, after having introduced his successor,

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

It was after a most successful ministry of eleven years at Hull that Mr. Hall succeeded to the pastorate of Surrey Chapel. Mr. Sherman closed his ministry on one Sunday, and Mr. Newman Hall commenced his on the following. This was at Midsummer, 1854. The writer was present on the evening of Mr. Hall's opening Sunday, as he had been on the evening of Mr. Sherman's closing one, and heard the newly-appointed minister preach from the expressive words, 'Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' Possessing an amount of learning and literary culture to which Mr. Sherman made no pretence, and with popular pulpit talent which had already placed him in a foremost position, Mr. Newman Hall was well fitted to carry on the ministry of Surrey Chapel in times which have made a greater demand on the pulpit than any previous times have done. Great things were expected of him, and it is not too much to say that greater things than were ever looked for were achieved. Still the spacious chapel was thronged, and still 'multitudes were joined to the Lord.' Temperance work was added to that of the pulpit, and erelong the working-people were gathered in by the thousand to the Monday evening lectures and concerts, to whom Mr. Hall boldly threw open the chapel.

PREACHING IN SURREY CHAPEL.

My 'memoirs,' properly so regarded, take me into the mi of the work at Surrey Chapel as an occasional helper, both a supply in the pulpit on Sundays, and as lecturer on Mond evenings. I distinctly recall to mind with what 'fear a trembling' I first occupied that pulpit. The crowded cong gation, and the 'set' of nearly two thousand pair of eyes on young preacher, was more than enough to tax his nerves. T trepidation was felt specially in the prayer before sermon, wh at least one sentence was begun that was left unfinished. Thin however, righted themselves by the evening, and both then a at subsequent visits, usually made once or twice a year, th was no want of an attentive and sympathetic congregation. must indeed be regarded as a great privilege for any man have the opportunity of ministering only occasionally to such multitude. He at least casts his net into wide-spread a promising waters, and by the grace given to him of God he n 'catch men.'

That there should be

A SUCCESSION OF PREACHERS

at Surrey Chapel was according to standing orders from beginning, Mr. Hill having engaged to occupy the pulpit o for six months of the year. For the other six months during long course, it was occupied by eminent men of all denomi tions. Amongst episcopal clergymen who preached, there w Scott the commentator, John Berridge, Venn of Huddersfie and Pentycross. Amongst Nonconformists there were Bull Newport Pagnell, Griffin of Portsea, Elliot of Devizes, Slatte of Chatham, Sibree of Frome; and from time to time su magnates as William Jay of Bath, Angell James of Birmingha and James Parsons of York were often heard there. Of t lively interest created by the annual visits of Mr. Parsons later times I have the most vivid remembrance, and of the ov whelming effects of his urgent and deeply pathetic appeals, whi uttered in little more than a whisper, seemed almost like supernatural message.

To outsiders in general Surrey Chapel will be remember chiefly in connection with the annual event of

THE MISSIONARY SERMON,

which was preached there on the Wednesday morning of t second week in May. 'Thither the tribes went up,' on th occasion gathered from all parts of the land, as representativ of the London Missionary Society. Then everything was full force. The ministers were ranged round the front of t

gallery, and from their ranks there arose one after another in succession to give out the hymns. The Litany was always read, and the *Te Deum* sung—in later days—to Jackson's music, was given with surprising effect. The Liturgy ended, one of the ministers ascended the pulpit to offer extempore prayer, after which came the sermon, in most cases a very remarkable deliverance. The first at which I was present was in my very youthful days, when Angell James preached the sermon for the second time. The nervousness with which Mr. James was sometimes afflicted in view of his pulpit engagements rendered it doubtful as to whether he would be induced to preach, and the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel who had not long left the Establishment had promised to take his place were it necessary. Mr. Noel actually went into the pulpit, but only to offer prayer; at its close Mr. James was seen emerging from amid a crowd of ministers who accompanied him to the foot of the pulpit stairs. It was then that, delivering himself of one of those highly-wrought discourses for which he was famous, he made the dead heroes of past missionary triumphs to live in the imagination of his hearers, and assume their former places round the gallery of the chapel, which he did with surprising effect. On subsequent occasions such names as those of Samuel Martin, John Stoughton, Dr. Raffles, William Jay (a kind of leave-taking of the venerable minister of the scenes of former days), Newman Hall, and—in still later times—Drs. Maclaren and Punshon will be remembered as among the preachers. It was the grand pulpit event of the year, and one by no means to be omitted in the list of engagements for May. Sometimes as much as £400 have been collected after this sermon.

THE SURREY CHAPEL INSTITUTIONS

Have always been manifold. The Southwark Sunday School Society embraced some eleven schools, many of them in the most wretched neighbourhoods. Mr. Hadland, whose connection dating from the time of Mr. Hill, was continued for fifty-nine years, forty-eight of which he was superintendent of the school at Surrey Chapel. The first ragged-school in London was commenced under Mr. Hill's auspices, by a poor man, Thomas Cranfield, who, as a sailor, had fought at the siege of Gibraltar. Benevolent societies, benefit clubs, and other agencies worked prosperously from first to last. Almshouses were erected and endowed for the support of twenty-three aged Christian women, also a school of industry was formed for clothing a number of poor girls, and preparing them for domestic service. About £2,000 were contributed annually to benevolent and missionary operations. The work and worship of such a church enployed a

considerable staff of leaders and helpers, among whom su names as West, Freeman, Godfrey Saunders, Hadland (keeper Guildhall), Ruck, Joy, and the fervent John Vine Hall, t pastor's honoured father, stand out conspicuously on the roll the past of Surrey Chapel.

J. BRANWHITE FRENCH

A SERMON FOR SERMON MAKERS.

WHILE making some alterations in a chapel, I found stow away in a cupboard an old painted tin-plate which had forme been fixed in the pulpit, under the book-board in such a posit that the preacher could not fail to see it when sitting do before preaching.

Some very wise minister had during sundry decorations i proved the old plate out of its place, but its lessons are good to be forgotten, and here they are:

'OH! MAN OF GOD!

REMEMBER!

1st. WHOSE YOU ARE!
2nd. WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT!
3rd. IT IS REQUIRED IN A STEWARD THAT A MAN BE FOUND FA FUL!'

The foregoing needs no comment, and should be borne in m by every ambassador for Christ.

R. H. T

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Foolish Jesting.

AVOID this. No after speech will counteract the influence such folly. Words of wisdom cannot live in such an atmosph and no endeavour to alter the tone afterwards will prevent n from remembering your empty levity.

Our Sisters

Should dress well in taste, and speak with good taste, too. young lady who indulges in slang is not a real lady, though may be rich enough to wear dresses made by Worth himself.

'You Know.'

I notice that this has crept into the conversation of numb of one's acquaintances to an alarming extent. 'Father is Brighton, you know. Mother is not well, you know.' Bu don't know.

Awfully Nice.

Never degrade language, by associating majestic words with paltry ideas. It is not only vulgar; it is irreligious.

Welcome.

Give it heartily, but never falsely. Do not press visitors to stay if you do not want them. I love children for their sincerity. The other day a little girl of three years old gave her parents a good lesson. When asked for a little salute, and whether she did not love Mr. S——, she said 'Put on your hat and *do*.' How many people when saying, 'You will stay a little longer,' *really* mean 'Put on your hat and *do*.'

No!

The hardest word to speak in the English language is also one of the shortest. It is no exaggeration to remind our young friends that the ability to say and to act out this word would certainly save from many of the disappointments, and most of the sins of life.

Forgiving.

Our Lord has taught us to forgive until seventy times seven. We often deceive ourselves about it, so difficult is it truly to forgive, but let there be no forgetfulness of the fact that forgiveness does not imply friendship. I may forgive my worst enemy, but if his nature is such as to be alien in taste and reverence and thought and purpose to my own, it does not involve friendship. In religion the Atonement which blots out all our sins renews us in the divine image, and through our changed nature we become friends of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

At the request of the editor, the publisher produced a large edition of the May number, containing the likeness and memoir of that heroic missionary, the late Dr. Southon. The sale of the number was far larger than any since the New Series was commenced. But one hundred and fifty copies still remain on hand, and the editor would ask some friend of missions to forward a cheque for three pounds to the publisher, so that these copies may not be wasted, but sent post free to one hundred and fifty ministers, for the purpose of stimulating alike interest in missionary work, much needed just now, and interest also in the growth and progress of the *Evangelical Magazine*. Amongst all our subscribers in London and the Provinces, I feel sure there is some one who will be moved to comply with this request.

W. M. S.

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of Protestant Nonconformity in Wales. By Rev. Tho
Rees, D.D. London : J. Snow and Co., Ivy Lane, Paternoster I
Second Edition.

The first edition of this interesting volume was published in 1861, two thousand copies of it, we are told, were sold almost immedia It has already taken rank as a reference book, and Episcopalian Nonconformist authorities have repeatedly referred to it. It sp well for Dr. Rees that he did not content himself with easy work thro the use of second-hand materials, but went straight for much of valuable information to several manuscripts in the Record Office an the British Museum. We cannot do better than describe the work its special purpose in the apt language of the introduction. 'This re of the labours, the sufferings, the fidelity to their principles and victions, and the successes of the good men to whom under God, W is indebted for all the privileges and liberty which it enjoys in this should inspire us all with unwavering determination to tread in the f prints of these worthies.' Here there is a volume of upwards of 500 pa with an admirable index, in a compact form, exceedingly well printed, very moderate price, viz., seven shillings and sixpence. We have in survey of the moral and religious state of the Welsh nation from the 1534 to the rise of Nonconformity. The degraded character and n gence of the clergy. Consequent moral degradation of the people. translation of the Bible. The founders of Nonconformity. Then co the history of Nonconformity from its rise, A.D. 1633, to the comme ment of the Civil Wars, A.D. 1642. Then to the Act of Nonconform 1642 to 1662 ; then to the Revolution, 1688 ; then to the rise of Calvini Methodism, 1735 ; then to the close of the eighteenth century ; the 1861 ; then to 1882, with a good historical sketch of the colleges of Welsh Nonconformists from A.D. 1662 to the present time. It wil thus seen that the volume is full of historical research, of comprehen survey, and of biographical study. The style is clear and vigorou there is little that is ornate in it there is much that is realistic, it is full of real earnestness ; it is also free from literary dul The author has evidently endeavoured hard to be fair to all ; to nothing down hastily or unkindly, and above all to glorify Christ an promote the interests of Evangelical Protestantism. We heartily earnestly commend the volume to all interested in the study of a lo little land, whose real National Church is a Nonconformist one. Dr. I has evidently performed a labour of love, as well as a literary task, its production is a fit result of his long and faithful leadership amid pastors of the Welsh churches.

Sermons. By Rev. S. Walker, B.A. London : Printed by W. Spe and Sons, Fetter Lane, E.C.

Unconventional, evangelical, earnest and stimulating. A good deavour to apply 'the great principles of the Gospel to daily experience.'

Illustrations and Meditations ; or, Flowers from a Purit Garden, Distilled and Dispensed by C. H. Spurgeon. Lond Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Capital ! Mr. Spurgeon has here made use of metaphors from Tho Manton ; he says that he was brought into intimate communion with while commenting upon the 119th Psalm, and that he has so come to k

him that he could choose him out from among a thousand divines. Manton's sermons, occupying in the modern reprint twenty-two volumes, are not, says Mr. Spurgeon, 'So sparkling as those of Henry Smith, nor so profound as those of Owen, nor so rhetorical as those of Howe, nor so pithy as those of Watson, nor so fascinating as those of Brooks; and yet they are second to none of them.' 'Manton is not brilliant, but he is clear; he is not oratorical, but he is powerful, he is not striking; but he is deep.'

We scarcely agree with Mr. Spurgeon in this last remark, for in this charming little volume we have some of the most striking metaphors we have ever read. Mr. Spurgeon puts in a page or so on each metaphor—in a volume of 268 pages—need we say that the dissertations are racy in the extreme, and full alike of spiritual quickening and of ethical inspirations. We have been led on from page to page, and delighted and interested. This kind of handy-pocket volume is suitable for the study, the journey, the field, the garden, and the summer holiday. Perhaps some of our readers may learn from it how able the Puritan divines were, as well as how earnest and real.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMSON, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

This volume consists of a course of lectures on Foreign Missions delivered at the Theological Seminary, Andover, and is dedicated to the Church of the United Brethren on the third jublilee of their first foreign mission. First, in what we may call the foreign field, the Moravians have preserved their prestige in enterprise and heroism. The chapter on Count Zinzendorf is remarkably interesting; and the wide sketch of Moravian work in the West Indies, South and Central America, Greenland, Labrador, the North American Indians, South Africa and Australia, presents a picture of spiritual earnestness and saintly sacrifice enough to stir the pulse with healthy excitement, and to thrill the heart with joy that the work of the Lord through the Moravians should have had such free course and been so abundantly glorified. The volume abounds with historical and natural descriptions of character and scenery. It is wonderfully instructive, and full of tragic pictures of hardships and dangers. We cannot conceive of a work more fitted to quicken missionary enterprise, and to give a sense of the reality of the work to minds affected by the depressing criticism of those literary enemies of the Gospel, who depreciate a work they have not taken the trouble to study and have no heart to appreciate and understand.

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE. By J. L. PORTER, D.D., LL.D. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

An interesting little volume—full of illustrations of Bible prophecy and history, from personal travels in Palestine. When it is remembered Dr. Porter is the Author of 'The Giant Cities of Bashan,' a work of most remarkable and thrilling interest, our readers will be prepared heartily to welcome this fresh contribution from his able pen. It amply rewards perusal alike from its subject and its style

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST. By GEORGE S. BARRETT, B.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

This is one of a series of books in 'The Household Library of Exposition,' and is certainly one of the ablest volumes on the difficult subject of which it treats, that we have ever perused. Mr. Barrett is never mystical or vague, but writes with the clearness of conviction and with hearty adhesion to the Evangelical Faith. On page 19, Mr. Barrett says

of our Lord's temptation, 'It is the first great act of the redempt the race from sin. It is the first clarion note that announces the a of the new Head of humanity—the Redeemer of the world. It first conclusive defeat of the kingdom of darkness in that holy which shall never end until "the end shall come," and "the kingdo the world become the kingdom of our God and His Christ, Who reign for ever and ever."' The second chapter on 'The Reality Temptation' is admirable. His description of the question, 'Wha is meant when it is said it was impossible for Christ to have sin contains the kernel of the whole question, and is treated in a m unconventional in method, and in a style clear as crystal. Its argu is most convincing, and the lessons deduced profoundly forcible and In the introduction the author says, 'It is intended rather for f reading than for the discussion of any of the great critical or theol questions connected with Scripture.' It has a practical colouring, as h but for all that, a mind of the order of Mr. Barrett's simply coul skim over difficult points and leave them with mere superficial ment. The discussion is here, and it is well done. We believ volume will be very precious to minds who have felt difficulties i direction, and it ought to circulate by thousands among our people. The substance of the book, we are told by the author, w livered in the ordinary course of his ministry. We congratulate hi gregation, and now that he has so much wider a one in the g public, we hope and believe that the precious little volume will f place in every Christian home and in every student's library.

BIBLICAL THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By DR. BERN WEISS, Professor of Theology in Berlin. Translated from the Revised Edition by Rev. David Eaton, M.A. 2 vols.—THE OF CHRIST. By DR. BERNHARD WEISS. Translated by Walter Hope. Vol. I.: T. and T. Clark.

The writings of Dr. Bernhard Weiss will take as conspicuous pl the present series of the Foreign Theological Library as those of Delitzsch, Lange, Stier, Hengstenberg, and Olshausen have tak previous series. The important work before us has only prepare way for the first volume of 'The Life of Christ' by the same writer. latter treatise will probably occupy as much space as that of 'Life of Jesus of Nazara,' in a rival series. Dr. Weiss refuses to the label of any Church or theological party, and thus anticipates criticism from both camps. He will certainly receive it. Adop theory not very unlike that of M. Renan himself, touching the ori the four Gospels, and quite prepared to admit an indefinite amou subjective handling of the original oral tradition, and smiling at indomitable credulity' of the harmonists, etc., he yet carries the fir the camp of the sceptics of Tübingen with ringing cheers, and main the 'historicity' of the Gospels, and the infinite value of the superna and divine personality of the Christ. The 'Biblical Theology' course a scientific study of the doctrinal contents of the New Test literature along the following lines: 1. The teaching of Jesus, acco to the earliest tradition, *i.e.* of Matthew and Mark, with referen Himself, His kingdom, His Church, and His second coming. 2 teaching of the Apostles, St. Peter and St. James. 3. Paulinism at length, and separated into three stages. 4. The post Pauline do of the Epistle to the Hebrews, Second Epistle of Peter, and Jud The Apocalypse. 6. The historical books, by which he mean Gospel and Acts of St. Luke. 7. Finally the Johannine Christ with John's teaching about salvation, its personal appropriation, it

torical realization and final consummation. The mere enumeration of the points will show that this learned scholar does not move even in the beaten tracks of modern 'Biblical Theology,' and has made progress in its stratification beyond that of Oosterzee, Reuss, and Schmidt; but the general burden of his contention is the vindication of the supernatural revelation of God's will in the Christ, and the unity of the whole representation breaks with great splendour in his closing sentence. 'The first word of the Gospel becomes the last word of the last of the Apostles. As the kingdom of God which Jesus founded on earth is the security for the completion of the coming One, so the beginning of the realization of the New Testament will of God in our state of sonship becomes the security for the blessed ending which we hope for in the future.'

A History of the Councils of the Church from the Original Documents. By Right Rev. C. J. Hefele, D.D., Bishop of Rottenberg. Vol. III. A.D. 431-457. Translated from the German: T. and T. Clark.

This is a further instalment of an extremely valuable contribution to Church history by one of the most learned ecclesiastics of the Roman Church. The substratum of the work is a chronological recital of the texts of the canons and decrees of the Councils of the Church—not only of the great œcumenical assemblies of Christendom, but of the provincial synods innumerable which adjudicated upon doctrine or ritual. The explanatory information added by the editor makes the whole work a manual of ecclesiastical history. The period covered by this volume is not more than twenty-five years of the fifth century, but it embraces the chief controversies touching the person of Christ, which led up to the decisions of the Council of Chalcedon. Dr. Hefele tells the story of the so-called 'Robber Synod,' and the Council of Ephesus, with graphic force and detail; and he labours to show how potent and successful the arbitrating influence of Rome proved itself to be, amid the turbulent personalities and hair-splitting disputes of the Eastern Church. Doubtless the Roman See profited by the angry rivalries of Alexandria and Constantinople, and its power was aggrandized by the impartiality of its judgment; but the effect of the increase of its prestige was to drive the African Churches into irreconcilable antagonisms, and ultimately to dislocate the connection between the East and West.

Does Science Aid Faith in Regard to Creation? By the Right Rev. Henry Cotterill, D.D., F.R.S.E., Bishop of Edinburgh. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

This is one of the series of 'The Theological Library,' in which we are called upon to recognise 'the need of a concise and well-written series of books on the chief doctrines of Christianity.' We anticipate fresh contributions to the series with much interest Such subjects are to be treated of, as 'Is Life worth Living?' 'Are Miracles Credible?' 'Is God Knowable?' 'Is Christ Divine?' 'Is Dogma a Necessity?' etc. This volume promises well for the series. Dr. Cotterill discusses 'History of Creation not Scientific,' 'God's Glory in Creation,' 'The True Idea of Creation;' and he does so well. The sixth chapter on 'The Law of Evolution' will be read with much earnest interest, as it is a very popular subject now. The author confines himself exclusively to the investigation of the law as it is accepted in science. He says (p. 153) that 'the opponents of the Christian faith have no right to argue that the Mosaic account of creation is inconsistent with evolution when Hæckel himself finds it there,' and adds, 'This has been for many years my own conviction.' The judgments expressed are given with great modesty; but

the doctrine of evolution is at present so destitute of perfect proof, so manifestly without any perfect Baconian induction of facts, tha wisest Christian thinkers merely deal with it as a possibility, th they are wisely anxious so to prepare for any future discoveries o matter as to free the interpretation of the Inspired Record from objec to it. For our own part, we think there is an over-ardour to a surmises and likelihoods for facts. The Bishop has manifested rare scholarship and ability in his defence of the Christian faith.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—I will not dwell on the need of light above, or the duty of seeking it, of being vigilant against the excus the private spirit, of cultivating humility, of bearing in mind that has through all these long ages had a people whom He has led, tha are not the first who come to the wells of salvation opened by C and His apostles. Two things, however, especially I commend to thoughts. The first is this—Christianity in Christ, and nearness to and to His image, is the end of all your efforts. Thus the Gos which continually present to us one pattern, have a kind of preced among the books of Holy Scripture. I advise your remembering the Scriptures have two purposes—one to feed the people of Go 'green pastures,' the other to serve for proof of doctrine. These not divided by a sharp line from one another, yet they are provinc the whole, distinct, and in some ways different. We are variously c to various works. But we all require to feed in the pastures an drink at the wells. For this purpose the Scriptures are incompa simple to all those willing to be fed. The same cannot be said in re to the proof or construction of doctrine. This is a desirable work not for us all. It requires to be possessed with more of external h more learning and good guides, more knowledge of the historical dev ment of our religion, which development is one of the most wond parts of all human history, and, in my opinion, affords also one o strongest demonstrations of its truth and of the power and goodne God.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

WIDOWS' FUND.

THE Managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* acknowledge, with tha the following sacramental collections in aid of the 'Wid Fund':

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MANAGERS' MEETING.

THE next half-yearly meeting of the managers of the *Evange Magazine* will be held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, Wednesday morning, July 11th, at eleven o'clock precisely.

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Faithfully Yours
J Morley Wright

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1883.

WHEAT-HARVEST.

'SAMUEL said unto all Israel, Is it not wheat-harvest to day?'

And as the field of the cloth of gold is spread over all our British shores now, may we not wisely renew Samuel's inquiry? God has associated the useful with the beautiful. The wheat is ripening, and the glory of the spectacle, as the sun rises upon it and changes the fleecy clouds into opal, and amber, and purple, and burning gold, adds beauty to the graciousness of the supply of bread. The harvest speaks, too, in a universal language. It waves everywhere, because it is the staff of life. Man as man needs bread, and Christ has made it the type of Himself, the bread of God, given for and broken for the life of man. The luxuries of the earth are numerous: the vine and the pomegranate, the peach and the pine, the melon and the mangoe, all refresh the taste, and add delicacy to the repast; but the wheat-harvest is the real need of universal man. So Christ speaks of Himself, as man's true need—the living water, and the living bread. The anxieties of the season will soon be over. Everywhere the laden waggons will groan under the God-given produce, the wheat—bowing its head in death—will be gathered in, and England once again will testify to the truth of the promise, seed-time and harvest never fail.

It is well at such a season to think of other harvests, and of our own personal relation to them; he that gathereth in summer is a wise son still, even as he that planteth in spring. What will the harvest be? is the sacred thought that ought to occupy us all, for when the hour comes, the sickle once and for ever will be put in.

There is a Harvest of Memory.

It is well to think of that. The pleasant soon becomes the painful if connected with sloth and sin. Memory is either a harvest store of noble thoughts and pure deeds, or it becomes an

unmitigated misery. How quietly and yet surely its houses become filled! It is impossible to forget. Year by the good or evil of what we *read*, what we *see*, what we *t* and what we *do*, gets its store all gathered in our h garner.

The time of wheat-harvest may find little save poison-po and weeds. The fair field may be worse than a ruin, it have actually been planted by our hands with seeds of evi

Or the harvests we have sought may have been worldly selfish; the deepest dissatisfaction may come where we lo for pleasant things. The truth that we are not our own, never can be made happy by living as if we were, meets many ways. God's great truth that to be *blessed* indee must be like Him Who 'gave Himself,' is verified in our sciousness. All that we have done for others and for Hi earnest and hearty service, however humble, contains the of beautiful harvests.

What would we not give *now* for many things to be bl out? Blessed be the name of the Great Father, our guilt be blotted out through the precious blood of the Lamb! all-redeeming grace of Christ gives us, however, no obliter of memory. Sin and service, spirituality and unspiritualit these are ever before us.

Surely our counsel to the young, to those we love, woul Take care to have beautiful pictures in memory—blessed har of remembrance, golden sheaves of redeemed life—when evening comes; for as surely as we say, 'It is wheat-harve day,' so surely will every other harvest have its day.

There is a Harvest of Souls.

Applause is sweet, and few amongst us can set at nough flattering charms. Praise is pleasant, and the heart love music. Outward success is honoured, and too often we smitten with its fascinating wand. But we all know tha have done real good to any hearts, to have warned the wi of the error of his ways, to have been as angel-helpers to weary, as pilgrim guides to the wanderers, and bearer celestial fruit to those who have eaten ashes, insures hea sure reward. And most of you know something of t joys. It may be that many of the dead whisper your name joy, and will welcome your advent at the gate. It may be among the living, love to Christ came through your wor letter, or visit, or counsel. You have reaped in the vine whose grain is souls!

At times criticisms, as to methods, have almost crushed Satire has done its best to slay the earnestness that strug

to do good, and our faith has almost failed. Inopportuneness has been pleaded as likely to spoil the fruit it tried to gather, till you have believed in no season at all, and you have found that what you thought the world's wiser way was only an icy wisdom which left your former Christ-warmed way frozen into indifference! We all know how difficult it is to be cheerful and yet serious; natural, and yet in the truest sense spiritual.

But we have been put into some vineyard, into some field, and a seed-basket of precious seed has been committed to each of us, and the sun has risen and set over fields where our hair has turned from dark to grey. The harvest—what will it be? Will one and another say that we harmed them in thought or deed, that when the Church and the world were not looking on we were not true to ourselves? Will the looking-glass of the mind flash back a picture we would rather not see?

Or will it be otherwise: sweet and fair and full-grown fruit—rich and precious harvests? Still is it true, 'He that winneth souls is wise,' for he gathers fruit unto life eternal. Soon the summer will be over, and the life-question will come: 'Is it wheat-harvest to-day?'

There is a Harvest of Home.

Included in souls, of course, and yet specially needing attention. It is at home we live most and longest. There is a foolish and empty proverb which says, 'No man can be a hero to his valet de chambre.' It sounds the depth of all falsity and meanness, for if a man cannot be a hero to his own servant it is certain he can be a hero to no one else.

It comes from the foolish notion that heroism belongs to the field of war, or to the matador at a Spanish bull-fight, or needs the outward circle of observation and honour.

The harvest of home is all-important. Thine own vineyard thou hast not kept. Brilliant abroad, many men have been bad at home. But it may be God has blessed you there; you have boys and girls fairly prosperous in duty, and sincerely earnest and good. It may be that the Christ you have loved and honoured, obeyed and served, is their Lord and their God.

When I think of home I think of it from the beginning. The many servants that have passed in and out of our portals—the visitors who have come and gone—some to the long journey that has no home-return; the letters that have sped their way like winged creatures to all parts of the earth—these wonderful carrier-pigeons of the civilized world.

I want to know what the harvest will be? How many have lost fortunes; how many more have lost health; how many have lost friends! How has my individuality been amidst them all? And

here, too, there are many kinds of harvests—intellectual, n
and spiritual. Have I taught sloth or early rising? liberali
meanness? cheerfulness or moroseness? submission to the D
will or murmuring and repining? Have I been musical at l
so that each sweep of God's hand has brought forth songs of pr

Some things, many things, I may wish otherwise; but ta
life in its entirety, in its tone, its temper, its spirit, its influ
now that the wheat-harvest of home is coming, can I nu
the sheaves with joy?

There is a Harvest for the Church.

We are its spiritual recipients. Are we not also factors i
life and strength and influence? What will missions abroad
at home say of us—teachers of children, or in other fields of
and service? Somewhat, no doubt. How often have we pr
earnestly and deeply, that the spirit of grace and truth may
on him that ministers? and if no wings of the Heavenly D
have seemed to brood over him, have we forgotten that pr
brings down the Comforter?

Have we remembered that in pulling the boat through the
and swell of the world's sins and wrongs, every man must
rower and not merely a passenger; that we are here not t
ferried across the stream, but to look out for wrecks and r
out eager hands for drowning men?

Have we known that the spirit which ought to fill the Ch
is the same in every age, viz., a quick sympathy which brigh
the countenance and lightens labour by love?

Have we come to *give* as well as to receive, conscious of acco
ability?

Harvests, to be in harmony with nature, must be *contin*
We have no room for the beauty of ruins. No spots ca
lovely for the Temples of Grace that are not still pressed by
worshippers' feet. You can visit to day the church from w
the first Indian missionaries went forth—yea, the birthplac
the Sunday-schools; and *there* work is still carried on.

The age of the romance and poetry of a nation is said t
its times of faith and heroism, and this is true. And the ag
the hymn and harvest of the Church are times of the
earnest *faith* and prayer.

We must not count the sheaves of the past; we must still
the seed, still act in the living present, still look around to
harvests which may yet be ours if we be men and women of
faith in the Lord and Giver of Life.

It is wheat-harvest to-day, but the dead will not see it. The
farmhouse with its scudding pigeons, and its nestling eaves,
its windows veiled with emerald leaves, and its far-stretc

fields more beautiful than king's carpet of gold—all these their eyes will see no more. And it may be, my child, that you are the harvest your mother will not be here to see; but none the less are you the precious harvest of her toil and tears.

It is wheat-harvest to-day, then let us be grateful and believing. Let us see in it another proof that He Who giveth rain and fruitful seasons sits still upon His throne.

The Lord of the Harvest is here.

Yes! looking on the fields. He once walked in the wheat-harvests of Palestine; He saw the far-spreading blue of the sea, the bright colour of the flowers that dotted the margins of the fields, the crimson, gold and sapphire of the birds that flew over the waving fields.

And He knew that He should die. He knew, as *we* know not, when and how. And looking at the corn, He said, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. . . Now is My soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save Me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour. . . I, if I be lifted up,' etc.

Blessed Cross. Blessed Grave. The wheat-harvest grows above that. All the rich fields to-day of Christian life and influence come from that buried corn of the broken heart of love.

And He is here! reminding us that if we bury self and lose our lives, we shall gather fruit unto life eternal.

Oh yes! our harvests, our best harvests, are not those which the world praises as we 'do well to ourselves.' No; our noblest harvests are those when we have given our best selves for the sake of others.

It is not enough to be saved ourselves! to be seated above the boiling sea safe on the Rock of Ages. No; we must draw others up on to that rock.

We all like to see the reapers in the golden fields. We love the music of a glorious harvest song. Soon, very soon, the harvest will be gathered in. Let us do all the good we can, at all times we can, to all men and women we can, and in every way we can. Let us never lose heart or hope, even when our strength is weakest and our work is hardest. Let us pray—but let us work as well as pray. Let us help humanity, right the wrongs of the oppressed, raise the fallen, reform the vicious, rise to heaven, and yet not forget earth, lest 'while the lark is singing in the heavens, the hawk below shall be rifling her nest.' Let us work and wait and renew our toil, singing to our souls the coming song of God's dear Harvest Home.

'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

THE EDITOR.

CONVERTING AN ANVIL.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

By the Rev. THOMAS G. ROSE.

'As well think, sir, to convert an anvil as hope to do fellows any good.' The speaker was an old broken-down co whose fustian jacket, liberally ornamented with the broad published the fact that he was spending the evening of a bli life as a pensioner upon Government bounty. The ref was to men like himself, some eighty or more of whom passing a friendless and dishonoured old age as the in of the rude poorhouse on the banks of the Swan Rive last asylum of those who, in the dreariest and most t sense, were hopeless failures—failures through crime, and less debauchery, and horrible vice. There was no denyi originality or the force of the figure—a figure which c son of Erin could have used. I reflected that the Quixoti thus absurdly suggested was certainly one which the m enthusiast is not recorded to have attempted, for thoug mild and amiable St. Francis preached to the birds, an apo anvils has yet to be born. Yet the more I turned it over mind, the more difficult did I find it to deny the supe truth of so extraordinary an analogy. As the faces of men rose before me—faces seamed and scarred, and ac distorted by wickedness—faces on which years of iniqui often reaching back to boyhood, had written only too plain dismal story of moral ruin—faces, some of them inhuman e to positively repel—faces into which I had looked time time not without a shudder of horror and dismay, so bla sterile, so desperate was the prospect: as these faces ca one by one, and as I recalled what had too often been m feelings when trying to carry the Gospel message to such h I could not at once reject the ludicrous metaphor as grotes irrational. I said to myself, Where the havoc is so com how can restoration be possible? Amidst such destru what is there to work upon? Of all wild tasks a man c himself, is there one to surpass in folly this of attempt rouse to a nobler life human beings in whom all huma burnt out?

Haunted by such discouraging thoughts, I put my hel my head and took my umbrella in my hand, and starte burning afternoon to walk to my customary service in the Toiling through the glaring streets of Perth, I came to the

River, on the banks of which the little city stands. Just at this point the river is as broad as a lake, and but for the absence of green might well remind you of Windermere. The neighbourhood of water made the fiery heat a trifle more bearable; but even there, a walk of two miles through burning limestone, into which one sank ankle-deep at every step, and with a spiteful sun overhead, from whose ferocious assaults even a double-roofed umbrella was a feeble protection, was by no means pleasant. How thirsty the scene! The margin of what once upon a time was grass, now burnt into dust; the trees looking as if they had long ago given up the hope of rain as a bad job; the rocks toasted almost enough to blister the hand that should venturesomely touch them. Heat everywhere, brooding like the breath of a furnace over the whole land, leaving no buried haunt of coolness, no one secret nook to which flight might be made; heat such as that which smote the heart of Jonah and goaded him to his rash and unneighbourly complaint.

A turn in the road brings into view the rude shanties, with their whitewashed walls, which constitute the Government poorhouse. In a sharper, duller climate, such scanty housing would be enough to raise a cry of inhumanity; but in a country where snug comfort is little thought of, the barest shelter suffices. As soon as I appear in sight the warning bell is rung, and those who are to form my congregation are seen hobbling to our place of meeting, the blind amongst them feeling their way with sticks, or led by others, whilst some twisted by rheumatism, brought on by many years of exposure in the bush, can scarcely crawl, and one paralyzed man is trundled by friendly hands in a wheelbarrow. I enter a long wooden shed, its roof open to the shingles, its floor of pebbles, its sides divided like the stalls of a stable, and, to complete the resemblance, each narrow division contains a truckle bed covered with what wears the appearance of a coarse horse-cloth. My audience, seated on benches and stools and bedsteads, mutter a welcome as I take my place amongst them; and on standing up to tell once more the wondrous story of Him Who received publicans and sinners and ate with them, the startling metaphor of my incredulous and too facetious visitor flashes across my mind, and I am ready to stop short as I ask myself, Can those sublimely simple words have any meaning for men who seem to have never known anything of human love, but have throughout life been exposed to the pitiless blast and the scorching flame until they remind one to-day of the gaunt trees on the hillside, shivered by lightning or charred by bushfires? But on fighting with this baser mood, and looking with a kindlier eye on those hard countenances, I see, or think I see, in one and another, the tiniest break in the

dense cloud of ignorance and indifference which for many a
year has been gathering there. So I chide myself for havin
one moment been tempted to distrust the power of that G
which is to be preached to every creature; and when the si
taneous though gruff 'Amen' with which the service c
comes from those aged lips, and I wish them a good-afterno
leave the desolate room not without the hope that some gli
of Christ may have penetrated the thick darkness of min
long steeped in degrading sin.

'Convert an anvil!' How dare I associate such an idea
this work of mine on human souls! For how can any o
those for whom the Son died, sin himself beyond the rea
the Father's love?

My gravest difficulty and deepest sorrow arose from a dis
forced upon me by weekly experience; for these men, so fam
with life inside the walls of a prison, had acquired in that
rible school a nauseous habit of dissimulation which made
in them an impossibility. Every gaol-chaplain knows what
means, and unavoidably falls into the way of suspecting ev
one with whom he has to deal. And a misery indeed it
breathe that atmosphere of falsity, and to be holding interco
with those whose strongest words win no confidence, and w
fawning servility inspires unutterable disgust. True, my posi
secured me against being confounded with the official spiri
guides to whom they had been accustomed to listen as par
their prison drill, since they know that only friendly inte
brought me amongst them. Still, so inveterate was their
dency to deceive, that the credit given me for good intent
did not protect me against falsehood and fraud.

That very afternoon there happened an incident so grotes
that I hesitate to narrate it. The officer in charge met
with a message from one of the inmates who was ill, and
expressed an earnest wish to see me. That man had awake
a peculiar feeling of revulsion. It chanced that we both c
from the same part of the old country, and this in a colon
quite sufficient to establish a bond of fellowship. So Davy,
the strength of it, specially attached himself to me, and clai
the right to entertain me with his whining complaints, and
ease me of sundry shillings for the purchase of tobacco and o
small luxuries. I was certain the fellow was the very incarna
of hypocrisy and cant, and would have given him a wide b
as a matter of taste. But he was sick, and of course I
bound to visit him. There was no doubt about the man's state;
enough he was, to all appearance not far from death. Express
in his grating tone his pleasure at seeing me, he was silent,
gave me the chance of addressing him both faithfully and tende

Then turning his head upon his pillow, and fixing his dishonest eyes upon his ghostly comforter, he prepared himself to speak. I at once reproved myself for having doubted and disliked this dying brother, and waited, not without sharp twinges of conscience and painful interest, the utterance of words which should throw some gleam of light upon a scene so ghastly. Well, making a great effort, he whined out, 'You don't happen to have a stick of tobacco upon you, do you, sir?' and that was all! Truly the ruling passion strong in death! Here was an immortal being standing on 'the insuperable threshold,' and capable even there of attempting by a paltry piece of trickery to indulge in one more pipe!

Again the odd figure of my matter-of-fact counsellor came to mind, and again I was tempted to say, If this is the best result of my labours, might not one as well work upon the iron of the anvil as on a heart as hardened as this?

Amongst the inmates of the Home was an old man—very, very old—older far even than Wordsworth's Leech-gatherer—so old that he seemed to have been overlooked by death. His had been a life of adventure and hardship. A Norwegian by birth, he had found his way as a lad to Newfoundland, and for years had followed the wild and hazardous occupation of a fisherman off those stormy coasts. Thence, by some accident or other, he turned up on the banks of the Swan River, just as the first settlers were landing there. Those who remembered the early days of the colony, and the struggle they had to keep famine at bay, used to tell how the Scandinavian had often saved the infant community from starving by his skill in shooting the kangaroo. Always a harmless and industrious fellow, he had lived without a stain upon his character, and was now spending his second childhood in that desolate retreat. When I first knew him he had long been bedridden, and with such flickering intelligence as remained to him, would mournfully grieve over himself as too great a sinner to be pardoned. A mind so confused and enfeebled seemed incapable of entertaining more than one thought; but can we doubt that those eyes dim—nay, blind—with age, thus sadly turned to God, were blessed in the mysterious borderlands with some surprising view of Him Who seeks the wandering sheep until He finds it?

So far, these decayed men had been left almost entirely to the tender mercies of the Government. Now, I would on no account convey the impression that their lot was needlessly hard. They were supplied in a rough, but not illiberal fashion, with the necessaries of life, and in sickness medical comforts were never begrudged. Besides this, the colonists, with that practical sympathy with visible distress which constitutes so honourable a trait in their character,

were ready enough to drop sixpences into their hands, or wel sticks of their much-loved cavendish, when they passed the the road, or stopped to chat with them as they sat fishing, stretched in spring days upon the green grass. Still, no had been done to make these outcasts realize that, in sp their banishment, they nevertheless formed part of the human family. No attempt had been made to reach the concerted kindness, to awaken any feeling which mig dormant in their hearts by the electric shock of human fe ship brought to bear upon them, for once at any rate, in good, vigorous and telling way. In a happy moment it occ to one, who had at home been familiar with the methods o modern philanthropy, futile as it is in such devices, that a stomach is often the shortest way to the heart, it would bad thing to entertain those friendless paupers with a hand tea. The idea was eagerly caught up, and the church to it was first proposed supplied by contributions in kind abu material for a noble feast. Some promised joints and meat others mountains of plum-pudding; nor were pipes and to forgotten. The Government officials not only gave their san but volunteered help; whilst the kind-hearted lady wh then at the head of colonial society promised to grac festival with her presence.

When the day came the bleak premises were made to p such a holiday appearance that they must have had grave d as to their identity, and have been quite as puzzled to rec themselves as the sweep, who once in a way smartens hi up and comes out in his Sunday best. Paths trimly s triumphal arches of bush-flowers; the dormitory with it pleasant reminiscences of a stable made bright with the tiful fronds of the cotton-palm—all these simple but eff decorations wrought by the inmates' own hands showed a interest in the occasion, and promised success.

As the tea-hour approaches an appetizing odour pervad whole place, coming from the spotlessly clean cook where tubs of potatoes are steaming, and buckets of te brewing, and pudding-bags are giving out that smell as of ing-day, of which Mr. Dickens somewhere speaks. Sum by the bell, our eagerly expectant guests hurry to the feas fail not to show signs of awkwardness as they take thei for the first time for many years at tables covered with cloths and brilliant with many candles. Each man come vided with his own pannikin and tin dish, duly made ne the unwonted honour by an extra scrubbing. Grace su fall to, and to their surprise and delight these breakers of country's laws and offenders against their fellow-men, wh

so often eaten their rations surlily in the grim solitude of a prison-cell, find themselves waited upon by ladies old and young, who with watchful eyes take care that the plates of their guests are heaped with the good things with which, as the story-books say of the old baronial feasts, the tables groaned.

When such justice has been done to the solider part of the viands as might well awaken fears of permanent dyspepsia or sudden apoplexy, the flagging appetite is stimulated by tempting slices of darkly-rich plum-pudding. Could nervous servitors have foreseen that so great an authority as the *Lancet* would pronounce that wonderful compound to be the natural food of old age, less fear might have been entertained as to the probable consequences of such wholesale consumption as was being recklessly indulged in.

Inasmuch as vigorous and exhausting work had been done, it was thought desirable that a breathing-space should be given ere the next part of the entertainment began; so whilst the more infirm keep their seats, those who are so inclined toddle to benches outside to discuss the meal, and to settle it by the aid of a pipe.

The unfamiliar notes of an harmonium draw Papist and Protestant alike to the festal hall, where a different kind of repast now awaits them. Mr. Sankey's spirit-stirring hymns are read out and sung; cheery words are spoken on those great themes which are common to all churches; female voices touch many a heart with pathetic solos, until the tears trickling down those furrowed cheeks, the loud 'God bless you!' in tones gruff with emotion, the grasp of the hand with which the heart was felt to go—supplied a suggestive comment upon the whimsical figure of my too imaginative friend. 'Convert an anvil?' what do those irrepressible tears—those quivering voices—those broken words of honest gratitude say?

Was not the hem of Christ's garment near even to those stained hands? and as human love helped to interpret and make real the Divine, may not salvation have come to one and another great sinner that night?

The next week I was presented with an address—drawn up by a defaulting auctioneer, and couched in that grandiloquent language which had doubtless often served him in past professional engagements, and a little too redolent of that offensive obsequiousness which a convict seldom shakes off—expressing the sincere emotion of hearts which had unmistakably been stirred for once at least out of their stagnant apathy.

One of our wildest winter days—dense black clouds rolling up from the stormy Indian Ocean; driving torrents of rain drenching you to the skin in three minutes; traffic paralyzed by the

mad fury of the gale. Through the desolate streets of there labours a shiftless-looking cart, its burden a bare innocent of plate or other furniture; the aged horse led shambling pauper; the extemporized hearse followed by more paupers who seem not unpleased to be abroad even i wild carnival of the mad elements, so welcome is any br the dismal sameness of their lives. The sad *cortége* str on through the mile or more of the long straight street, turn the bleak road leading to the forlorn cemetery standing wide wilderness of sand. Though the weight of that coffin is by no means great, the bearers stagger under it be of the fury of the wind; and as they at length lower burden into the shallow grave, turned by the deluging rai a pool, whilst words of Christian hope are heard in a broke amidst the deafening blast, anyone knowing the history o who is thus laid in his last and nameless resting-place— without a sigh or tear—with no loving relative or te hearted neighbour to make that mournful rite seem hun might have reverted to that harsh simile, but only to fl from him with indignation and anger.

That story is soon told:

A bright-eyed, golden-haired boy—the merriest lad i whole town—carrying off all the best prizes at the a grammar-school, and first in every sport. An impulsive in the great city, chafing at the drudgery of the desk, and ing for excitement; found nightly in the pit of the theat the music-hall, in the gambling hell. The inmate London gaol, awaiting the sailing of the next convict For stung one night by a loss at play which left him beg and frantic with wrath and shame, he rushed out int dark street, and attacked the first likely passenger he and knew no more until he stood charged with cowardly crime of garotting! Sent for trial, he hears fro judge's lips a sentence which crushes him. Then, taking farewell of parents and sisters and brothers, he starts o terrible voyage. Once landed in the penal settlement, h himself to earn his ticket-of-leave; and this done, sees the r recovery opening before him, as he gladly accepts the bert cheaply-paid clerk. For some years more he plods on; h seat in church, his class in the Sunday-school. Then in a moment the old temptation returns; the smouldering an extinguished fire is re-kindled; the cards are touched; his tion is lost. In an agony of remorse he flees to the bush, and follow years of the exposed and unutterably monotonous a shepherd. Alone in the bush for months together, seein one human creature, save some black man who brings his

rations, he almost loses his reason through lack of intercourse with his kind. Then coming into town now and again, he plunges into the most abandoned dissipation, and having spent in less than twelve days the earnings of twelve months, he returns to his lonely hut with nothing save the clothes he has on.

At last, an old broken-down man at forty, he is brought to the depôt to die. It was there I first saw him. As I sat by his bedside stealthily scanning those features which sin and suffering had done so much to deface, but the native beauty of which even those powerful solvents could not wholly destroy, I found the unhappy man painfully reserved, as if he resented my visit. Little by little, however, chiefly by avoiding everything like an attack upon him, I managed to slowly win his confidence. Instead of turning away half sullenly, he met me with a faint smile; and as he occupied a small room in a cottage where I could see him alone, by degrees he became communicative, began to talk of the old country, of home, got even to speak of father and mother, and to narrate piecemeal the history as I have given it in meagre outline. For some weeks any allusion to the Bible only irritated him; and though he was too respectful to express displeasure, it was only too plain that religion in any form was offensive. However, I waited—waited until the tender plant of trust, trust in a human friend, should have time to break through the clouded fallow of his neglected heart, hoping that it might open the way for that nobler trust which makes a sinful man one with his Almighty Saviour. Nor did I wait in vain. The blessed springtime did not disappoint me, but burst upon me all at once. The dear old stories, so often read, but fresh in their immortal youth, once more touched him. He asked for them again and again. Then, instead of showing impatience when I led the conversation to Christ, he began to put questions; not the questions of pertly malicious scepticism, but of a grave and reverent curiosity. Then came the dictating of a letter to the home-circle, so sadly ravaged by death; a letter burdened with humble penitence, and heart-rending self-reproach and sorrow, until one day as I took my accustomed place on the box which served both for table and stool, he became convulsed with sobs and poured out a torrent of tears. Then gradually growing calm, he turned to me a face so changed that it was just as if that outward coarseness contracted through many years of vice had suddenly fallen away like a mask, and quietly whispered, 'I, too, believe. It is late, but not too late. Christ with His wounded hand, the hand Thomas saw, is opening the door that I also may enter in.'

Too well aware what Presence was crossing the threshold, I

hurried out to summon help; and as we gathered around t
solemn scene, there was one who bowed his head in self-c
demnation and grief that he should ever have dared to sa
himself, 'As well think to convert an anvil as any one of th

LIFE IN CHINA.

THOSE who dwell in the peace and security of Britain,
hardly imagine the state of wild alarm into which the Chi
are easily plunged.

Not long ago some hundreds of soldiers appeared before
walls of this prefectural city (Chang-chow). According to or
notice should have preceded them as to their approach
intentions; but so little did the authorities know of their mo
ments that they refused to allow them to enter the city, k
them outside the west gate, set a watch over them, and tried
find out particulars concerning them and their absent superi
every statement being seriously discounted according to
fashion in Oriental lands, where men cannot trust each other.
inhabitants of the city began to be greatly disturbed as to
were these soldiers, whence had they come, what were t
going to do? It is only twenty years since the fearful Tai-p
rebellion, when their people were slaughtered and their city
in ruins, many of which are yet to be seen. Much guile
practised in that rebellion before the city became its victim.
the coming of these soldiers at the present time, so unexpec
and so unaccountable, mean new trouble? The appearance of
comet lately is associated in the minds of many with evil om
They will urge that not only did the last rebellion come afte
comet, but also the small dagger rebellion, etc., etc.; and it is
easy to impress them so much with science as that they will g
up superstition. The whole trouble, doubt, and fear has b
indefinitely increased by the soldiers having come from a p
of the country so distant and so unconnected by rail
telegraph, that they seem like strangers in a strange la
Their language, too, is strange. Thus in the excited state of
people's minds mistakes multiply: *e.g.*, the soldiers want
purchase some grass for fuel. The woman who is selling it a
a high price; a soldier says to her, 'Be not so hard; there
be a fresh crop in four months.' To aid her in understanding
jargon he holds up, in native fashion, four fingers of his
hand, and with the right he makes a motion as of cutting—
right hand being held out flat and moved to and fro as a sic
The woman thinks he is threatening that there will soon be

cutting off of heads! and sets afloat such a notion; hundreds circulate it, and fears increase. Again, as the authorities are so much in doubt of the men that they will not provide them sustenance, the men have to pawn their clothes. The pawnbroker will only allow a half or a third as much as usual. The men say, 'Very good, our reinforcements are at hand with supplies. As soon as they come we shall then redeem our clothing; thus it will soon be ours again.' All that the pawnbroker can make out is that they are confident of soon getting possession of the clothes again, so he starts the notion that they mean soon to be masters of the situation, and seize everything. Fresh rumours get afloat.

Again, it is customary for the magistrates to 'circulate' during the night-time, and see that the city is safe from evil-doers, gamblers, thieves, etc. The chief magistrate in this time of stir must needs be extra vigilant. It gets known amongst the inferior men that he is rousing himself. They fear being caught less in earnest, and so during the hours of darkness rush hither and thither to collect their forces, and be equally on the alert. Confusion and uproar ensue. The rushing to and fro is put down to real trouble; people rise and flee in their night-dresses; Sedan-chairs are obtained at any price. The boatmen of the river have a good time; the wealthy people will escape at any rate. Thousands of dollars are thus thrown away.

The rulers now in some way arrive at a more definite conclusion concerning the soldiers. They seem to understand that the highest magistrate in Formosa being troubled by inroads of cannibal aborigines, has resolved to get a supply of 'braves' from his own distant part of the empire, and that these soldiers are thus on their way to carry out his orders. In explanation of the information being delayed, some affirm that a courier was devoured by tigers (no unknown occurrence), and thus the despatches lost.

Great diligence is now shown in attempts to allay the fears of the people. Proclamations are put out; and more than this, the poor fellows are ordered to be off at once. They are not only forbidden to stay for reinforcements, but also forced to leave even before the rice they are cooking is ready for eating. I have seen some of the boats conveying them under weigh, having flags of different colours. Let us hope that the timid and harassed people may now be soothed and composed.

J. SADLER.

AN Arab, when one day asked, 'How do you know there is a God?' turned indignantly upon the questioner, and replied, 'How do I know whether a man or a camel passed my tent last night?' *His own footprints* in creation and providence testify of Him.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

III.—Out Among the Gorse.

We examined the buttercup as our first typical flower; it typical of a certain 'Division;' in what way, and by characters it so represented this Division, we shall see whe come by-and-bye to discuss the question of *Classificatio* the arranging flowers in separate groups—a process very e understood with a little trouble. For the present it will s to say that the *position of the stamens on the top of the flo stalk or 'receptacle'* is the distinguishing feature. Now we take a type of another 'Division' coming next in order t one including the buttercup. For this type there is flower that serves our purpose very well, besides showin some organs not yet seen. First of all, go out on the hea moor and gather a sprig of *Gorse*, otherwise called *Fur Whin*. Some one says somewhere:

> 'Approach it not,
> For every blossom has a troop of swords
> Drawn to defend it!'

We must have it, despite the 'swords,' which, by the wa want to examine for themselves, to see what they are; so it in, swords and all, and use one of these weapons inste your needle to tease out the flower. What a magnificent of colour is seen on down, on moor, on heath, when the Go out in blossom! This is usually all the year round, for 'th say' that 'Gorse is out of bloom when kissing is out of fas which in a true typical old English home is practically *n* When Linnæus came to England to study our island Flora, said that on first seeing one of our heaths gorgeous wit golden colour of the Gorse, the man who joined to his of science a deep and loving reverence for the Maker o flowers, knelt down and with uncovered head thanked Go its wondrous beauty.

Having obtained our plant, look first of all for the le Where are they? Gone! Turned into 'swords'! Look a long 'spines,' ending in a fine, sharp point. *Below any o these* you will see a smaller, shorter spine, or thorn, also en in a point. This is *the altered leaf*, or rather probably 'petiole,' or leaf-stalk, with the point where the blade woul in the buttercup-leaf. How do we know this to be a leaf-s or any part of a leaf? Because it carries in its Axil (a already explained) the longer stouter-branched spine.

longer spine is *an altered Branch*, and we know it to be so, because it lies in the Axil of a leaf, *i.e.* a modified leaf.* These long spines, or branches, bear smaller branches, or spines, and bear also the bright yellow flowers. We have here two kinds of thorns, both modified organs of some sort—one an altered leaf, the other an altered branch. There are other thorns, the gooseberry prickles, for instance, which are quite different and are *genuine* thorns. These we will study some other time, and contrast them with those of Gorse.

Now, look at the flower. In the buttercup, the first organs we came to were the sepals, and you will recollect they were five, *all free from one another.* In our present specimen we find at the upper part of the short '*pedicel*' (a small peduncle) and just underneath the bud, two small oval or egg-shaped greenish bodies, which are not quite closely pressed to the flower. These are the '*Bracts.*' We saw none in Buttercup. They are modified leaves, usually smaller in size than the foliage-leaves, although they may be as large, or larger. They usually grow pretty close to the flower, and are known to be Bracts from their position. They may be single, double (as in Gorse), or many in number, forming a circle, or even several circles, as they do in the Thistles. We shall see these different forms from time to time. In Violet, they often reside some way down the peduncle, an inch or more from the flower. They do not show any division into petiole and blade like most foliage-leaves. Flowers possessing bracts are said to be *Bracteate;* when none are present, the flower is *Ebracteate.*

Notice that the bracts are twice as broad as the pedicel. This, and the fact that the whole stem and the spines are nearly smooth, separates our specimen—the Common Furze, or *Ulex Europæus,* from *Ulex Nanus,* the Dwarf Furze, which flowers usually along with the Heaths, with whose stems it seems to like to intertwine itself, and in which the stem and branches are downy and the bracts very minute, very close-pressed to the flower, and only the same width as the pedicel. Pull away the bracts and look at the Calyx. It is not green, but yellowish-brown, and *apparently* has only two sepals. Look at the tips of these two sepals with the lens, and the upper one is seen to possess two tiny teeth which the needle-point will separate; the lower sepal has three teeth at its tip. These five teeth indicate the presence of five sepals, in two sets—one of two, the other of three sepals. This is so, and if you examine the flower of the Garden Pea, you will see the Calyx shows five clearly-defined teeth in the circle. In Gorse, which is first cousin to the pea, we find, not five regular, clearly-seen teeth, but they are as

* See p. 257.

above described. Try to pull the two parts of the calyx, you cannot quite separate them without tearing them at very base. In other words, the sepals are not, as in Butte 'free' from one another, even though the calyx does to extent split into two parts. We shall see this union of se carried further in other plants, and then we will find a ter express this fact. Notice, too, that on pulling away the c you also pull away with it some of the yellow petals insid or if not, that you leave the lower part of the calyx fastene the petals. This was not so in Buttercup, where all the se came away easily, leaving all the petals behind. In Butte the petals were attached to the Receptacle; in Gorse they fixed to a little ledge, which is really the lower part of calyx, just where it joins the receptacle. In Gorse, there *the petals spring from the calyx, and not from the recepta*

Now examine the Corolla. It consists of five petals a Buttercup, and like it, has all the petals free from one ano or nearly so. It differs from Buttercup in springing from calyx, and not from the receptacle, and in having its p unlike one another in shape. When somewhat expande resembles a butterfly to some extent, and like all the Br flowers belonging to the Gorse 'order' is called '*papilionace* from a Latin word 'papilio,' a butterfly. Pull it to pieces, look first at the large upper petal lying just inside the s with two teeth. It nearly covers over the other four petals, is called the '*Standard*;' next, there are two side petals sm than the Standard, and partly covered by it; they lie betw the two sepals and are called the '*Wings*;' lastly, lying kind of hollow made by the in-curling of the lower part of Wing, is a little boat-shaped yellow body, looking like a si petal; pull it gently apart and you see it is really made of petals with their edges joined below, and from its resembl to a boat, whose two sides meet below in the keel, it gets name given it, and is called the '*Keel*;' its thin sharp edg covered with hair, and inside the boat lie the other orga the flower. So you see the Standard, the two Wings and Keel make up five petals. The Standard is spread out and acts as a 'flag' to attract the insects, and tell them w the treasure they seek is waiting for them.

Now separate the sides of the boat-shaped petal and inside. Here are ten club-shaped bodies lying free from another; some long, some short. They are the anthers, or u parts of the ten stamens, and contain the pollen-dust. They definite in number, not many, like those of Buttercup. to separate one stamen from the rest. You cannot do so. W The anthers are 'free,' but their stalks, or filaments, are not

This prevents your pulling any one stamen away from the other nine. The ten filaments have all spread out at their sides below, and formed *a close tube*, and the anthers with a little bit of each filament form a fringe to the tube. We call such a set of stamens '*Monadelphous*,' from two Greeks words which mean 'one brotherhood,' or set. In the Garden Pea, you would find that the tube was *not quite closed up*; nine stamens form the tube, but one lies quite separate from the rest, and later on allows the tube to open. We shall see why this is so directly. The stamens of the pea are '*Diadelphous*,' *i.e.* in two brotherhoods, or sets—nine in one, and only one in the other. Now slit open the tube in Gorse, and you see its extreme base is not fixed, like the filaments in Buttercup, to the receptacle, but to the little ledge I spoke of at the lower part of the calyx. This fact decides us in placing Gorse in a different division from Buttercup. One thing more we see after cutting the tube open. It has something inside it. This is the pistil. It consists, not of many carpels, as in Buttercup, but of only one carpel. The long large part inside the tube is the ovary, ending above in a long 'style,' which projects out of the tube and runs up among the anthers, and has at its far end a sticky moist top—the 'stigma.' You can see it among the yellow anthers by its being greenish in colour, and by its not being club-shaped. Cut open the ovary, and you see, not one ovule, or little egg, but several in a row, like peas in a pod. It is really a 'pod,' and the little ovules will become seeds by-and-bye. Now, why is the tube in Gorse a perfect tube, and in the pea not a perfect one? Because in the pea, the pod has to grow much larger than in Gorse, and the one stamen being separate from the other nine, allows the pod to swell, and grow larger, and finally to free itself from the tube, and become the long green vessel containing those delicious 'green peas' that, after being 'shelled' from the pod, form one of the choicest table vegetables. Notice how the pod in Gorse, which has to ripen its ovules into seeds, is protected. First of all, it has the hairy sepals covering all the rest of the flower up, and shielding it from the rain; then the large upper petal for a roof to send the rain off when the flower opens; then the Wings, keeping the Keel, or boat, tight; then the boat itself, with the hairy Keel keeping the wet and the insects out; lastly, the filament-tube, holding it close and safe when the boat falls away. Then the pod itself is covered with hairs, which shield it when the tube withers, and the pod is left to shift for itself, until it is fully ripe, and ready to burst and scatter its seeds, which it does with the crackling noise that may be heard on a still, quiet day, when the sun is high in the heavens, by anyone who stands for a few monents among the furze-bushes. So we

have seen the intricate construction of the gorse-blossom. wondrous is the means God has contrived for the per renewal of this exquisite flower; and this is only one out myriad ways in which He ministers to our joy and pleas the kingdom of the flowers. Many are the delights of a spent on the breezy down on an August day; not the l these is to stand still and see

> 'The heath and the threat'ning
> Loud bees with the yellow thighs,
> And, twinkling out of the golden furze,
> The marvellous butterflies.'

H. W. S. WORSLEY-BEN

MEMOIRS OF EXTINCT LONDON CHAP

SURREY CHAPEL—*continued.*

ORGAN, choir, and clerk played no small part in the Surrey service. Rowland Hill, who always protested against 'th having all the best tunes,' eagerly promoted the musical ope in earlier times; and I remember that in Mr. Sherman's da Stroud, who conducted the choir, would wait upon the m as early in the week as Monday, to get instructions respecti hymns and music for the following Sunday. The somewhat fugue was in common use in those days, as in the old before them. 'Denmark,' 'Cheshunt New,' 'The N Anthem' to a hymn, and other loud and lively strains d tainly 'fill the courts with sounding praise.' Benn, the clerk constituent part of the Surrey Chapel services, and his pron tones in uttering the responses, in proclaiming the m notices (with his eye cocked on some distant spot in spac in announcing the hymns, will be a marked reminiscenc even occasional worshippers of former times. Mr. Ben altogether a 'character,' taking a leading part in meetings for and for the good of his class, and especially as a speaker temperance platform. 'My lord,' said he on one of these occ when the Earl of Shaftesbury was presiding—'My lord, I the profession of a tailor, and I am necessarily employed duties for many hours of the day; but for more than t years I have found myself equal to their discharge witho alcoholic beverage.' 'It is said,' observed his lordsh summing up the proceedings of the evening, 'that it take

tailors to make a man, but I am sure that you will agree with me that our friend Mr. Benn is a man every inch of him'—a remark whose point was the more telling from the fact that the good man's exceedingly diminutive stature might well have been measured by inches.

SURREY CHAPEL IN NEW FORM.

The ground on which Surrey Chapel was erected was leased for ninety-nine years. The Rev. Rowland Hill himself provided by bequest for the renewal of the lease, on the purchase of the freehold. The amount so provided was upwards of £8,000; but the Court of Chancery declared the bequest to be void, under the Statute of Mortmain, and it consequently reverted to the residuary legatee—the 'Village Itineracy,' afterwards Hackney College, of which Mr. Hill was one of the founders. Hence the necessity for providing accommodation for the large congregation and its several adjuncts. The Rev. Newman Hall set himself earnestly to the good work. As long ago as 1860 a meeting of the congregation was convened to consider the situation of affairs, and by them the pastor's proposal was enthusiastically adopted, and the plan of a weekly collection was adopted. In ten years the fund so created amounted to £10,000, besides some £4,000 collected by the minister from friends in England and America, towards the erection of a lecture hall and tower. A site was purchased in the Westminster Road, and dedicated by a succession of services conducted upon it; and on June 26th, 1873, the foundation-stone of the new church was laid by Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., in the presence of 2,000 persons. Ministers of various communions, including the Church of England, took part in the religious service. On Sunday, June 25th, 1876, the congregation worshipped for the last time in Surrey Chapel, and on Tuesday, July 4th, Christ Church was opened for Divine worship. A special consecration service was conducted in which many took part, including the Rev. Dr. H. R. Reynolds, and the venerable Dr. Moffat. Newman Hall himself preached the first sermon from the words, 'Christ is all and in all.' The Rev. W. Hay Aitken, the famous missioner of the Church of England, preached in the afternoon, and Dr. Donald Fraser in the evening. The opening services were continued almost daily for about a month, nearly thirty ministers of different denominations preaching and lecturing. The total cost of the splendid pile of buildings was about £62,000. Thus noble provision was made for perpetuating the worship and the work of old Surrey Chapel. For the few years that remained of the lease of that building, it was, by the trustees' arrangement, used for public service by the Primitive Methodists. The large lecture-room at the rear, erected during

Mr. Sherman's pastorate, is now occupied by the same bod
the same purpose.

ROWLAND HILL'S DISINTERMENT.

Mr. Hill died April 11th, 1833, and, by his own reques
remains were interred beneath the pulpit in which he h
long preached. When the trustees of Surrey Chapel were c
on to relinquish the building, it was felt that the s
relics of its founder could not be left there. The Home
retary was applied to, Lord Hill, on the part of the fa
expressing his concurrence, and a special license was grante
their removal to a vault prepared under the tower of the
church. Mr. Newman Hall thus depicts the scene: 'In
grey light of the early morning of April 14th, 1881, a small
pany, including some few who had been present at the fun
and others who remembered the venerable preacher, assem
in Surrey Chapel to witness the solemn transfer of Row
Hill's remains to their final resting-place. The pulpit ha
been removed, a massive black marble slab was revealed, be
his name, with the dates of birth and death, and his coat-of-
with the family motto, "*Avancez.*" This being lifted, the c
was seen in a brick vault, which was perfectly dry and
ventilated. The black cloth with which the coffin was co
was uninjured in any part, and scarcely discoloured. Th
scription on the brass plate was quite legible. From the ap
ance of the coffin, it might have been thought it had been
only eight months instead of forty-eight years. After some
time passed in impressive silence, as we looked down into
tomb, and thought of the long and useful life of the vene
evangelist, and the contrast between the contents of that c
and the glorified and blissful spirit before the throne, we
down around it and thanked God for His grace manifeste
the life and labours of His servant, and prayed for help to c
on the same work for the same Master with renewed zeal.
the coffin was lifted and placed in the hearse which was wa
behind the chapel, in what was formerly the yard in which
Mr. Hill's stable and coach-house. About fifty persons foll
the hearse on foot through the "New Cut," to Christ Ch
about half a mile distant. At the early hour of half-past
there were few persons stirring, and no public attention
excited. This was in accordance with the terms of the sp
license, which prescribed that the transfer must be made "
in the morning." On arriving at the principal entrance of
church, the body was carried up the central aisle and depo
near the pulpit. A simple prayer-meeting was then held.
sang the old favourite hymns, "Give me the wings of fait

rise," and "There is a house not made with hands." Prayer was offered by several, and Mr. Hall read from the pulpit a prayer of Rowland Hill's. Then the coffin was borne back along the central aisle and deposited in its grave, where Mr. Hall delivered a brief address, and read a selection from the Burial Service of the Church of England. Many of the company remained while the coffin, according to the instructions in the license, was entirely embedded in cement and the grave filled in. Over the grave is placed the black marble slab, which can be seen by the public through the gate of open ironwork. On the adjacent wall is affixed the memorial tablet with bust of Rowland Hill, which formerly appeared above the pulpit of Surrey Chapel.

J. BRANWHITE FRENCH.

HANNAH AND PENINNAH.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS AT A MOTHERS' MEETING.

(1 SAMUEL i.)

ABOUT two months ago, when I was in Egypt, I remember seeing a man standing outside a pretty, modern house, not at all like the usual Egyptian dwellings; and on asking my donkey-driver 'Who is that?' he said, 'Him the telegraph Mr.' (telegraph clerk). 'Him big gentleman; got fine hosise; got two wifes, lady.' The reply startled me, and I confess I looked with a shudder at a man who had 'two wifes.' We often asked our donkey-drivers whether any of them had more than one wife, and the reply generally was, 'No, lady, Hassan (or Achmed) too poor to keep two wifes; him have no money.' Our dragoman, a most intelligent Mahometan, who spoke English well and fluently, used to say, 'Mahomet, our prophet, would not let any man have a second wife, unless he could make her quite as comfortable as the first; so that is our law. If a man can keep two quite as well as one, he may have two, or even three, or four, but not more, and they must be all equal.' He had but one himself, because, as he said, he 'could not afford more.' I had never before come in contact with people who practised polygamy, and I could not but shrink from them with something of disgust. My thoughts turned to some of the Bible stories of those old patriarchs who had two or more wives, and I remembered how in almost every case in multiplying wives they multiplied sorrows. Elkanah found this true, no doubt, for it seems as if Peninnah had been a woman of a masterful

spirit, and his home cannot have been a scene of domestic pe
when the two women were continually carrying on a war
words. Hannah's position was most pitiable. Disappointed
find herself a childless wife, she had for some years perhaps
comfort of knowing that she shared with none her husbar
love—he at least is all her own. Elkanah seems also to h
felt bitter disappointment that his home was unblessed w
children, and that there would be none to carry on his na
In accordance with the customs of his age and country,
takes home another wife, and has the desire of his heart
seeing sons and daughters round his table. Blessings which
impatiently snatch for ourselves, as it were, from the hand
Providence are seldom an unmixed good, and many a man
been beaten with rods of his own making. Abraham found
so when, impatient of the long delay in the fulfilment of
promise, he took Hagar as a secondary wife, by Sarah's desi
and so opened the door for strife and jealousy in his o
peaceful home. Peninnah's conduct in vexing Hannah
cruel and shameful at any time, but most of all when they we
to the house of God together. Surely there she might have
her alone, and not have gloried over her in public and added
Hannah's secret grief the bitterness of dragging it into the lig
Quarrels are shameful and sinful at any time, even in the priva
of home; but those who give way to cruel and spiteful temp
when the eyes of strangers are upon them must be harden
indeed.

The worship of the Temple was associated in those days wi
social and family gatherings, and provision was made for t
children to share in the yearly feasts, and to learn from th
parents their meaning and purpose. Can we not, as paren
learn from this arrangement that it is our Father's will th
religious duties should be made attractive to the children,
that the Lord's Day and His house should be associated in th
minds from infancy with all that is brightest and happiest
earth. Hannah's sorrow finds vent in bitter tears, and she is
heart-stricken and wounded that she cannot eat. Like many a
other 'woman of a sorrowful spirit,' she could say, 'My tears ha
been my meat day and night.' The daintiest morsels are cut
for her, and Elkanah begs her to share the feast. The stalled
cannot tempt her whose heart is weary with the undeserv
taunts of her rival. Her husband has tried persuasion in va
and now he resorts to remonstrance—one might almost call it r
proof—saying, 'Hannah, why weepest thou? and why eatest th
not? and why is thy heart grieved? Am not I better to th
than ten sons?' Gentle, loving words, spoken wisely and we
Now, mark how Hannah took his reproof. She sees it is ju

and, yielding to his wish, she conquers herself and sits down to eat with the family. How few of us could have accepted in so humble a spirit a rebuke like this! Many would have turned round on the husband and said, 'Speak to Peninnah, not to me. *She* is the wrong-doer; I am but the sufferer.' Surely nothing but the grace of God in her heart could have enabled her to show such self-control. The compliance, too, was not merely temporary, to please her husband and avoid further rebuke; her whole conduct shows that she took her trouble aright. Doubtless she had often poured out her complaints to her husband, but now she thinks of a more excellent way—she will cry unto the Lord. Seeking a quiet spot where she may draw near unto God in His house, she forgets all around, as with tears and sighs she draws near unto Him Who is the hearer of prayer. 'Now Hannah, she spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard.' Daily reproaches had been heaped upon her for what was not her fault, and now another unjust charge is made against her by one who ought to have been the last to form so hasty a judgment. Eli had, perhaps, but too much reason to suspect drunkenness at these religious festivals, seeing that his own sons 'made themselves vile,' and that the Israelites were at this time much demoralized.

Hannah again shows a beautiful spirit in refuting Eli's charge of drunkenness. No taunt escapes her, but with womanly dignity she clears herself. She assures him that she had 'drunk no wine nor strong drink.' Her calmness under false accusation and suspicion doubtless arose in part from the fact that she had thus abstained, and had not gone into the presence of the Lord excited in any degree with strong drink.

No creature on earth is lower than a drunken woman, and Hannah's words, 'a daughter of Belial,' but too well describe such. In seeking a son from God, she vows that so far as she has control over the child, if he be given to her, he shall be a Nazarite from his birth—a total abstainer. Here is again an example for us. Let us see that our children do not learn from us to love that which may ruin them, body and soul. Hannah resolves that her hands shall be clean in this matter. Of her prayer and her vows I cannot now speak beyond alluding to one point—the calming influence of prayer upon her own mind. She took her burden to the throne of grace, and *she left it there.* How seldom can we do this! We pour out our petitions before the Lord and tell Him our griefs, and then we come away from His footstool as much bowed down as ever, because we have not faith enough to rest in His promise and take the comfort of it. Now 'Hannah went her way, and did eat, and her countenance was no more sad.' She rested in the assurance that the God of

Israel had heard her cry, and would either give her the de of her heart or grant her grace to do without it. If she faith which could so comfort her in her sorrow, how much m ought we to be able to rest in God, seeing that in the Gosp fuller light and richer promises we have a foundation for trust, deep and broad as eternity itself! If God heard answered her prayer for the gift of a son, how much more He hear us when our cry goes up for spiritual blessings! had no special promise to plead, no intercessor to carry her before the Majesty on high; we have great and precious promi and an Advocate before the throne. 'Let us therefore come bo unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and grace to help in time of need.'

ANNIE (MCALL) PHILP

TEMPER.

SUPPOSE, if you can, a man to be born *minus* a temper; furthermore suppose that it be obligatory upon him to ent kind of moral sale-room and buy one. Well, you say, he w have common sense enough to buy a good temper. Of cou certainly! but what a lot of queer articles in the temper lin would see ticketed up and flaunting about like the hang outside a second-hand shop! On the day of sale what odd would be put back again on the shelf and fetch nothing! H for instance, is—Lot 1. An awkward temper; Lot 2. An table temper; Lot 3. A snappish temper; Lot 4. A s temper; Lot 5. A hasty temper; Lot 6. A peppery tem Lot 7. A bitter temper. Now, it strikes me, that upon principle supposed to be embodied in the motto, *Similia sim bus curantur*, a woman who has a peppery husband ough once to purchase a peppery temper, and a man who has a s wife ought to buy a sulky temper. I am sorely afraid that investment would be too risky to tempt very many. In su case of moral homœopathy there would probably be very purchasers indeed. It might answer, but it might not; and t two obstinates would scarcely run comfortably together. I un stand comparatively little about such things, but I apprel you put a steady goer with a skittish horse, and one who p well at the collar with a perverse one. Does any reader t that I am treating human tempers too irreverently in t analogies? Well, it is a tender point, for, truth to tell, we all got a temper of some sort or other. The present long of fine weather makes this world brighter than it has bee late, but temper has far more to do with the happiness of

race than all the placid sunshine and the blue skies of the season. Now, what's *my* temper? There's the rub. Of course I do not mean when your corns are accidentally trodden upon; but in ordinary life. Believe me, the happiness of those connected with you depends more upon your temper than your position in society, your education, or anything else. What's that you've got in your hand as you leave the City to-night? It smells nice; it is a pineapple you are taking home. That is all right enough; but it is of little use laying that on the table, unless you who sit in state in front of it carry there with you to the home-table a genial, cheerful, gladdening temper; that is sweeter and more refreshing than the very best fruit in all the world. Tempers vary so. Poor old Weller thought omnibuses were the things that went up and down in the City. We know better. It was Consols that Pickwickian history tells us. For my part, I think it was *tempers*. How difficult it is to keep an even, steady, happy temper! Look at people in the cars. Take the last seat. Thank you; I'd rather not! But somehow on a wet evening you are often obliged to. Now, why cannot a little room be made graciously and unselfishly? whereas one smiles bitterly, as if you had done him a personal injury; and another looks as much as to say, 'Bother you!' I am afraid people lose their tempers, too, about very little things; and the worst feature of the case in such a matter is, that when you lose it—like dropping sixpence in an omnibus—it is easily done, but it takes a long time to find it again. All the 'lots' I mentioned at the beginning of this paper are, doubtless, 'unsaleable' ones; but I suppose we shall all agree that if each were obliged to take a lot in turn, the sulky lot would be left last. There is nothing that ruins digestion—your own, and other people's too—like sulks. I have heard of cowardly and sulky sort of men who have not spoken to wife or children, save in grunts, for nearly a week. The pity is, when all this is indulged under the guise of a Christian profession. Only fancy what outsiders must think of these two blended in one—sanctity and sulks! Why, a quick, fiery dash of hasty temper—unpleasant as it is for the time—must be happiness itself to the long dreary monotony of life with the sulkies. Some men's tempers are like Minie rifles—pop, pop, pop—off they go! Never mind; this sort do very little harm, you are inclined to say! True; but it is a nerve-shaking sort of noise, and, on the whole, you are better far without it. If I know anything of Christianity, it inculcates virtues and restraints which cure the worst temper. Patience is one of the passive virtues of the Gospel; that cures hastiness. Consideration for others is one of its commands; that cures the selfishness of a temper that wants to be

attended to in a minute. Forbearance is one of its less
and that cures the temper which can put up with very l
wrong in another; and, above all, love is its greatest gi
one which seeks to overcome in itself that which hurts
feelings or hinders the happiness of another. I have very l
faith in that man's religion who does not grow in victory
his temper. To live in the indulgence of that, affords
clearest possible proof that there has been no deep realizatio
the words, 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny him
and take up his cross, and follow Me.' Depend upon it, the
who gives up the indulgence of his temper denies himself
often as much as the man who gives up his time or his
My critical friend may tell me that it is well sometimes t
angry; that it is the sign of a weak nature to be too ami
and acquiescent; that there is a just anger—a holy sens
indignation. Very true. I do not think that this same s
of anger wants much cultivation, though, except in a small
of very lazy, amiable, indifferent beings who don't even lik
be disturbed into a temper. It is true enough that it woul
better for their moral constitution had they a vigorous sen
wrong and some sentiment of anger at evil. Admitting
exceptions of this sort, I suppose that we are on safe gr
concerning the subject of tempers in general, and that i
could let the whole brood of bad ones fly away with
swallows next autumn, it might be worse for some other s
but would certainly be better for our own. Once over the
and far away, who would wish them back again? Some pe
carry their tempers much as sportsmen carry guns—at
cock, always ready to fire off. You are never quite su
them, and you have to watch their countenances to see if
are keeping all right. By-the-bye, concerning this watc
human faces, have you never seen gentle-spirited wo
speaking with a kind of apologetic tone, and watching
bearish being who snaps them up, with a meek and questio
upturning of the face to know if they have said their little sa
right? There are some such men in the world who worry
wives into their graves by an overbearing and irritable temp
ment, who talk afterwards of their dear sainted ones, and
write for three succeeding months upon paper an inch a
half in black all round, until somebody else soon succeed
the snappings and snubbings of their ungoverned tempers.

One of the surest proofs that we are true disciples of Chr
the growth in us of the mind which was in Christ Jesus.
image left us in the Gospel histories of Jesus is of One Who
meek and lowly of heart. The beauty of the Lord our God
be upon us if we be His disciples in deed and in truth.

Some people are so superficial in their estimates of character as to think that where such gentleness exists, there will be little power of character. This is an egregious blunder; the greatest forces of nature, such as the dew and the light, are silent, but they are very strong; and so the greatest natures are often the gentlest of all.

In respect, however, to tempers, crooked or cantankerous, hasty or heavy, let me say, that we can do, in this world, with just as little of them as possible. If this paper has touched upon any one of our own weaknesses, I can but hope that, as in the last chapter of the 'Christmas Carol,' where Scrooge wakes to the consciousness that the world is before him to do better in, we too, frail and faulty as we are, may realize the meaning of the words, 'Yes—and the bedpost was his own—the bed was his own—the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, *the time before him was his own, to make amends in.*'

SERMONETTES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Read Matthew iv. 18-25.

THE beautiful lake of Galilee and its lovely shores are almost deserted as the traveller visits them in the present day, but in days of old many fishing boats could be seen gliding along its placid bosom. In one of those boats two brothers were busily engaged one day in casting their nets into the sea, just commencing their day's fishing, when they saw a stranger walking on the shore not far from them, who, when he came opposite, called them to follow him. They immediately pulled the boat ashore, left it and the nets, and began to follow this stranger. Perhaps you are ready to say, 'They were very hasty, if not right-down silly; we would not have gone after a person we had never seen before, at all events not without asking him where he was going, and what he wanted us to do for him if we did follow? But we know not how the brothers felt when the command came. Perhaps they saw such deep love and sympathy beaming in the face, and felt such authority in the tones of His voice penetrating their hearts, that they could not resist this power which caused them to forget everything in their eagerness to follow Him Whom they afterwards found out to be their Saviour.

I know that you little folks are very quick, and find great pleasure sometimes in criticizing addresses, and pulling them to pieces if you can. Though you are too polite to speak openly against the selection I have made of a text, still you whisper to

yourselves, 'Those fishermen were grown-up, big, sturdy fell who would be able to do some real work for Christ when t came to understand something about it; so there was s reason for calling them to follow Him. But we are only l children, and not able to do anything which is of real valu His sight. Perhaps He will call us also when we are big then we shall know how to speak of Him to others; it is su grand thing to be preachers of the Gospel—so brave and he to be missionaries to the heathen; but we must wait some y yet.' The Lord wants you to grow up in His fear and in service, never to leave His vineyard, but to engage with all y heart in performing the small duties devolving upon you n and when you are older more important things will be gi you to do. You have read of that little boy who lived in of the most beautiful houses ever built; he heard some one c ing him one night after he had retired to rest, so he ran to master, thinking it was he who had called. Three times heard this call. At last his master was certain it was the L Who was calling the lad. Samuel was not too young to called, and not too young to do an important work for his C Neither are you, because the Saviour has said that the kingd of God belongs to children; if so, they are able to accomp something for that kingdom, inasmuch as all the subjects endeavouring to be like the King Who is working incessan day and night.

Is there not another objection suggesting itself to your mi somewhat like this: 'Well, there is no voice to be heard to- such as the fishermen and Samuel heard; if we heard a v from heaven, that would settle the question at once?' Are quite sure that there is no voice from heaven heard to-d You heard the scream of the little beggar-boy who came to back door of your house yesterday; you knew at once tha had gone too near the watch-dog; you ran to his assistance, sent the dog back to the kennel. Did you recognise the voic Christ in that call for help? He was calling you to follow H inasmuch as He is still going about seeking the lost and reliev men of their pain. So great is His love, that no cry for h will fail to reach His ears; you were listening to His voice endeavouring to imitate Him when you went to the aid of t poor lad. As to the great and important works you think much of, Christ does not expect you to do them as yet, but y small service is as important in His sight as those things wh men call great. When we come to think of it, it is wonde the many ways in which children are serving Christ and adva ing His kingdom. You remember the time when your si was thrown out of the trap, and carried home unconscious;

a fortnight the doctor did not give much hope of her recovery; when she got over the first shock to her system she was very weak, and in great pain for weeks. How very quiet you all were during that time! if one of you forgot himself so far as to laugh aloud, or jump in the house, a finger pointed towards the sick-chamber was sufficient to check his exuberant spirits. You never thought that you loved her so much till then. She was only a passive sufferer, she did nothing but receive the loving help and attention of all the family. True, but the quiet, uncomplaining way she bore her pain created a desire in your heart to be a hero, to endure whatever may come to meet you without murmuring. In fact she was doing a noble work for Christ all the time she was so helpless, inasmuch as she was drawing forth and strengthening the love of her relatives and friends; she was helping you to develop the spirit of self-denial without which no one can follow the Lord Jesus. I leave you to think for yourselves of the many ways in which you can follow Christ, such as gentle treatment of animals, kindness to the poor, and loving obedience to your parents. The other day your big brother called you to his work-room, where he was engaged in making a lathe for himself, and asked you to help him; you knew that he could do the work himself, but you thought it was so kind of him to ask you to do it. Is it not kind of our exalted Brother in heaven to ask us little ones (we are all little compared with Him) to help Him to carry on His great work on the earth? When we think of work in that way it is not a drudgery; our relationship to Christ throws such a halo of glory over all duties, that we ought to feel the greatest pleasure in performing them. Let us follow Him in the little as well as in the great things of life.

JENKIN JONES.

PRAYER, THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE IN TROUBLE.—Prayer is the saint's exercise-field where his graces are breathed; it is as the wind to the air, it brightens the soul, as bellows to the fire which clears the coal of those ashes that smother it. The Christian, while in this world, lives in an unwholesome climate: one, while the delights of it deaden and dull his love to Christ; another, while the trouble he meets in it damps his faith in the promise. So that the Christian should away to prayer, and breathe an atmosphere of true faith and waiting upon God.—*W. Gurnall.*

SALVATION AND SUBMISSION.—Our complete subjection to the will of Christ is our salvation. The discordant elements of our nature, which are the chief occasion of our misery, our unruly passions, cannot be rendered harmonious except by being brought under His control. Gusts of passion will sweep through the soul, and anger rise in tumultuous waves, and clouds of fear and remorse darken it until the Master appears and speaks with authoritative voice, and black clouds are dispersed; because His presence makes the darkness light, and His voice to the unruly elements says, 'Peace be still.'—*W. Landels.*

IN MEMORIAM—THE REV. AARON FRAN

In the April number of the *Evangelical Magazine* referenc made to the death of the oldest Congregational minist England. We have now to refer to the oldest English Co gational minister in Wales—the Rev. Aaron Francis of who, not long since, fell on sleep, and was gathered unto his fat

Mr. Francis was a native of Llanrhaidr-yn-Mochnant, M gomeryshire. He was born in 1812, and thus had passed than the allotted threescore and ten years of life when its s came. He studied at Hackney College, and was ordaine 1840, as pastor of the English Church at Newtown in his n county. Recently, the writer met Mr. John Phillips, of town, who corresponded with Mr. Francis when he wa college, and who assured him that his brief ministry was a successful one, and his name is honoured in that town to day. In 1844 he removed to Ruthin in Denbighshire, in 1848 to Wrexham in the same county. Five years late state of his health compelled him to leave for Rhyl, wher nearly thirty years, he proved to be a faithful minister of Christ's New Testament.

Shortly after his settlement at Rhyl, English services commenced in the Welsh Chapel; but, as so many other have since shown, it was not well to have services conducte two languages in one building, and so Mr. Francis, with a handful of friends, withdrew, and formed an English Ch This was, in fact, the first of the series of English Congregat Churches which have since been formed in such favo watering-places of North Wales as Bangor, Llandudno, Abe Penmaenmawr, and Colwyn Bay. When seven years ago Union was formed in Chester, which has since done so muc English Congregationalism in North Wales, Mr. Francis t himself heartily into it, and by his presence and voice, in p and on platform, laboured on its behalf. The present condi under which English services are held in Wales are often couraging, but they are trifling compared with those with w Mr. Francis had to contend thirty years ago.

His ministry in Rhyl was not, however, marked by special features. Year by year his quiet influence grew good; and when the end came, remarkable evidence was g of the respect in which he was held. Men from whom differed widely, both on ecclesiastical and political mat forgot their differences, and at his grave united with those whom he had been most closely associated, in a loving tri to his memory.

Mr. Francis preached for the last time in October, at Rhyl. The approaching end cast its dark shadow beforehand. On that Sabbath morn, he spoke from the words of Christ, 'Whither I go thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow Me afterwards.' At even, 'Peace be unto you,' was the no less striking text. When the services of the day were over, he told a friend that his life work was done.

Sickness, extending over some weeks, followed. As the end drew nigh, visions of the goal became clearer and clearer, and on December 8th he saw the hand beckoning which others could not see, and heard the voice calling which others could not hear. So he passed to the higher ministry of the skies. One who, for upwards of forty years, knew Mr. Francis more or less intimately, says, 'the burden of his preaching was "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Though a man of deep convictions, and most tenacious of them, he could in love bear with those who differed from him. He was a firm Nonconformist, but could from the heart wish God speed to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. To strangers he would at times seem distant and unsympathetic, but not a tenderer heart beat in the bosom of anyone than his.'

One after another the older men are leaving us. The places they filled so well, the work they carried on so bravely, demand other workmen not less brave and true. The want of the age is men—

> 'Large-hearted manly men,
> Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
> The psalm of labour and the song of love.'

May the Lord of the harvest send many such into the world's harvest-fields!

D. Burford Hooke.

The blessings which are most needful for us are such as only God can give; blessings of which the treasure lies within the light inaccessible, and of which Omnipotence alone preserves the key. That almighty hand prayer moves. That incommunicable key prayer turns.—*J. Hamilton.*

Christian's Inheritance.—A Christian sometimes possesses nothing or next to nothing of this world's goods, yet is heir-apparent of heaven, co-heir with Jesus Christ, Who is heir of all things, and has an infinite mass of riches laid up, O Christian! so great and infinite that all the stars of heaven are too few to account it by. You have no reason to complain of being kept short, for all that God hath is yours; whether prosperity or adversity, life or death, all is yours. What God gives you is for your comfort, what He denies or takes away is for your trial; it is for the increase of those graces which are far more precious than any temporal enjoyment.—*E. Hopkins.*

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Our lot is cast in gentler times than that of our fathers. indictments are preferred against us now for 'devilish and nicious abstinence from church-going.' Felons are not no loose in honour of a monarch's coronation, while men of Go hailed to closer durance. Phœnix-like, out of the ashes o martyr-fires arose religious freedom. The flames of out persecution have well-nigh forgotten to burn. And yet offence of the cross has not ceased. The profession of Gospel does not always bring peace, but a sword. Troub yet the heritage 'of all that will live godly in Christ Jesus,' there is strong need in all of us for the exhibition of the element in a confessor's character—nobleness of relig decision. We must have convictions of duty wrough strongly into our souls, that neither opposition nor difficulty even disaster, shall make us falter in the course which we intelligently chosen. For lack of these sincere and abiding victions, many have erred from the faith, and have manif an instability of character that is truly deplorable. Many y men have run well for a season—have formed large pla usefulness, and have been full of promise in all that was of report and lovely; but a fatal indecision has blighted promise, and rendered the plans abortive; and their course reminded us of Emerson's ludicrous account of the Ame roads—starting fair and stately, between avenues of branc pines, but narrowing gradually as they proceed, and at ending in a squirrel-track, and running up a tree. It ma questioned, indeed, whether any of us, in this matter, app mate to the standard. Let us ask ourselves, if we had live the days of the Master, should 'we have left all and foll Him'? As we looked at Him in the garb of a peasant, a Nazarene, of ignoble origin and vagrant life, opposed b recognised authorities, calm in His single-handed strength, against the world, shocking every ancient prejudice, and nouncing the doom of a ritual, gorgeous in its ceremonial, enfibred, by the ties of ages, round the hearts of men, should we have thought of such a questionable man? Sh we have dared to have come to Him, even by night, while li much less to have gone boldly and begged His body when d Should we have foregone, for His sake, the chief seat of s gogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts, and for the plea of His Divine discourse, and for the hopes immortal but un have cast ourselves on His fidelity, even for daily bread? us look into the glass of our own consciousness, that we m humbled and reproved. And, in the present, with the lig

is teaching and of His example, how are we living? Would please us that the hidden man of the heart should be unveiled our neighbour's scrutiny? Do we the right always, because is the right, without thought of profit, and at the sure risk of ? Do we rejoice to be brought in contact with *a man*, that may put our own manhood to the proof? Can we resolve to rk ever for the good of this bad world, not bating from weari-ss, nor deterred by ingratitude, nor palsied with fear? Dare speak honestly and act bravely, though loss and shame uld follow speech and deed? Is there in us no division of ivity against itself; are our thought and action mutually resentative of each other? In one word, are we sincere? we serve one Master—with no reserve of our endowments, h every fragment of our influence—at every moment of our e? Oh, let us search our hearts on this matter! There is a at deal more of this sincere and decisive godliness wanted in world, and you are to furnish it. I assume, of course, that are decided for God; that the great change has taken place you, and that you are walking in the fear of the Lord, and in comfort of the Holy Ghost. If it be not so with you, seek t, for yourselves, the kingdom of God. It will be a terrible ng if the 'Perdidi diem' of the regretful Roman should deepen o a 'Perdidi vitam' for you; if your life be but an accumula-n of remorseful memories; or if there be one torturing thought unforgiven sin, which, like Poe's raven,

> 'Never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
> n the pallid bust of Pallas, just above your chamber door,
> nd its eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
> nd the lamp-light o'er it streaming throws its shadow on the floor;
> nd your soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
> Shall be lifted, nevermore.'

t I rejoice to know that many of you are already the Lord's, ing in the conscious enjoyment of religion, and anxious to ke the world the better for your presence. To you we make r appeal. Of you—the Christian young men of London—of e United Kingdom, rather—it is asked that you cast out of urselves the false, and the selfish, and the defiling, and that u be sincere workers for the glory of God, and for the benefit men. We ask it in the name of Truth, that you may man her lwarks and tell her to the generation following. We ask it in e name of Christianity, that you may join her in her brave ttle with world, and flesh, and devil. We ask it in the name Society, that she may not be convulsed by the crimes of the wless, nor by the frenzy of the despairing. We ask it in the me of our common Country, bewildered as she is by the rdens which oppress her, and distracted as she is by the con-

tentions of her children. We ask it in the name of Humanity, struggling to deliver herself from a thousand wrongs. We ask it the name of multitudes, sharing your own manhood, who are passing down to darkness, wailing as they go—'No man hath cared for my soul.' We ask it in the name of the Redeemer, Who has shed for you His own most precious blood, and Who waits, expecting, to see of the travail of His soul.

Delay not, I charge you, to obey the summons. Never heed the opposition with which you may have to contend. The joy of conquest is richer than the joy of heritage. Remember that every promise to the Apocalyptic churches is 'To him that overcometh.' If at any time your purpose falter or your courage fail, hie you to the Interpreter's house for comfort. Gaze again upon that sight inspiring, which made Christian eager for his perilous journey. Look at that 'stately palace, beautiful to behold. See the men in golden garments on the top. Mark the cravens crouching at the gate below. See the scribe at the table, with the book and the ink-horn before him. Take the measure of the men in armour who keep the doorway from the enterers in. Watch the man of stout countenance, girt with sword and helmet for the battle: see him as he maintains the fearful strife, and wounded, but unyielding, cuts his way to victory: listen to the pleasant voice which heartens the champion into hope and valour—

> 'Come in! come in!
> Eternal glory thou shalt win.'

That vision is for you. Your names are in the muster-roll. Your path to the house of many mansions is beset by strong men armed. Quit yourselves like men. Take to yourselves the whole armour of God, and then press forward manfully for ever. Every conflict brings you nearer to the recompense. Already the harp-songs of the cloud of witnesses encourage you. A soft accompaniment floats down to each of you, for your own ear and heart alone—the gentle cheering, wafted from on high, of the mother who nursed your infancy, or the father 'whose knee you clomb, the envied kiss to share.' Above, all, His voice Whose will is duty, and Whose smile is heaven, speaks to you from His highest throne—'Fight, I'll help thee; conquer, I'll crown thee.'

I cannot bid you farewell without expressing my gratification in being permitted, however imperfectly, to address you, and my best wishes for the Association to which most of you belong. I rejoice to hail this and kindred societies as preparing us for that diviner future which shall yet burst on this ransomed world. Wearily have the years passed, I know: wearily to the pale watcher on the hill who has been so long gazing for the daybreak; wearily to the anxious multitudes who have been waiting for His

tidings below. Often has the cry gone up through the darkness, 'Watcher, what of the night?' and often has the disappointing answer come, 'It is night still; here the stars are clear above me, but they shine afar, and yonder the clouds lower heavily, and the sad night-winds blow.' But the time shall come, and perhaps sooner than we look for it, when the countenance of that pale watcher shall gather into intenser expectancy, and when the challenge shall be given, with the hopefulness of a nearer vision, 'Watcher, what of the night?' and the answer comes, 'The darkness is not so dense as it was; there are faint streaks on the horizon's verge; mist is in the valleys, but there is a radiance on the distant hill. It comes nearer—that promise of the day. The clouds roll rapidly away, and they are fringed with amber and gold. It is, it is the blest sunlight that I feel around me—MORNING!'

IT IS MORNING!

And, in the light of that morning, thousands of earnest eyes flash with renewed brightness, for they have longed for the coming of the day. And, in the light of that morning, things that nestle in dust and darkness cower and flee away. Morning for the toil-worn artisan! for oppression, and avarice, and gaunt famine, and poverty are gone, and there is social night no more. Morning for the meek-eyed student! for scowling doubt has fled, and sophistry is silenced, and the clouds of error are lifted from the fair face of Truth for aye, and there is intellectual night no more. Morning for the lover of man, for wrongs are redressed, and contradictions harmonized, and problems solved, and men summer in perpetual brotherhood, and there is moral night no more! Morning for the lover of God, for the last infidel voice is hushed, and the last cruelty of superstition perpetrated, and the last sinner lays his weapons down, and Christ the crucified becomes Christ the crowned! Morning! Hark how the earth rejoices in it, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky—'Sing with us, ye heavens! The morning cometh, the darkness is past, the shadows flee away, the true light shineth now.' Morning! Hark how the sympathic heavens reply, 'Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended!'

IT IS MORNING!

'The planet now doth, like a garment, wear the beauty of the morning.' And the light climbeth onward, and upward, for there is a sacred noon beyond. That noon is HEAVEN.

'AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.'

THE LATE REV. DR. PUNSHON.

THE GOLDEN GIFT.

THOUGH upon the Eden story
  Fell the curse, the fatal blight,
And its green and golden glory
  Soon was quenched in sombre night,
Yet in mercy sprang the flowers
  To enwreath the brow of care,
To illume the darkened hours
  With their rays so pure and fair.
    God's golden gift of flowers,
    From the bright celestial bowers,
    To this weary world of ours,
      Tender messages of love.

Though sin's fitful, fatal madness,
  Jarred the music of the spheres,
And the long wild wail of sadness
  Echoes still in sighs and tears,
Yet amid the desolation
  Strewn athwart the Eden bowers,
Comes the joyous consolation,
  Loving legacy of flowers.

Oh! 'twere sad if rocks and mountains
  Wore no flower-woven veils,
If no violets fringed the fountains,
  And no daisies decked the dales;
If no creeping ivy, clinging,
  Clad earth's wrecks in raiment fair,
If no children's happy singing
  Broke man's sullen, silent care.

G. H. G.

MURMURING AGAINST GOD IS FOOLISH.—I have read of Cæsar, t
having prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends, it so fell
that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be d
to the honour of the meeting; whereupon he was so displeased and
raged that he commanded all them that had bows to shoot up t
arrows to Jupiter, their chief god, as in defiance of him for that ra
weather; which, when they did, their arrows fell short of the heav
and fell upon their own heads, so that many of them were sorely wound
So all our murmurings, which are so many arrows shot at God Hims
will return upon our own pates—hearts; they reach not Him,
they will wound us. Therefore it is better for us to be mute than
murmur, for it is dangerous to provoke 'a consuming fire.'—*T. Full*

IUMOUR IN GRAPHIC ART: RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

I.

FEW years ago a friend of mine in America, a journalist who had en associated with the great and eccentric Horace Greeley on e *New York Tribune*, on giving me a last word about certain erary work I had undertaken in London for the newspaper th which he was connected, said: 'Always write with a smile your face.'

That is a text on which one might write essays on questions ial and religious, as well as literary and artistic, and is one on ich it is purposed to say a word or two here *apropos* of mour in relation to certain recent art productions.

But to leave personal illustration for a moment and to fall o the easy literary vice of quotation, we may further elucidate r introduction by citing a passage by La Bruyère, which George iot made the text of the essay on 'Debasing the Moral rrency,' in 'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such.' The otation has the charm of being apt, and the further advantage being read through the glamour of the unfamiliarity which aches to a foreign tongue—a glamour which, as George Eliot ys, confers a dignity on the names of very common things. ter saying that it is to corrupt taste to import the ludicrous o topics where the interest is of a different kind, La Bruyère id: 'Mais le ridicule qui est quelque part, il faut l'y voir, l'en er avec grâce et d'une manière qui plaise et qui instruise;' or render it in prosaic English, understandable of all—'But the dicrous which is somewhere one' (that is the author or artist), e must see, and then develop it with grace, and in a fashion please and to inform.'

Now Mr. Randolph Caldecott is an artist who obviously ways works with a smile on his face, is quick to see the morous side of things, and, seeing, unfolds it to others grace- lly and in a fashion to please and to—aye, to instruct too. A od artist cannot be a bad moralist.

Mr. Caldecott's latest efforts are some of 'Æsop's Fables, with odern Instances,' being the universally familiar fables of the cient Greek wise man, with modern instances of a highly cetious sort; and 'How Tankerville Smith took a Country ottage,' contained in the summer number of the *Graphic*. This tter, though a trifle, manifests some of the artist's most iginal and happy characteristics, and I intend returning to it a moment for purposes of illustration. Meanwhile it may be

observed that these appeal to a constituency of adults—p truly who in literature and art, as well as in the spirit-life, certainly the simplicity, innocence and sweet keen enjoym life which appertains to little folk, but grown-up people al same exclusively. But his earlier reputation was rear illustrated books which affected to be prepared especiall children. Such were 'Sing a Song of Sixpence,' 'The Dog,' 'Three Jovial Huntsmen,' 'The Queen of Hearts,' ' Gilpin,' 'The Farmer's Boy,' 'The Babes in the Wood,' and House that Jack Built.'

And certainly they appealed, in their drollery and fun, to little people. In many a home the burden

> 'They hunted, an' they hollo'd, and the next thing they did find
> Was two young lovers in a lane, an' these they left behind;
> Look ye there!'

is being trolled by voices which scarcely articulate perfectly. like other ostensible children's books of recent years—I Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland,' and 'Alice in the Looking-g with their exquisite illustrations by Mr. Tenniel, are cas point—they appeal equally at least, and perhaps in a greater degree, to persons of larger growth. The scene in ' a Song of Sixpence,' for instance, of the maidens tri excitedly, hastily, and yet with exceeding nervous defere trepidation into the dainty presence of the Queen, who is 'e bread and honey,' eager to convey the ill news of that which befallen the maid who had been engaged in the domestic useful service of hanging out the clothes; and the correspon incident where the men-servants, including the puffy and co lent butler, are speeding, timorous and obsequious, but e with the same ill news, to an audience with the august pote who is 'counting out his money'—a miserly trait sca worthy of so high a functionary—are of a quality, artistic intellectual, so high that only culture may fully realize though it still remains that their prettiness, vivacity, and co ality appeal readily to the vivid imagination of babyhood, its quick activities of vision and of appreciation. The point, however, to be noted in all Mr. Caldecott's works, whe ostensibly designed for adults or children, is their manifest of the smiling face of the artist behind them; and in inci character, and deportment an unfolding of the humour w belongs to them. Out of the funniness which he sees in qu manners and eccentric character he evolves ludicrous pict graceful, amusing, and not uninstructive—pictures which raised him to the highest place among artists in his speciality; and will probably render his name immortal as

:he few men who have determined the direction in which the rature and art of the future England shall flow.

'his good, quaint, and most modest of humourists is generally posed to be 'a Manchester man;' but Cottonopolis, while it have nourished him and gazed wonderingly over his shoulder he first efforts of genius as he dabbled in art on the back of ice-notes, on blotting-paper, and on old scraps of stationery in reach of his high stool at the Manchester and Salford k in Mosley Street, cannot claim the honour of his nativity. Chester, the quaint old walled city of the Dee, fit early ming-place of a lad who in after-days was to add the charm nniness to the archaicism everywhere discernible in this old land of ours, belongs that honour; it was at the King's ol, an ancient foundation of that city, that he was educated; it was in rural Cheshire, and over the county border, in vicinity of Ellesmere and Whitchurch, that he passed the essionable period of boyhood, and gathered the landscape s with which his works generally are adorned—landscapes h, like his characters and incidents, evince the seeing eye the humorous touch which La Bruyère eloquently deside- in the passage we have quoted.

aving feudal Chester and the richly pastoral Brownlow try-side, the youth removed to Manchester in 1867, where osley Street—thoroughfare of huge warehouses, the palaces ommercial princes—he filled a situation, as already hinted, e Manchester and Salford Bank. There he remained for years, a period during which he manifested, in a boyish way, aste and skill which have since made his name illustrious. eft Manchester in 1872 to pursue his art studies in London; ne had already become a contributor to periodical publica- . It was while in Manchester that he made his first public arance in certain original drawings contributed to *Will of Wisp*, a purely local *Charivari*, which died in earliest ncy; and then to a similar, and similarly short-lived publi- n, entitled *The Lance*. In these modest journals of a incial city were first manifested the qualities which marked as an artist certainly, but beyond all things a humourist of riginal, pure, and powerful quality.

eginning in the metropolis with *London Society*, his career recognised illustrator of ephemeral literature has been one success. And this is scarcely to be wondered at, for the ties and characteristics which distinguish him manifest nselves perhaps as forcibly in his latest production as in that r-to-be-excelled 'Two Poor Wanderin' Lunatics' of lovers The Three Jovial Hunters.' While in the bank in Manchester, e learn from those who were his associates, he was clearly

possessed of quite an original humour, keen but kindly; he artistic skill which enabled him at a moment's inspiratio depict some bright and funny incident of which his fellow-c were the subjects; then, as in the Whitchurch and Elles days of childhood, he showed himself to be an intelligent close observer of nature and of men and things; full of q wittiness, and that which is significantly called drynes expression, and withal of a genial disposition and a most m demeanour. These are great qualities, and great not only in present product, but also in the influence which they in and in men like him, will exert on the school of English a the days soon to come. We will see how those qualities— but kindly humour, artistic skill, powers of close observati nature, quick wittiness, geniality and modesty—are manife his almost latest publication, trifle though it be, 'How Ta ville Smith took a Country Cottage.' And then cast a tho along the vista of coming days, and see in the influence o smiling face, the seeing eye and the humorous expressi bright hope for pictorial art in the England of to-morrow.

The plot of 'Tankerville Smith,' if it may be called dignified a word, is told in a sentence. Bored at his cl town, he sees a *bijou* country residence advertised; goes to see it; reconnoitres; meets the old paterfamilias; is i duced to the tennis lawn; nice girls—one especially. Is sl over the house; goes down again and is shown the cou fishes in the mere; sees the society of the neighbourhood; round the fixtures; and, finally, addressing the old gentlema pointing to the nicest of those nice girls, says, 'If you'll leave as a fixture I'll take the place.' Not much in all that i scription, but a wonderful deal in pictorial representatio humour, accurate drawing, in slight but true and effective trayal of nature, in sweet geniality and modesty; and, to r to our text, a smiling and observant attitude towards na resulting in an unveiling of the pleasantly and virtuously crous side of humanity and things. Humour is, perhaps, manifest in the little character scrap, 'Looks round the fix but cannot back out now.' The half-serious but quite h face of Tankerville; the dubious half-irate expressio the old gentleman; the comicality of expression in pegs in the hat-rail—everyone different—is remarkable i sum of its humour and the slightness of its means. We referred to the childhood's days of Mr. Caldecott in Che and Shropshire. A reflex of the old days is seen in the s rural landscape, slight too, as is all his work, but true, no without a meaning, 'Approaches the Place.' For power of d ing, the picture in which he is shown over the country is

rthy in its force combined with simplicity. A few mere lines licate a great stretch of country; a touch or two, and a pine-nk or two, show the dry sandy soil which Tankerville kisses en pitched over the pony's head; while the artist's skill in ineating power with womanly gentleness is seen in the tiny re of the future Mrs. Tankerville on a sixteen-hands horse, ich she is restraining with a strong arm. For all the qualities ich will distinguish the English art of the future as we trust,—lesty, purity, and geniality—we commend the drawings in ch the young lady who has stolen Tankerville's heart appears. oung English girlish life sweet, pure, innocent, cheery, grace-and vivacious? Then all those qualities are manifest in this *aphic* number, as in all Mr. Caldecott's work. Are they not themselves 'the nice old-fashioned flowers' of English alry? What wonder then that Tankerville should bargain their embodiment remaining a fixture!

had intended saying more relative to the influence of the nour of Mr. Caldecott on the art future of this country, but space is gone, and I must be content to deal with him in relation in another article, in which I hope to notice the t excellences of an artist in terra-cotta, who also has the n vision, and is an unveiler of the humour which so abund-y prevails, and which is another light which God has put our lives.

SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

response to the request in our last that 150 *Evangelical gazines* for May, with Dr. Southon's likeness and memoir in night be circulated amongst our ministers, two of our leading tributors have generously responded; and before this reaches public eye, the publisher will have posted these copies to r ministers. We are very thankful for this mark of earnest rest in the *Evangelical.* Our work is hard uphill work. increase the circulation of a practically denominational gazine in this age of popular literature is, as we all know, a ghty task; but the kind inspiring words of my brethren ke it a work of joy to me. The circulation has been raised average of 500 per month, and steadily increases; but I had ed that this year we might be privileged to add another 500 our subscribers. What can be done? The publisher says t the summer months almost invariably show a loop-line of figure, or a 'descensus' of circulation in all magazines; , I am happy to say, is only slightly so with ourselves, and

already the July edition is nearly sold. With the energeti sympathy of ministers and deacons especially, I feel sure w might still press onward. I am continually hearing that ther is no future in this age for denominational magazines; but be remembered ours is not an entirely denominational magazin Before our Presbyterian friends had an organ of their own (course, the word 'organ' is only used in a literary sense), w had a good Scotch circulation, especially amongst our Unite Presbyterian friends. They now have a capital magazine their own—the *United Presbyterian*, and we wish it eve growing success. Still, however, we are privileged to have fair circulation in Scotland; and we should be very grateful our brethren across the Border, if they would say a kind wo for us, as our friend Mr. Cullen always has done. Let me ca attention to the fact that the day on which I write this h been our half-yearly Fund distribution day, and we have fo warded cheques for upwards of £400 to the widows of minister and in January we shall do the same! £800 per annum go direct to the widows of ministers, and many a widow's hea is thus made to sing for joy. Part of this large sum is raise from year to year by SACRAMENTAL COLLECTIONS. Some church send us the whole, and some half of a Communion Collectio but we are behindhand in this respect this year, and fear th we may not reach the average. Dear friends, pastors, a deacons of our church, you can come to our help and cheer in our work even now, *this year*, if you will but kindly send a contribution. If all, or even half of our churches sent something, from ten shillings to ten pounds, we should be ab immensely to increase the number of our gifts to the widows ministers. Bethink you what that means! We already help keep more than a hundred little homes together in Englan Scotland, and Wales; but alas! we have many cases, need cases, waiting for help. I could give a touching sketch of som cases aided by our funds! widows of some most honoure brethren are amongst the recipients. All is done quietly, an with delicate sympathy; but few amongst our readers have an idea how precious the aid afforded is; in many cases, it goes those who have been left wholly destitute. Mr. Viney, o esteemed treasurer, will gladly receive any collections or sub scriptions; and Mr. Mummery, whose address is 16, Christchurc Road, Hampstead, will forward all such sums to him, and giv any information to inquiring friends. Excuse the fervour this appeal, brethren. The editor can only do his best in competitive age to preserve and increase the power and influenc of a time-honoured magazine; but you can do much, ver much, to increase our circulation, and to aid our charitabl

s. The editor cannot close these remarks without express-
is sincere thanks to many friends who have recently written
spoken many kind words about the *Evangelical.*

B.—The reason why a sketch is not always appended to
ministerial photograph is to be found in the fact that the
ren themselves often feel great delicacy in being the
ect of comment, and greatly prefer to be known simply
igh their life and work.

ncerning Sacramental Collections, would not the September
munion, when many have returned from summer rest and
ay, be a good occasion for the kindly remembrance of
sters' widows?

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Anonymous Letters.

ER write one of these, even in what you may conceive to be a
cause, for the anonymous letter-writer belongs to one of the
est and most ignoble tribes of mankind; he sets at nought
distinct counsel of our Lord to go and tell his brother, which
personal duty and a manly act; and he sets at nought the
alry of religion. I cannot acknowledge the man who can
an anonymous letter as a Christian or a gentleman. I
ne his friendship—I dishonour his name. Open warfare is
The unmasked tournament has some courage, to say the
, in it. But who respects the Italian assassin, who masks
ace and strikes you with his stiletto in the dark? Public
ion ought long ago to have ostracized the man from decent
ty who is given to such ignominious and dishonourable
s! For, rest assured, he who is discovered in conduct so
en-hearted and cowardly, so injurious to the peace of society,
to the honour of humanity, will receive, as he deserves, the
empt of the noble, the resentment of the righteous, the
gnation of the fearless, and he will be consigned to a
entry from which it will take open confession, honest
iliation, and manly declaration that he will never, never, do
ean and wicked a thing again, to deliver him.

The Half-Inebriate.

here is nothing much more unpleasant than to travel with
have to listen to a man who is in a state of 'vinous loqua-

Slovenliness

Hinders progress, harbours dust, and destroys that love of o which is essential to true comfort. I do not know why ge and learning should be supposed to be above care for app ance? And yet there is still a great deal of 'uncombed erudit

Want of Punctuality.

No man, however great, has a right to waste the precious t of the poorest or humblest soul. Nothing would work a be reformation in some offenders in this respect, than to let the comers come in vain—find somebody else in the chair, or bank of opportunity closed.

Books and Umbrellas.

Why do people so seldom return these? From want thought? No; from want of conscience. *Verbum sap.*, et

Encouragement.

This is somewhat an age of ease, and therefore an ag criticism. No faculty is more easily worked than that; it w only the eye to see defects. To encourage by sympathetic f ing, appreciative counsel, and self-sacrificing co-operation, is nobler work.

Finish.

Let this reside in the subject and come naturally as the q crown of the work. A picture that has 'pit pat' on it a wards is a poor picture, and it is the same with a sern Finish is the perfection of ease, not the effort of toil.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I've been a-Gipsying. By George Smith, of Coalville. London Fisher Unwin, 1883.

This volume consists of a most interesting record of rambles an our gipsies and their children in their tents and lawns. It is oppo as the author says, 'to the example of daisy-bank, sentimental back gipsy-writers, whose special qualification is to flatter the gipsies shadows of misleading twaddle to keep them in ignorance,' and i earnest and honest endeavour to give 'both the lights and shades gipsy's wandering life.' There is much to awaken sadness at the m of such a life, much to awaken sympathy in the sorrows incidental t and much to awaken Christian endeavour to do some practical wo ameliorating their condition. and to improve their physical and m condition. The volume is well illustrated, and is graphically wri We heartily commend it to all true philanthropists and to all who to know the actual condition of our large gipsy population.

CHRISTOPHER CRAYON IN SCOTLAND. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet Street, E.C.

'The Cruise of the *Elena*' is the heading of this handy little volume. 'From Greenock to Ardrossan;' 'A Sunday at Oban;' 'Oban to Glencoe;' 'Off Mull;' 'Fast-day at Portree;' 'To Stornoway;' 'Kintyre and Campbeltown;' 'The Isle of Bute;' 'Up the Canals'—are the headings of the chapters. We cannot conceive a better handbook for such a cruise. It must have been a most delightful time to a London correspondent. Christopher Crayon had a pleasant voyage, and he writes in his usual popular and pleasant style descriptions which fill us with a desire to take the same cruise ourselves; we, alas! only lack the invitation thus to go a-yachting which he was fortunate enough to receive. It 'goes without saying' that all which Christopher Crayon writes is racily done; and from his long experience in this kind of writing, he knows how to keep his style free from wordiness and wadding. This is a capital shilling's worth.

THE CHURCH MEMBER: An Address to Young Communicants. London: Arthur Standing, 18, Paternoster Square.

In a little book of 32 pages, published for one penny, the Rev. J. Reid Howatt has produced a most useful and helpful guide to those young persons who wish to enter, and members just admitted into, our Christian Churches. So clearly, attractively, and impressively are these wise counsels given, that no young convert or young communicant can fail to derive very great help therefrom. Pastors and Bible-class teachers should see this manual.

ECHOES FROM THE WELSH HILLS. By REV. DAVID DAVIES. Illustrated by T. H. Thomson, R.C.A. Alexander and Shepheard, 26, Castle Street, Holborn, E.C.

We have here reminiscences of the preachers and people of Wales, and a most interesting volume Mr. Davies has produced. The author need scarcely tell us that he has 'an enthusiastic admiration of, and love for, his countrymen,' for this breathes forth on every page. He has 'illustrated in a popular form the religious and social life of the Welsh people, their generous hospitality, ardent loyalty, and patriotism, as well as the quaint humour, the poetic fancy, and real pathos of their religious teachers.' The conversations come up in 'Shadrach's Smithy; and David Lewis's Parlour,' and capital talk it all is. The illustrations of Welsh preaching constitute a most admirable addition to the volume. Visiting Wales as we have done lately summer after summer, we never tire of its sublime and beautiful scenery in vale and mountain, musical river, and seagirt shores, and we grow in admiration for the noble characteristics of a people who have been nurtured under the influence of such men as we read of in this volume. Nonconformity can point to the sobriety, self-culture, loyalty, and religion of the Welsh people. We thank God for what He has wrought through the Free Churches of the land. This is a capital volume for all who are taking holiday in Wales, and deserves a large circulation alike for its fine tone and its literary qualities.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

This indefatigable author pursues his masterly and massive work in the region of Scripture with praiseworthy fidelity. He treats the inspired Word in the light of modern discovery and knowledge, without sacrificing aught of the reverence due to the Word of God. He treats here of the time from Manasseh to Zedekiah, with the contemporary Prophets,

and tries to fulfil the glorious ideal of the late Dr. Arnold, 'O
true comprehensive popular handbook to the Bible, keeping bac
of the counsel of God, lowering no truth, chilling no lofty or s
sentiment, and yet neither silly, fanatical, nor sectarian.' The i
tions add great value to the work, which, when completed, will c
be the best modern handbook to study the Bible with for all ou r
and Sunday-schools.

MANAGERS' MEETING.

THE half-yearly meeting of the Managers of the *Evangelical M*
was held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wed
morning, July 11th, 1883; the Rev. J. VINEY, the treasurer, in th

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. AVELING, after which the r
of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The TREASURER presented his accounts, which had been duly a
and from which it was seen that an increase in the 'Widows' Fu
greatly needed to meet urgent and pressing claims from applicant
of whom were upwards of eighty years of age.

As the applicants were so numerous, the Rev. Dr. Aveling
quested to draw up an appeal to be extensively circulated, solicit
increased support of that *Fund* to which so many needy widov
earnestly looking for assistance.

The TREASURER stated that he had already received several s
Sacramental Collections, and expressed a very earnest wish that
number of our churches would adopt this ready way of enabli
managers to help all the widows still soliciting their aid.

Letters were read by the SECRETARY, which had come to hand,
ing in the most favourable terms of the manner in which the M
was being conducted by the esteemed Editor.

The Rev. Dr. EDMOND bore testimony to the value of the Ma
and said that he should shortly be paying a visit to Scotland, w
would gladly do all in his power to urge the increasing claims
Evangelical upon the notice of his Scotch brethren and friends, n
on account of its intrinsic excellence, but also because of the
affords to the widows of our deceased ministers.

The thanks of the meeting were given to the chairman for con
the business of the day, which was concluded with the benedictio

I. V

WIDOWS' FUND.

THE Managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* acknowledge, with
the following Sacramental Collections, etc., in aid of the 'W
Fund':

	£
Kensington, by Mr. H. Wright	10
Richmond, by Rev. G. S. Ingram	10
Highgate, by Mr. J. Clarke	9
Streatham Hill, by Mr. M. H. Hoare	5
Birkenhead, Oxton Road, by Mr. W. Marples	2
Wellingborough, by Mr. N. P. Sharman	1
Reynolds, Rev. Dr. (donation), Cheshunt College	1
Cockermouth, by Mr. J. Banks	1
Pheasants Hill, by Mr. Miles	1
Parker, Rev. Dr. J. (donation)	0
Sutton Vallance, by Rev. J. Birdseye	0

Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company 54, Cheapside

Yours very faithfully

W. M. Statham

Editor.

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

THE DIVINE YEA!

St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Corinthians, 'In Him was Yea.' Truly a marvellous utterance. For what the human heart needs—is Yes! It cries out to God in great agonies of desire and want, and can be at rest alone when its mysterious questions meet the answering Yea! Religion is not Imagination, it is Revelation.

Probably we have not really studied these words. They are full of deep meanings, which do not lie upon the surface. They contain Christ's revelation of all essential truth as a Teacher! Christ's own earthly life as the solution of a heavenly citizenship in an earthly world; and Christ's death as the answer to the question, Does man need a Saviour as well as a Teacher?

The Unknown God! was the best answer that Athens could give to the religious problems of that age. Philosophers had only got as far as the great No! They could reply that God was not—what the old altars of idolatry represented Him to be; for He could not be like that, fierce and vengeful, arbitrary and cruel—harassed in His Empire by tributary and subject gods. No! If there was a God He must be one whose Throne was higher than Olympus, whose Rulership was beneficent over all flesh, though humanity did not know His name. They had found out the No!

Christ came to be the supreme answer. To give absolute expression to the voice of the Father, and to give sublime representation of the very heart of God. He was Himself 'the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person.'

All is still incertitude outside the Christ. We shall find no rest for our weary hearts in this generation, unless His voice is as the voice of the Good Shepherd to us. In Him we shall find the peace we need, because of the Divine affirmations which come from His character and His Cross. 'In Him was Yea.'

There were false Conceptions concerning the Ch of God.

Man's thought of God rules all his other thoughts. key-note of all Theology. The true or false concep colours all our considerations of human life and dest ages the world had worshipped gods in conflict with e Goddesses whose ritual had made even vice a part o The Pagan deities at the best were coarse and hard They had become synonyms for arbitrary governn malignant despotism. The very altars were embodi contradictions, altars on the one hand of pity, an other of war! St. Paul, therefore, exclaimed on M 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto yo was their one excuse, Ignorance; and the Apostle away from their feet for ever.

The old questions recur once more with all the mig of the immortal heart. Is God willing to forgive? was Yea.' Is God the Father of men or a mere local p The answer of St. Paul was this, 'Greek and Jew, and free are all one in Christ Jesus.' 'In Him was YEA.' will amid all dark days of tribulation, a will to all go Son answers all vital questions in and through Himself come to do Thy will, O God.' Is God Himself in inw the type of all sacrifice as He is of all beauty? 'God 'The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.'

These inquiries are vital. They are not mere que intellectual curiosity, or Rabbinical casuistry. T moral questions, and lie at the basis of all religious worship.

Thus, if the lips of Christ are sealed concerning m curiosity might like to know, but that we do not *need* on the other hand His word is clear, unhesitating, vincing, concerning all that relates to salvation and et In these matters there is no hesitancy. As the Son one with the Father before all worlds, we know th True! He never waits to gather up an argument of re never dismisses the audience to summon them again to perfected answer, or the well-considered parable. He baffled by priestly irony! No! At once the Infinit Him gives back its vindication of supreme wisdom a ledge. On every page of the New Testament we fi amid enemies as well as friends, amid men of mental as well as of anxious hearts; but always and ever th word is ready, and the jewel of speech never has to be answer never has to be recalled and respoken.

Concerning the Divine Fatherhood. We are told how to think of God, how to rest in Him, how to pray to Him; darkness and doubt are alike dispelled; for 'in Him was Yea.'

There were mistaken Efforts after a Divine Life.

The great problem had to be answered, Is a holy and beautiful life possible here amid the limitations of our human existence, and the temptations of a sinful world?

Men had been for ages trying their own philosophies of goodness! Weary and anxious hearts had been testifying to the religiousness of man's nature in hermit cell and in wilderness solitude. Multitudes had counted not health or home, life or beauty, dear to them, that they might escape the taint of evil, and rise through self-conquest up to God.

None, for instance, can study the history of the Therapeutic sects, supposed to be devoted entirely to God, the men and women who tormented themselves with a hard couch and night-watchings—with hunger and self-torture—without understanding how often even luxurious parents were abashed by ascetic children! But the ascetic economy of life did not work well. As Philo says, 'A secret wickedness soon hid itself beneath the cloak of a rigid asceticism.'

It would not do. The sinful nature reasserted itself again, as it always tends to do, and *repression* only drives life into uncongenial and unhallowed channels.

Is *this* earthly life from God? Are human interests divine? Are love and marriage from God? Does He smile on innocent joys? Because heathen festivals were lawless, are home festivals of love and fellowship to be swept away? Because man has corrupted the world, is the world itself to bear the stamp of Divine displeasure, and to be treated with human disgust?

How eagerly we watch the unfolding of this new epoch in the history of earth. The Forerunner had declared that the Lamb of God Himself was on His way. John the Baptist prepares the pathway for the King's Son. Christ could not but know that all His *actions* as well as His *words* would have an eternal significance in the sphere of human conduct. Shall we see here that 'In Him was *Yea*' concerning the right of man to make the best of the present life?

How perfectly all this is answered in the Redeemer's life. He has put His sacred seal of blessing on our pursuits and pleasures in this world. He knows its cares, its temptations, its struggles, its sacrifices. But His supplication for us is thus recorded, 'I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil.'

There were Longings after the Fulfilment of Divine

Would God indeed visit men and bless them? problem alike of philosopher and saint. Nothing less lay at the basis of all the olden prophecies. Will Himself come? was the trembling question on the l earnest hearts. 'Oh that God would rend the hea come down!' This was the great cry of the weary man.

What was the subject of the 'Magnificat?' 'For He ha and redeemed His people.' 'To perform the mercy pr our fathers, and to remember His holy covenant.'

All the promises that travailed in creation and hi their birth-hour in the advent of Christ; for all the pr God in Him are Yea, and in Him Amen.

Christ, then, is God's great answer to the soul, and i fuse Him we are in the hush of that awful silence w appalled so many earnest souls. True, there are wh nature, there are whispers in the secret sanctuary of co It is not true that we have unbroken silence, but s silence compared with the speech of Him who spake t of God.

What better can express some shades of thoug aspects, at all events, of human thinking—than the v and Nay' of which St. Paul speaks?

I want to know if God is indeed beneficent?—i indeed made for immortality? These are vital question are living men to-day who, in a sphere so wide and wo the observation of natural phenomena, say Yea and Nay to know if man has indeed a soul—if he is to share th glory, to see the Divine Face, to be perfected in the Div ness? Left to the profoundest students of philosophy, school of Yea and Nay. Now the materialist claims me now the poet permits me to make imagery out of an h It is only when I come into fellowship with Him Who life and immortality to light through the Gospel that I In Him is *Yea!*' Concerning the Divine beneficence love; and concerning immortality. 'For me to live is Ch to die is gain.'

My soul is rich with the Divine revelations; 'my hea can feed on them. Man may deceive us, or misfortune embargo on the designs of our beneficence, or health m these just as the hour of necessity draws nigh; but in the eternal YEA. Leaving man, I can steal away to Je plead every gracious promise in the Word of God, an that He is faithful Who hath promised.

For just as all the Messianic prophecies are realized in Christ —just as all the dim hopes of Pagan hearts are fulfilled in Him—just as He answered to the eternal Word in the hearts of all the heathen seekers after truth and God—so He has fulfilled every blessed promise that breathes in the songs and liturgies of the Psalms.

And now, in the fulness of time, God sent forth His Son—'Father, the hour is come.' And a light is cast back upon prophet, priest, and king! All things are ready; the marriage of Earth and Heaven is in Him.

There were Souls longing to escape from the Thraldom of Nature.

Was the will of Nature a blind will, without thought?—an awful question, coming up again in these days. All the systems of evolution that aim to dispense with a creative and personal initiative for the universe are answered by Christ. It has been well said by a Christian thinker, 'When from the word "will" you have drained off all reference to conscious and selecting aims, its essence is gone, and nothing is left but fatalised force.' And again, 'All who postpone the appearance of mind upon the scene of things till the genesis has reached its climax have either no God distinct from the sum-total of finite thought, or at least a God that has a birthday among originated things. A world which begins with the unconscious and only ends with being Divine, makes its own God instead of being made by Him, and cannot pretend to have any object of worship. It only means that there is something in Nature which gives rise to thought among its ulterior phenomena—not that infinite thought supplies its cause, its life, its end!'

The basis of a true faith is in the all-creating Son of God, by Whom God 'made the worlds;' or else the lowest element, matter, merges into the highest.

Blessed be God, we see how the Highest gave life to all. 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' Men who resort now to the germ theory of life are 'obliged to put into every atom a transfiguring power, incorporating there an incipient mind.'

There is more rest than we know of in the revelation of God in Christ. We stand by the divinity of our Lord, not only as our deliverance from guilt and sin, but as emancipating us from the thraldom of a blind will without thought; and we pray to God, not if haply we might seek after Him and find Him, but as revealed to us in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And He is not the Yea of the past only, but He is the ever-living Yea. In the antique rooms of museums are the robes

and crowns of defunct royalties—just as at Rouen, in
vase, is a little pink dust, all that remains of the
Richard Cœur de Lion. But we have a Risen Christ,
ascended on high, and is alive for evermore—the same y
to-day, and for ever. We rest in and live on the pr
Christ to-day. His voice is no echo of the past; He
'Come unto Me.' Weary and heavy laden, we go to H
sorrows and our solitude, in our grief and our guilt.

And as we adore and worship Him we hear a Savio
from Heaven saying, 'I am Alpha and Omega, the
the last,' and the song of a great multitude, 'Worthy is
that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wis
strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing;' and we h
great multitude fall down and worship Him that liveth
and ever.'

THE

PERSUASION.

DEMETRIUS TESTIFIES TO THE TRUE METHOD OF ACH
MORAL CONQUESTS.

THIS witness employs right words in right places.
force does he ascribe the victories which he mourns?
mony is striking, 'This Paul hath *persuaded*.' 'The
of our warfare are not carnal.' A very full word is
persuasion. It is the condensation of a whole vocabu
it you may see the clear eye of Reason, hear the s
music of Love, feel the warm vitalizing breath of Symp

Light and Love are the throned victors of the
Devolve upon an Apostle of Christ the work of destro
temple of the great goddess Diana,' and how does he
By *material fire* he could reduce the temple to ashes,
a course would be self-defeating; for, in that case, th
might be rebuilt. Erostratus burnt this magnificent p
ground on the night that Alexander was born, but i
erected and enriched with innumerable treasures. The
force method, therefore, had been tried, and had faile
then, does our Apostle expect to consummate the ove
the stupendous fabric? This word *persuasion* con
secret. He proceeds to address the intelligence and
of the idolaters; he knows that the decisive battle
fought in the *will*. He lays around the huge structu
connected train of ideas, and having applied a heaven-
torch, it was wrapped in *moral* flames, and becam
for ever.

They are but poor victories that are won by muscle, and cannons, and bayonets. If any man—in any of life's empires—has only a *sword* for a sceptre, he is not a true conqueror, nor can he be a true sovereign. Hold any nation by the *throat*, and it is yours only until it can gather counteracting and avenging power; but hold it by the *heart*, and it will count your mastery a blessing. *Physical* power has but a brief reign. *Moral* power sits on a throne stable as the everlasting hills. In propagating the Gospel, then, we should understand the mysterious and ever-operating power of persuasion. Ideas, not balls, will conquer the world. A thought, winged with Light and Love, will fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and many a blessing will fall from those radiant wings. There is, indeed, often strong temptation to smite the enemy with 'carnal' weapons. When Atheism is howling against God, and Heresy is running to and fro as a heartless Homicide, and Hypocrisy is opening the temple-door to Mammon, and Cupidity is turning the sanctuary into a market-place, I own that there is strong temptation to blast the offspring of Satan with lightning, and to cause that damnable progeny to stagger back into its native hell. That issue shall indeed be consummated, but not by 'carnal weapons.' By-and-by we shall find Atheism pale with unutterable terror, and Heresy cursing the poison she has been circulating, and Hypocrisy revealing its loathsome leprosy, and Selfishness casting back its blood-money and committing suicide. Yes! all that shall surely be done, for 'the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' But 'carnal' weapons shall play no part in a battle which terminates in victory so glorious. When the triumph-psalm shall roll its thunders from pole to pole, it will be but the testimony of Demetrius set to music, 'THIS GOSPEL HATH PERSUADED.'

I entreat the young to fight the Lord's battles with the Lord's weapons. 'Take unto you the whole armour of God.' Eschew wrath and clamour and bitterness. Imitate the quiet, because profound, stream which announces its presence by the fertility of the hills whose feet it bathes. Talk as the sun talks—by shining. Let those with whom you come in contact leave you bearing away a heavenly influence; just as when the breezes hold converse with the trembling blushing flowers, they fly away and tell the secret in gushes of fragrance. Quietness is power. Wisdom and Silence are kindred angels. Have faith in right 'sayings'—'saying they be no gods which are made with hands'—such a saying was *simple*, but before these vital monosyllables the hoariest superstitions vanished in dismay.

JOSEPH PARKER.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

IV.—Companions of the Corn.

We have seen typical flowers of two large divisions of Bri
plants; both specimens, Buttercup and Gorse, were sir
flowers, and very easily examined and understood; in each
the peduncle carried only one flower, or if more than one, t
each flower had its own separate 'pedicel.' Now we come
type of a third great division, and a type not quite so eas
first sight to comprehend. To render it somewhat easier and n
interesting, suppose we look this time at three or four flov
similar in general arrangement, but differing in some of t
details. Away, then, to the cornfields, on a brilliantly sunny m
ing, and among the rich, yellow, waving corn we shall find al
want, without treading down even one of the ripe, bending
that God's sunshine and shower have brought to such glor
perfection. Skirt the cornfield just inside the hedge, and
will see two principal colours blending with that of the co
one blue, the other yellow, or white, or perhaps both. Ch
first of all the blue, tall-growing flower, with downy stem
long narrow leaf, commonly called the *Knapweed*, or *Blue-B*
or *Cornflower*. What is its name? *Centaurea Cyanus*.
first name—the generic one, comes from an old fable,
Chiron, one of the old Centaurs, used some plant of this 'ge
to cure the wound in his foot made by the arrow of Herc
The second name comes from a Greek word meaning 'blue,'
was also the name of a devotee of the goddess Flora, wh
the story goes, used to wander in the cornfields and ga
flowers to weave into garlands for Flora to wear! Gather s
of the flowers. Never mind the stem and leaves for the pres
but go at once to the flower. Underneath this we find a nun
of small leaves arranged in circles, and overlapping one anot
The lower and outer ones are usually silver-grey; the inner
upper ones brownish, sometimes nearly black, the colour in
case being due to the fringe which runs round the top and
of the sides of the leaf, or small scale. All these scales
Bracts, not two only, as in Gorse, but very many in numbe
I said we should often find them. All these taken toge
form the *Involucre*, or that which is 'folded round' the flo
Now pull some of these away in one specimen, and in ano
cut down through the centre of what we have called the flo
What is found? First, a receptacle more or less conve
shape, and very much larger than the end of the flower-st
and rather bristly. This is called the *Common Recept*

Why? Because here we have not *one* flower only, but a large number of flowers, or as we call them, '*florets*,' all seated on this receptacle, which is, therefore, 'common' to them all. Here, you see, is not a simple flower, like Gorse, but a compound one, and the 'order' to which our plant belongs is called '*Compositæ*,' each 'head' being 'compounded' of many florets, not on separate pedicels, but all sessile on this common receptacle. It is a large order, comprising about one-tenth of all known species! Examine now one of the central florets, neglecting for the present the larger outside ones. Where is the Calyx? Is there none? Certainly there is, but instead of being made up of five separate sepals, like Buttercup, or of two (showing five teeth), like Gorse, its sepals are all *merged into a tube, and that tube blended with the wall of the ovary* (the lower part of the pistil). When this is the case the ovary is called '*Inferior*,' *i.e.* attached to the calyx-tube. It was '*Superior*' in Gorse, *i.e.* free from the calyx-tube, and in Buttercup all the separate ovaries were also 'superior.' Sometimes at the top of the joined calyx-tube and ovary we find a little green 'rim,' which really represents the '*calyx-limb*,' as it is called, *i.e.* the upper expanded part of each sepal as distinguished from the lower claw-like part. In other specimens, as in the Corn-flower we are using, instead of a rim, we find a circular tuft of hairs, easily seen in each floret; this tuft is called a '*pappus*;' it stands for the circle of sepals, *i.e.* for the wide upper part of the five sepals which meet below in the calyx-tube. So, although we cannot see five sepals here, we argue (from analogy) that there are five. When the calyx-tube is joined to the ovary wall like this, the former is called *Superior*; so that an inferior ovary necessarily means a superior calyx, and *vice versâ*.

Now use a second floret, and look at the blue corolla. If you have gathered *Centaurea Nigra*, the black Knapweed, (so called from the black involucre), which is commoner than the Blue-Bottle, you will find a purple corolla. This is not of any importance to us. The corolla is '*tubular*,' or bell-shaped, and not of five separate petals, but *all in one piece*—narrow below, broader above, and having five small teeth, representing the five petals; remember this union of petals, as we shall refer to it again. All the florets have this kind of corolla, differing only in size and in brilliancy of colour, the outer florets being larger and brighter. Note that the corolla seems to spring from above the ovary; this is due to the fact that the ovary and calyx are joined, which prevents its springing from below the ovary as in Gorse and Buttercup, where the calyx had not the bad manners to push the corolla up out of its lawful and proper place, by getting in its way. Now take a third floret, and very carefully cut it

open from above downwards; you will need just here c
I omitted to include in telling you of what our 'stock-
consisted. I mean some patience. This is very ofter
necessary as the needle and penknife. Where are our
Not on the receptacle; the calyx has prevented th
there; not on the calyx; look on the inside of the co
there they are growing on the corolla itself, five short
betraying their presence. This fact, taken together
corolla being in one piece, decides us in placing Corn-
the third great division. Now, you will see how im
factor in classification *the position of the Stamens*
You will find the same state of affairs in Primrose,
Speedwell, and a host of others, all belonging, not to thi
but to this large 'division.' Note the freedom of the
from one another; it was not so in Gorse. Now loo
Anthers, and look closely. They are all united to form
which closely fits round the style. They are calle
genesious' when they are thus joined, from two Gre
meaning 'together with,' and 'the beginning' or 'birth,
they are 'together with' the pistil (*i.e.* with the style,
part of the carpel), the pistil being that which includes t
in which the 'beginning' of the future plant is forme
ovule. This union of anthers is quite characteristic of
Compositæ, so that seeing this union you may know
looking at a composite flower. Next, search for t
Clear away the stamens, and there is left a long
body—the 'style' ending above in two small horns, w
the 'stigmas.' These project above the anthers,
easily seen; the style ends below in the ovary (
the calyx-tube), and the ovary holds one ovule stand
erect in its little dwelling-place. Now, in Butte
found several carpels, all free, and each of cours
its own ovary, and all free from union with th
in Gorse, only one carpel with its ovary free
calyx; in Corn-flower we find only *one* ovary (joine
calyx, and therefore 'inferior'). Have we, therefo
Gorse, only one carpel? Not at all. There are really
pels as indicated by the double stigma, but the two hav
joined, the two styles are thrown into one, the two ova
had their middle wall of partition absorbed, and one
failed to grow, leaving only *one* cavity, and *one* ov
know there are really two carpels because of the two
Now when two (or more) carpels are joined together in
whether the ovary be single, or double, or many-celled,
is said to be '*syn-carpous*,' *i.e.* the carpels are 'togethe
they are all free from one another, as in Buttercup, the

'*apo-carpous*' ('apo' meaning 'separate' or 'away from'). In Gorse, the pistil has only one carpel in it, so it must needs be apo-carpous, because there is no second carpel for it to be 'syn-carpous' with.

All these terms require a little patience to learn, and a small effort of memory; but they very soon become familiar by examining a goodly number of flowers. So much for this floret of Corn-flower, *i.e.* one of the central ones. Now open one of the large brilliant ones at the outside of the whole head, or '*capitulum.*' You will find calyx and corolla precisely like those in the centre, but no stamens, and no pistil. 'Then the outer flowers are useless,' you say. Oh no, not at all! They have their use, as we shall see one day. They are '*neuter*' florets, a kind very rarely seen. So note them carefully. Now, to sum up. All the centre florets are '*perfect*' (*i.e.* possess stamens and pistil) and constitute the '*Disk;*' all the outside florets are neuter, and form the '*Ray.*' The florets of both Ray and Disk are *all tubular.* This is the shape found in the Corn-flower, Burdock, Saw-wort, and all the Thistles; the Ray has 'perfect' florets in all these except the Corn-flower.

Now gather one of the large yellow flowers called *Corn-Marigold,* or *Yellow Ox-Eye.* The Disk here has the florets 'tubular' and perfect, but the Ray florets differ in two points:

First, the corolla is not tubular, but one part of its tube remains undeveloped, while the other part grows out into a long narrow strap-shaped body, which, from a Latin word '*ligula,*' a 'little tongue,' is called '*ligulate.*' These ligulate florets form a handsome yellow circle, enclosing those of the Disk. Note that each ligulate corolla has five teeth at its broad outer end, indicating the five petals which are joined to make it.

Secondly, on opening a Ray floret you find the pistil, with its ovary, long style, and double stigma, but no stamens at all. These Ray florets are not 'perfect' then; neither are they neuter; they are '*pistillate.*' This beautiful flower is also called '*Yellow-Bottle*' in Kent; '*Ruddle*' in Norfolk; and '*Yellow-Gowan*' in Scotland. Growing close by it, you are sure to find a flower resembling it in all its details, only with the Ray *white* instead of yellow, and slightly larger; also having dark-green leaves instead of light, shining, smooth leaves like those of Yellow Ox-Eye. This will be the '*White Ox-Eye,*' or '*Moon-Daisy.*' They both belong to the genus '*Chrysanthemum,*' which means literally 'golden flower,' both being golden in the centre. Now sum up again. The centre florets (Disk) are all tubular and perfect; those of the Ray ligulate and pistillate. These characters form a group of Compositæ including, besides our two flowers, all the Chamomiles, Yarrow, Garden Daisy

('Day's Eye'), all the Ragworts (with Groundsel), t
banes, Golden-Rod, Star-wort, Coltsfoot, and others.

Now once more look round and gather a flower of
own blue, the tough-stemmed *Chicory*, or *Succory*, kno
old Romans long ages since. Here we find *all* the flo
of Ray and Disk), ligulate and perfect. To this grou
the Goat's-beard, named in our first 'Study;' the H
Hawk-weeds (whose name is Legion), Hawk-beard
thistles (the choice food of our pet-rabbits), Lettuce, (
and the despised but beautiful Dandelion, which, shoul
fail you, you can inspect for the group characters
creature of civilization, but most unpoetical individ
gardener, has left any untouched by his relentless s
your lawn. In all these three groups you will find the
differs in a multitude of ways, from the thorny, irrit
handsome circles round the Nodding or Musk Thistl
meadows, down to the modest little cup of the children
the Daisy. I omitted to say when speaking of the Co
(Centaurea Cyanus), that the pressed-out juice of the bl
makes a good blue ink, and also if mixed with cold alu
a capital water-colour for drawings. It also, at least i
fields, produces a second crop of flowers in October and N
The Compositæ have many qualities useful to man, a
most flowers have, more or less, if only we can discov
As good old George Herbert puts it:

> 'More servants wait on man
> Than he'll take notice of. In every path
> He treads down that which doth befriend him,
> When sickness makes him pale and wan.
> Oh, mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
> Another to attend him.'

H. W. S. Worsley-B

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'EVANGELICAL MAGAZIN

My dear Brother,

I am glad to know, from an undoubted a
that, amid the great and increasing competition to w
Magazine has been subjected, it not only holds on i
which is no small achievement in these days of bi
deaths of periodicals—but is gradually extending its ci
and so enlarging its sphere of usefulness. Its improve
ance, as compared with what it was when I first
nearly half a century ago, is in keeping with the unq

superiority of its contents to the literary matter of former days. True to the very core to the name it bears in its sound healthy evangelical tone, to lose which would be to be shorn of its chief excellence, it yet presents the truths we hold dear in a bright and cheerful light, and with a vigour of composition and sprightliness of utterance, that leave nothing to be desired, except a wider circle of readers.

This last-named desideratum is, to some of us who have to do with the distribution of the profits of the *Magazine*, and of the funds which, in the course of years, have been supplied by generous friends of the widows of ministers, a matter of no small moment. The fact that numbers are *waiting* to be the recipients of grants, which cannot be made from lack of the means; that some of these are verging on the allotted period of human life; and that some die while on the list of applicants, without receiving the help that would have tended to smooth the rough paths of honest and *respectable poverty*, constitute a touching and powerful claim upon Christian sympathy and co-operation.

I am glad to find that the list of sacramental collections is still kept up. If these were doubled in number and amount, that would materially help us in meeting the deferred cases of the waiting applicants. An appeal made for an *additional* offering at the Lord's Table, from time to time, would be sure of a hearty response, without interfering with the claims of ordinary pensioners. The object *must* commend itself to pitying Christian hearts, and the poor of no church would, I am sure, suffer by it.

A plan I recommended years ago, and still carry out among my own people, I would venture again to suggest to my brethren, viz., to apply a small portion of the sacramental funds to the purchase of, say, half a dozen copies of the *Magazine*, monthly, for circulation among the poorer members of the Church, who cannot afford to buy it themselves. They are thus regularly fed with spiritual food, that cannot fail to be helpful to their intelligence and piety; and at the same time some pecuniary aid is rendered to the *benevolent* object, to effect which was one of the aims of the founders of the *Evangelical*.

With hearty good wishes, and prayers that God may be in your work of faith and love, believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

THOS. AVELING.

LIKE a pent-up flood, swoln to the height,
He poured his griefs into my breast with tears,
Such as the manliest men in their crossed lives
Are sometimes forced to shed.

Joanna Baillie.

THE STORY OF MISS SHARMAN'S O
HOME,

SOUTH STREET, WEST SQUARE, SOUTHWARK

It is fifteen years since Miss Sharman's Orphan H
opened.

Many things have changed since the 6th of May, 18
first little band of orphans, ten in number, then tool
abode in a small half-furnished house, and one mat
willing to share all the risks of a new enterprise, unde
sole charge. Now there exists a large commodious new
a detached infirmary, two country branches, and a larg
workers to assist the 'one matron,' who is still there, a
valued more as time goes on.

During these years many dear and valued friends w
and helped the Home have passed from earth to heav
little band of the orphan children has also been gathere
Home above. New friends have rallied round the in
and new modes of work have in some respects been a
meet fresh needs; but the old foundation on which t
was built remains, and will for ever remain, unchang
same. The boundless love of Christ we only find to
and broader, and deeper, the more we trust in it
from it.

> 'New mercies each returning day
> Hover around us while we pray.'

The eyes of the Lord God have been upon the Home, a
seem very poor when attempting to tell the old, old
mercies which are 'new every morning.'

The object of the Home is to receive destitute orphan
in as easy a mode as possible—therefore there are no
to maintain them in as simple and trustful a manner as
—therefore there is no begging; and to conduct all thi
honest and Christian a way as possible—therefore debt
incurred. Earnestly believing the care of poor father
dren to be God's work, Miss Sharman may safely trust
all supplies, and look to Him for all guidance.

Last year thirty-six orphans were received, and there
two hundred and twenty children in the West Squa
and its country branches, their ages varying from one
seventeen years.

The orphans receive a plain English education, they

it stockings, to make and mend their own clothing, and are efully instructed in superior needlework. The matron is ays glad of orders for baby-linen, ladies' underclothing, and chet.

The children are as a rule trained for domestic service: they all the work of the house; no servants are kept in either the don or Gravesend Home; the girls undertake the whole k, under the superintendence of the matrons. They are thus t longer than could be the case otherwise, and when they go they are better fitted for good service.

Yearly all who have been sent into situations are doing well. y keep up constant correspondence with Miss Sharman, and n come back to spend their holidays in the Home.

A prize of a watch is offered to any girl who keeps her first e seven years. Five of the orphans have already claimed reward, and several more will soon have earned it.

here were several times during the past year when the insti- on has been in great straits. Often the funds have been low, sometimes nearly exhausted. Help has always come, and e in time, so that the children have lacked nothing, and no dow of debt has fallen on the Home.

Once, Miss Sharman says, when away from home, she opened daily packet of letters, and found in the first a bill for need- articles of clothing, amounting to £54. She had not antici- ed so large a demand, and felt for the moment perplexed as ow it could be met. The second letter she took up contained umber of small subscriptions, making together £4 10s. The d letter was from a new and unknown friend, containing a que for £50.

Altogether Miss Sharman received from the 7th of May, 1881, he 6th of May, 1882, the sum of £3,361 12s. 10d. for the port of the orphans, besides what has been given for the lding Fund.

The average cost of each child's support is £15 a year. This is contributed annually by many who like to feel that they doing good in a very definite form. Sometimes a family or w friends, a Bible-class, or the children of a Sunday-school, te to maintain a little *protégée* in the Home.

As far as possible, those who are waiting for admission are en in rotation, but in extreme cases exceptions are made. metimes, under pressing circumstances, a child is received at e, some kind friend undertaking her support until her turn nes.

The 'Waste Not Society,' whose funds are raised by the sale waste-paper, set a bright example of gathering up the frag- nts in order to do good. They have contributed for the sup-

port of a child, and have also given the orphans a very
entertainment.

The children spent two delightful holidays in the
one provided for them by Mr. Phillips at the Crystal P
another as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wellby; and in t
especially at Christmas, their young hearts were glad
the kindness of many friends, who provided them
books, pictures, entertainments, and pleasures of vario

Miss Sharman is very grateful to all who help in bri
the Home the brightness which is so important for yo
Children are constantly told that they 'cannot be hap
they are good.' This is no doubt an excellent maxim
grown folk remember also that children cannot be
wholesome and childlike fashion *unless they are happ*

The Gravesend Branch Home continues to prospe
orphans with their teachers inhabit a convenient hous
of which is given rent free by the Rev. Canon Scar
constant interest in the children is shown in many wa
providing them with their pleasant dwelling-place.

The advantage of having a small country Home in c
with a large London institution is very great. Young c
children always thrive best where they can have most i
attention, and among a large number may be always fo
who cannot grow and develop in a crowd. Anyone
studied child character will be able easily to find out th
tive plants, and then the blessing is felt of having som
shelter to which to take them, where they may be te
trained till they gradually become more hardy. Oft
Miss Sharman wished that she could send a greater n
the children to Gravesend; but even if the Home th
have been enlarged it would have lost its charm, and
mained a problem how to increase the benefit of the
branch without destroying its character.

This has been solved by a kind friend, who has giv
house at Tunbridge Wells rent free for three years.
who has done this service had for some time wished to
an Orphans' Home in that neighbourhood; but the wa
quickly open for the accomplishment of her desire,
autumn, having heard of the Orphanage in West Sq
wrote offering the use of a house in St. John's Road, T
Wells, for a branch home. After some hesitation, cau
fear of unduly adding to work and responsibility, the
accepted, and at the beginning of the year this kind fr
her house furnished and taken possession of by hap
London lambs, who thoroughly appreciate the green
and still waters by which they are surrounded.

Many friends at Tunbridge Wells have contributed liberally towards starting the new Home, and have given the orphan family a warm welcome.

Miss Sharman is fortunate in securing the services of a Christian matron, who is also an experienced nurse, so that the delicate children have tender care as well as good training, and in both the country Homes there is the best possible medical advice.

Mr. Armstrong, of Gravesend, and Mr. Watson, of Tunbridge Wells, both gave gratuitous attendance to the Homes under their respective charge, and warm thanks are due for their kind and constant care. The institution is also much indebted to Dr. E. Duke, who attended the orphans free of charge during their stay at Dover last summer; to Dr. Alabone, who supplies remedies for consumption; and last, but not least, to Dr. Alfred Matcham, who takes all the large West Square Home under his care, with its adjacent Infirmary, giving a large share of his time as well as all the medicines needed by both teachers and children.

The kind efforts of these true friends, in conjunction with the sanitary precautions used in the Home (which consist chiefly in supplying the children with plenty of fresh air, pure water, plain food, and warm clothing, and in trying to make their lives cheerful), have been so blessed, that during the past twelve months they have only lost one out of a family of two hundred and twenty, and this dear child was hopelessly diseased when she came into the Home.

One of the *former* orphans, who had been placed in service, returned home last year to die. Welcoming back again an orphan who in sickness has only the home to come to, is one of the ways in which Miss Sharman endeavours to maintain the true home spirit. In this case it was a privilege to minister to the beloved Rose, who was a true Christian child. From a very little girl she had lived a sweet and gentle life, and her last days were full of peace and holy joy.

The health of the children in the Orphans' Home has been very good as a rule ever since the Home was founded, and the rate of mortality extremely low; but the last few years have shown a decided improvement, and this, humanly speaking, is due to the fact that each summer for the five years past some of the orphans have been taken for a few weeks to the seaside.

In 1877, many of the children being very drooping and poorly, a small house was taken at Sheerness for three months. The plan answered so well that the visit was repeated in 1878. In 1879, Miss Sharman took a house for the summer at St.

Leonards, and in 1880 she took a few of the children to Mar
Only a few could go, because the gifts for this special pur
had fallen off, and the seaside fund did not admit of gi
many of the orphans the benefit of the change.

Last summer the hot weather set in early, and the little
began to look pale and weakly. A great longing seized u
Miss Sharman to give *every one* of her large family a turn
the sea, or in the country. She had never before attem
such a scheme, but those who receive large blessings are ap
ask for larger, and daily prayer was made in the Home by
children, as well as by those who care for them, that God w
so touch the hearts, and open the hands, of His people
enough might be sent for seaside expenses to allow of all
family sharing in the benefit and pleasure. The prayer
fully answered, one detachment after another of the ha
children was sent off, and returned with bright eyes and
cheeks, until all had had a delightful turn; and at the en
the summer a thanksgiving holiday was kept in the Home.

The change from Institution life to the freedom and var
of a stay by the sea, or near the fields and wild flowers, c
the children an immense amount of good mentally and mora
and the pure air, sea-bathing, and change of diet have the
possible effect in establishing their health, and preparing th
for the winter months, which are always trying to delicate child

The new wing which has just been built must be furnis
before it is inhabited, and as soon as it is taken possessior
the rates, which are now very heavy, will be materially
creased. Then will come the great but costly joy of receiv
and maintaining some of the many poor little fatherless
motherless children who are waiting admission.

Therefore, small as the balance is with which Miss Sharr
begins the new period, she confidently looks for great thi
Signs of coming need are also tokens of approaching delivera
and a great want is only a reason for opening our mouths w
that God may fill them. Miss Sharman does not expect this
be done by any miracle, but by the most simple and natu
means. God *could* command the stones to be made bread,
if that were done the sower would lose his privilege, and
reaper his joy.

Will all who send contributions state distinctly whether th
wish them applied to the support of the orphans, to the seas
expenses, to the building and furnishing fund, or to the Hasti
Home? for it will be remembered that the funds of the Hasti
Home are kept distinct from those of the London Home and
Branches.

The London Home is open to visitors on Thursday afternoo

he country Branch Homes may be seen on any week-day ept Monday and Saturday.

here are no managing expenses; the services of the architect, legal adviser, the medical attendants, the secretary and erintendent, are all given gratuitously, so that every penny ch is contributed to the Home goes direct to the support of children.

.B.—Most earnestly do we entreat our philanthropic readers ollow our example, and to visit this Home.

SKETCHES OF THE FAMILY LIFE.

VIII.—Greek Marriage Customs.

was an essential preliminary of a legitimate marriage that e should be a solemn plighting of troth on the part of those cerned, accompanied by the delivery of presents. Greek ng seems to have been very strict upon this point. 'Mar- e without betrothal is a barbarous custom,' says Dionysius Halicarnassus. And in Plato's 'Republic'* we see how rely he was disposed to treat the subject. In his ideal com- ity marriage was to be restricted within a certain period of and must be sanctioned by the civil magistrate; otherwise offspring would be spurious and profane, having forfeited benefit of the sacrifices and prayers which the priests and stesses were to offer at every marriage, and with them the le city, to the effect that the children of the good should be er and more useful than their parents.†

n Homeric times the custom was for the bridegroom to pur- se the bride of her father. In one place the phrase runs, publicly wedded her, bringing infinite gifts;'‡ in another, married her for her beauty, having provided numberless a.'§ Antinous, one of the suitors of Penelope, proposes that n shall pay his court, 'wooing her with presents; then she marry him who brings the most, and is the happy man.'‖ en or sheep, which represented property in those times, would he substantial part of such gifts.¶

his custom of purchasing the wife seems to have been versal in the pastoral life. Shechem, in his passion for Dinah, s to her father and brothers, 'Let me find grace in your eyes,

* Book ii. 24. † Ibid. 461. ‡ 'Iliad,' xvi. 178.
§ 'Odyssey,' ii. 281. ‖ Ibid., xvi. 392. ¶ Ibid., xviii. 276.

and what ye shall say unto me I will give. Ask me nev
much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shal
unto me; but give me the damsel to wife.'*

The Arabs are never so happy as when they have
daughters, for they form a part of the riches of the house.
proposal of a suitor takes this form: 'Will you give me
daughter for fifty sheep, for six camels, or a dozen cows?
poor, he will offer a mare or a young colt.† Among our Ge
forefathers also the wife was bought for a definite price, a
is still among the Lapps; and the custom persists a
Tartars, Turks, and Albanians. With regard to the latter,
Hahn's richly instructive 'Albanian Studies'‡ may be consu
they seem indeed, in all important respects, to stand upo
old ways of the patriarchal time. Lord Broughton says tha
Albanian women are treated as little better than cattle; y
the men who can, marry, because it is a sign of wealth, and
wish to have a domestic slave. In most parts of the countr
females are not nearly so numerous as the other sex, an
bride does not often bring a portion to her husband. O
contrary, he is obliged to get together about a thousand pia
before he can marry. A young fellow was asked by the tra
and his companion, Lord Byron, if he was going to get a
He shook his head, and said he was not rich enough.
time afterwards he came to them in great glee, with a letter
his father containing these very words: '*I wish you to*
home; I have got a wife for you.' Just as if he had sa
have got a cow for you,' Lord B. remarks.§

There are two other passages in the 'Iliad' which rev
singularly mercenary sentiment (that is, according to m
taste) in reference to the daughters of a house. One o
scenes on the splendid shield of Achilles, wrought by the
Hepharstos, represented youths and maidens 'who bring
parents a good price in oxen' (ἀλφεσίβοιαι)‖ dancing ha
hand. Fancy a modern poet singing of the dance of vig
youths and *valuable* maidens! Evidently there was a
when soft words like *dear* and *precious* applied by the lov
his beloved had a much more material signification. A m
poet would hardly introduce allusions to the costliness of a
as Homer does in the scene of Iphidamus' death, slai
Agamemnon:

> 'Thus did he fall, and slept the sleep of bronze,
> Unhappy; far, from his betrothed spouse
> For country fighting Though her price was great,—

* Gen. xxxiv. 11, 12.
‡ Pages 143, 194.
† De la Rozne, 'Voy. dans la Palest.' p. 2
§ 'Travels in Albania,' i. p 136.
‖ 'Iliad,' xviii. 593.

A hundred oxen and a thousand goats,
With sheep, which fed for him in countless flocks,—
Her princely beauty he had never seen.' *

On the other hand, a hero might demand the hand of a princess without price, as the reward of military service;† and in a noted case Agamemnon offers, as a propitiation to the wrathful Achilles, either of his three daughters, with a dowry of seven well-built cities.‡

It would seem that the father of the bride handed over to her use the marriage-gifts of the son-in-law. In case of a separation, like that of Odysseus from Penelope, the property reverted to the father-in-law. In case of the misconduct of the wife, the husband could claim the restoration of his marriage-gifts.§

But these old customs underwent alteration during the period between Homer and the historical times, and it would be interesting if we could ascertain from what causes. It can hardly be supposed that a disparity in the relative numbers of the sexes was the principal cause of the custom to which we have been referring, and that such disparity was gradually removed or reversed. The presumption seems rather the other way. The true reason is more probably to be found in the need of strong alliances in those primitive times, of which we have another illustration in the custom of *Xenia*, or hereditary covenanting between two families, involving on both sides the obligation of hospitality, and the privileges of the protected guest. Advancing culture brought greater personal security, and as personal independence was felt, marriage was no longer so primary an object of desire and competition. And after all, we are speaking of two different states of culture or ranks in society. Homer mirrors the ideas and sentiments of the aristocracy, of the great chieftains of the clans. To wed the daughter of a king meant much more than the possession of her person; it meant or might mean the possession of the land, and a title to the succession. When we notice how constantly in the folk-tales of modern Greece and of Europe generally, the great prize of ambition is the princess, whose hand entitles the hero to the kingdom, we see that we are dealing with institutions of immemorial antiquity. For these folk-tales are, as Von Hahn says, 'myths in the last stage of their development,' in other words, the latest lingering echoes of the customs of the old world.

When we come to the laws of the Athenian democracy, it is another class, the *bourgeois*, the middle stratum, that is chiefly concerned. And we find that so far from the husband purchasing his wife at a high price, it was now necessary to endow

* 'Iliad,' ii. 241, *et seq.*
† Ibid., xiii. 365.
‡ Ibid. ix. 147.
§ 'Odyssey,' ii. 132; viii. 318.

the bride. After the Homeric time, great laxity as to the nup tie crept in. Divorce was perfectly easy and unfettered; a n could not be punished for 'sending away' his wife, nor the w for 'leaving' her husband. We know what significant allusi there are in the Gospel to a similar laxity in Palestine. T need, then, was to bind the man to constancy, and to cem marriage by interest. So, in effect, the ancient custom of p chasing the bride gave place to the later custom of endowing bride. Plutarch tells us that the father-in-law of Alkibia gave him ten talents (about £2,500) with his daughter H pareté, with the promise of another ten talents should she b children, which was fulfilled.* It is tolerably clear that it w not respectable, at least in the upper classes, to give awa maiden in marriage undowried. Such a one 'has no boldnes speech,' says Menander, *i.e.* cannot lift up her head in the wo as we say.† There is a scene in 'Plautus' in which a yo man expostulates with the suitor of his sister for demanding without dowry. He will part with his estate and live in pove and obscurity rather than thus sully his honour.‡ For peo would say that he had not given his sister in matrimony, bu concubinage. At the same time there was a feeling in fav of the limitation of the dowry and the *trousseau*, so as not make the husband too dependent. But we must not for present trespass further on the editor's space or the read attention.

E. JOHNSON

SINNER'S SATISFACTION IN CHRIST.—A believer may challenge Sa to do his worst and say his worst. Let him present God as terrible him present me as abominable in the sight of God by reason of my s let him aggravate the height of God's displeasure, and the length, a height, and depth of my sins. I grant all. And against all this I opp this infinite satisfaction of Christ. Though the justice of God cannot bribed, it can be satisfied.—*Arrowsmith.*

PROVIDENCE OVER THE FAITHFUL.—Even as a careful mother, see her child in the way when a company of unruly horses run through streets in full career, presently whips up her child in her arms and tak him home; or as the hen, seeing the ravenous kite over her head, clu and gathers her chickens under her wings; even so, when God hat purpose to bring a heavy calamity upon a land, it hath been usual w Him to call and cull out to Himself such as are His dearly beloved. takes His choice servants from the evil to come. Thus was August removed a little before Hippo (wherein he dwelt) was taken; Para died before Heidelberg was sacked; and Luther was taken off bef Germany was overrun with war and bloodshed.—*Dunsterville.*

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* Plut. Alc., c. viii. † Sent. 371. ‡ Trin. iii. 2, 63.

A REVERIE.

'We shall see Him as He is.'

HID in a cave, I looked across the beach,
On to the sea, and saw it strangely stirred.
It was no breeze that broke the surface up;
Nor were the gleams, that wildly came and went
Upon its troubled face, the answer made
To any wooing of the sun or moon.
I knew it was the resurrection-morn,
And sea and land were giving up their dead.
Strange sounds were in the air; but not the sweet
Twitter of bird, or cheerful hum of bee,
Or rustling leaves, or lowing herd at morn
Seeking the pasture.
To my ear it seemed
As if great seas above the firmament
Answered the waves that restless rolled below,
With vaster voice and deeper mystery.
And as I gazed, came thronging past the cave
Where I lay hid, those whom the prison-doors
Of Death, that sprang wide open at the trump
Of God, had sent forth joyful, or in fear,
To hear the doom from which lies no appeal.
On some of them there fell a mantling joy:
I could not, from my secret place, behold
The visions in the sky that they beheld;
But as they passed I saw the kindling eyes,
The radiance that robed their lustrous forms,
The rosy light that gathered round each brow
In semblance of a jewelled coronet.
And so they passed me—like transfigured clouds
That in the dawning change from grey to gold,
And move in silent rapture towards the sun.
But others passed me, lapped in shadow, wan,
Dreary, and leaden-hued, as clouds that trail
In rain and mist around the dying year.
Then one of those who walked in glory spoke
To one who slowly paced along involved in gloom:
'Look upwards! Can it be you do not see
In the heart of all the splendour—there! above!—
A gracious Face of Love, a beckoning Hand?'
'Ah, no!' his grey companion sadly said;
'The light I saw when first the tomb unclosed,

Shattered by that appalling trumpet-sound,
Grows less and less, and over all there falls
The pallor of eclipse.'
But eagerly
Rejoined that happy soul: 'Oh, look and see
The sapphire Throne, and its encircling bow
That borrows all its splendour from the smile
Of Him Who sits enthroned, and on Whose brow
The rays of light in mystic semblance bear
Some memory of a crown of twisted thorn.
His Eye meets mine, and with its beam there fal
Into my heart unutterable love.'
Then said that sad one by his side: 'Alas,
I strain my sight whither you stretch your hand
But all that I can see is darkling mist;
And where it gathers densest and most dread,
I see the red and angry glow of fire.
The coldness of the second death benumbs
My heart with terror.'
At this word they passe
Beyond my eye and ear. Fearful, I mused;
Even heaven is darkness to the blinded eye
Of him whose spirit is not right with God.

The vision faded from my sight, and I
Found old familiar things and faces still
Around me, and I had not passed the gate
Of Death, and that which I had seen and heard
Was but a presage of the Day to come.
But dearer to my heart became the words:
'Beloved, now are we the sons of God,
And though it doth not yet appear what we
Shall be, we know that when our Lord appears,
We shall be like Him,' and because we are
Fashioned in His resemblance by the might
Of the Holy Spirit, we receive the power
To see the glory of the Son of God,
Our risen and throned Redeemer—'as He is.'

EDWARD B

WISDOM OF GOD.—A Christian's graces want their lustre w
are destitute of the guidance of wisdom. Mercy is a feeble
justice a cruelty; patience a timorousness, and courage a madn
out the conduct of wisdom. So the patience of God would be c
His power an oppression, His justice a tyranny, without wisdo
spring and holiness as the rule.—*Charnock.*

HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY FOR CONVICTIONS.

NOT many weeks ago an eminent Unitarian minister wrote as follows:

'I do not say that we are responsible for our convictions, for they are not rightfully under the control of the will or the wish; but we are responsible for all wilful denials of what we have seen to be true, and there is moral guilt in rejecting one belief and accepting another on any other grounds than the mind's inmost convictions, and on good reasons, and on the most deliberate and honest decision.'*

Another public teacher—one whom most of you once knew—used, we are told, to lay it down as a cardinal principle that 'the intellect cannot sin;' 'that there is no such thing as infidelity of the intellect. Infidelity,' said he, 'is a departure from fidelity or faithfulness, and is a term which applies to insincere, immoral, or irreligious conduct and feeling, and not to beliefs or doubts or disbeliefs honestly held.'† According to this view the intellect is as innocent for thinking so-and-so as the eye is for seeing green where there is green, or the ear for hearing music where there is music, or the reverse.

Again, a very popular American infidel lecturer tells us that 'Nothing can be more certain than that no human being can by any possibility control his thought. We are in this world—we see, we hear, we feel, we taste; and everything in nature makes an impression upon the brain; and that wonderful something enthroned there, with these materials weaves what we call thought, and the brain can no more help thinking than the heart can help beating. The blood pursues its old accustomed round without our will. The heart beats without asking leave of us, and the brain thinks in spite of all we can do. This being true, no human being can be justly held responsible for his thought any more than for the beating of his heart.'‡

Thus you see, *one* says we are not responsible for convictions; *another*, that whatever the intellect holds or believes, it holds or believes innocently; and *the third*, that we have no control whatever over our thoughts. The last is thorough-going; he does not mince matters at all. By way of illustrating the practical application of this last-mentioned position, an American

* Rev. P. Putnam, D.D., *Boston Christian Register*, February, 22, 1883.

† G. Dawson, according to E. St. Clair in Sermons on G. Dawson's 'Teaching and its Tendency.'

‡ R. Ingersoll, quoted in *Boston Congregationalist*, 1883.

newspaper quoted recently the following conversation
a father and his son:

'Said the father: "John, your school report this ter
unsatisfactory. How is it? Why don't you prep
lessons properly? Aren't you ashamed that such an
should be sent home to me?"

'Replied the son: "I can't help it, father. It is not n

'"Not your fault!" exclaimed the parent, growin
"not your fault!" Whose fault is it then?"

'"Don't you remember, father," rejoined the boy, "
lecturer whom you took me to hear said that we canno
our thoughts; my thoughts will go constantly to the
games, and they won't stick by my books. How the
help having a bad report?"

'The father could only reply, "Ah well, I see!" an
rest keep silence. He had not expected to see the tea
his favourite lecturer so quickly and so peculiarly
practice.'

The two other quotations are not so thorough-go
point of fact neither of them is consistent with itse
teachers make use of one little word which really tak
the point of what had previously been advanced: t
word is 'honest.' If a belief or disbelief can be 'hones
I suppose it can be also *dishonestly* held; and if you i
into this region the distinction between honest and d
you introduce right and wrong; and for right and wron
generally thought to be responsible. So that what see
very generously and liberally given with one hand, is ta
with the other. Your free-minded teacher tells you,
you are not responsible for your convictions, not you—
you arrive at them *honestly*.' There's just the difficult
if they can be arrived at dishonestly? What then?

This notion about men's convictions is, I imagine,
common—very prevalent. It is, as people say, 'the
marks the man of advanced thought, of liberal mind;
an advanced thinker is nowadays almost everybody's
Before going on to consider how far this idea is valid o
it may be well to spend a moment in defining what is
'convictions.' When a man can say, 'I hold, I belie
persuaded that such or such a thing is true, or not true
be said to have a 'conviction.' A conviction is not
thing as a thought, or an idea, or an impression. Tho
ideas, or impressions go to form convictions; but they th
are not yet convictions. Suppose you are going along
in the dusk. An object seen in the distance suggests t
idea or thought of a friend whom you last heard of as
America: for a few moments you simply *think* it is

but by degrees, as you pay more and more attention, you say to yourself, either 'No, it is not he;' or 'Yes, I am sure it is he.' This last state of mind is a conviction.

Convictions come from two sources—either from other men, or from our own personal observation. In the former case they are based on authority; in the latter, on our own independent judgment. The case I just mentioned was one of the latter kind. A case of the other kind is the belief most people now hold that the earth goes round the sun, and not the sun round the earth. There are not many in this congregation, I suspect, who could give satisfactory reasons for such a belief; yet you all hold it firmly. Why? Because you have been told so by those who ought to know. Most of our convictions are based on authority. Why do we believe that America exists, and India, and Australia? Few of us have seen these countries, and yet we should be willing to stake fortune, or even life, for the conviction we have of their existence. A man who should doubt everything he had not examined for himself would be in a wretched plight, both intellectually and practically. It is right for us to reserve judgment—that is, not to have convictions—until we have examined for ourselves, where it is in our power to do so; where it is not, it may be right, equally right, to be convinced by some one's authority.

So much, then, for the meaning and sources of convictions: they are not passing thoughts, or ideas, or fancies; but deliberate judgments or beliefs, based either on authority or on our own observation.

Now the question is, Are we responsible for the convictions or beliefs which we entertain? The answer to this question depends on the answer to another question, namely, Is the formation of convictions under our own control, or do they force themselves on us? Are they partially under our own control, or are they wholly beyond our control? We are not responsible—we are neither to be praised nor to be blamed—for that which is beyond our control. None of us can control how his nose shall grow, what colour his hair shall take, what shall be the length of his arm; hence no one is so foolish as to hold his fellow-man answerable for the shape of his nose, or the colour of his hair, or the length of his arm. Anyone who did so would be simply laughed at. Is this the case with our convictions? Has a man control over their formation or not?

There is a way of putting this matter which ensures the answer *no*, but it is a wrong way. Suppose, instead of asking, as I have done, 'Has *a man* any power to determine the character of his own convictions?' or, in other words, 'Can he control their formation?' you ask, 'Has the intellect power over its own convictions?' or, 'Are a man's convictions under the control of

his intellect?' To the latter questions I should answe
certainly not.' So far I should agree with the gentleme
whom I quoted. The intellect cannot control its own
and therefore cannot sin. The convictions are not rightl
our own control—we have no business to try to alter or
them; such as they are they have a right to be, and it is
possible to change their nature as to say that a stone
stone, but an apple.

Well, then, you may ask, what am I disputing about
this. It is one thing to say, 'The intellect cannot control
and a very different thing to say, 'A man cannot con
own intellect.' It is one thing to say, 'A man cannot
his convictions;' quite another thing to say, 'A man
control the *formation* of his own convictions.' Now the
from whom I quoted confound these things, and so do th
of others who claim not to be responsible for their conv
Suppose a boy were to tell you, after throwing a ston
broke the large plate-glass window of either your house
'My hand and arm have no control over themselves,' an
thus to excuse himself, what would you reply? 'Quite
boy; your arm cannot control itself, but you ought to be
control your arm; and it is with you I have to do. I s
have *your arm* punished, but *you*.' Or if a man were t
as an excuse for swearing, that his tongue had no self-
would you not answer, 'You ought to control your t
Now the same fallacy lies hidden in the assertion that
tellect cannot sin.' Of course it cannot; but the man wh
the intellect can perhaps lead it astray or misuse it, a
answerable for controlling it as the boy for controlling h
or the swearer his tongue. So, again, the boy might sa
the broken window, 'I cannot control its being a broken
it is a broken window, and nobody can make it anythin
Or the swearer might reply to reproaches, 'Well, what
an oath, and I cannot alter it—no one can alter it; i
what it is.' Surely every reasonable man would answ
course you cannot; no one wants you so to do. But t
window need not be a broken one, nor the words you ut
oath. It is your fault that both things are what they a
might have been different from what it is if you had bot
chosen.' So with regard to convictions. Being convictio
are there, and we have neither the right nor the power
fere with them. But we have a right to ask, 'How ca
there? Who formed them? Had anyone control ov
whilst they were being formed?'

What then about the statement of the infidel lecturer
can no more help thinking than we can help breathin
heart beating? That sounds very plausible; and yet

little thought will show that even the illustrations he himself gives do not answer his purpose. If he were here, I should like to ask him such questions as these: 'Would a man's heart beat any faster than usual if he were to drink a large quantity of brandy? Would his lungs rise and fall any quicker if he were to run fast up a steep hill?' Don't you think that in the former case his blood would get unusually heated; and in the latter case he would have palpitations and be scarcely able to breathe and speak? Now, who controlled these states? Of course neither the lungs nor the heart; but surely the owner of the two. Having drunk the spirits and run up the hill, his heart and lungs acted accordingly; but who made him drink and run? Was he compelled to do so? If not, he is able within certain limits to control both heart and lungs, both blood and breath; and so the illustrations do not prove what they were meant to prove. It is just the same with sight and hearing and every other power we possess. It is perfectly correct to say that as long as a man is alive his heart must beat, and his lungs breathe; but he can make them breathe and beat regularly or irregularly as he chooses, by using means, within certain limits. It is equally true that as long as a man is a man, he must go on thinking; but it is surely for him to determine, by the use of proper means, how he shall think, and what he shall think about, at all events within certain limits. So far the lecturer is right, but no further. A man is not responsible for breathing; no, for he is made to breathe. A man is not responsible for thinking; no, for he is made to think. But if a man runs, as some unwise athletes do, till he breaks a bloodvessel, or goes and breathes foul sewer gas, do you say, 'He could not help being ill?' do you say, 'He was made to run too far, or to breathe poison'? Certainly not; you would say, 'What business had he to run beyond his strength? Or to go and put his head over the sewer-hole?' On the same principle, I say, that though a man cannot help thinking something, there may be no reason why he should think impure and lying thoughts, and the like. If so, he must to some extent be able to control his thoughts, and must, therefore, be so far responsible for them.

Just let us see for a moment what would be the result if a man could not control his thoughts, especially his convictions. I suppose most people would allow that the conduct of men is ultimately determined by their thoughts and convictions. If a young man constantly thinks for a certain time about pilfering money from his employer, or gaining money by betting, or going into bad company, depend upon it he will ere long begin to do the thing he has thought about. An opportunity will arise, and before he is himself fully aware the thought will translate itself into act. Convince a man who has money that this or the other

grand speculation is sure to bring him in 10 or 15 p
instead of the 4 or 5 per cent. he may now be earni
he will be sure to invest in it. If I could inspire you
a conviction that within one hour this place of worshi
be swallowed up in a fathomless abyss, would you no
you not to flee at once to a place of safety? What d
involve? Why, surely, that you and others would cea
your own masters. Whatever or whoever could contr
thoughts and convictions would control you; aye, in
You would be simple machines in his hands. It comes
fore, in the last instance to this: Have we men the co
ourselves at all? or have we not? If we have, then
be able to control our thoughts and convictions, and be
sible for them and for the conduct which they produce.
have not, we are not responsible for anything. There is
that is so important for a man to take heed to, if he c
heed to anything, as to that which goes on in his mind;
tell him that he is not responsible for his thoughts a
victions, is to tell him in reality that he is not respons
what is most peculiarly his own business.

D. W. S

(*To be continued.*)

THE AGE AND YOUNG MEN.

CICERO, an eloquent senator of Rome, writing to his
Atticus, a person of great wealth (and at that time the
men of that city vied with each other in displaying their a
by the number of their slaves, and the delicacy and fas
ness evinced in selecting them from all the slave-markets
world at that day open to Rome)—Cicero said to Attic
not obtain your slaves from Britain, for they are so stup
never can teach them anything.' In that age, when Ro
in the height of her power, her poets spoke of Britain as
all but out of the world—small, remote, barbarous, insig
hardly deserving of a name or a place in the geography
earth. What a contrast between that age and the presen

This is an age of enlightenment. Even when light visi
island it was for ages considered to be the prerogati
appanage of a few. The multitude were kept in ign
Society is a pyramid, and for long and long it was mai
that the light should be confined to the apex, whilst the
were covered with fog and mildew, and the base was ste
gloom and darkness. In this age, however, the light is

all over the slopes of the vast pyramid of society, whilst young men, who form its base, are visited with the rays of intelligence, and furnished with the opportunities and means of acquiring knowledge and understanding. The light, in short, formerly patent to, and the sole property of, the few, streams from apex to base, and from base to apex, of the pyramid of society.

The lights and beauties of physical science, for instance, are now thrown open to all, and the present age is distinguished by the free and extended communication of the pleasures of its acquisition, and the benefits of its application. A young man, now, by the aids which are supplied to him, may attain to the knowledge of the stars, or a knowledge of the constituent parts of bodies, or a knowledge of the structure of the earth, and it is undeniable that there is a pleasure, aye, and a dignity, a high and positive satisfaction in an acquaintance with the solar system, or with chemistry, or with geology. It were absurd to say that such knowledge is of no avail. The lowest kind of knowledge has its use. The acquisition of any kind of knowledge is a pleasure. And into the crystal palace of knowledge —of such knowledge, the gates are thrown wide open before any thoughtful and industrious young man, who may enter and dwell there. He may ascertain for his own delight the properties of water, the nature and proportion of the different gases that enter into its composition, and become acquainted with the laws of fluids, as well as Sir Isaac Newton, or Sir Humphrey Davey, or Sir John Leslie. In like manner he may become cognizant of the properties of light, and versed in its most beautiful and beneficent laws, as well as the most distinguished savant of the Royal Institute of France, or the Royal Institution of England.

At the same time I may be allowed to express a word of caution on the subject of the attainment of such knowledge. Like every other good, it has some danger near, against which to be forewarned may be to be forearmed. A man may be versed in all the sciences, as being congenial with his nature; his incursions into these regions may be frequent and successful, and he may return from every studious application which he makes to them, laden with intellectual treasure; and yet he may be ignorant of the wisdom which is supreme, unacquainted with the knowledge which is the highest of all the kinds of knowledge, namely, the knowledge of God and things divine; because he has no natural appetite for that which is so spiritual, and holy, and high, and does not like perhaps to hear about it. The knowledge of God, so unique, so perfectly distinct from all other acquirements, is that without which, whatever be the extent of his other acquirements, a man is darkened and foolish.

But the particular danger against which we feel o called upon to warn you, is the resting satisfied with a ledge of the physical manifestation, so to speak, of character, with a knowledge of the physical grandeur works, without attaining to a knowledge of His moral ch which is His chief glory.

God is to be regarded not only, nor principally, as the of all the physical beauties and wondrous substances aro and above us, and beneath us, but as the moral Legislato universe. He is chiefly to be known as Lawgiver and G as the righteous Lord that loveth righteousness. There, n may be diffused over the educated mind some impression true God, as of Him that made matter, and formed and a to it given and sufficient laws; as of Him that, having n things, gave to the sound its harmony, to the flower its fra to the air its elasticity, to the water its fluidity, to the r solidity, to the light its velocity, to the lightning its in to all material things their essence, their substance, the their properties and laws; and yet may there be a palpa manifest want of a true understanding, and real inf knowledge of the Almighty after all. The knowledge which is most essential, is the knowledge of His rig ness, and of His method of righteousness for our sinful r

The high, proper, use of knowledge is to qualify r moral action. If a man spends his time in acquiring kn of the physical sciences, without attending to the moral that knowledge, and keeping it subordinate to the higher ledge of his duty to God and his duty to man, it yields no profit beyond the pleasure of the acquisition. This the subject is borne out by the spirit of Christianity. No does the Gospel say? It says that if a man gains th world and loses his own soul, there is no gain, but a positive, a fearful, an incalculable loss! In the Gos moral and accountable nature is everything. Before things are there made to bow; every interest is require subservient to its welfare. Apart from salvation, there is great—nothing infinitely desirable. A man may not only wealth, power, rank, but an astonishing measure of know which, of things not spiritual, is the most precious and r and yet not be saved; and if he be not saved, what are acquirements and possessions worth? Of what avail is enriched with the wisdom of a Bacon, or the scienc Newton, if the terrible sentence fall at last upon t 'Depart from Me'?

Men may question the reasonableness and the philos this view of the subject; but if you admit the Gospe

divinely authoritative, there is no getting rid of it. This is the estimate which the Gospel makes of man's nature and destiny; and being so, the inference is obvious and irresistible, that the knowledge which does not extend to the moral nature, and embrace within its scope the question of salvation, is fundamentally defective. May I hope that the members of this Association, since 'the age' is one of enlightenment, will sanctify their acquirements of natural knowledge by the acquisition of that which is moral and spiritual.

THE LATE DR. BEAUMONT.

LLANGEITHO.

IF I were to give certain instructions to the English reader as to the right pronunciation of the word 'Llangeitho,' I am afraid it would be labour in vain, inasmuch as the English throat and tongue must be reconstructed before they can master the soft, musical, and soul-stirring language of the ancient Britons. Llangeitho is a small hamlet in Cardiganshire, an out-of-the-way place, almost buried alive amongst the hills, destined to be unknown to fame were it not for the surpassing eloquence and marvellous powers of the renowned preacher, Daniel Rowlands. The plains of Waterloo would have been probably left out of the history of the world were it not for the ever-to-be-remembered battle which was fought there years ago. So the bold stand made by Daniel Rowlands against the ignorance, superstition, and sin of the Welsh people, has caused the small hamlet of Llangeitho to occupy a prominent position in the religious history of the Principality. At one time it was the Jerusalem of Wales, and even now it is a household word in every godly home. As the tribes of Israel in days of old went up to Jerusalem to worship God, so a little less than a century and a half ago, hundreds of people from all parts of the Principality were to be seen on Sunday mornings wending their way to the hamlet where the Rev. Daniel Rowlands proclaimed the truth as it is in Jesus. There were other eminent men in the Church of England, and Independent ministers, who could draw large congregations wherever they went. The Principality has been blessed from that period up to the present day with preachers of extraordinary talents, men who would have large congregations to hear them in almost any place at any hour of the day. I have seen reapers leaving the field for an hour or two to listen to a popular preacher who had been announced to preach at the neighbouring chapel. But as far as I know, the

case of Rowlands was peculiar and unique. He did no
much, as did most preachers in those days; but, as in t
of John the Baptist, the people came to hear him, not on
his own and the adjoining parishes, but from a dist
twenty miles or more; often men and women walked e
a hundred miles in order to be present at the com
service held once a month. Mr. Spurgeon and oth
preaching every week to tens of thousands by mean
printed sermon; so Rowlands preached to thousands i
who never saw him in the flesh, through those who a
his ministry. Many went to Llangeitho from Gla
shire and Pembrokeshire, in the south, and from I
Flint, and Anglesea, in the north; these people spoke
friends and neighbours after returning home of the thin
had heard, and repeated the principal ideas containe
sermon as far as they were able to do so: thus, not o
fame of the preacher was spread abroad, but the truth
was made known to many who were ignorant of the way
Twenty or thirty persons would frequently go from Bala,
they had sixty miles or more to walk over a hilly and
tainous district. They started early Saturday morning,
occasionally on the way to partake of the bread and che
brought with them, and to quench their thirst at a well
wayside. After hearing a sermon or two from Rowlan
returned feeling more than repaid for their trouble.
Harris, of Trefeca, is considered to have been the principa
in that wonderful religious movement, or revival, whic
rise to the Calvinistic Methodist body—one of the st
denominations in Wales to-day; at the same time, the
of Rowlands greatly assisted the movement. Both Ha
Rowlands were engaged in the Lord's service at the sam
whilst Whitfield and Wesley were doing their grand w
England. Rowlands, a son of a clergyman of the Ch
England, was educated for the Christian ministry, though
no special inclination for the holy office. He was orda
1735, and soon afterwards was appointed curate of the p
of Nantcwnlle and Llangeitho. In those days it was the
for the inhabitants of one parish to compete with t
another in such games as football, wrestling, etc.
contests generally came off after the service on Sunday
ing, and it is said that the young clergyman of Lla
often joined his parishioners in those exercises. This
ever, did not continue long, inasmuch as a preacher o
spiritual power, who was considered to be the n
star of the revival of religion in Wales, came to
one day in a neighbouring church. Rowlands went t

him, not with any desire to receive spiritual good, but probably to find out the secret of Mr. Griffith Jones's popularity. The preacher could not fail to see the proud and haughty curate, as he stood not far from the pulpit; he prayed very earnestly for the young clergyman. Rowlands returned home deeply impressed with the service; the arrow of conviction had penetrated his heart. The result was a marked change in his preaching; his congregations rapidly increased, and his power as a preacher began to be felt in the neighbourhood. For four or five years after his conversion he seemed to remain on Sinai, in the midst of the thunders and lightnings, fulminating the woes of God against the ungodly, preaching the judgment to come, revealing the terrible results of sin, and unveiling hell before his congregation in such a graphic way that often many of the strong, hardy sons of toil trembled with fear and became like dead men. The saintly Mr. Pugh, an Independent minister living in the neighbourhood, hearing of this, advised him to preach faith in the Saviour, and to tell them of the boundless love of God in Christ Jesus. Mr. Rowlands replied that he was afraid he did not possess that faith in the fatherhood of God. The aged minister's reply was, 'Preach on till you feel it; no doubt it will come. If you go on preaching the law as you do now, you will kill half the people in the neighbourhood.' From that time forth he took a wider view of Divine truth, his own heart was filled with the love of God, the tone of his ministry was altered, and for upwards of fifty years he declared the whole counsel of God to vast congregations. His ministry continued from 1735 to 1790, and it is said that no less than seven mighty revivals broke out at Llangeitho during that period. Mr. Rowlands, prepared carefully for the pulpit, was a voracious reader and a keen observer of human nature; still, the secret of his success did not lie there. The man who could draw the multitudes from all parts of Wales to such a place as Llangeitho, not for a few months, but for fifty years; who had thousands of communicants every month, and whose preaching was the means of raising about a hundred persons to the work of the Christian ministry, must have a strong faith in the truth he proclaimed, and a deep love to the Lord Whom he served. He lived so near to God that whenever he appeared in the pulpit his hearers felt they were in the presence of one who knew the secret of the Most High.

Rather a strange incident led to his preaching for the first time out of his own district. A lady living in Carmarthenshire had a sister residing in the neighbourhood of Llangeitho, whom she occasionally visited. One Sunday she went to hear Rowlands, and great was the sister's surprise when she saw her at

Llangeitho the following Sunday. 'What is the matter?' anxious inquiry. 'Is your husband well? I hope notl happened to the children.' 'Everything is all right a was the reply; 'but something which your crack-braine said last Sunday has touched my heart, and I have ha ever since.' Though she had over twenty miles to w went to Llangeitho for several Sundays. Being anxious neighbours should have the privilege of hearing the one been instrumental to lead her to God, she went to R after one of the services, and said, 'If what you say, sir, many in my neighbourhood are in a very dangerous c and are going rapidly to eternal destruction. For the valuable souls, come over and preach to them.' This appeal surprised him; however, he at once replied, 'I'll you can have the permission of the clergyman of the This she obtained. Rowlands went according to his and it is said that thirty persons were converted dur service. In that parish lived a gentleman who was in t of spending his Sunday mornings out hunting. Whe his servants had started from home one Sunday, he hea strange parson was to preach that day, and from wha heard of him he concluded that he was not quite rig head, because the people called him 'the crack-brained On his return home he entered the church, his d followers accompanying him. In order to annoy and h preacher he stood on a form immediately in front of th and in a bold, sarcastic manner stared at the preacher. R at once perceived his object; however, he went on, ap without taking any notice of him. His words began a serious effect on his hearers: as he described the terr sequences of sin, and thundered forth the judgments the gentleman's face became livid with fear, his knees that he could no longer stand on the form, and the tea streams over his pallid cheeks. At the close of the se craved Rowlands' forgiveness, and begged him to m house his home whenever he came to the locality. His being so eminently successful, his fame having spread all parts of the Principality, he himself being highly and beloved by his people, it would be natural for us to that he lived in the sunshine, and that nothing could ca a shadow to come over his mind. Strange to say, he w gloomy and depressed in spirit, so much so at times felt he *could* not preach, though naturally of a hop lively temperament. Mr. Griffiths, of Nevern, having Llangeitho one Sunday morning, found Rowlands in b asked him how he was, 'Very painful,' was the reply; '

prepared to preach; I have nothing to say. Though I've not slept a wink all night, still the Lord has not given me anything for the people.' 'Rise, Mr. Rowlands,' said Griffiths; 'the people are coming in crowds over the hills.' He did not move, but for some time in great agony of spirit prayed for help. At last light dawned on his mind. 'Go, my son,' said he, 'and commence the meeting. I'll soon follow you.' In less than ten minutes after he commenced preaching the large congregations in and outside the church were melted to tears, and the sound of rejoicing was heard throughout the camp. An aged servant of his used to say that he met his master late one Saturday evening in deep meditation, walking not far from the house. When he saw him he said that he could not possibly preach on the following day. The servant replied that he must not think of such a thing; the people would expect *him* and no one else. In the morning the servant entered his bedroom and found him awake, with the Bible on a chair near the bed. He told him it was time for him to rise, but had no reply. After waiting a long time the servant went again, beseeching him to get up, inasmuch as the time to commence the service was drawing nigh. Rowlands could not be moved; he protested he could not preach. However, the servant persisted; and, after a great deal of trouble, helped him to dress (an unusual thing for him to do), then partly dragged him to the church. He appeared as if he had lost all command over himself. As they reached the church they found the service had commenced, the singing before the sermon was nearly over; so the faithful servant supported his master up the pulpit-stairs, saying to himself, 'If I can get him to the pulpit, everything will be right.' Rowlands' voice was low, and his whole frame trembled as he commenced preaching, but soon his words become like lightning, flashing conviction into the hearts of his hearers; hundreds of them began to rejoice, shouting '*Gogoniant! bendigedig!*' etc., long before the sermon came to a close. Rowlands was a man of great natural abilities and a conscientious student. His emotional feelings were easily touched, and often came to sight in the tears which coursed down his cheeks as he exhorted the sinner to flee from the wrath to come. Once, when engaged in prayer at Llangeitho, he seemed to realize the death of Christ so vividly, that he exclaimed, 'O empty veins! O pallid face!' then fainted in the pulpit. For twenty-eight years he remained in the Established Church, and would have continued there to the end of life had he been permitted to do so; but he was driven out of the Church for no other crime than being accused of preaching in other parishes than his own, and in unconsecrated places. As soon as old Mother Church closed her doors against this eloquent preacher,

the people built for him a large and commodious chapel, he ministered to them for about twenty-seven years. together with the labours of Howel Harris, who had be pelled from the Church some time before, gave rise Calvinistic Methodist movement in Wales. This man died in harness on a Saturday before the communion S when the thousands would gather together to hear their fa preacher. When they reached Llangeitho that morning sadness cannot be described as they began to realize they never hear his voice again. His testimony when leavi battle-field was, 'I am dying, a poor sinner, resting enti the crucified Saviour for acceptance with God.' Being he yet speaks; and as long as the Welsh language s spoken, the name of Rowlands Llangeitho will be held in and loving remembrance by the religious public of the pality.

JENKIN JO

MEMOIRS OF EXTINCT LONDON CHAP

V.—THE POULTRY.

To how few of the surging multitudes who daily pass t fro through the somewhat narrow thoroughfare in the h the city, designated the Poultry, will it ever occur to inqui it is that the place is so named? The answer, however, wou be very far to find. It lies almost on the surface. P word *Market* after the word *Poultry*, and the thing will self-revealed. This explanation is, moreover, sustained corded tradition if not by veritable history.

'From the scanty information which at this distance o we are able to gather,' the busy thoroughfare 'seems t been occupied' at some remote time 'as the site of a few nificant houses, that either fell into decay or were pulled for the erection of a market-place; and this immediatel its name from the fowls that were sold there, to supp tables of the residents in the metropolis.'* The name, seems to carry its history with it. The market itself wa bably perpetuated in the adjacent neighbourhood of Leade

* Address by Rev. John Clayton, junr., at the laying of the foun stone of the Poultry Chapel.

† Stow, in enumerating the changes which had taken place in h (he died in 1605, aged 80), says, 'The poulterers have gone fr Poultry, between the stocks and the great conduit, in the Che Grass Street' (Grace, or Grace-church, Street?) 'and St. N

so renowned for its poultry; but when the City improvements of a bygone age required the site for a commanding thoroughfare of shops, the old name was so indissolubly associated with it that, though it had become a misnomer, it had to be retained; and so it has to this day, and probably it will remain as a memento of the demand made by the delicate appetites of the ancient citizens of London till poultry be known no more.

On a site abutting upon this well-known thoroughfare, and which was approached by a partially covered passage, a spacious chapel was erected in the year 1819 for the ministry of the Rev. John Clayton, jun., and was designated the Poultry Chapel. In these days it would probably have been designated the Poultry Congregational Church; but this was not after the manner of our fathers. Not only was the term chapel more expressive to them of their ecclesiastical position, but the title Congregationalism was not then the synonym for English Independency, and the term Congregational was but little used, and by no means generally known. Had a more exact description of the people who erected the Poultry Chapel been required of them, they would probably have styled themselves 'The Independent Society, meeting in the Poultry Chapel.'

THE OLD TIME BEFORE IT.

It was not a new Society for which this new chapel was erected, but one that dated from 1640, and whose founder was no less a personage than Dr. Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalen College, Oxford; Member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines; Preacher to the Council of State; and Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. This church, whose origin carries us back to the Cromwellian period, was first located in Anchor Lane, Thames Street, but removed thence in 1672 to Paved Alley, Lime Street; thence in 1755 to Miles Lane; thence in 1766 (churches were tossed about from place to place in those times) to Camomile Street, near to Bishopsgate. All this is now recorded on a tablet placed in the vestibule of the City Temple, together with the fact that it is the oldest church of its order in London.

This old Society was, however, at very low water in the year 1805, when the eldest son of the respected pastor of the neighbouring 'Independent Society, meeting over the King's Weigh House,' was invited to leave the church he had ministered to for several years at Kensington and undertake this old City charge. It served to indicate the different order of things

Shambles.' This seems to indicate Leadenhall, where the Shambles and the poulterers' stalls, even in their improved modern form, are mixed up together.

obtaining in that day as contrasted with this, that a minister should entertain the idea of leaving the Court suburb, and coming into the very heart of the City. Wealthy citizens had not then migrated to any extent from their business surroundings, and commenced villa residence in the suburbs. The citizens were at hand on Sunday as well as week-day, though they were not in Camomile Street Chapel. There were but some fifteen or twenty church members left of this 'old Dissenting interest' at the time of which we are thinking; but they were 'a devout and united band,' and they resolved to give themselves with all their heart to 'strengthen the things which remained, which were ready to die.' Being without a pastor, they had probably consulted with the pastor of the neighbouring church at the Weigh House, and possibly they 'sounded' him concerning his promising eldest son. At any rate, thither went young John Clayton, when he was only in the twenty-fifth year of his age, to give himself to the work of resuscitating this decaying cause, sustained, doubtless, by the conviction that God had called him thither; but not a little comforted by the thought that his venerable father would be at hand to aid him by wise counsel, and to assist him with an influence, which, in city Dissenting circles, and even beyond it, was second to none of his time.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

The result was beyond what the little ancient church or its young minister could have anticipated. The latter speedily rose in popularity, his brother George, on the other side of the water, sharing with him in public esteem, and the venerable father maintaining his high position at the old Weigh House, so that the Claytons may have been said to 'possess the land' of metropolitan dissent in those times. Camomile Street meeting-house 'looked up,' and after some twelve years of growing prosperity, the place became too strait for the ever-increasing congregations, and they had to look around them for a site on which to erect a more commodious chapel. The one in the Poultry, or rather at the back of it, was found; and, though situated within a minute's walk of the Bank, £2,000 sufficed to purchase it. It fetched more than twenty times as much when sold half a century afterwards.

This is a text from which a pretty full discourse might be preached. The rate at which things have 'gone up' might serve to indicate the rate at which things have 'gone on' during that half a century, than which there had never been such a half-century in the world before it. London had increased nearly fourfold, in part a cause, and in part a consequence of, advancing civilization, with its wonderful applications of scientific discovery. When that central site was secured for a chapel, the

City was a comparatively quiet spot. No omnibuses, no 'growlers,' no hansoms, no 'horrid blocks,' in that well-ordered thoroughfare then. Even the shops in the Poultry were calmly respectable places, and old Mr. Thodey could spare time to talk for half an hour with a customer who went to buy a pair of gloves at his diminutive but important establishment, and the customer himself could spare time to talk with old Mr. Thodey. An engrossing topic of conversation there would be, too, between the Dissenting glover and his Dissenting customers, when the contemplated new chapel came on the *tapis*. Indeed, all the City centre would be moved by the circumstance, for was not the site purchased of the Corporation, and was not the Mansion House just over the way? History doth not relate what member of the old Camomile Street Congregation, whether pastor or deacon, first cast his eyes on the spot and dared to think of it as a site for a 'conventicle.' But it must have required some little daring to approach the matter, seeing that hitherto Dissenting congregations in the City had to content themselves with situations in comparatively retired lanes or up 'courts,' or with accommodation afforded by City Companies, or in lofty, not to say loft-like, structures over the King's Weigh House, and such like. Several of these places of worship were, moreover, about to be pulled down without a prospect of others arising in place of them, so that the obtaining of the Poultry site was a matter of great importance.

AN HISTORICAL SITE.

It was not virgin soil that had to be turned up for laying the foundation of the Poultry Chapel. Some, probably many, centuries had passed since it had formed part of the Strand, and had been washed by the rising tides of the broadening river, which on occasion would overflow into the adjacent Fens and into the Moor Fields. Since then, however, that very site at the back of the Poultry had been occupied for a very different purpose from that to which it was now dedicated. Long before the citizens had the appointment of their sheriffs, the ground was selected as a central place for a prison; though it is not ascertained in what year the house of confinement was built. Old Stow, in his 'Survey of London,' says: 'Some four houses west of St. Mildred's Church is a prison-house, pertaining to one of the Sheriffs of London, and is called the "Counter in the Poultrie." This hath been there kept time out of mind, for I have not read of the original thereof.' Debtors and slaves, as well as criminals, might sometimes be found in the Poultry Compter. For instance, one day in the year 1767, one Jonathan Strong, a black footman, had been walked off there for lodgment till he could be quietly shipped off to the West Indies. For his old

master, a Barbadoes lawyer, who had brought him to London, had one day beaten him and turned him on the streets half dead. The poor wretch had, however, recovered, and by the help of Granville Sharp and his brother had got a good situation; but sitting one day behind his mistress when taking a drive, his old master had recognised him, and finding him in good plight, resolved to claim him as his property. So he was clapped into the Poultry Compter. But his patron having heard of it, he was soon at hand, charging the Governor, on his peril, not to deliver the negro up to any person whatever, until he should be carried before the Lord Mayor. The upshot of the matter was the liberation of the kidnapped black, *and*—a movement led on by Granville Sharp, and afterwards taken up by Wilberforce and Clarkson, for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. But now, some fifty years after the black's release, on the spot where for ages there had stood a prison in which unfortunate and wretched men had been incarcerated, there was to arise a house for the preaching of the Gospel of 'deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.'

Still further, as Mr. Clayton re-stated on occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone, 'it is a fact not unworthy of notice that very near to the site of the Poultry Chapel, Henry Wallice erected, about the year 1281,* the first great conduit to convey sweet water in pipes underground from Paddington to the City, which was castellated with lead.' 'What,' continued Mr. Clayton, 'are the sanctuaries in our metropolis but so many reservoirs, the streams from which "make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High"? May the erection in which we hope to worship add to the number of these fountains, which shall refresh and cool the thinking multitudes who may come to draw water from the wells of salvation! So shall our grateful pleaure burst into a song:

'"What glories were described of old!
What wonders were of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

'"Egypt, and Tyre, and Greek, and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill whence living waters spring."'

* Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her 'Pilgrimages to English Shrines,' of which the tomb of John Stow, in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, is one, says that 'The conduit of West Cheap was built by John Wells, grocer, mayor in 1433, who caused fresh water to be conveyed from Tyburn to the conduit here for the service of the City. Water at this time was procured for home consumption at these conduits, to which apprentices and others were sent.' Mrs. Hall probably got this from Stow's own history.

THE CHAPEL OPENED.

The desire of Mr. Clayton and his people in respect to their new sanctuary was accomplished. The walls arose, and the top-stone thereof was brought forth with shoutings. On the 17th November, 1819, the building was dedicated to the service of God and the salvation of man, the first sermon being fittingly preached by the pastor's venerable father, the minister of the Weigh-House Chapel; the Revs. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, and William Jay, of Bath, continuing the opening services. From the first, abundant prosperity attended this central city sanctuary. 'The little one' which Mr. Clayton found at Camomile Street literally became 'a thousand;' and often more than this number gathered within its walls. Well-to-do citizens and their families composed the congregation, at least for the most part; the Poultry Chapel became a centre of light and life, and the occasion of 'great joy' to many in the City. Institutions for the spiritual good of the city, of the country, and of the world, sprang up in connection with it. Led on by the liberal example of the pastor, the people contributed of their abundance, and were foremost in every good work. Among the well-known names connected in earlier or later times with the Poultry Chapel are those which were as well known in connection with London Congregationalism, as those of Samuel Legg, Samuel Houston, William Bateman, Eusebius Smith, Thomas M. Coombs, Robert Simpson, John Radley, John Perry, and T. East. The influence of the Poultry Chapel on the smaller churches of the country, through the kindness and large hospitality of the pastor, was very marked.

MR. CLAYTON'S MINISTRY

was in its time one of commanding ability. The old Hoxton students who used to gather around his pulpit were wont to say that if Mr. Clayton was not a great preacher he was amongst the first of good ones, and always did them good. In the course of time others appeared on the scene who drew greater crowds. Still Mr. Clayton held his own, and if he did not melt people like Mr. Sherman, or strike them like Mr. Binney, or blaze upon them like Dr. Leifchild, his sound instruction and forceful appeals, indicating as they did a purpose based on the spiritual good of his hearers, went home with telling power to their consciences and hearts. Mr. Clayton possessed ready aptitude in turning to the best account public events or passing incidents. A striking instance of this was narrated by Dr. Spence in his funeral sermon on his predecessor, and it may be related here as indicative of the blessing which, even in a casual way, the Poultry Chapel and its first minister were enabled to become.

'On a Sabbath morning, more than thirty years ago (now fifty), and at the close of divine service in this chapel, a tremendous storm burst over the city. Some hundreds of the assembled congregation found it impossible to quit the house of God while the storm continued, and many strangers passing through the Poultry were glad to take refuge within the open doors. Perceiving from the vestry that the lower part of the chapel was crowded, Mr. Clayton, wishing to improve the opportunity, mounted a seat in front of the central door, and with earnestness and tears spoke of the storm of Divine wrath which shall overwhelm the ungodly at the last great day, concluding his remarks with these words: "If there be among my hearers any accustomed to neglect the house of God, and to seek their own pleasure on His holy day, I beg those persons will consider the words I have spoken as specially addressed to them." More than ten years after this circumstance the lady who tells me the fact was, along with a friend, walking down Aldersgate Street, towards Islington. Opposite the wall of the Charterhouse they saw a pensive-looking woman, apparently far gone in consumption, led between two others, and bearing a letter and a phial, which evidently betokened a visit to some dispensary. The friends accosted the poor woman, and asked if they could be of any service to her, inquiring at the same time if she knew and loved the Saviour, and was thus prepared for the great change which appeared so near. The woman's countenance brightened as she replied, "Oh yes!" They then inquired by what means she had been brought to know Christ as her Saviour; to which she replied: "Perhaps you know the Poultry Chapel? Well, I was once a giddy, thoughtless girl, till, one Sunday morning I was proceeding toward London Bridge, intending to join an excursion party on the river, when I was overtaken by a fearful storm. That storm drove me for shelter into the Poultry Chapel. I soon saw a gentleman, in his robes, stand on the seat of a pew, and heard him speak to the people on the storm which was then raging. I felt that every word was meant for me, and when the storm was over, instead of going on the river, I went home to pray."'

J. Branwhite French.

(*To be continued.*)

Wisdom and innocence.—Wisdom without innocence is knavery, innocence without wisdom is foolery, be therefore wise as serpents and innocent as doves. The subtilty of the serpent instructs the innocency of the dove: the innocency of the dove corrects the subtilty of the serpent. What God hath joined together let no man separate.—*Quarles.*

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Welcome the Wounded.

ALWAYS try to welcome and restore a wounded man whom the world is running down. I am told that a hunted deer runs for safety to the remaining herd, but that, instead of admitting him into the safe shelter of their company, they beat him off with their horns! It is a lesson to us to do *other* than that, and *not* to act as the beasts that forsake their wounded and perishing companions.

The Green Olive Tree.

Why does not its leaf wither? For the same reason that a godly man does not wither. The bark of the olive-tree is said to contain a juice which is so plentiful that it cannot be exhaled by the sun, and so renders the plant evergreen. Blessed be God, the Christian man is proof against the scorching heats of trial and persecution; and he has life 'within himself,' which nothing can exhaust, and so is like a 'green olive-tree!' But then he must be 'rooted in Christ.'

Long Speeches

generally come from those who commence with remarking that they have nothing particular to say. A great genius has remarked, 'Having nothing to say, abstain from all wordy evidence of the fact.'

Truth.

There is no beauty in art, architecture, or character without truth. 'True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music;' to which we would add that the glory of the Christian life is this—'We are in Him that is true!'

I do not Know.

Do not be ashamed to say this. You cannot be expected to have 'a polyglot education.'

Honour all Men.

That is, do not hastily condemn, and do not be a pessimist in morals, hopeless of saving humanity. The Son of Man came not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

> 'Men might be better if we better deemed
> Of them. The worst way to improve the world
> Is to condemn it. Men may overget
> Delusion, not despair.'

Sinful Thoughts.

It is easier to slay a little serpent than a large one, but it is easier still to *crush the eggs!*

Time.

Be not overhasty in your judgments about present trials. The scar will remain, agony will merge into a dull ache—but Time will heal.

Changing Resolutions.

Be firm. Hastily-spoken resolutions are like the mercury in the barometer—they betoken simply changes in the human weather.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LETTERS FROM A MYSTIC OF THE PRESENT DAY. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

The author acknowledges 'the importance of the outward and inward witness to Truth,' yet 'speaks of the immediate rather than the mediate relations of the Life-giving Spirit with man.' It will be an interesting volume especially to those acquainted with the late Mr. Vaughan's 'Hours with the Mystics.' The letters are tenderly and thoughtfully written, and their meaning is somewhat clearer than many of the Mystical writers favour us with. The author says, 'The unique part of the Christian Revelation is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.' We think that this is an imperfect statement: surely the unique part of the Gospel is the revelation of the Incarnation and Atonement as well as the indwelling of a Divine Comforter. One thinker referred to in the volume says that the unique part of Christ's Revelation is the Redemption of the body. Thus we see that when men speak of a unique part they are in danger of forgetting that as a complete Divine Revelation of Incarnation, Atonement, and Resurrection, it is a complete whole. There is a great deal of beautiful and pathetic writing in the book, and the spirit in which it is written is pre-eminently reverent and spiritual. It will be a welcome volume to all who belong to the Mystical School of Theology.

MAN'S GREAT DEBT. By J. BARTON DELL. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

There is a great attempt at saying something *new* in this volume—if it be indeed new? All we can make out of its emphatic teaching is this, that God's forgiveness of sin, as the great Creditor, is only given upon the basis of 'Return unto Me, and I will return unto you.' But if this means, as on page 122, 'That a little child rushing to its mother's arms, weeping for a fault and finding forgiveness, has realized and illustrated the Divine plan,' all we can say is that the analogy is misleading and imperfect; and that if the Scriptures are especially clear upon any one point it is this, that there is a special relation between the death of Christ and the forgiveness of sins.

THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL. By REV. B. BURLINGTON WALE. London: Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

This is an excellent volume for the summer holiday. It treats of 'The Dawn of Summer;' 'The Love of Flowers;' 'The Sea-Shore;' 'The Woodland Aisles;' 'The Symbolism of Nature;' 'Rock and Mountain Rambles;' 'Nature's Minstrelsy;' 'Autumn Musings,' etc. The author modestly lays claim to little originality, and gives references to various authors from whom he has culled facts, thoughts, and illustrations. It may interest some to know that whilst the elm has been known to attain the age of 335 years, the cypress has attained 800, the oak 1,500, the cedar 2,000, and the yew 3,200. The volume is chatty, amusing and instructive, and full of pleasant æsthetic taste and feeling. Best of all, it is rich in Evangelical fervour.

THE DIVINE IDEAL OF THE CHURCH. By AN ELDER. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

A collection of passages of Scripture, grouped into forty short sections, to illustrate what the Bible says respecting the Church of God.

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS AND TUNES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By ALFRED H. MILES. London: Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

This is a capital sixpennyworth, but we still hold to the idea, so far as words are concerned, that there is a glorious field open for some 'hymnologist' for the young. We have few, very few, hymns that express child-wants, inspire child-heroism, or turn the Gospel into a religion of common life for the young. So far, however, as this goes, the music is good and the theology simple and spiritual.

THE GUIDING LIGHT. By REV. SAMUEL D. HILLMAN. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street, W.

This volume consists of Advent, Watch-Night and New Year's Addresses by an author who published some time since a most interesting volume of graphic sketches called 'Echoes from the Pulpit.' It is written with great freshness of thought, great earnestness of purpose, and delicate spiritual feeling. It breathes all through the modest spirit and the affectionate heart of the writer, and is pre-eminently calculated to do good. Truly Evangelical in doctrine, it is neither conventional nor commonplace, and is brightened up with touches of poetry and timely illustrations. The perusal of it will stimulate the preacher; and it is so well got up that it forms an excellent 'Gift-book for the Season.'

HANDBOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES. Genesis, by MARCUS DODDS, D.D. Presbyterianism, by REV. JOHN MACPHERSON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

The first of these handbooks has been carefully prepared, and will be of great service to conductors as well as members of Bible-classes. The introduction to Genesis, though brief, is worthy of careful perusal. The notes are lucid and suggestive. Such a series is calculated to do a great deal of good. May it have a wide circulation among our young people!

The second volume, as its title intimates, deals with the Polity of the Presbyterian Church. The chief object of the author is to show that the Presbyterian order of church government is in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament. Readers who have a desire to know the views of our friends the Presbyterians respecting 'Office Bearers' and 'Church Courts,' will gain some information from the reading of this handbook.

SKETCH LESSONS ON THE GOSPEL OF MARK. By HENRY THORNE. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

Similar to the Notes published by the Sunday-school Union on the International Lesson. Handy for teachers.

LOVING AND BELOVED. By EMMA HOLLAND. London: Nisbet and Co.

A memorial sketch of Mary Caroline Lowdell, a lady eminently useful in doing a great deal of good amongst the poor at Brighton and elsewhere. The profits derived from the sale of the volume are for the benefit of the Young Women's Christian Institute, Brighton. Such a book as this placed in the hands of the younger members of our churches may stimulate them in the work of helping their fellow-creatures.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS. By REV. W. H. PEERS, M.A. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

A capital handbook, containing many wise and practical hints on how to start and conduct mothers' meetings; as well as directions how to manage medical clubs, clothing and coal clubs, and penny banks. Friends interested in that kind of work will thank us for calling their attention to this little volume, which is brimful of information on the way to help the poor.

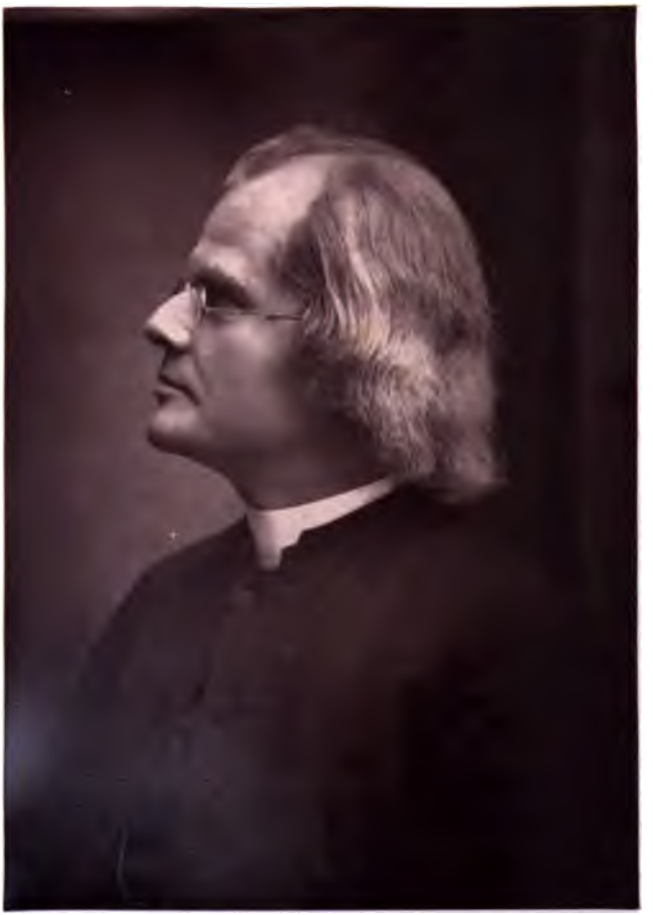
SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH MY CHILDREN. By the REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH. Eighth thousand. London: Wm. Isbister, Limited, 56, Ludgate Hill.

We see no reason why these admirable services, consisting of hymn, lesson, and brief prayer, should not reach eighty thousand. Here at last we have a confessed want well supplied. The illustrations which abound in the volume are truly artistic, appropriate, and excellent. There are in all forty-two services, and the titles are not the only taking parts, good as they are, for the treatment is equal to the title. 'The Child's Passion for the Father,' 'The Power of God's Love,' 'Light and Gladness,' 'Jesus and Animals,' 'Selfishness,' 'Weakness and its Power over Goodness,' 'Ever in God's Sight,' 'Samuel, God and Darkness,' 'The Gentle Ways of God,' 'Jesus at Play,' 'That Old Serpent,' 'The Good Shepherd,' 'The Self-Willed,' 'The Cords of Love'—these are some of the headings, and with a quick instinct, a tremulous delicacy of religious feeling, and the firm hand of a true word-artist, Mr. Waugh gives us some of the richest and rarest disquisitions on the subjects of which he treats. We have no space for extracts, but we earnestly hope that all readers who are parents will at once procure this bright and yet serious, instructive and yet interesting volume for their young people. Christmas will soon be here, and this will indeed be an admirable gift-book for all parents, teachers, and guardians to give to the little folks committed to their care. Those who read it aloud to the little home circle will find that they are listening to a voice of wisdom which will equally benefit themselves. The volume has our warmest word of commendation.

The sermons preached in Twickenham Congregational Church, and referred to in our last, are by Rev. George Walker, B.A., and may be had of Speight and Sons, Fetter Lane, for one shilling and sixpence per volume.

NEW STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. By an OXFORD GRADUATE. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

The writer believes that many 'essential truths are misstated in their popular form, and have fostered erroneous beliefs in the minds of numberless well-meaning persons.' We wish that he had first distinctly stated *what* are the erroneous beliefs, and then proceeded to contrast them with what he considers true beliefs. Instead of this we are left to the perusal of 300 very well written and interesting pages to discover these differentiæ. We cannot afford space or time to elaborate these for ourselves; all we can say is this, that the volume is able and devout.



Photographed by H S. Mendelssohn, Newcastle

Yours faithfully,

Henry Batchelor.

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1883.

THE NEED OF PATIENCE.

'For ye have need of patience,' says the writer of the Hebrews, and certainly this is the most difficult lesson of life's conduct. We have many of us imperious desires, hasty wills, and petulant ambitions. We too often seek speedy harvests, and expect swift recompense for our strenuous toil.

The age we live in feeds the fallacy that harvests must be immediate. Results rule the day: men haste to be rich—even learning is tempted to try *other* than the plodding path; and in religion we do not like the long burden of the day. Precipitation, however, is dangerous, whether in running or in working. We are to 'run with patience,' which seems at first an inconsistent figure of speech; but we may fall over the precipice by too great haste, or mar our work through want of painstaking, and persistence.

There is no one virtue in the Bible more insisted on than patience. We are 'to bring forth fruit with patience;' 'in patience to possess our souls.' The face of thought must not be flushed with excitement. We are 'to follow after patience;' to 'let the trying of our faith work patience;' we are 'to add to our temperance patience;' to be 'strengthened with all patience;' 'through patience to inherit the promises.' Amid the heaviest sorrows we are to be 'patient in tribulation,' and amid the sternest toils to exercise a 'patient continuance in well-doing.' Well, therefore, may we be called upon to consider 'the patience of the saints'—to remember Abraham, who, 'after he had patiently endured, received the promise;' to emulate the beloved John, who was a 'companion in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ,' and in all service and suffering to imitate the husbandman who had 'long patience' for the fruits of the earth.

Remember, then, we have *need* of patience! For it is a spiritual exercise of great preciousness not to be lightly esteemed, nor to be done without in the divine outworking of the Christian

life! We learn this by the sacred monitions of the Inspired Word. Patience is not a despicable indolence: it is not a dreary fatalism: it is not a morbid indifference. No. We see its nature and its beauty in the image of the meek and patient Lord, Who is henceforth expecting till His enemies become His footstool.

Patience is needed from the Nature of our Work.

The will of God rules all. Let us beware, therefore, of the hasty work of impetuous desire. Patience is something sublime, august, working itself out through hindrance to our hopes. The will of God is the only perfectly good will in the universe, and in the end the only strong will, beautiful in its results as it is strong in its sovereign supremacy.

These words were spoken of the *first* workers. And surely they needed patience. They had to do with the antagonisms of Cæsarian pride and power—with a fierce idolatry—with a haughty Pharisaism—with vice which had become unblushing in its effrontery, and which was even idolized in religious ritual.

Sin's prairie fire cannot be quenched at once! The new revelation of love and pity and grace in the Gospel was to win its way only by silent, steady conquest. Gospel victories were to be real, and not like the Catholic conversion of the Moors in mediæval days, achieved by a dash of baptismal water on the brows of unwilling converts.

The Apostles were deemed madmen. They were made, indeed, a gazing-stock. How they would be laughed at in the theatres of that day! How fashion would despise them, and pride spurn them! Their very goods were spoiled. Not only this. False charges were brought against them. The dark hand of hate carried a dagger for their reputation! They were treated as the enemies of a society who lived luxuriously, and without God in the world.

In all this their Master's words proved true, 'They shall speak all manner of evil against you *falsely* for My name's sake.' And the Master's counsel was needed, 'In patience possess ye your souls.'

It is the false charge that tries this patience: not mere insult, not mere cruelty, not even the prætor's scourge and the martyr's doom. There is something that even the *worst* men deem heroic in endurance then. Yes! The power they had to exercise was in saintly character, in spiritual influence, in holy example. And when their most sacred rites were spoken of as infamous, and their names held up to obloquy, it was difficult to endure unto the end.

Patience! The veil will one day be torn down, and the beautiful statue appear. Patience! for what testimony to the power of truth so potent as that it sustained men in their hours of grief and gloom? Beautiful patience! It lives on, and triumphs at last. Behold the Man! He was despised and rejected of men. He *endured* contradiction of sinners against Himself.

Circumstances change. The trials of our faith are not the same as those of the first disciples; but the world is still as carnal in its judgments, as gross in its tastes, as profligate in its desires, as ignoble in its standards, as un-Christlike at its heart.

But the sustaining strength of the Christian is the will of God. We know it! God's will has been revealed in the word, and it has been lived in the life of Jesus your Lord. The will of God is the eternal, ever-blessed will.

Patience is needed from our own Personal Constitutions.

These constitutions differ. But for the most part we find our active powers in royal ascendency. We can do, we can dare; but we have little power to wait and to endure. When the waterfloods rise to our waist and to our throat, and *almost* overwhelm us, our patience fails.

Thus we need Divine chastening in relation to our weakest point. Men too often discipline that which is *strongest* in them; God disciplines that which is *weakest*. For in moral graces there springs up a strong pride in some special virtue. Some are proud of rectitude, some of courage, some of persistence, or their motto is 'Honour;' and they invigorate their pet virtues. We need patience day by day. We need not only that our natures should work, but that they should work to beautiful ends, to glorious results, and in humble and submissive ways.

I have stood by the white water-wash when the mill sent forth two boiling streams, with the fleecy foam and the rushing roar; and at another time I saw *one* stream, at another *none*. Why silence now? To work the mill is not enough. The stones must be well adjusted, the arrangements of machinery perfect, or there is noise without result. So remember that work is not enough; it must have in it quality as well as strength. It may be that the Divine glory is suffering through our impetuosity, or hardness, or pride, or prayerlessness, or want of sympathy, or unspirituality, and God stays our active work that we may be renewed and purified in the spirit of our minds.

We have need of patience under disappointment: we forget that to be set right in God's way is best. A child learning

music dislikes the discipline that keeps to 'the scales.' To play pleasant tunes is so much easier and brighter; but *that* would only end in inefficiency and imperfection. Even philosophy has glimpsed the truth that the way of success is a way of non-haste: as the Spanish proverb has it, 'The world is his who waits.'

But what *in* life can compare with life itself? The great soul within us, *that* is all in all. For *that* to be redeemed and saved, for *that* to be made meet for the inheritance of the 'saints in light' —who would not endure?

Patience is needed because of the Relationship we sustain to Others.

Life is full of varieties. Nature is. And so is human life. We are not all alike. Our opinions differ. Friendship has to learn how to live, not in the absence of differences, but in spite of them. It is a sorry thing if people *must* see eye to eye, before they come heart to heart. It is pettish and childish to be out of patience with each other because of matters that can only come within the sphere of pure reason. We need have no patience with the churl, or the miser, or the profligate, or the unjust man; but in a multitude of cases we have need to exercise the beautiful spirit of patience. Methods differ. Tastes differ. Judgments differ; and in all things, human and divine, there *are* diversities of operation, but the same spirit. Families have to learn this, or they become scenes of contentious talk. Companions have to learn this, or they become wearisomely monotonous. Moreover, we have faults which must *jar* on the hearts of others, and human forbearance is the very life of love. Without it we become petulant, prejudiced, and proud.

With our children how patient we have to be! They form quick, hasty judgments, which cannot be changed by command; only experience can reveal to them their shortsightedness and folly. And in Church life how needful it is that we be patient with each other in all diversities of taste and judgment.

How truly might some say, 'Have patience, and I will pay thee all,'—all of trust, and truth, and love; but the service must be rendered in the way that God has best fitted me for.

Patience is needed because of the Delay of Harvest Time.

It seems so long. Whatever field we walk in, we are tempted to be like the children in Longfellow's tale, who dug up their plants after a few days to see if they were taking root. We are discontented if we do not *see* the result of our labours. We forget the patience of God. Why it is so we know not. But science is upsetting our chronologies, and showing us how long are the

ras during which the works of His hand came to perfection. God is a patient worker alike in material and moral spheres.

And perhaps no really good work in this world was ever done ithout patience. Things hastily done are generally ill done. he great painters, what toilers they were! The great speakers, hat elaborate skill they used! I know the hasty work may lease, but it is only because the mind has not the quick rception to perceive in the mere pleasant picture mere-icious beauty, or in the fluent speech to note the volubility hich is mistaken for eloquence.

What evils have been wrought in the Church of God by deavours after a speedy harvest! What sensationalisms have d to be endured; what strained excitements have ended sad relapse! We need in all real work to wait for the rvest.

But then the real lasts and lives; the fruit remains. There is nciple in it; there is permanence in it; there is health in it. e forced plant soon droops and dies. Like Jonah's gourd, ne religion grows up in a night and perishes in a night. We ow that the harvest is coming; in due season we shall reap e faint not; but it is after we have done the will of God that receive the promise. Why receive the promise then? ause reward is not arbitrary; because it runs along the line life and character; because the best rewards lie within the ere of our own nature. You cannot reward a good man by gift if he feels that he has been disobedient, wilful or ubmissive to God; but he will have the reward, whatever ward life may bring if God says 'Well done' in his soul, and you can reward him in himself, for Christian reward is the ssoming of Christian character.

After. It may be after long years of trial. Wait for the ealing day! The will of God in our case just now may pain, separation, mysterious chastisement by sorrow. The l of God has to be borne in silence, in quiet chambers, lonely couches, in tears and heart-throes that make no nd.

atience! What a discipline life has been! How dark sky, with only a star here and there in the night, with only ttle music in the heart from some few words of love and dness.

atience! God's will in many cases is not done yet. Think the Christ. *He* went away again the second time and yed. Yea, and a *third* time, too. He, the great Saviour and ther of humanity. Then it was He said 'Not My will, but ne be done.'

atience! Behold the Man! Look at Him before His

accusers and judges, and along the path to the Cross. What restraint of power! What tenderness to His mother! What forgiveness for the malefactor! In all there is no hurry, no tasting the drugged cup to deaden sensation. No; He endured the Cross, despising the shame.

Let us not judge life, then, by an unwise and hasty observation. The one thing for us all is to be in harmony with our Father's will, and to try and live the prayer, 'Thy will be done.'

Patience is needed because the Harvest is in Heaven.

The harvest is to be eternal life. Our light afflictions are but for a moment. The revelation of immortal rest is the only one that will satisfy the heart, or, indeed, long satisfy the intellect. We cannot understand the discipline of our sorrows unless we look to the great reward. The old question of what God is in Himself then comes into the problem, for the griefs of righteous men sometimes last through all the long day of life. Yes; sorrow, grief, and pain are mysteries, and no earthly philosophy has ever explained them. They are only made light by the knowledge that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'

There are some to-day to whom only a lesser degree of pain than usual is luxury; some who are in trial through the sins of others; some, the very depth of whose love brings them pain, they are so concerned about those they love; some so constituted that their entire *sensibility*, which is the most precious thing in them, is a long ministry of suffering to them in such a world of sin and sorrow as this.

Blessed revelation of heaven! There shall be—no more pain—no more night. 'These are they which came out of great tribulation.' Came out of it, no more to go down into it. No wonder then that the revelation of eternal life is necessary to the relief and comfort of weary-hearted men who sigh for rest.

But what is this rest? It is God-life—Christ in us. Christ's nature ours for ever—this is heaven. This is eternal life, to know Him, to be like Him, and to be with Him where He is.

Thus we have need of patience for a reward so real and so immortal. A little while only, and we shall hunger no more and thirst no more for love or kindness. We shall *receive the promise.* It may be that specially to some of us now this divine word is heaven-sent; it may be that *we* have need of patience.

THE EDITOR.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

Cowper.

TAHITI AND MADAGASCAR:

AN OMINOUS PARALLEL.

By HENRY T. ROBJOHNS, B.A.

The French are carrying things with a pretty high hand just now on the coast of Madagascar; and whilst Christian civilization is most seriously threatened, their journalists in Paris are declaring that they do not mean to have a second 'Pritchard affair' in Madagascar. 'A second Pritchard affair!' We should think not. Do our readers understand the reference? Do they know the history of the break up of the London Missionary Society's work in Tahiti? Are they aware that this is not the first time the French have tried on this 'prancing policy'? Hear the story, abridged from the account given by the son of that Mr. Pritchard who was our Consul on the island of Tahiti at the time.

Tahiti was discovered in 1767 by Wallis, and was three times visited by Captain Cook—once in 1794 to observe the transit of Venus. The missionaries of the London Missionary Society went out as early as 1797. In time they were completely successful. The whole people became Christian. When the dark cloud of French interference arose, 'all were of our faith, all were prosperous, contented, and happy under a simple constitutional government, well appointed, and well administered; whilst commerce, industry, and civilization were being rapidly developed.' A certain gay and genial lightheartedness graced the children of that delightful land of sun and flowers, which the Gospel tempered but did not destroy. Pomare Valime I. was the Queen, and Mr. Pritchard the British Consul.

In 1825 Queen Pomare sought to strengthen amity with our George IV., and Canning replied on March 5th, 1827, that the King 'will be happy to afford to yourself and your dominions all such protection as his Majesty can grant to a friendly power at so remote a distance from his own kingdom.' Henceforth, every vessel-of-war touching at the island carried presents for the Queen.

On November 21st, 1836, arose the cloud that heralded the storm. As in Madagascar, clericalism was at the heart of it. On that day a small schooner, avoiding the regular port of entry, landed on the eastern seaboard of Tahiti two Catholic priests—Laval and Carret—and a carpenter lay-brother. They walked from village to village, telling the natives that the Protestant missionaries had been preaching error worse than the old paganism—that they were come to declare the truth. These priests had

on the island of Madagascar learnt the Tahitian language, and thence had ousted the English missionaries. At length they reached the capital of Tahiti, Papeete, and were shown the 'Port Regulations,' Article IV.: 'No master or commander of a vessel is allowed to land any passenger without a special permission from the Queen and governors.' They could not be allowed to remain. The priests answered: 'On shore we are, and on shore we intend to remain.' After some days the priests waited on the Queen, offered her 30 dollars each, and appealed to the 'Port Regulations:' 'No master of a vessel is allowed to put any man (*i.e.*, of the *crew*) on shore without permission, under a penalty of 30 dollars.' The Queen pointed out that priests were not of the crew, and declined the money. Subsequently she sent a letter, reminding them that they had not yet sought the needed permission; then a special messenger to the same effect. No! they were not going to comply with the law; they would wait until their big brother, in the shape of a French man-of-war, appeared upon the scene. Meanwhile, they corrupted two or three disaffected chiefs. All this no Queen that respected herself or the independence of her country could stand. The Queen, therefore, ordered them to be placed on board the schooner in which they came, and on December 13th they went back to Mangareva.

On December 22nd arrived Lord Edward Russell in H.M.S. *Acteon*, and, in the presence of the Queen and a great council, declared that 'in his opinion the Queen was quite right in sending those priests off the island, for if they had remained nothing but anarchy and confusion would have taken place, and the prospects of the island would have been ruined.'

'Never say die!' In about five weeks the priest Laval and another, Maigret, were back again in an American brig, bound for Valparaiso. Now they asked permission to land. The Queen, remembering how an attempt had been made to create a party inimical to the Government, said 'No.' The priests then tried to land without permission. Constables prevented. And so the brig took the priests on to Valparaiso. Priests now go off the scene, and 'prancing' naval officers carry on the drama of ruin. Just two years after the clandestine landing of the priests, Commodore Du Petit Thouars, in the *Venus*, 60-gun frigate, anchored in the harbour of Papeete. This was on August 29th, 1838. Brigs and schooners lay in the port, and in the season thirty or more whalers would be there. As in Madagascar now, barbarism had disappeared before civilization. We may now introduce the reader to an important personage, M. Moerenhout, a Belgian Catholic, at first United States Consul. But as soon as the American Government heard of his helping and intriguing

with the French priests, he was dismissed; and now, at the time of the visit of Du Petit Thouars, he was made French Consul. With him the Commodore was closeted for some hours, and the next day a document was handed to the Queen, complaining of insult to the French King, through the ill-treatment of 'Apostolic missionaries' (!), Messrs. Laval and Carret, demanding a letter of apology from the Queen, 2,000 Spanish dollars as indemnification to the priests, the hoisting of the French flag on the island of Motuuta, and the saluting it with 21 guns. The Queen was at the time on the island of Motuuta, about a quarter of an acre in size, situated in the harbour of Papeete. All this was to be done within twenty-four hours, on peril of bombardment and perpetual war with France until the conditions of amity were met. The Queen was slowly recovering the birth of a child, who was also ill; and Mr. Barff, an English missionary, with Mr. Pritchard, were in her room tendering medical aid, when an insolent French officer, in full uniform, appeared, to the serious alarm of the Queen, declaring that 'France was a great nation, had sixty grand frigates like the *Venus*, and cared for no other nation in the world.'

The Queen left the little island in the harbour, and went to the house of Mr. Pritchard until the business was settled. The guns of the *Venus* were shotted and run out, the drums beat to quarters. The Queen summoned a meeting of chiefs, and meanwhile sent to the Commodore a letter by Mr. Pritchard, asking to be heard as to what had really occurred in connection with the priests. No! No parley. Obedience or bombardment. A guard was placed around the Queen's island home, around her yacht, and no ship in the harbour was to stir. There was really no time for the chiefs to come from various parts of the island. Mr. Pritchard and two or three other Englishmen subscribed the 2,000 dollars; and the French flag was saluted in time with guns and powder borrowed from the French themselves, so poor was the Queen in munitions of war. The kingdom was saved for the moment. A treaty was also signed under compulsion, by which 'the French, whatsoever may be their profession, shall come and go freely, establish themselves, and trade among all the islands under the Government of Tahiti.' Then Du Petit Thouars resolved to do the amiable, and presented the Queen with a *barrel-organ!* Such was his estimate of the civilization of Tahiti and its Queen. The same contemptuous spirit is being now shown in the negotiations with Madagascar. This organ created a sensation. 'Just as the men with it in their hands entered the doorway, a mysterious creaking noise was heard. . . The men stood terrified, motionless, in the doorway, still holding the organ. The Queen told her attendants to look round and

find out whence the sound proceeded. Three parts of the house were found with a rent the whole length from the ground to the top! "O Pomare, our Kingdom is gone!" exclaimed a grey-headed old chief in attendance upon his Queen. "The kingdom is rent!" moaned aloud a venerable seer.' And so it was. Before he left, the Commodore invited the Queen to dine with him on board. She would not go. Mr. Pritchard, however, went, and the Commodore took the opportunity of soliciting his interest with the Queen, that she would be pleased, for the sake of French crews, to license a number of women of a certain class. In November, 1838, Pomare addressed an appeal most pitiful to the Queen of England. We are tempted to quote every line, but here are some of the concluding words: 'We have nobody to assist us in our helplessness except you, who implanted in our hearts, through your people, the love of Jehovah, the love of order and industry. Do not let those good seeds perish; do not leave unfinished what you have begun, and what is progressing so well. Lend us your powerful hand, take us under your protection; let your flag cover us, and your lion defend us.' But no help came, though Palmerston was at the Foreign Office.

Another chapter in this dismal story now opens. A French frigate, *L'Artémise*, Captain La Place, early in 1839, struck upon a sunken rock, and put into Papeete for repairs, which took ten weeks. Ready once more for sea, La Place desired to meet the Queen and chiefs. The meeting was arranged. The year before, the Queen had told Du Petit Thouars that she did not wish priests to teach her people Romanism, since they were Protestants. He replied, that as Frenchmen priests must be protected, but she could forbid their teaching. This she accordingly did. La Place now declared that if this law were not immediately repealed, he would fire upon the town. Then and there in the meeting it was repealed. But now La Place went further. This repeal must be embodied in a treaty: a site given at Papeete for a Romish church: and in every town or village where there was a Protestant chapel, there must be built gratuitously a Catholic one. All this was conceded, and La Place sailed from the island.

At the close of 1840, Queen Pomare went on a visit to the Society Islands, and in February, 1841, Mr. Pritchard to England. In their absence M. Moerenhout, the French Consul —partly by intimidation, and partly by a promise of 1,000 dollars each—persuaded the Regent and three District Governors to sign a letter of his writing asking for the establishment of a French Protectorate. On her return Pomare wrote to Louis Philippe, to Queen Victoria, and to the President of the United States, entirely disavowing the document.

In September 1842, Du Petit Thouars once more appeared at Tahiti. He was now chief of the French naval forces in the Pacific. For a week he had quiet daily interviews with the French Consul; then he had a conference with the Regents and two other great chiefs. On the following day the guns of his frigate, *La Reine Blanche*, were shotted and run out, and boats armed. Asylum on board was offered to the foreign consuls, as difficulties of a grave character had arisen. The Queen happened now to be at the island of Moorea, nine miles away. She was summoned to appear before the Admiral to answer for injuries and injustice suffered by Frenchmen at the hands of Tahitians. These existed only in the imaginations of the French Admiral and of the French Consul. They were never specified—and certainly never proved. In fact, there had been neither injury nor injustice. The Queen was ill, and could not appear. She sent the Rev. A. Simpson and Tairapa, a Judge of the Supreme Court, as her delegates. The Admiral would not receive the Englishman and missionary, but to the Judge he dictated his terms: the Queen within twenty-four hours to sign away the independence of her country, or pay 10,000 dollars, or the Admiral would fire upon Papeete. The money she had not; the alternative then lay between the sacrifice of independence and bombardment. Pomare sent for Mr. Simpson, the missionary, and said: 'Money? where has Pomare 10,000 dollars in cash? I have the land of my ancestors, and I have my people, but where have I 10,000 dollars?' She burst into tears. 'My good missionary, I must sign this paper. I sign it only through my great fear, very reluctantly. I cannot pay the fine. If the Admiral fires on my people, they will massacre all the white men in Papeete before they run to their mountains.' Weeping and sobbing, she signed the paper, and Tahiti was gone. Turning to her sleeping boy, she took him up in her arms, and sobbed out: 'My child! oh my child! *I have signed away your birthright.*'

We need not pursue the shameful story further, nor tell how Louis Philippe accepted the Protectorate; how the new French Governor took possession of the Queen's palace, whilst she had to fly for protection first to the home of the British Consul, and then on board H.M.S. *Dublin*, and afterwards on board the *Basilisk*; how Mr. Pritchard was imprisoned in a dungeon for five days under circumstances of darkness, filth and horror that nearly killed him, and how he was finally set at liberty only by being sent away on board H.M.S. *Cormorant*, on condition that the captain would give a pledge that *there should be no intercourse with the shore.* The doings in Madagascar anticipated again! Deeds are done that must needs be in the dark. Nor can we tell how, although Protestantism has been necessarily

tolerated—for otherwise the Great Powers of Europe might have something to say—Romanism has been in the ascendant, and Papeete become, in senses dark and evil, the too attractive Paris of the South Pacific Ocean. Oh for the full establishment of the reign of that King of Righteousness and Peace, of whom it is said, 'He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and *break in pieces the oppressor*'!

HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY FOR CONVICTIONS.

(*Continued from p.* 414.)

By this time, however, I imagine that some of you must be ready to exclaim: 'Yes, that sounds all very correct and reasonable, and yet there are unfortunately many facts which seem to favour the position which you are criticizing.' Take, FIRST, the control of our thoughts. How do you explain the circumstance that so many of them come and go without being asked—nay, even against our wish? You are passing along a street; something—perhaps a picture—catches your eye in a shop-window, and lo! with the speed of lightning a whole train of thoughts and fancies rushes through the mind; it springs from one thing to another, till you are landed in a set of ideas which you would blush to own. *Again*, whilst you are engaged in business, or reading a good wholesome book at home, or, possibly, praying, all at once frivolous, or sceptical, or dishonourable, or impure thoughts, not at all suggested by what is around you, not at all suggested by your occupations, intrude—intrude greatly to your own annoyance and perplexity. What about such experiences as these? Are we responsible, wholly or partly, for this state of things?

So far as thoughts come *completely unsought* from without, through eye or ear or touch or smell or taste, so far are we not responsible for them, unless we freely detain them and dwell on them. But the train of thoughts which follows—what of that? At the moment when it rushes through the mind we cannot control it: that is true, too true, alas! But are we therefore not responsible for it? That is a very different question. Before you venture to say, 'It was no fault of mine,' you ought to look back on your past life and find out whether you have not yourself fostered shameful ideas and fancies, and thus laid up a store on which your mind is, as it were, forced to draw when a suitable occasion arises. Too often the hearts of men are just like a hidden magazine of gunpowder, which the slightest spark cast

in from without ignites and causes to explode. You little know when you let your mind dwell on evil fancies, what trouble you may be preparing for yourself, possibly years and years hence, when everything seems to be forgotten, and when you would fain be pure and holy, alike within and without. As to thoughts which arise *spontaneously* within us—well, I venture to think they are due to three sources. *First*, to the unconscious working of our own mind. Our minds have been compared to a stomach. Just as it is constantly engaged, without our being aware of it, in dissolving, combining, distributing the food we give it; so the mind is constantly engaged, without our knowing it, in dividing and combining the mental food we give it: and very often it sends up samples of what it has produced out of the material supplied—some that we are ashamed of, some that we can rejoice at. Now, before we excuse ourselves for evil thoughts thus arising, we should settle—who supplied the material? If a man has indigestion and suffers accordingly, you blame him mostly for wrong eating or drinking. So with the mind. The mind is as we make it, within limits; just as the stomach is as we make it, also within limits. *A second source is some evil spirit or other.* This notion is regarded by many nowadays as too antiquated and absurd for belief; but, for my part, I have no hesitation whatever in accepting it as true. Our minds are accessible to evil suggestions from the invisible world, though ordinarily only just in proportion as we ourselves are living in sin. If Christ and His Spirit dwell in us, 'the tempter hath nothing in us'—as Christ said of Himself. The pure in heart pass through both the visible and invisible world day by day, encompassed by an armour that no eye can see, no hand touch, but which infallibly wards off the fiery darts of the evil ones—whether those darts are from the outward or the inward sphere. *A third source of thoughts, but only of good ones, is the Holy Spirit*, by Whose inspiration our hearts are cleansed; but He only comes where He is an invited guest. If, however, He is a welcome guest, He not only suggests holy thoughts and stimulates pure aspirations, but also enables us actively and effectually to resist and banish everything that is fitted to bring defilement or error or any other peril. Thus, you see, we are either indirectly or directly responsible even for thoughts which seem most beyond control, in so far as the state of our heart is largely our own work, and the influences to which we are subject are of our calling.

Take, SECONDLY, the control of our convictions. Are people responsible for what they hold to be true or untrue in cases like the following: A Roman Catholic is trained up from a child to regard his Church and priesthood as possessing divine authority:

this is his conviction. A *Unitarian* is brought up to look upon the Lord Jesus Christ as a mere man, though one who led a sinless life, left a perfect example, and was the greatest of all moral teachers: this is his conviction. A *young man* who, though accustomed to attend Christian worship, has little clear knowledge of Christianity, and no definite religious experience, is brought as a student or otherwise under the influence of the speculations in which so many scientists indulge, and, dazzled by their knowledge of nature and overawed by their dogmatism about what is beyond nature, comes to the conclusion that, to say the least, nothing certain can be known about either God or Christ or a future life: that is his conviction. *A great many others*, seeing, as they put it, that men equally honest and equally able entertain very different or even contradictory notions, especially about Christianity, settle down to the convenient persuasion that it is impossible for candid minds to be certain about anything of the kind: this is their conviction, and a very common conviction it is at the present moment. Now, what about such people as these and their convictions? Are they responsible? Can they help themselves? Are they to be blamed?

My personal answer to these questions is this: If the *Roman Catholic* knows only what his teachers have taught him, and has never heard of Protestants and their Bible, or of other churches and systems, he is not responsible, provided he have properly used the understanding with which God has endowed him on the ideas or thoughts which have been set before him. If the *Unitarian* have remained ignorant of the fact that the immense majority of Christians in all ages have believed about Christ, not only what his teachers have taught him, but in addition, that He was and is the eternal Son of God, the King and Saviour of men, Who will one day become the Judge of quick and dead, with all that these great truths involve—then he is not responsible, supposing he have diligently obeyed the injunctions of the same teachers to seek the whole, the pure truth. *If the man* whom science, wrongly understood and applied, has led into unbelief, have taken full and careful pains to understand the faith he has renounced, if he have not let familiarity stand for real knowledge, then he, too, is not responsible, provided he have given fair play—I repeat, fair play in its widest application—not only to the new ideas recommended by the scientific preachers, but also to the old ideas for which Christian martyrs have died, and by which millions of Christian believers have lived. *As to the man* who lets the fact of the existence of great differences between those whom he calls all alike honest, determine him to accept the conviction that nothing certain is

knowable, and that it does not matter much anyway—as to that man, what shall I say? He gets out of the highest responsibilities of a human being in a way that is contemptible in a human being. He ought to be ashamed of himself. There is some excuse for men who think and work and yet go astray; but there is no excuse for a man who goes astray because other people do so. That my neighbours, be they ever so great and honourable, have missed the truth or disagree among themselves, is no true reason why I should not search diligently, making use of all the means that may lie within my reach.

To put my reply to the difficulties which I have mentioned in one word, I would say—say it as an ambassador of Christ, say it in the name of my blessed King and Saviour—all that He demands, all that His servants therefore have any right to demand, is *willingness—genuine, unadulterated—willingness to receive the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; conscientious use of all the means of finding the truth; and last, not least, genuine, unadulterated willingness that the truth should mould and control the life.* This is only another way of putting the significant words of our Lord Himself when He said, 'He that is willing to do His will shall know the teaching whether it be of God.' Absolute, pure loyalty for intellect and heart and will—this is necessary to the right and due formation of true convictions.

But suppose, after all, a man should arrive at what you consider an erroneous conclusion—an erroneous conclusion, for example, to take the central and cardinal point of Christianity, about the Lord Jesus Christ: the *conclusion* that, though He was an eminently good man and wise teacher, He is not, as orthodox people believe, an ever-present, though invisible friend, comforter, helper, deliverer, strengthener—in a word, King and Saviour; the conclusion that this is a pleasant delusion, however real and good the experiences may be that are traced to His influence: suppose that, what then? Well, not to mince matters, I maintain that if he conscientiously use all the means of finding the truth besides fulfilling the other conditions, he cannot arrive at a false conclusion. He may not come to see exactly eye to eye with other Christian *thinkers* or *theorizers about Christ;* but he will learn that Jesus Christ is in very deed the Saviour, 'the way, the truth, the life.'

Perhaps you are ready now to ask indignantly, 'Have not some who deny this as conscientiously used all the means within their reach as you who call yourselves orthodox? What bigotry! What gross presumption and uncharitableness!' Wait a moment. *To use all means conscientiously* is a true demand laid down alike by Science and Christianity, and it means, as

understood by both, essentially the same thing, differently applied. But it is a very wonderful demand, rightly enough appreciated and applied as far as science goes; not rightly appreciated and applied as far as Christ is concerned. Let us take an illustration. Suppose you are visiting a microscopist's laboratory on a hot day. He hands you a tumbler of bright sparkling cool water, and says, 'Just look at that.' You take it from him, and being thirsty, are about to drink some of it; but he stops you, exclaiming, 'Don't for the world drink that; it is full of disease germs, and you might go home and fall ill of typhoid fever in consequence: many a man has been killed by drinking from the well where I got that water.' But you reply, 'I don't understand that; the water looks all right; show me these germs; prove what you say. I am one of those who think that doctors and others make nowadays a great deal out of nothing, and imagine a great deal. Who knows whether the water really did cause the deaths you speak of, and not something else?' 'Well,' replies the microscopist, 'I will soon convince you that the germs are there.' Having taken a drop from the tumbler and put it under his microscope, he says to you, 'Look now through this glass, and tell me what you see.' But you answer, 'Oh no, I am not going to do that. Why should I do so? If you cannot show me the things swimming about in the tumbler, or convince me by argument of their existence, I can't believe what you say.' The scientist urges you to try the experiment; tells you to trust his word for it that you will see if you look: he tells you that hundreds of others have looked and seen: but you won't be convinced, and go away as sceptical as ever. What would your acquaintance say about you when you had left him? I imagine he would describe you as a man who wanted to know the truth, but was unwilling conscientiously to use all the means within his reach. Now for the application of the parable. The Christian believer comes to such men as I have been previously referring to, and tells them of the Christ whom he trusts, who has been his helper and comforter, who brightens his life and takes away even the fear of death. They reply, 'Well, what you tell us is very beautiful: we should be only too glad to believe it if we could; the loss of our early creed has taken from the "universe its soul of loveliness," and darkened life by intensifying its mystery; but where's the evidence? Prove to us that Christ exists and works as you maintain, and we will become His followers.' He marshals before them the usual evidences, but they fail to convince. Then if he is a wise man he will plainly inform them that the certainty, the conviction which they seek and demand, can only be secured in one way—the truly scientific way—the way of experiment,

of trial. Not the sort of experiment, indeed, that the microscopist can make with animalcules, or the chemist with invisible gases; but the sort of experiment which a friend can make with a friend, a son with a father, a daughter with a mother, a person with a person. Christ cannot be known as a present Saviour till He is tried. He wants us to try Him. That is the mode of inquiry by which we shall arrive at a knowledge of Him. That is the means of which we must make use. But try Him for what? Whatever we try or test, we test or try for something. Try Him for salvation—present salvation, present soundness, wholeness, healthiness, gladness, of soul and life. Does the world lack brightness because of the absence of that 'light which never shone on land or sea'? Does life seem scarcely worth living because it is a moil and toil, and struggle and fight, for no higher, grander end than just living out our little span? Jesus Christ can and does enable us to see light in His light, and give a glorious meaning to the meanest life. Are you weak to do the right you approve, and avoid the wrong you condemn? He can brace up and strengthen you inwardly for both. In short, He is the living, energizing, active 'way, truth, life'—to those who try Him, to those who seek Him as such, but to none others. 'Ah! there you come to us again with the old demand for faith put in a slightly different way,' I fancy I hear objectors answering. So it is, if you like to have it so! But faith—what is it? Just simply *loyal experiment.* That, and nothing more; that, but nothing less. Loyal experiment with the blessed Lord who so loved the world as to die for it. He does not ask you first to accept or understand a complicated system of theology, or even all that may be included in the blessed Book that testifies of Him. No: all He asks is 'willingness to receive the truth: use of all the means in your reach: and readiness to live out the truth received.' He will do the rest. Ask Him: commit yourself loyally to Him: cry out, 'I believe, help mine unbelief,' and soon you will experience His power and grace, and the conviction will grow up in your soul that verily the Lord Jesus Christ is mighty to save, strong to deliver. But how many go away saying, like the man with the microscopist, 'I am not going to try your experiment; the fact is, I don't believe in the existence and power of your so-called Christ and Saviour; and you cannot show Him to me or prove that He has done what you have experienced.' Such men, therefore, retain their old conviction, and treat that of the Christian Church as false. Are they innocent? Are they responsible? They are responsible, and the day will come when they will have to confess with shame and confusion of face that whilst they may have been loyal to nature, loyal perhaps to

conscience, loyal to men, they were disloyal to Him Who is the Lord alike of nature, conscience, and man, Who makes them what they are, to Whom they bear witness, and Who is the 'Fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely.'

(*Conclusion.*)

'TAKING HOLD OF GOD.'*

In entering once more on our common enterprise, we cast ourselves on the mercy, and entrust ourselves to the grace and power of our Lord Jesus Christ. The strongest men, the wisest, the most adroit, the most cultivated, the most abundant in labour, the most consciously spiritual, know that they need the constant supply of heavenly strength, the more than electric current of Divine life, proceeding from, returning to, the central perpetual Source of all blessedness. During its progress thence and thither, from and to the Life-centre, the *heart* of the universe, the power of God energizes in His people. *They* are truly alive and serviceable, only when they allow the heavenly force to act unimpeded, unresisted within them. Those who have entirely surrendered themselves to God, are those alone who *live* to the full. Though they are filled with *life*, they are acutely aware that they have *no* life in themselves. To the Son, the Father hath given to have life in Himself, but to all others to have life by vital connection with Him. Without Him even Apostles can do nothing. Separated from the Source of life, they bear no spiritual fruit, and if cast forth as branches they would wither, and be burned up.

If this is a truism of Scripture, a commonplace of Christianity, and is the prime fact knowable with reference to the experience of the greatest of the saints, divines, missionaries, heroes, witnesses of the faith, then some very obvious conclusions follow:

1. That which is true of the greatest, noblest, and most distinguished of the servants of God, is *d fortiori* pre-eminently true of the feeble, the inexperienced, the beginner in the Christian battle with world, flesh, and devil.

Young David may slay Goliath with the sling and stone, but apart from the Divine strength, in which he ran to the conflict, he would infallibly have been food for beasts of the field and fowls of the air.

The weak things of the world never overcame the strong *by* their weakness; never did foolish things in virtue of their folly

* An address delivered to the students of Cheshunt College, at the commencement of the session, 1883-84.

convince or master the wise. The Divine energy working through the channel of our faith, notwithstanding our natural incapacity, may overcome the world. Faith which lays hold of God may win great victories. God's thoughts on the lips of a little child may verily pierce and shatter the costly armour of unbelief; may search out the hidden weaknesses of the strongest, but no thanks to the smallness or insignificance *per se* of the method in which the words of God are uttered.

The young recruit or sailor, the tyro in some great art, the little child in a beleaguered city, may sometimes do wonders by utilizing the providence of God, by allowing Divine power to operate through them, unchecked by perilous half-knowledge, but such facts prove incontestably, that after all it was not their weakness, but God's power—not their ignorance, but God's prescience and purpose, which wrought the predestined result. Probably the reason why the feeble sometimes become as David, and David as an angel of the Lord, why the lame sometimes take the prey, and the publicans and harlots, and the seed of evil-doers, enter the kingdom of heaven before the Scribes and Pharisees, is because they know their inherent helplessness, and offer no resistance to the mighty forces of the Spirit of God. They know that they are miserable, poor, blind, and naked; they know that in themselves they are ignorant, and see but a little way before them; they have no temptation to substitute their own wisdom, righteousness, or strength for the Almighty's. No competitors for the kingdom of God are so utterly out of the reckoning as those who are comfortably persuaded that they *enjoy* already what they profess to seek. No diseases are more deadly than those which confound and befool the sufferer into a deceptive security and morbid consciousness of health. None learn so little as those who think they know. Those who are not aware of their ignorance, and indulge in the luxury of 'seeming wise,' never apprehend the conditions of knowledge. No students do less than those who fancy they are already furnished, who underrate the complexity of the problem they have to solve, the extent of the ground they ought to traverse. Those who make the most grievous failures are those who are consciously infallible, from His Holiness at the Vatican down to the youngest of us.

How valueless all the machinery of modern education and culture without the backing and infusion of the Divine Spirit! More helpless and worthless than a tangle of telegraph wires, without any electric force to traverse them, or any mind to read their indications.

Some of you are beginning your *studies:* put yourselves night and day into spiritual contact with the Divine power, which can

alone make your pursuit of truth a benefaction to you, or can alone utilize your faculties for the dispensation of it to others. You need Divine grace to deal rightly with the elements and factors of human knowledge, as well as with the most complicated and abundant combinations of them.

No study is secular if we are pursuing it with sacred motives, if our aim is pure and we are seeking truth and knowledge for their own sake and for God's glory. Conversely, no study is sacred, be it that of the flesh, or blood, or Spirit of the blessed Christ, or be it concerned with the very arcana of the temple of God, if we approach it selfishly, with a self-seeking, self-indulgent spirit; if we do not sustain a mental attitude towards God at once prayerful, filial, receptive, obedient. Without this we shall never appropriate His outpoured Spirit. Nay, the so-called 'secular' may become most sacred, the so-called 'sacred' may become soul-hardening, according to the spirit with which we discharge these duties.

While some of you are entering college for the first time, others are drawing to the close of their curriculum. I say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that this period of your life *may* be a continuous sacrament of Divine giving and human receiving; and you may leave this brotherhood, having had distilled into your soul the most abundant measures of grace, visions of eternal things, apprehensions of the awful and tremendous meaning of the common phrases of our faith or duty, hearing the seven trumpets and seven thunders of the kingdom of God—ablaze, aflame with the baptism of fire; or you may leave it hardly knowing whether there *be* any Holy Ghost, setting your heart on earthly things, human distinctions, comforts. You may leave this place, burning with zeal, charged with your message, filled with the Spirit; or disposed to preach Christ that yourselves may be glorified, to win souls that you may secure promotion, blending in the most careless tangle ideas and principles that you should carefully discriminate, having forgotten your first love, and having made no deeper acquaintance with the mind and will of God. I am far from saying that you must go out either in one or other of these extreme states, but both are possible; and you will approximate the one or avoid the other, according as this continuous contact with God finds you unsusceptible of, or tenderly alive to, His grace.

Some of you are just commencing your *ministry*—just embarking for distant fields of service in unknown, untried scenes. It is not for him who puts on the armour to boast as one who is laying down his well-worn arms. Grand old missionaries are gathered to their fathers, and are folded on the bosom of God, after long lives of quiet, patient, heroic endurance.

But Moffatt never knew, when learning the Sechuana language in hunger and filth, amid the cruelties and degradation of outer barbarism, that he would one day become the tenderly beloved, half-aureoled, venerated saint of his latest days. The old hero begins with the enthusiasm and self-forgetting of the young missionary. His laurels were really won when no approving, sympathetic human eye looked upon his labours; and I dare not doubt that among the unnamed, quickly terminated careers of some whom we have known and loved there has been the same heroism and saintliness, the same welcome, the same palm, and rest, and crown at last. What has made the difference between the ministry which 'rings the bells of heaven,' and one that ends in self and nothingness and sin? There has been ever flowing into the soul of one the mighty power, the supernatural grace of God; the other has been content with its own power, and has taken no steps to be filled with the Holy Ghost. The victor on the Christian field knows that the battle was the Lord's. The great Christian thinker who feels his way through dark places, and compels the world to follow him, knows that he has but realized a thought of God; the soldier of Christ who has slain with the sword of the Spirit a thousand enemies of the truth, or made prisoners of whole armies, enrolling them in the loyal service of the King of kings, knows that by his own strength he has done none of these things. *A fortiori*, the young soldier, the beginner, the neophyte, the catechumen, must recognise and realize the sense of utter dependence upon the power which worketh in us.

2. Then it becomes of prime importance for us in our studies, in our ministry, in our relation to one another, in all our conduct of life, to receive the Holy Ghost. This is puzzling, but a few propositions are perfectly certain; *e.g.*, there is a Divine, inscrutable, unparalleled energy—a force mightier, more universal, more abundant in manifestation, more subtle, more efficacious than solar light or heat, which yet surrounds, invests, interlaces, interpenetrates not only all things, but all souls. It is a central force, ever issuing from one personal life-giving human heart like our own. This tremendous force is a fire unquenchable, in which men, churches, nations, worlds, may be, nay, are being burned up, but which can, nevertheless, deal compassionately with the sin of a penitent, dry a mourner's tear, play gently over an infant's slumber, like the brooding of a dove. There is no limit of intellectual force, of moral energy, of spiritual enlightenment, which a human soul may not receive, if it be brought into true relationship with this central personal force, this Divine Spirit, which rested without measure on Christ, which He breathed into His disciples, which He now

sends forth in might upon His Church, which in certain tides of refreshment and invigoration He gives where it is most needed and most entirely appreciated and longed for.

If this be so, you say, how is it that we are not all and always filled with the Holy Spirit? I reply, most certainly every man, every college, every Church, every Christian society, is immersed in this fire. The oxygen of the atmosphere is either our life or our death; let us cease to inhale it, fail to assimilate and transform it into our life, and it burns us up, it transforms us to dust and ashes. So let us cease to realize, accept, admit, appropriate, utilize the Divine energy, let us close our heart to its approach, and shut our eyes, ears, touch, taste, to its gracious ministry, then our power to touch, see, taste and handle is itself consumed. Men can and do resist the Holy Spirit. Men can and do quench the Holy Spirit. Men can and do grieve and wound the Holy Spirit. A trifling circumstance, a foolish act, may blind our eyes. Should this calamity befall us, what can the sunbeam, with all its pomp and exhaustless inconceivable affluence do for us? Alas! it is possible for men, by thoughtlessness, by inchastities, by impurities, by habits of unbelief, by wayward taking of their own course, to close the access of the Holy Spirit to their hearts. But they could more easily see without light than live divinely without the Divine Spirit.

We must be upon our guard against everything, every habit, every kind of converse, every class of motive, every species of occupation or pleasure which will arrest the continuous inflow of the Holy Spirit into us. Doubtless the high and sovereign pleasure of God is the sole and ultimate explanation of the extraordinary diversities of sacred gifts, the enormous fortitude of one saint, the triumphant patience of another, the prophetic vision of a third. We must sound the very depths of God to know how, wherein, why St. John differed from St. Paul, and found such diverse work to do. We cannot pretend to explain the full tides of Divine refreshment which have characterized special seasons in the history of the Church, special spots and parterres in the great garden of the Lord, certain lives that have been so rich in spiritual energy that it has seemed impossible to touch even the hem of their garment without receiving an electric thrill. The same selective grace has characterized all Divine order for the government and education of the world. The mental calibre and moral force and spiritual compass of such men as Plato, Augustine, Michael Angelo, St. Bernard, Luther, Wesley, Newton, Shakespeare, are not to be accounted for by their circumstances, nor credited to their individual merit. They were made mighty, and the peculiarities of their influence upon mankind are due to God's inscrutable purpose. Who are we

that we should criticize or rebel at the unmerited grace of God to any man? But on the other hand, there are no limits set to the progress that any man may make in any department of intellectual or moral efficiency, by using the power he does possess, and by voluntarily concentrating his energy, by willingly receiving the Spirit of truth. There are no limits to the degradation, inanity and confusion to which any man may sink who utterly refuses to learn, who sacrifices opportunity, who inverts the relative value of things, who allows the flesh to triumph over the spirit.

So in like manner, while we cannot impugn the Divine justice in view of the great selections of His grace, nor pretend to dispute His goodness because some lives, some times and seasons, some churches, are so much more richly favoured than are our own, we are morally certain that we may individually arrest the play of the divinest influence, we may shut off by prayerlessness, frivolity, selfishness, self-consideration or self-indulgence, the finer and more elevating powers of truth; we may, by nursing pride, make it impossible to receive the spirit of meekness; we may, by perhaps unnoticed inveracities, blind our spirit-eye to Eternal truth and Divine promise; we may, by the disposition to rebel against God's providence, at length lose all peace; by never using faculties of service, we may suffer from their utter paralysis; we may, having preached to others, become castaways. Our spiritual faculties altogether may become, by worldliness of temper and disuse, practically dormant, if not actually dead. And all this will be our own fault, and cannot be charged to the capriciousness of Divine grace. We dare not charge our weakness or unspirituality upon God, because we know, on precisely the same principle, on the other side, that there are practically unlimited measures of grace already within the reach of the humblest, of the feeblest, of the little child.

I take it, you have come hither (former students and young probationers) not only to be guided in your studies and aided in your difficulties, not only to put yourselves in those grooves of thought along which experience shows you can make the most sure and rapid progress, not only to acquire some faculties and develop others, not only to do some practical work in the Lord's vineyard, but to come into unrestricted and avowed contact with the awful, gentle, Holy Spirit. In His gifts are wisdom and knowledge; tongues and the interpretation of tongues; power to heal and help, to counsel and befriend others. He only knows entirely the things of Christ, and can show them to you. The natural man, the psychical man, the carnal mind, cannot see the wondrous Person of the Lord. By the Spirit of God you may and will understand the blood of Christ, and its unique power to cleanse away sin. By the Holy Ghost you will call Jesus

'Lord!' but that means unreserved submission to His mastery in little things as well as great ones. Windows will thus be opened for you into heaven, and great revelations be made. The Spirit of God will teach you the things which the eyes of reason cannot see, and heart of man cannot understand. You are here by this same experience to touch and handle that which is eternal; to feed on the hidden manna, on the fruit of the tree of life; to believe in the love which God hath to you; to hear the witness of the Spirit that you are children of God: and let appearances be what they may, and past failures only too conspicuous, and human philosophy either befog your vision or attempt to drive God out of your heart, as it has endeavoured to drive Him out of the universe of things: you are here to receive the invincible assurance of an unutterable, abounding, eternal, righteous love; to see the truth of it, not in the form of a nebulous, shapeless, bare possibility of good, but in 'words of eternal life,' which flash new meanings, and thunder their reality into your soul. You are here to respond to this love with a self-devotion that carries you through difficulty, and will consecrate all your work.

Dear brethren, I am not speaking of the vision of the Holy Grail, concerning which even the mightiest and noblest of the Table Round found Arthur's word too true, and at the moment of their highest hopes found themselves 'alone, and in a land of sand and thorns, and thirsty unto death;' but I am speaking of that which a multitude whom no man can number have seen, known, tasted of the Word of life. You may have this experience, obtain this knowledge, this quickening, as little children have done, as true and humble souls have done, in every place and time since Christ our Lord was here; you may see the Lord amid daily duties, on the dusty highway, in both passive and active sacrifices, as well as when striving after some ecstatic rapture. It is absolutely true, that which Jesus said: 'He that keepeth My commandments, he it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and manifest Myself to him; . . . my Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him.' The fulfilment of this promise, the solution of this mystery, is the coming of the Comforter.

HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS.

THE truths of the Bible are like gold in the soil. Whole generations walk over it, and know not what treasures are hidden beneath. So centuries of men pass over the Scriptures, and know not what riches lie under the feet of their interpretation. Sometimes, when they discover them, they call them new truths. One might as well call gold, newly dug, new gold.—*H. W. Beecher.*

HYMN FOR HARVEST.

To Thee our God and Father,
  We come with grateful song;
Into Thine earthly temple,
  With willing feet we throng.
We celebrate Thy bounty,
  That fills the world with good;
It clothes the earth with beauty,
  It satisfies with food.

From winter's iron bondage
  Of cold and darkest night,
Thy hand led forth the springtime,
  Heralding life and light.
As in the year of nature,
  So spring of life shall be—
Promise of fruitful service
  In heart and life to Thee.

The waving fields of plenty,
  Tell Thy continued care,
Through summer's heat and duty,
  Of all who love to share,
In holy toil and conflict,
  The service of the Lord;
As labourers in the vineyard,
  As stewards of the Word.

And all may render service,
  The child, the youth, the sire;
Nor wilt Thou spurn the labour
  Of hands that often tire,
And droop amid the sadness,
  The sorrow and the sin;
The tares which grow and flourish,
  These foolish hearts within.

The fruits are safely garnered,
  The husbandman has rest;
And all the earth rejoices,
  For Thou hast made us blest.
So may our work be prospered,
  Till we no longer roam;
But in Thy fold be gathered,
  And Heaven cry, 'Harvest Home!'

J. W. CLARK.

BURNLEY, LANCASHIRE.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

V.—From Flower to Fruit.

October has come once more! The flowers are very nearly all over and gone, their purpose being accomplished in *the ripening of their seeds;* we shall see them no more, until in the early spring, or rather in the departing winter days that tell us spring is coming, we are gladdened by the harbingers of resurrection, Crocus, Snowdrop, and Celandine. The flowers have left us many things to study during their absence; among these are the fruits which they, with the help of shower and sunshine, winds and insects, have produced for our enjoyment, and which most of us, I imagine, take exceeding good care to enjoy. Some of the fruits, too, have become already only memories; others remain with us still; others are coming immediately. Suppose we talk awhile together about these fruits, examining such of them as still remain; and for those that are over, I think a sufficiently vivid image survives to render all we say of them easily understood. We shall better pursue our study of fruits by taking only familiar examples, and by placing these in a simple, but at the same time strictly scientific catalogue, rather than by looking at them in a rambling, unsystematic fashion. We must know what a '*fruit*' really is, how it stands related to the flower, how it differs from a '*seed*,' and so on. Many 'seeds' are quite wrongly called 'fruits,' and the contrary process is by no means uncommon. To start with, then, what is a 'Fruit'? *Essentially* a Fruit consists of the *ripened ovary*, or *ovaries*, containing the *fertilized ovule*, or *ovules*, which, by a process that we will study in detail one day, have become 'seeds.' As we saw in Buttercup,* a fruit is a ripened carpel (or a mass of carpels); a seed is a ripened ovule. The carpel held the ovule, or ovules. The fruit holds the seed, or seeds. We usually speak only of the ripened *ovary* as the fruit, because the other parts of the carpel, namely the style and stigma, disappear; sometimes, however, the style remains even in the fruit as a tiny point, and this often serves to distinguish a fruit from a seed, the latter, of course, never having any style attached to it, such an event being impossible. Now, although the fruit is essentially constituted as above, it does not follow that this is always the whole and sole nature of it. There are fruits that do not follow exactly the pattern existing in the unripe ovary, or ovaries: they may be something less or something more than the ovary was. There are three chief causes

* See p. 312.

that modify the form and constitution of fruits as related to the carpel, or carpels from which they came about. *First*, the number of cells in an ovary, or the number of ovules in a cell may lessen. For instance, in the Oak-flower, or in the Beech-flower, the ovary, which is syncarpous, is three-celled, and there are two ovules in each cell, but the Acorn or Beech-nut has only one cell, with one seed; so two cells and five ovules have disappeared, the one ovule ripening into a seed at the expense of the other five. *Secondly*, certain parts of the flower may become greatly enlarged, and may come to be part of the fruit. This is seen (as we shall presently prove) in Strawberry, Apple, and others. *Thirdly*, a change in the texture both of the ovary-walls and of other parts may ensue, these becoming softer, or harder, as the case may be, and showing most clearly, different layers which may be, by these changes, easily made out. Such changes are seen in Walnut, Peach, Cherry, Orange, and many other fruits. We must, therefore, try to see what each of our familiar fruits is made up of, whether of ovary only, or of this added to something else; what that something else is; how it is formed; its texture, and so forth. By so doing, we shall very easily be able to possess an intelligent idea of the kind of fruit we eat, and to understand its position in the classification, and also the reason of its occupying that position. Before looking at the various fruits, specifying their botanical nature, and giving them their proper names, it is needful to somewhat enlarge our definition of the word '*fruit*,' and I must ask my readers to carefully commit to memory some three or four terms used to describe the 'parts' of a fruit. I said that it consisted essentially of the matured ovary holding the ripened ovule, or ovules, *i.e.* seed, or seeds. By the matured ovary, we mean of course the ovary-wall, forming a cavity. Imagine this wall to be of an appreciable thickness, more or less apparent, and that it is made up of three layers, just as you can with a knife split up one of our thick white post-cards into three layers, if you choose. The wall itself, either by itself, or with any outside addition it may acquire in ripening, is called the '*Pericarp*,' or that which is 'round about the seed' ('*peri*,' meaning 'around'). In some fruits, this 'pericarp' is quite simple, being only the ripe ovary-wall, neither thickened nor added to in any way, and you cannot distinguish its three layers. They all are merged into one, seemingly. They are three, all the same. There is an outer one, then a middle, then an inner one (next to the seed). The outer one is the '*Epi-carp*' (from '*epi*,' 'upon'); the middle one is the '*Meso-carp*' (from '*mesos*,' 'middle'); the inner one is the '*Endo-carp*' (from '*endon*,' 'within'). Sometimes they are all three clearly seen, both by

their thicknesses and by their varying consistence. Understand then, that the 'Fruit' consists of 'Pericarp' and seed, or seeds, and that the pericarp is made up of these three layers, visible, or not so, to the naked eye.

So much for definition of a fruit. Now a word as to its relation to the flower, *i.e.* the different kinds of fruit, without as yet giving them specific names. Fruits may be '*Simple*,' *i.e.* the produce of one flower, or '*Collective*,' the produce of many flowers. They may be '*Apocarpous*,' *i.e.* formed from a single carpel or ovary, or '*Syncarpous*,' *i.e.* formed from two or more united carpels. Both these kinds are 'Simple' (the product of one flower). The Apocarpous fruits may consist of only *one* fruit, or *more than one*, formed from the single flower. The Syncarpous fruits may be '*Superior*,' *i.e.* formed from the ovary only, or '*Inferior*,' formed from the ovary joined to the calyx-tube, the two terms being used with precisely the same meaning as when applied to the ovary itself. Once more, fruits may be '*closed*' or '*open*,' *i.e.* they may fall into the ground closed, and the pericarp then decays away, while the seed grows up into a new plant, or they split open in various ways, the pericarp remaining on the plant until withered, and letting its seeds fall out and sink into the ground, or be carried away by the wind, or by insects. Now let us put all this into tabular form, and under each group find some example to which we will give a name, and whose nature we will examine.

In order to make our groups clearer, and very easily separated from one another, suppose we put them under certain letters and figures, and thus gradually take them, each in its proper order.

I. *Simple Fruits.* (Produced by a single flower.)

A. *Apocarpous.* (Each fruit formed from one carpel only.)

1. *Each flower producing only one fruit.*

a. Fruit closed, i.e. not splitting open in any way.

Under this division, or as a type of it, we will take the kind of fruit called a '*Drupe*,' which we may define, as a rule, as being a fleshy, one-seeded closed fruit, generally known as a 'stone-fruit.' The Cherry, Plum, Peach, Apricot, Nectarine, and Olive are good examples. In all these there is usually one carpel only (as in Cherry flower), and this lies in a hollow (more or less) formed by the calyx, the stamens springing from the calyx rim. Hence there is room for one carpel only to ripen in this cup, and we get, therefore, our *one* cherry or plum from our *one* flower. Now look at either of these fruits. The outer skin, or 'rind,' that folks either eat or reject, according to their digestive sensibilities, is the 'epicarp;' the juicy, pulpy mass that all of us know the deliciousness of, is the 'mesocarp;' the stone in the centre is—*not the seed*, mark that—but the 'endocarp' become

stony by thickening and hardening of its cells. The seed is only seen after cracking the stone of the peach or cherry, and is known as the 'kernel,' to get which many of our junior folk run sad risks of injuring the teeth given to them for other and better purposes. Here, then, we find the ovary-wall developed into three distinct layers—skin, pulp, and 'stone,' the latter holding safely the seed. In these cases the whole fruit does not usually fall to the ground, as do other closed fruits, because we do not give it the chance; if, however, it did, the three layers would gradually decay in the ground, and the seed, freed from its coverings, would 'germinate,' and grow up into a young plant, and finally into a tree.

The Almond is a 'Drupe,' but with this very important item to recollect. The epicarp and mesocarp are juiceless, and fall away; the endocarp is the 'shell' that we operate on with the nut-crackers; the part that we eat, and that, with certain raisins, makes an important element in our Christmas dessert, is *only the seed;* the brown Almond is the whole seed; the white Almond is the albuminous part of the seed taken out of its brown '*Testa,*' to which we referred in the Buttercup-fruit. So it comes to this, in the Cherry, Plum, etc., we consume part of *the ovary wall only*, in the Almond *the seed only*. The tiny 'dot' seen on the top of the cherry shows the position of the style.

There are two more fruits to see here and now—the Raspberry and Blackberry. These are both 'Drupes,' but of much smaller size, and so called '*Drupels,*' or little drupes. In their flowers you would find, not one carpel only, but from twenty to thirty carpels; the calyx is not so cup-shaped as in Cherry; consequently there is plenty of room on the receptacles for many carpels to ripen and spread out all round; so we get those beautiful fruits whose taste we so well know. Oh, the delight of a September ramble after blackberries! Who does not know the less romantic but equally enjoyable treat of a loiter between the raspberry-canes in our own garden? Well, what are these fruits? *They are not 'berries'!* Do not for one moment run into that error. We will see what a true '*Berry*' is presently. These two fruits are very far away from being 'berries.' So is the Strawberry, which again differs from the two which we are discussing.

In Blackberry and Raspberry, the black, shining, thin 'skin' of each drupel is the 'epicarp' in the former; in the latter, the red, attractive, but equally thin outer covering. The 'mesocarp' in both cases is the juicy pulp inside the 'skin;' the 'endocarp' in both cases is the hard centre, commonly called the 'pip,' and ignorantly the 'seed.' The true seed is a tiny body

inside this hard 'pip.' Here, you see, we eat not the ovary-wall only, nor the seed only, but *both of them*. Moreover, the mouthful consists, not of one ovary and seed only, but of from twenty to thirty in a mass. The whole is, nevertheless, only *one* fruit from *one* flower, and is 'apocarpous'—*i.e.*, all the carpels are separate.

There is one difference between the two fruits worth noting. In Raspberry the 'receptacle' is conical and large; we pull off the mass of 'drupels' from it in eating the fruit, and throw away the 'hull,' or receptacle, round which you can often see the withered stamens, which we also reject. In Blackberry the receptacle is so very slightly developed that we take no notice of it, but eat it along with its mass of 'drupels,' and we miss the hollow, thimble-like cavity which is seen on turning a raspberry upside-down after pulling it from its 'hull.' So, you see, in Almond only the seed is eaten; in Peach, etc., only part of the ovary-wall; in Raspberry, both, and many of them; in Blackberry, both (many of them), and the receptacle.

So much for our first group of 'closed' fruits, with only one produced from the single flower. In our next paper we will go on to study the 'open' single-fruited types; the closed and open many-fruited types; then the syncarpous fruits, superior and inferior. By the time Christmas is here, we shall be able to eat fruits from a scientific point of view, not only from an æsthetic one. All the fruits named should be, so far as is possible, examined and identified either now or as they come to hand. We will also try to see the reasons for the colours of fruits, as well as those for other characteristics and conditions.

H. W. S. WORSLEY-BENISON.

(*To be continued.*)

SOUL ENDUED WITH HOLY SPIRIT.—A piece of iron is dark and cold; imbued with a certain degree of heat, it becomes almost burning without any change of appearance; imbued with a still greater degree of heat, its very appearance changes to that of solid fire, and it sets fire to everything it touches. A piece of ice without heat is solid and brittle; gently warmed, it flows; further heated, it mounts to the sky. An organ filled with the ordinary degree of air which exists everywhere is dumb, the touch of the player can elicit but a clicking of the keys. Throw in an imperfect current of air, notes immediately respond to the player's touch; increase the current to a full supply, and every pipe swells with music. Such is the soul without the Holy Ghost, and such are the changes which pass upon it when it is filled with the Holy Ghost. Then it bears manifestations of resemblance to its God, mounting heavenwards in its movements, and harmoniously pouring forth from all its faculties the praises of our Lord.—*W. Arthur.*

HUMOUR IN TERRA-COTTA: GEORGE TINWORTH.

II.

In the last issue of the *Evangelical Magazine*, taking for text the words of La Bruyère—'Mais le ridicule qui est quelque part, il faut l'y voir, l'en tirer avec grâce et d'une manière qui plaise et que instruise'—it was observed that in the works of Mr. Randolph Caldecott the humour, which had been perceived by him in the persons, beasts, and inanimate things which had come under his individual notice in quaint old Chester, busy new Manchester, and quiet rural Shropshire, was caught and depicted for its own sole sake. Like Mr. Lewis Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland,' the object of the artist was merely to amuse. The humour was the primary motive, and was therefore the essential quality.

Now we have to look at work, George Tinworth's basso-relievos in terra-cotta—antipodean in matter and motive from Randolph Caldecott's—in which the humour is not essential, but accidental and wholly subsidiary. Unavoidable, however, just as our graphic artist's humour is; for the drollery which the man of genius sees in anything, he must express, even though the paramount influence over him be that which is associated with religious thought and sacred character.

It is perhaps this obtrusive quality of humour, with its accompanying consequent and inevitable novelty and originality, which constitutes one of the pleasing signs of the times in relation to the future of the Fine Arts in England. Fidelity to tradition has resulted in technical results equal in excellence to almost anything of any period; but there is with it a lack of the vitality which alone can prevent decadence. That lack will be supplied undoubtedly in no far-off time, by the ever-fresh and all-inspiring humour which characterizes some of our most popular artists of the day.

In distinguishing the humour of Mr. George Tinworth from that of Mr. Caldecott, I have described it as accidental. That is the word which rightly indicates the humour realized, but in its source a better word to convey the right idea is complementary.

The healthy brain, the oculist tells us, has the faculty of supplying the complementary of any colour. Thus, if the yellow light of a lamp falls upon one eye, while all light, except such as may penetrate through a needle-hole the fortieth part of an inch in diameter, is excluded from the other, the latter will, through the needle-point opening of a box covering it, see in the room illumined with yellow light a disc of blue. That blue

is the complement of the yellow, but its source—mysterious and inexplicable—is in the brain alone. So it is with the humour manifested by some religious men. They perceive the solemnness of sacred incidents and characters, but at the same moment they cannot help seeing also their humorous aspects when viewed from a slightly different standpoint. The well-known story of the Scotch elder, who occupied one standpoint, who was dilating to an English visitor, who occupied another, on the beauty of the Psalms of David sung (very badly) in the kirk on a certain Sabbath morning, illustrates this exactly. 'Thought everyone loved the grand old Psalms of David,' he said, 'the Psalms which had been a consolation and help to God's people from the days of the King of Israel downwards.' 'Were those the Psalms that David sung before King Saul?' asked the visitor. 'Certainly they were.' 'Then I don't wonder now that Saul threw his javelin at him.' The elder perceived the good Psalms only: his interlocutor the bad singing also.

In relation to George Tinworth, it is not proposed to examine his works lately exhibited by Messrs. Doulton, in Conduit Street, in their fulness and greatness both in artistic merit and religious design, but to observe how strikingly the humour which he sees even in sacred things will manifest itself, spite of all contrary forces. He is undoubtedly a Puritan in mind and heart; and, like Mr. Spurgeon, 'the last of the Puritans,' and like the Puritan divines who have given to us a literature unsurpassed for raciness and quaintness, he seems to have the faculty of seeing all round things.

Like Randolph Caldecott, he is a young man yet. He was born in 1843, and, like Millet, the French peasant-artist, and Turner, the Covent Garden barber's son, together with some other men of original genius in modern times, he comes of humble parentage, his father having been a wheelwright in a very modest way of business over at Walworth. At an early age the lad evinced a disposition for what our American friends call 'whittling,' but 'whittling' of the superior order of carving of heads in wood. His father, a man of no culture, and narrow-minded, used wood to other ends if he caught the youthful genius at this pastime; while even his mother, with the wide culture which comes from Bible reading (saint and Puritan she), had a misgiving, perhaps, that such vanities had a worldward tendency, and savoured rather more of Ur of the Chaldees and Haran than of Bethlehem and Nazareth. How little such folk could have dreamed, even if as wildly fanciful as they were soberly narrow, of the brilliant service which that seemingly idle lad was to render to the cause of artistic development, and to the cause of godliness too, for that matter; that

he, chopping away rudely enough in that little wheelwright's shed, was to become the Ghiberti of the nineteenth century; and that he, a poor Lambeth Street boy, should stand before princes, honoured and acclaimed! A reminiscence of the early taste, and its potential penal consequences, is seen in the small humorous panel, 'The Wheelwright's Shop,' where, taking advantage of his father's absence, he is carving a figure, while an admiring and obliging young comrade is keeping watch for the father, who is 'just over the way'—a euphemism for the public-house.

In course of time he shyly found his way into the Lambeth School of Science and Art, where, under the direction of the appreciative head-master, Mr. Sparkes, he moved onward in knowledge and skill; through the good offices of that gentleman became a student in the Life Class of the Royal Academy; and finally entered the ateliers of Messrs. Doulton at Lambeth, the artistic development of whose business has been contemporaneous with the career of the poor youth for whom they first found a berth at thirty shillings a week. In 1874 he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy—'Gethsemane,' 'The Foot of the Cross,' and 'The Descent from the Cross' being the works accepted. There are probably not a few who remember with what pleasure they were thrilled when coming for the first time in contact with this newly dawned most original genius. In 1875 he again exhibited, and it was on that occasion that he came under the notice of Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Street, the former speaking of him with vehement generosity, as Mr. Gosse says in his memoir of Mr. Tinworth, in his 'Notes on the Royal Academy of 1875;' and both of them, greatest of art critics and eminent architect, made a journey to Lambeth to see what he was doing, to encourage him with their advice, and the latter to entrust him with commissions.

The present exhibition consists of upwards of a hundred works. These all manifest the deep spirituality which Mr. Tinworth imbibed from his Bible-loving mother. It has been said that he is the Ghiberti of to-day—the exemplar of originality, freedom and devotedness to Nature in modern days, as Ghiberti was in the time of the Renaissance; but he is also the John Bunyan, the quaint and humorous Puritan of this age. One cannot but think of the Bedford preacher and dreamer when examining the handiwork of the Lambeth sculptor. There is full, free and unrestrained originality: there is play of humour: and there is, over and above all, a Bible piety, of which John Bunyan was so striking an example. It does not come within the limits of this article to speak of these works generally, nearly all of which are taken from either Old or New Testament history, every one of which suggests a sermon; but to point out

the humorous quality which is evident in some. The artist is a mystic and deeply religious—Blake-like in the former, as for instance in the small but wondrously powerful and impressive panel 'The Agony in the Garden'—but he is also in a very marked degree one who has the faculty of seeing the complement of things. There are twelve works in which this is most noticeable, and it will be seen that this quality of humour finds expression, for it cannot be restrained, no matter how strong the will of the master-mind, at times and in associations which invite solemn adoration or thrill with sympathetic pain. Strange and complex children of men that we are! The terriblest of tragedies side by side with some lightsome fancy of the ever-creating brain. The twelve works to which we refer are 'The Release of Barabbas,' 'Peter's Denial,' 'The Brow of the Hill,' 'The Tribute Money,' 'The Lesson in Humility,' 'The Last Supper,' 'The Release of St. Peter,' 'The Forty who bound themselves with an Oath,' 'Jesus, Mary and Martha,' 'Finding the Body of the Man of God,' 'Nicodemus appearing by Night,' and 'The Meeting of Jacob and Joseph.' In all these the interest is deep and earnest, sacred, spiritual, and in some even tragical; and yet withal there plays around each subject something which is as the summer lightning about the hills at night. In the first—'The Release of Barabbas'—the emotion is so intense, so sharpened with irony, as to be almost beyond any definition of ours. And yet, bitter and terrible as is the sarcasm, it is humour, the complementary thought of the central idea. Christ condemned and rejected of men: Barabbas released, and, as the artist has inscribed on the ground, become 'the choice of the world.' Now Barabbas was a robber. So much for the world's choice! In 'Peter's Denial' there is manifested a disposition to warn the impulsive disciple. He inscribes on the underside of the panel, 'Peter should have kept fowls after this.' Perhaps the artist had in his mind the story of Peter letting one pass the gates of heaven who had no claim to entrance there. Refused admission at first by Peter, the applicant began to imitate the crowing of a cock. Whereupon he was allowed to pass with the remark—'Come, come, let bygones be bygones.' In the scene where they led the Master to the brow of the hill to cast Him down headlong, the artist shows the same faculty of seeing the quaint side of things, and unfolding them to others; but the feeling is wondrously subtle. There are the men of Nazareth staring over the brow of the hill, just as Jesus—as is indicated by the withdrawing divine figure—is vanishing from their sight. They, material men, must account for this miraculous event, and so, as the artist puts it, 'They weary themselves to find the door,' to find a human way

for divine feet to tread in. 'The Tribute Money,' where children—'the world'—are found looking into the lately productive fish's mouth in hope of finding more coin, of obtaining gain without effort, is, like all the others, an instance of the naturalness and relevancy of the humour. In 'The Lesson of Humility' and 'The Last Supper' the feeling is slight, but indicative of the twinkling eye and the smiling expression yet. The former is a moral for ministers. The incident of course is where Jesus called a little child and set him in the midst. One of the texts is: 'Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time' (1 Peter v. 6). And over against it the artist has written, 'A word to the shepherds.' In the latter there is a suggestion that the other disciples had doubts whether they were not potential betrayers. The texts are, 'Lord, is it I?' 'Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil;' and then, sequentially, 'There were great searchings of heart.' He seems to say, 'No room for pride, ye disciples; you knew that you all were possibly capable of faithlessness and treason.' 'The Release of Peter' is a comment on faithless prayer. Peter is seen knocking at the house where prayer is being offered for his deliverance: Rhoda says it is Peter: but, poor prayer-makers, they cannot believe. 'Just like us,' says the artist. 'The Forty Oath-takers' is an amusing touch upon impious impulsiveness and over-confidence. The scene is some days afterwards, when, not having killed Paul, they begin to be hungry. Very weak and shaken in resolve are most of the forty. 'Six of one and half a dozen of the other' is the legend on the 'Martha and Mary,' suggesting equality in solicitude on behalf of the Saviour; but, alas! also equality in selfishness. In the 'Finding the Body of the Man of God,' the humour is very marked, like that of Ward Beecher, who once said that he had had to deplore many friends who had died, and some, unfortunately, who wouldn't. In this panel the lion is standing by the body of the prophet, and the ass is close by, uninjured. The man is taken and the donkey left. 'It often happens so,' quietly but forcibly says the sculptor. 'The Nicodemus' manifests a sympathy between Mr. Tinworth and timid but sincere saints. This, like the 'Jacob and Joseph,' is a most recent production. It is the coming of the member of the Sanhedrim by night. 'Better come at night and be true, than make too much profession in the daytime and be false,' says the artist: and so thought the Lord, Who is bending to meet the timid disciple. The last work of which we must make mention is the grand work of the meeting of the caravan of Jacob and the equipage of Joseph. The scene is where the chariot of the Egyptian Governor is brought to the rear of the Patriarch's waggon, so

that the two may embrace. By the side of the waggon two of Joseph's brethren are handling a coat, perhaps the veritable garment of many colours kept by the old man as a sacred relic. The expression on their faces is quietly suggestive of the exclamation, 'How *now* about that blood-stain!'

The subject of Humour in Art is one which might long detain us, but enough has been said perhaps to show that humour is a conspicuous quality in present popular art, and in that factor lies the hope of a growth by-and-by of an essentially English school of painting and sculpture, which in inventiveness and freshness will be equal to anything the world has ever seen. The world of culture and intellect is contemning the sensationalism, the vapid sentimentality and the commonplace repetition which so largely prevail, and is looking for a revival and a revolution. Our hope for this revival and change lies not in the men of the Schools, who are remarkable for technical skill, but in the men of the smiling face, the seers and unveilers of the frequent humour which pervades the things of daily life—in short, in the Caldecotts and the Tinworths: though at present it may be said of them, as an art critic said when poor Cecil Lawson died, 'They are nothing; not even Academicians.'

SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

AMONG all the changes that centuries have brought round, there is none more blessed than one which we owe directly, as we do almost all others indirectly, to the influences of Christianity. Compare modern London and old Rome: in palaces and temples; in halls of justice and learning; in theatres and places of amusement; in commerce, with its busy thousands and crowded streets—both capitals had much in common. But, for illustration's sake, pardon me if I take a city with which I am better acquainted than London, and which will equally serve the purpose—one which your Tennyson calls the grey capital of the North; I mean Edinburgh. You walk its streets. You read 'Asylum for the Blind' in front of one building, which has its counterpart in another district in an 'Asylum for the Deaf.' Two bow-shots farther on, there stands an enormous pile of buildings, with doors like those of Heaven, open day and night continually—a Hospital or Infirmary, that has a couch, medicine, meat, skill, surgery, for all such as are sick or wounded. In the next street are three Institutions—one to help every friendless stranger; the second to furnish meat and medicine in their own homes to the destitute sick; and the third, not less blessed than

any, opens the gates of a Magdalen Asylum to those that have wandered from the paths of virtue, and are eating the bread of infamy. Under the guns of our rocky castle a Ragged School gathers in neglected and outcast children; and near by the silent and deserted palace that terminates the other end of our noble High Street, an old baronial residence, converted into a House of Refuge, supplies shelter, food, and a bed to every hungry and houseless man, woman and child. Then, round my city stand no walls frowning with ramparts and bristling with cannon, but hospitals—as we call them—to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, educate the ignorant, provide comfort for old age, restore the maniac to the enjoyment of his right mind and the bosom of his happy family. In old Rome—the capital of the Cæsars—were all these evils: there were fallen women, outcast children, the blind and deaf, the sick and destitute, raving madness and ragged poverty; but from one end of that heathen city to the other there was not one such institution—not one. These are the natural growth of our blessed religion; and when it is attacked from many quarters—and from some whence you would not expect attack—if any man ask me for evidence of its divinity, I point to these Institutions—the tree is known by its fruit. We owe them to that Bible which—the softest pillow for a dying head and the best rule of life—pronounces sympathy with suffering and kindness to the poor to be one of the first duties of religion; and teaches us to follow in the steps of Him Who, as His tears often bore witness, was ready to weep with them that wept; whose whole history, almost from His manger to His cross, could be summed up in that brief but weighty sentence,—'He went about doing good.'

Nature herself teaches us to sympathize with suffering; and, save our conscience, nothing distinguishes us so much from the beasts that perish as fellow-feeling. Not that they have no feelings; they have those belonging to parents and offspring. It is not in the tangled forest where the lioness roars that parents neglect their young, or the young their parents. For such crimes against nature we must repair to the haunts of men—to the wretched drunkard, who spends his earnings in the beer or spirit shop, and leaves his children to starve—to yon youth who gratifies his brutal vices, and yon girl who indulges her passion for dress, at the expense of venerable parents, whom they cast on the cold charity of the world. It is amongst men that nature is violated, not in the realms of savage life; in such a scene as Dr. Kane describes, where the bear faces the hunter with her cub behind her, and protects it with the most anxious care, till pierced by many wounds, she falls a sacrifice to

maternal love; and the shaggy nursling, on seeing its mother sink bleeding on the snow, no longer seeks escape, but, touching the rough sailors with pity, leaps on her dead body, and offers brave but feeble battle for the mother that had died for it.

But though the lower animals have feeling, they have no fellow-feeling. Have not I seen the horse enjoy his feed of corn, when his yoke-fellow lay a-dying in the neighbouring stall, and never turn an eye of pity on the sufferer? They have strong passions, but no sympathy. It is said that the wounded deer sheds tears; but it belongs to man only to 'weep with them that weep,' and by sympathy to divide another's sorrows and double another's joys. When thunder, following the dazzling flash, has burst among our hills, when the horn of the Switzer has rung in his glorious valleys, when the boatman has shouted from the bosom of a rock-girt loch, wonderful were the echoes I have heard them make; but there is no echo so fine or wonderful as that which, in the sympathy of human hearts, repeats the cry of another's sorrow, and makes me feel his pain almost as if it were my own. They say, that if a piano is struck in a room where another stands unopened and untouched, who lays his ear to that will hear a string within, as if touched by the hand of a shadowy spirit, sound the same note. But more strange how the strings of one heart vibrate to those of another; how woe wakens woe; how your grief infects me with sadness; how the shadow of a passing funeral and nodding hearse casts a cloud on the mirth of a marriage-party; how sympathy may be so delicate and acute as to become a pain. Not fancy, for the dog has that, and, asleep on the warm hearth, he dreams of battles and of hunts; not reason, for there is an intelligence in his honest eye, and a skill in his tasks, that at least apes and imitates the intellect of man—it is not these, but fellow-feeling, which elevates our race above the un-immortal brute, and brings us near to Him Whose sympathy is our chief comfort in sorrow, and of Whom we are assured—thank God in life's dark hour for the assurance—that 'in all His people's afflictions He is Himself afflicted.'

Human nature is fallen, and I am not in the habit of unduly exalting it; yet, regarded from this point of view, it presents some vestiges of a departed glory—the last lights of sunset. Let me illustrate this by an example, over which I can fancy the angels bending with admiration. A boat of castaways lay on the lone sea drifting on a shoreless ocean; bread they had none, water they had none; no ship, no sail hove in sight. Among the dead and dying a boy lay clasped in his mother's arms; with looks—for his lips were black and speechless—that seemed to cry, 'Mother, mother, give me bread!' A rough

sailor, who had kept and concealed a shell-fish for his own last extremity, looked on the child: the tears started to his eye; he raised his rough hand to wipe them from his cheek; and then, drawing out his prized last morsel, put it to the lips of the dying boy. I don't know where he sailed from—I know neither his name nor his creed; but I know this, that I would rather my soul were bound up in the same bundle with his, than with the souls of those who go to chapel or to church, and have no bowels of mercy. The Gospel of Jesus Christ directs us to love even our enemies—if they hunger, to feed them; if they thirst, to give them drink; and though human nature may not be great enough to forgive an enemy, she is kind enough to pity a sufferer, and to sympathize with suffering. Give her way, then! Yield to her generous impulses! If not Christians, let us, at least, be men—be brothers! Act as you would were you in presence of a miserable wreck—men hanging in the shrouds; every wave threatening to engulf them; their hands pitifully stretched to the shore; their cries for help wafted on the wind, and heard above the roar of breakers. If you could do nothing else, you would pity them—you would pray for them. But if you could do more, you would gallop off for the lifeboat, leap into her, or hire men to man her; follow her with eager interest; and as now lost in the trough, and now riding on the top of the sea, she came back with her living freight, oh! who would not throw open their houses to the rescued, chafe their limbs, leave their own beds to couch them, and thank God that night on their knees that they had had a hand in saving them that were ready to perish?

Therefore, while humanity pleads for practical sympathy and prompt beneficence, I take higher ground—I say that Religion does it, and in her sacred name I plead for the poor and needy. I know that man is not saved by works, but by faith. I believe, and I teach that. But faith without works is a lie—a monstrous lie, one of the blackest lies. Faith without works is dead; a corpse—a rotten corpse, dress it up as you may. I don't believe in a religion which expends itself in praying and preaching; not I—they may who like, I don't. And still less do I believe in a religion that lies in costly temples and gorgeous ceremonials. The genius of Christianity is love; and her highest worship lies in such works as spring from loving God with all our heart, and loving our neighbour as we do ourselves. Thus, I am for prayer and prayer-meetings—for preaching and devout, regular attendance in the house of God; but if the two things were for the time incompatible, if I could not both preach and feed the hungry, if I could not be both in the house of prayer and in the house of suffering, I believe, the Saviour would be more

pleased to see me in the house of the poor than in His own; wiping the tear from the cheek of sorrow than weeping before Him; not bringing my oil and wine to His altar, but, like the good Samaritan, stooping over a fallen brother to pour them into his bleeding wounds. Mercy is better than sacrifice.

Let any candid man take up that Old Testament which we are now told, from strange quarters for such an assertion, is not true. Not true? and he may see its divinity on the face of it, in the very article of the poor alone. Can any man who has a heart within him read that blessed Book, and not be touched almost to tears with the Divine tenderness with which God commends the widows and fatherless, the strangers and orphans, to the kindness of His ancient people? How He pleads for them, and throws over them the protection of His almighty shield! And in that picture of a worldling robed in purple, enclosed in his own fat, and faring sumptuously every day, which would have been incomplete without the beggar at the gate—a mass of sores, covered with rags, and left to the kindness of the man's dogs, what does the Divine Painter teach us? Our Lord teaches us that the most damnatory feature of character is a cold, selfish, heartless neglect. I would not be the man that had a heart no larger than his coffin, just big enough to contain himself! He may go to what church he likes, be an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, or an Independent, but such a man is ripening for perdition as fast as ever he can. He is no Christian, for he has not the mind of Christ.

THE LATE DR. GUTHRIE.

THE silent influence of a pious home is illustrated by the Prodigal Son. Had that home been repulsive to him, or had his father been a stern, forbidding man, that recovering thought about home would not have visited him. Take courage, parents of prodigals, if you are faithful with God, and your family altars. Persevere, parents, in family religion. It may be like the fabulous song of the sea in the shell, to the ear of a child when far from home and from God.—*Cameron.*

WAY OF LIFE.—The way is narrow, but it leads on to the 'large and wealthy place.' It is rugged, but it opens at last into the green pastures and winds beside the still waters, over which no blight or blast can come. It is long; at least in our days of suffering and dreariness we think so; but seen in retrospect, and when it has all been trodden, it will look but like the journey of a day. Fears of death and of its issues will sometimes arise, but when we actually come to the darkness of the valley, and the crossing of the river, will it not be with us, think you, as it has been with myriad multitudes who have already passed? A few steady steps, with our hands in His, will take us through all the gloom, and our feet shall stand upon the shore of immortality. Let us comfort and strengthen ourselves with the assurance that there is a safe and happy end to all who are in the way.—*A. Raleigh.*

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

ONCE a man steps off the path of duty he is out of the path of safety. We hear people often complain of Providence, whereas their misfortunes arise from their own folly. All the trouble which comes from God to meet us, He gives strength according to the days to bear and to conquer them; but the troubles that arise from perverse temper and wilful caprice in us, we cannot make God responsible for them, and so we must carry or drag them ourselves. Had Jonah gone to Nineveh, there would have been no obstruction in his way; but having disregarded the mandates of Heaven, he had to face storms, billows, and the whale. Surely 'the way of transgressors is hard.' We read of the 'magic circle' of the old magicians—all that was inside it was perfectly safe, but all that was outside the ring was liable to be destroyed. Duty likewise is a magic circle—whilst we are inside, destruction is impossible. Had the prophet followed the Divine instructions, all the lions of Asia could do him no harm; but he stepped outside the circle, and thereby forfeited the safe-conduct of Heaven; thus was he drawn into the jaws of death unwarily by the honeyed accents of an old hypocrite. Our enemies are still numerous and subtle, and the only way to escape from the 'wiles of the devil' unhurt is to keep within the circle. Samson lost his eyes and became the sport of the uncircumcised—why? He was outside the ring. Daniel was safe in the lion's den—why? He was inside the ring—'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them' (Psa. xxxiv. 7).

REV. W. A. GRIFFITHS NARBERTH.

SORROWS.—Sorrows are like clouds, which, though black when they are just passing over us, when they are overpast, become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the horizon. Let your sorrows, when they rise and swell, be like the waves of the Sound when they at night flash forth their glories of phosphorescent light, or like clouds that reflect the sunlight glorified.—*H. W. Beecher.*

EXCEPT His bodily absence, there is no alteration in the Friend of Sinners. It was ineffable love to the souls of men that brought Him to the manger, and that love was nothing less when He hasted to Jerusalem, impatient for the cross. The bloody sweat of Gethsemane did not exhaust that love, the desertion of disciples did not damp it, and the soldiers' buffeting and the rabble's shouts did not disgust it. It was love to men, which in the ransomed thief for a moment brightened His dying hour, which gave Him breath to cry, 'Father, forgive them!' and strength to bow the head and give up the ghost. Love to man was the last thing that left the heart of Jesus, and the first thing that throbbed in it when it was a living heart again.—*J. Hamilton.*

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Divine Guidance.

SEEK for that every day. There is something that goes direct to the heart in that hymn, 'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,' for, as Coleridge says, 'Human experience, like the stern-light of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which has been passed over.'

Counsel and Conduct.

Young friend, remember that it is pensive enough for us sometimes to remark that we can give *counsel*, but cannot give *conduct*.

Ridicule.

Never turn simple faith and humble heroism into ridicule. It is the way to put the foundations of the earth out of course in a moral sense.

A Good Conscience.

The heaviest blow falls light as gossamer if we do not deserve it.

He that Doubteth.

'When you doubt, abstain,' says Zoroaster; but the words of Inspiration sound a deeper depth of wisdom: 'He that doubteth is condemned if he eat.' This is more than a new counsel; it embraces the philosophy of punishment.

A Child's Love.

Examine yourself if children do not love you. Dickens says, 'I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.'

Obstacles.

When you cannot get wise thoughts through a man's brains you call him a blockhead; but there are block-hearted as well as blockheaded people, and their pride and selfishness prevent the sweep of gracious influences through their hearts.

The Rest of Sleep.

'A chamber deaf to noise' will give little rest to the man who has a thorn in his conscience.

Injury.

Better suffer from undeserved injury than from the unrestrained anger which it sometimes evokes.

True Feeling.

This is all in all! In writing, speaking, or painting, feeling cannot be simulated. Nature abhors hypocrisy. We cannot describe holy emotions unless we experience them. As Pope says concerning all our feelings, 'He best shall paint them who shall feel them most.'

Flattery.

Flattery is poisoned praise.

Sarcasm.

People injure their influence by sarcasm more than they are aware of; the sufferer does not speak, but he becomes your enemy. Carlyle says, 'Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil, for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it.'

Theology.

I do not rejoice with Jeremy Taylor that 'Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge;' it is more correct to say that it is a divine knowledge that it may be a divine life.

A SERMON TO ONE MAN.

Some of the most striking instances of success in our Lord's ministry were in connection with the smallest audiences. So is it with His servants now. In the early part of his career Dr. Lyman Beecher once engaged to preach for a brother minister, whose church was in a remote district, peopled by a sparse and scattered population. It was in mid-winter; the day was unusually stormy and cold, and the snow lay so deep in some places that he could scarcely proceed. On his arrival, although he saw no one, he took his seat in the pulpit. Presently, one man came in and sat down, and at the appointed hour the preacher began. The service was closed with the benediction, when the solitary hearer departed, and left the preacher alone. Twenty years after, Dr. Beecher was travelling in Ohio, when a stranger accosted him by name, and, much to his surprise, said they had once spent two hours together in a house alone in a storm. 'Do you remember preaching,' said he, 'twenty years ago, to one man?' 'Yes, yes,' said the doctor, grasping his hand, 'that I do; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since.' 'I am the man,' was the reply, 'and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio!'—*From 'The Quiver.'*

APHORISM FROM 'HIAWATHA.'

'As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other!'

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FREEDOM OF FAITH. By THEODORE T. MUNGER. London: James Clarke and Co., 13 and 14, Fleet Street, E.C.

The prefatory essay on the New Theology we do not purpose to discuss. Its reasonings and conclusions are open to considerable criticism. So far as it describes our epoch it is fairly and frankly written, and is mainly what we may call 'Robertsonian.' We use that expression because our readers will know without further description what that means. We are told that the New Theology 'claims for itself a somewhat larger and broader use of the reason than has been accorded to theology.' The author says that it holds the Incarnation as 'the central and broadest fact of theology,' and that it sees in the Atonement 'not a mystery of the distant heavens, and isolated from the struggle of the world, but a comprehensive force in the actual redemption of the world from evil.' Here we should be at issue with the author, and, instead of the '*not*,' we should put it, '*and* sees in the Atonement a mystery of the distant heavens, and a comprehensive force in the actual redemption of the world from evil.' For this is our position: that the Atonement has its objective side in a mysterious relation to the Divine Government, which we can neither define nor understand, but which we believe to exist. But, as we said, our purpose is not to criticize the author's theological position. We would rather call attention to the vigour of the author's style, the freshness of his expositions, and the richness of his moral and religious feeling. The volume is full of suggestiveness, and the sermons are free from wordiness. We seldom come across more vigorous thinking, and our readers will find the book earnest and helpful in a rare degree. The best service we can render is to support our praise of it in this respect with a few extracts from its pages. One sermon is on 'God our Reward;' and we read on p. 104:

'The reward of simple, daily duty is sometimes best seen in the dark contrast of disobedience, as the stars shine fairest upon the blackness of empty space. We often grow dull to the value of our virtues; we forget the rewarding power of our habitual obedience. We are temperate, industrious, thrifty, patient, kind, true, faithful, wise, reverent; but forget that home, love, respect, peace, health, strength, property, and perhaps honours, are their rewards, paid at the counter of God's daily reckoning. Hence, when duty grows dull, it is well to look off into the black regions of disobedience. Alas! we seldom have need to look far. Lust, with its satiety, or disgrace, or corruption; drunkenness, with its tyranny, and waste, and poverty, and disease; selfishness, come at last to despairing solitude; dishonesty, breeding suspicion and alienation; avarice, with its heart of ashes; folly, with its harvest of bewilderment and blindness; impiety, standing on the border of life, nothing behind or before, and despair within;—in the gleams of such black flames we read again the lesson of obedience, and shudder at the thought of ever having doubted its rewards.

'Still, the positive view is the better one; for we must learn to value goodness in its own light and by its own weight. There will thus come about at last, as in the Christ, a joy that is independent of the on-going world; that is not heightened by the sense of external evil, but is the straight outcome of a heart entranced with goodness. When one thus fills every mould of duty with sympathetic obedience, he is doing more than pleasing God and blessing man; he is unsealing hidden depths within himself that are stored with God's own eternal joy. I beg you to

think of this; it is not so trite as you may suppose. In our iterated appeals for duty, we commonly base them upon pleasing God and blessing man; that is, on its inherent rightfulness and its beneficence, leaving out the profounder argument that it sets one's own nature in order, so that by its very law it involves joy; for no harp was ever strung capable of uttering such music as the soul of man attuned to righteous obedience. It is hearing such music that makes man willing to die for a cause, to live patiently under wrong, to plead for the reform for which the age is not ripe, to stand true while evil corrupts the world. The New Jerusalem lieth four-square; so stands he who has learned to render a trustful obedience to his God; he stands true to the world, true to himself, true to the eternity about him, and true to God.'

The other extract is from page 265, on 'Immortality as taught by the Christ:'

'Thus we are brought to the fundamental fact that Christ connected life or immortality with character. Life, as mere continuance of being, is not worth thinking about. He does not withhold future existence from the wicked and unbelieving, but plainly regards it of little account. Of what value is the mere adding of days to days if they are full of sin? Practically such life is death, and so He names it. Life is not the living on of a wicked soul through endless ages. For ever to hold a conscious being together as an organism, is not a real immortality. We may go even farther in this direction; there can be no real and abiding faith in immortality until it becomes wedded to the spiritual nature. So long as we hold it as a mere persuasion of the mind, or as an idea, it is subject to the chances of an idea; it meets the challenge of science; it ebbs and flows with the alternations of our mental clearness; it is overclouded by exhalations that rise out of the physical order to which we are linked. Hence I would not attempt to convince one sceptical of immortality through his reason alone. But when the spiritual nature is brought into exercise, it generates not only a faith in eternal life, but reasons for it. When life begins to be true, it announces itself as an eternal thing to the mind; as a caged bird when let loose into the sky might say: 'Now I know that my wings are made to beat the air in flight;' and no logic could ever persuade the bird that it was not designed to fly: but when caged, it might have doubted, at times, as it beat the bars of its prison with unavailing stroke, if its wings were made for flight. So it is not until a man begins to use his soul aright that he knows for what it is made. When he puts his life into harmony with God's laws; when he begins to pray; when he clothes himself with the graces of Christian faith and conduct—love, humility, self-denial, service; when he begins to live out of, and unto, his spiritual nature, he begins to realize what life is—a reality that death and time cannot touch. But when his life is made up of the world, it is not strange that it should seem to himself as liable to perish with the world. Hence we are not to regard the prevailing general belief in future existence as a genuine faith in immortality; this is the product alone of spiritual life. Christ made no recognition of immortality, except in connection with faith, and by faith He meant the *result* of faith, righteous character. Those who *believe* have everlasting life. Others may exist, but existence is not life. Others may continue to exist, but continuance is not immortality. Here we find the significance, and the self-witnessing reality of the miracles in which Christ raised the dead. They are specimens of his universal work, a dramatic setting forth of the process of life He is bringing to light, an overflow of the fulness of life behind the veil, dawn-streaks of a sun not yet risen. But these pre-resurrections, these interruptions of the course and order of death, are wrought only in an atmosphere of faith; and

thus He asserts that life has no value, except as it is linked with goodness. Of what avail to restore one to life, unless it be to life indeed! To have brought forward these images of the resurrection upon a background of sin and unbelief, would have been a discord; the drama of eternal righteousness that He is enacting in living ways would thus have no unity. Not even in hint, or symbol, not even to do a work of apparent mercy, will He deal with life, except in connection with morality. He will have nothing to do with bare existence—that stands for ever fixed in the sure order of creation; when it is under sin, He will not recognise it as life. To lift men out of existence into life, was His mission.

'Christ not only gave us the true law of immortality, but was Himself a perfect illustration of it, and even named Himself by it—the Life. It is a great thing for us that this truth of immortality has been put into actual fact. Human nature is crowded with hints and omens of it, but prophecy does not convince till it is fulfilled. And from the divine side also we get assurances of endless life; but in so hard a matter we are like Thomas, who needed the sight and touch to assure him. And in Christ we have both—the human omen and the divine promise turned into fact. In some of the cathedrals of Europe, on Christmas Eve, two small lights, typifying the divine and human nature, are gradually made to approach one another until they meet and blend, forming a bright flame. Thus, in Christ, we have the light of two worlds thrown upon human destiny. Death, as the extinction of being, cannot be associated with Him; He is life—its fulness and perfection, and perfect life must be stronger than death. The whole bearing of Christ towards death, and His treatment of it, was as one superior to it, and as having no lot nor part in it. He will indeed bow His head and cease to breathe, in obedience to the physical laws of the humanity He shares; but already He enters the gates of Paradise, not alone, but leading a penitent child of humanity by the hand. And in order that we may know He simply changed worlds, He comes back and shows Himself alive; for He is not here in the world simply to assert truth, but to enact it. And still further to show us how phantasmal death is, He finally departs in all the fulness of life, simply drawing about Himself the thin drapery of a cloud.'

Such a writer will not be like George Eliot's character of Rufus Lyon, who 'did not want arguments, but only listeners,' for we feel sure that Mr. Munger will have a large audience of readers.

DEFENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By PROFESSOR F. GODET, translated by W. H. LYTTLETON, M.A., second edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

Able lecturers in Neuchâtel had attacked the Christian Faith, and Professor Godet felt the spur of the challenge. Some of the earlier parts of the volume have already been published in the *Expositor*. We are glad to find in the first article on 'The Resurrection of Jesus Christ' no endeavour to turn it into a mere spirit resurrection. We read on p. 42, 'It is not more possible for the miracle of the Resurrection, if it was a reality, to have been an isolated fact, than it is for the part which that miracle plays in the Divine history to have been a *secondary* part. By the fact of the absence of any human agent as its instrument, it takes its place on a level with the most prodigious of miracles, that of the Creation. This analogy holds good even to the very fundamental nature of the two facts: to summon to life, and to recall to life—are not these two acts of the same nature? Creation is the victory of Omnipotence

over nothingness; the Resurrection is the victory of the same power over death, which is the likest thing to nothingness known to us. As the creation is the primordial fact in the history of the universe, the resurrection of Jesus Christ must be its central fact. It is that or nothing.' The author's criticisms on M. Réveille are admirable on pp. 96-7, where the latter tries to make *miraculous* synonymous with *absurd.* We rejoice also to find on p. 129 such a noble defence of the miraculous. Professor Godet says, 'The miracles are not, as they are often believed to be, a mere embroidery upon the tissue of the Evangelic history: they form part of that tissue.' Defences of the faith by unscholarly men are often harmful, but this volume is remarkable for all the valuable characteristics of the devout scholar, the philosophic thinker, the clear writer, and the whole-hearted Christian believer. To ministers and preachers it is simply invaluable.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY IN THE ANCIENT CHURCH. By. G. UHLORN, Doctor of Theology, Abbot of Loccum. Translated from the German by STEPHEN TAYLOR. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

The opening chapter, on 'A World without Love,' is striking in title and able in treatment. We are not disposed to question the charity of the so-called ancient Church, or to complain of the claim here made on its behalf to our admiration for its alms and hospitals and congregational relief of the poor. Our complaint is that the monastery dole made the recipient a dependent on 'the Church,' and helped to hold men in bondage to its superstitions; that its charity was often not wisely given from the point of social economy, nor useful in uplifting the poor by good education or careful training. The author claims that 'the Church' was the 'refuge of all the oppressed and suffering;' but, seeing that it gathered into itself all the tributaries of wealth, and absorbed all the civil and social spheres of life, it would have been hard indeed if it had not been distributive as well as receptive. Side by side with the author's statements we can but study also the tyrannies of the governments for which the early Church was alone responsible, and the degraded state in which it left its disciples and dependents, intellectually, socially, and religiously. Without such studies the volume gives to the ancient Church *couleur de rose.*

DISRUPTION, AND OTHER STUDIES. By WILLIAM NICOLSON, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The essays in this volume on John Bunyan, Savonarola, Swedenborg and Dr. Chalmers, are remarkably able and interesting. What a mistake to make the chief title 'Disruption,' which is not an inviting word, and which, as applied to the Scotch Church, will interest the few and not the many. The volume is well got up, and the eighth essay, on 'Christian Science,' which is an endeavour to raise up a body of scientific truth, based upon the recognition of Christianity as an ultimate fact, part of the constitution of things, is the work of an author who understands what he affirms, and knows how to be clear in style as well as profound in thought.

WIDOW WISELAD'S SON, A STORY OF VILLAGE LIFE. By G. H. ELRIDGE. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

This interesting little narrative has for its aim to convince us 'that in life's humble walks we shall find many opportunities of performing heroic Christ-like deeds, and uttering truthful, warning, manly words.' A capital little gift-book, that will interest, amuse, and profit the young.

CHOICE SAYINGS. Revised by R. C. CHAPMAN. New edition. London: Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

Had Mr. Spurgeon said these same things he would have touched them with raciness of style and vigour of thought. As it is, they lack those literary qualifications which give vitality, pungency, and suggestiveness. No one can deny, however, that the choice sayings are good sayings, for they are Scriptural sayings.

Periodicals.—THE QUIVER (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.). Never better than at present. Well edited, full of variety, lively without being vulgar, and religious without being formal or dull.—THE FIRESIDE (*Home Words* Office). Evangelical, earnest, and full of vital truths well expressed in story, sermon, and song.—THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE (James Nisbet and Co.). Some fairly good homilies, an excellent 'clerical symposium,' and a good deal that is helpful to preachers; its main wants are more brevity, more suggestiveness, more touches of beauty and humanity, more tenderness of spiritual feeling, and the excision of a good deal that is commonplace. Homiletic writers are few, very few; their service is invaluable; their literary recompense should be vastly increased, as their choice work is condensed work. Thinkers do not want all this 'muchness,' but a more bindable and portable volume. The best 'etchers' in literature are as few as the good etchers among a nation's artists, and they are often quiet men in quiet places who need to be sought out and found.—THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA (London: Trübner and Co.). The most solid, scholarly and severely literary review of the day.

WIDOWS' FUND.

THE Managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* acknowledge, with thanks, the following Sacramental Collections, etc., in aid of the 'Widows' Fund':

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Yours sincerely
George A. Shaw

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

FOR MY SAKE.

In the beatitudes of the 'Sermon on the Mount,' the Saviour speaks of blessedness even in the experiences of the confessor and martyr; and He adds these touching words—'For My sake.'

Let us think of what a 'sake' means, for there is always a 'sake'! Some veiled face is behind the screen of our actions—some motive inspires us, only the mirror that reveals its character is in the chamber within. This is so, in human history, everywhere and in all ages. Job said, 'I entreated for the children's *sake*.' Isaiah, the great prophet and patriot of Israel, said, 'For Zion's *sake* I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's *sake* I will not rest.'

It is so with God Himself. Listen to His words: 'And Jehovah said to Solomon, Notwithstanding in thy day I will not rend the kingdom from thee, for David thy father's *sake*.' And again it is written, 'The Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's *sake*.'

The Saviour now addresses His disciples as capable of personal consecration to Himself. Other than Divine He cannot be, or else this would be idolatry! To give the whole heart to Him leaves room for no devotion more supreme than that. Virtue in its highest aspect is not a cold principle, but a warm passion. Love to Christ is all in all, for it is devotion to a person that fills life with purity and strength.

The Redeemer has staked His cause on this supreme devotion of the soul: 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all hearts unto Me.'

The Saviour Himself had a 'Sake.'

What was it? At the basis of the Incarnation and Redemption there was a 'sake'! 'Though He was rich, for our sakes He became poor.' That heart kindled with desire to succour and save! Humanity had had medicaments enough, but there was no healing in them. Poor sad, suffering humanity! There

was something worth loving in it after all. The stoic crushed it. The satirist laughed at it. The philosopher vivisected it. The sensualist enslaved it with chains of iron or of gold! Christ loved the world amid all. So did His Father. God so loved the world that He gave His only Son to suffer and to die for it. This, then, was Christ's sake—*man.* He had a passion for humanity.

Some seek foreign shores for the sake of venerable art, or precious jewels, or antique coins, or lovely landscapes. Christ left heaven for earth to redeem and save mankind. Think of this! Do not speak or think of God as though His blessedness was self-centred. His glory is in a universe of human goodness and of human blessedness. The highest joy in the Great Father's house is when the child comes home. Bethink you of this! Christ *is* what He would have us be! He lives for and in others. He is His 'own Religion alive and in action.' When He came into this world the blind man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple was more precious and wonderful than the magnificent Temple itself, and the poorest child that he met on the slopes of Olivet was nobler and vaster than snow-capped Lebanon.

For our sake He was born of a woman made under the law; for our childhood's sake He was a child at Bethany; for our youth's sake He learned obedience in earliest days; for our manhood's sake He fought the forces of temptation, and drank the bitter cup of grief. To be our Teacher He turned nature into parables, that the child-heart within every one of us might understand the truth. To be our Saviour He endured the Cross, despising the shame, that He might redeem us unto God with His blood.

Surely the knowledge that Christ did all in such a Godlike way for *our sakes* is adapted to quicken our love and constrain our obedience. Even in our human relationships it often affects the worst man to think that others are self-denying and suffering for his sake! There are tragedies of cruelty and wrong over which angels might weep. Men who gamble away their earthly substance and leave a wife wan and desolate, and children, orphaned in all but name. Sons who set at nought all memory of the self-denials that opened for them the gates of school or college, and who are breaking hearts whose only fault has been that they loved them with a too indulgent love. But even to such as these there come moments when the heart breaks down at the thought of a love that suffers for their unworthy sakes.

And if every wrong and slight of such as I have described, grieves hearts that would die for them, and almost breaks them down, can we not understand that there is a deep meaning in

e words, 'They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh.' e Christ who lives and reigns and who *did* all for our sakes, still *doing* all for our sakes now. The gentle hand of every gel providence is His touch. The sweet constraint of every ssion of the Comforter comes from Him. Worthy indeed is rist the Lord! Well may the hallelujah of heaven be, 'Worthy he Lamb that was slain.'

The 'Sake' is ever Revealed and Known.

Iuman lives stand out in the clear dry light of fact. There o concealment. There is no loom that can weave a garment k enough to hide the heart. From beneath the peasant's e and the patrician's purple the hidden man peeps forth. revelation of His character was the power of the Christ! The er men came to Him the more they loved and worshipped n. Human glory dims on near approach. The giant fame rfs as you get closer to the man. Christ grew on men by imity. His every look and word and deed were open to inspection of all. Great leaders have lost their honour by ose observation. Christ Jesus, it has well been said in the s of 'Ecce Deus,' 'became divine by simply *being known.*' kind never dreamt of the Master as being ambitious, self-ing, or worldly; nor was His humility the clever shield of pride. They saw the 'sake.' The poor and needy—the e children and the leper—the harlots and the publicans—sick and the sorrowful, *knew* that He loved them all and ld bless and save them. His power of attraction was felt. en drew near to Him all the publicans and sinners, for to Him.'

Iost of the race at that era saw the proud heart of the risee beneath his phylacteried garments; they saw that ces like Herod and patricians like Pilate were full of the er and cruelty of a Rome that sometimes slew its slaves to its lampreys. Like a pure statue of marble, made more e and lovely by surrounding purple hangings, so this One ge of the Christ stood out amid the exclusiveness of the , and the pride and self-seeking of the Roman. What der that the people hung spell-bound on His parables, and dered at the gracious words that fell from His lips! All long He stretched out His hands for them. At even, ried with human neglect and scorn, He recruited His ngth not by the dull anodyne of sleep, but by fellowship n His Father. And His atoning death completed all. For our s, 'He endured the cross, despising the shame.' The world embered this when He was gone. Amid all the antagonists he Christian faith, in the early centuries, not one Pagan

apologist dare cast a stone at Christ. Not only was He 'harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,' but He sought no soft couch of ease, he reached after no lofty throne of power. For our sake He was 'The Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief;' for our sake He hung upon the tree.

The 'sake,' then, in His case was seen. Is it true that although men cannot see our hearts, yet that our 'sake' is known? True! —quite true! In the long outworking of our lives men know us, and on the whole judge us fairly, even as they watch us keenly. A 'sake' there is! What 'sake' can it be? For reputation's sake how much is risked every day, even health and honour! For fame's sake men will spend their dying breath to lift the trumpet and peal forth the startling blast which shall arrest the world's dull ear. For ease' sake how many leave the oxen unyoked beside the idle plough, and the sword resting in the armoury of the Church. For revenge' sake how steel-eyed malice will bide its time and strike fair fame with an assassin's hand. For gain's sake how many will stake their all on the gambler's chance, and hide from the face of the Conscience that accuses them.

What *sake?* There is self's sake under all its myriad masks. Self that disguises its native ugliness by the enamel of an appearance which hides us even from ourselves. Self, which makes even human love an admiration that pleases ourselves instead of the guerdon which would guard and bless the life of another. Self, dear self. Oh! that is a terrible sentence of Shakespeare's: 'She cannot love, she is so self-endeared.' Thank God that only the cynic sees nothing but self-seeking in the world. It is a miserable mistake. The eye sees often only what it looks for!

There *is* courage, there *is* pity, there is heroism here. The wild-flowers of the past that bloom among the rocks are not all scentless and dead. Beware how you teach your children to see nothing but knavery and trickery in the world! How should they believe in the presence of goodness if you teach them that its face is seldom to be seen in the common ways of men? I have seen the self-crucified and slain. I have seen some daughters who yet young have stood up like priestesses of the household at their mother's death, and kept warm and sacred the dear altar of the hearth and home. I have seen aunts bury every memory of their own too brief and buried loves, and become mothers, in all save giving birth, to the children of another. I have seen nobility in lads who, with no other escutcheon save that of a spotless name, have left marriage to others while they have kept the roof-tree over the widow and the fatherless. And more than this, who has not thanked God for the faith and

heroism of missionaries, who in this our day have laid down their lives for Christ's sake, and been buried in nameless places amid the prairie and the forest. Yes, there are sakes—and sakes. And we have a 'sake'—we who worship here now! All quietly and surely the scaffolding will be taken away from our lives, and then will stand forth the clearly-chiselled history of each—whether as the Apostle says we have been 'lovers of our own selves,' or whether for us to live has been Christ.

There is a True Self to be Loved for Christ's Sake.

There is a self-love that is of divine obligation. I mean the better self-love! What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own self? is an appeal, not to selfishness, but to true self-love. To this Christ Himself makes appeal. Even in relation to sin, take care that you do not hurt yourself. The wise man says, 'He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul.' Love your true self for Christ's sake. He made you, He redeemed you. When we talk about self-denial, let us take care what we mean. We ought to mean, deny your passions and please your conscience. In living to God your best nature will be glorified and satisfied. Christ knows the worth of every soul. He claims it as King, Saviour, Brother. If the mother pleads with the boy, for her sake who bore him, to be true, brave, pure, good, may not He Who died to redeem us say 'for My sake'?

There is a Permanent Power in the Christ.

Let men explain this! The philosophers had a certain empire in their day, but the farther you come from them, so their influence wanes. It is not so with Christ. His empire deepens, grows, and to-day millions bow at His feet, and are ready to die for Him. This is wonderful. 'For My sake' ten thousand teachers give up their Sabbath leisure in endeavouring to bring out on the canvas of a child's heart the likeness of Christ. Dr. Moffatt, who went forth sixty years ago, and Dr. Southron, who went forth and died but yesterday, alike went forth 'for My sake.'

What other name has this might of enthusiasm in it? What other name do men consent to put above every name?

The nearer we get to the best men, as I have suggested, the flaws in the marble appear. Christ is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person. For His sake you live, and for His sake you would die? Do I startle you? Did you see Long's celebrated picture of the girl refusing to put a grain of incense on Cæsar's altar? One grain! See her lover's wistful face! will she save herself for his sake? No, for Christ's sake she will die! So would you! At first you would shrink from the mystery of death, but you would return home to think and pray. What that Name is you never know till asked to

deny it! Are you ready? Yes, like Polycarp and Perpetua—'for Christ's sake,' you would even dare to die. But to such martyrdom we are not called. The soul that is faithful in that which is least would if the confessor's courage and the martyr's sacrifice came again, be faithful in that which is greatest. There are multitudes this day, and every day, who are living to Christ in little things. and crucifying self upon the cross for His dear sake. We are in danger of taking too cynical a view of our age. There are heroisms still. There are fountains of help and pity in human hearts which the Christ alone has unsealed, and it is His cross cast into the waters that keeps them fresh and pure.

There is a Blessed Reward in all Christian Service.

Christ's reward is 'with Him.' Wherever our lot may be cast, we may enjoy the very life of God Himself; and His joy as it is manifested in history, was not in being ministered unto, but in ministering. We read that for 'the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame.' No life can be blessed that centres in self. From thence come all life's worst miseries born of morbid feelings which are nursed in hearts that live only for themselves, and are bent upon their own health or fortune, worldly ambition. To go 'out of ourselves' is the only way to find joy. Does not our very language tell us so? Is not 'transport' from Latin words which speak of being carried beyond ourselves? Is not 'ecstasy' from the Greek verb which means to be lifted beyond yourself? We need not forget the ultimate Divine reward—that will surely come. The Master Himself has pictured forth that day—the Great Day, when a cup of cold water given in His name shall not lose its reward, when He will recognise the inner spirit of all true service, and say: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me!'

Until that great morning of reward dawns upon us, let us examine and try ourselves in all gift and service, and in all that makes the 'motive' of Christian life. Mere outward consecration may deceive others, but cannot deceive ourselves or Him. 'I know thy works,' Christ says, 'and thy labour and thy patience . . . nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.' We can all remember our hours of first consecration, and since then of special re-consecration, when love to Christ has been supreme. Happy we, if in closing these meditations we can enter within the veil of the heart's inner temple, beside the altar of sacrifice, on which no strange offering lies, and say, with uplifted eyes in all simplicity and sincerity, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee!' Amen.

THE EDITOR.

IRELAND'S NEED.

I.

THE following deeply pathetic and interesting narrative has been sent to us by a clergyman in Ireland, whose known piety and devotion to his Master's cause amply vouch for the truth of all the particulars given. It reveals a state of things hard to realize as existing at the present moment, within the bounds of the British Empire, in this nineteenth century, with all its boasted enlightenment, toleration, and justice.

'Some time ago, about two years I believe, a policeman belonging to the Church of Ireland was engaged to be married to a Roman Catholic girl. Wishing to bring her to the truth, he gave her a Bible. The girl died soon afterwards, and then the Bible fell into the hands of her sisters. These girls induced others to read the Bible also; and on Sundays, and at other leisure-times, these young people used to retire to some lonely place to peruse their precious gift. It was not long before they began to see that there was no foundation for many of the Roman doctrines in the Bible; but that they were, on the other hand, opposed to its teaching. At last they resolved to leave the Roman Catholic Church, and became members of a Church which taught and explained the Bible to its people. Three girls of one family have gone out to Halifax, and write home to say that they attend a Protestant place of worship every Sunday. One young man also went to America. A girl belonging to another family married a Protestant, and goes to church with him; and a brother of hers has been coming in secret to the Protestant Church for some time. I believe also that two other girls are wavering, but are afraid to come out, and no wonder. A convert from Romanism in Ireland must either emigrate or remain an insincere member of that Church, or become subject to terrible persecution.

'To give you an instance of Roman bigotry and persecution. One of these converts came here to church and was reading his Bible. His father found this out, and he and the priest took the young man to the Jesuits, a considerable distance away, and they locked him up for a week, when he made his escape. At night he was locked up in a cell like a felon, and given a plank bed to lie on. In the day-time he was half starved, and locked up in a chapel with a chain of beads to say prayers for five or six hours at a time. He was asked, "What devil's agent gave you the Bible to read?" and "Did you not know that God was angry with you for reading the Bible?" Angry for seeking to know

God's will! These people are all well-to-do, and do not change their faith, as has often been the case, for selfish reasons; on the contrary, it is a great loss to some of them. One girl was teacher of music and French at a Roman Catholic school, and has thrown up a salary of nearly £100 per annum, and emigrated. One of the young men was heir to a large farm, but now his father will not allow him inside his door, such a disgrace does he consider it to be for his son to turn Protestant.

'This story is like what we sometimes read of several centuries ago; but it shows what perhaps you free Englishmen can hardly understand, living in a Protestant country, viz., that Roman persecution is as active as ever wherever it can exert itself, and it proves the need of a Protestant Converts' Protection Association. These young people say that many think as they do, but are afraid to show their colours; and that one young man did turn, and had to turn back again from fear of persecution. More than half the effect of these conversions is destroyed, too, by the converts being compelled to go away, which they often do without anyone knowing the real reason. What Ireland wants is more Protestants; and if these converts could remain here they would strengthen our position, and would influence others to follow their example. But all this force of example and influence is lost by the converts being compelled to emigrate. It would be a great matter if there were a society to protect these people, and get them situations. I have distributed a good many Bibles, tracts, and other papers; but I think it was the Bible itself that opened the eyes of these people, and indeed, it must be a new revelation to many of them.

'If you insert this I think it would be unwise to mention my name or the neighbourhood, as those who are wavering might be brought under the persecution of the Roman Catholics. Here, where Romanists are fifty to one Protestant, the worst types of error, superstition, and immoral tendencies are seen; and my constant prayer to God is that He Who is the light of this dark world may enlighten the benighted hearts of the people of this country; that He may remove the cloud of superstition and error that hangs over it; that He may destroy that spiritual and mental slavery in which the people are kept by their priests; and that the day may soon return when this shall again be the island of the saints, and send forth again men to spread the Gospel, which they themselves have found to be such good news—the best of all.'—*Bible Society Monthly Reporter.*

HISTORY OF THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CASTLEFIN, CO. DONEGAL.

II.—How the Need may be Met.

There are some who entertain the erroneous idea that Congregationalism is not suited to Ireland.

Those who are familiar with the course of ecclesiastical events, who note the tone of discussion in Church Courts, and the temper that pervades religious communities, can trace a strong current setting towards independency, if not in name, yet in sentiment. Many are imbued with its spirit; believe in, and sometimes contend for, the admission of its more distinctive principles. There is, indeed, an increasing sense of dissatisfaction with antiquated creeds; cold doctrinal preaching; clerical intolerance, priestcraft, and sacerdotalism.

This widespread feeling has at least in one place found very distinct expression in the establishment and growth of a Congregational Church at Castlefin. This church is the result of an effort made by a little company of some thirty earnest Christians to testify against the extreme laxity of religious discipline and the abounding ungodliness and drunkenness of the district. These friends at first knew nothing of the theory of Independency. But when at their request they were visited by Rev. Robert Sewell, and the late Rev. Leo Wight of Newry, who expounded the principles of Congregationalism, they at once most unanimously adopted them, and they were then regularly organized as a Christian Church. This occurred in August, 1878. For several months the services on the Lord's Day were conducted by supplies regularly obtained by Mr. Sewell. On 19th June, 1879, Rev. James Lewis was ordained pastor. There are now some eighty members. And had it not been for emigration the number would have been quite a hundred. This very considerable increase is composed almost exclusively of persons converted under the ministry of the Gospel during the last four years. The fact that there is no other Protestant place of worship in the town (the nearest is an Episcopal Church, one mile distant), though quite half of the population of the place and neighbourhood are nominal Protestants, that a large proportion of these have no church connection, and are living in a sad state of ignorance, shows the need for the presence and sustenance of such a movement. In connection with the church there is a lively weekly prayer-meeting. Also two Sunday-schools, and nine out-stations. Systematic tract-distribution is carried on; about 150 poor cottages through the country being visited weekly by the workers. Earnest and successful efforts

are made to promote temperance, all the members being total abstainers.

For more than two years Divine worship was conducted in the old market-house, access thereto being had by a very rough flight of stone steps. The place was not waterproof, was very draughty, and could only be had for a time. These most uncomfortable surroundings, taken in connection with the growth of the congregation, seemed to justify the effort to obtain a regular place of worship. This has been accomplished at a total cost of £1,100. A manse has also been built at a cost of £500; no house of any kind being obtainable in the town or neighbourhood. Towards the new chapel the English Congregational Chapel Building Society granted £25. And towards the manse £40. There still remains a debt of £450, which presses heavily, as nearly all the people are in humble circumstances.

I should mention the cause has been adopted by the Irish Evangelical Society, which makes an annual grant towards the support of the ministry.

This movement from the first has been marked by the Divine favour. Many souls have been renewed, some of whom have joined the church, and others, especially young persons, have had to leave for other lands in quest of a livelihood. The mention of a few special cases will be interesting to those who wish well to Ireland.

A remarkable case occurred within the walls of the new chapel before it was finished. A young woman, who lived some eight miles from Castlefin, became deeply anxious, and seeking counsel, was asked to go quietly home, and attend to her work, being told '*You are good enough.*' Her distress increasing, she was led to attend the services at Castlefin. One evening at the conclusion of the prayer-meeting, she with others was shown through the new chapel, in course of construction. She was enabled to find rest in the Saviour, and ever since has steadily followed the Master.

An aged farmer, in whose kitchen one of the out-station services is held, was one evening deeply anxious. In course of conversation he exclaimed: 'I am the biggest sinner on the face of the earth; my heart is so hard.' He became decided, and has since died rejoicing in the Lord. His only daughter gave her heart to the Saviour about the same time.

In another house, which had not been visited by a minister for seven years, one son and two daughters became Christians. One of the daughters, with tears in her eyes, grasped my hand, exclaiming: '*You are the only person that ever spoke to me about my soul.*' Her life since has given delightful evidence that she has been with Jesus.

In one family the father, three sons, and three daughters have been turned to the Lord within the last three years. In another the mother and three daughters. In another the four eldest children. In another the two eldest children. These are a few of many instances that might be given.

Evangelistic services, sometimes continued in a series for weeks, have been held in towns at a distance, attended by crowds, and with very remarkable success. Such Christian work is the great need of the country districts in Ireland where, as an almost invariable rule, there are no prayer-meetings, or other means of grace.

We have no doubt that with the Divine blessing there is a very useful future before the young church at Castlefin. The prayerful sympathy of all Christians is solicited that this interesting field of aggressive labour may be more and more a centre of Divine light and power.

J. L.

SKETCHES OF THE FAMILY LIFE.

IX.—Greek Marriage Customs.

We pass on to describe some of the religious ceremonies connected with marriage. It is well known that the Greek, from the earliest times, was distinguished, among other respects, from the nations of the Orient by his freedom from sacerdotal influence. In the patriarchal times, the king was high priest on behalf of his tribe; the father of the family priest in his own house. And never, in the historical times, did the priests, as a class, exert any considerable influence in social or political matters, so far as we know. Creuzer, in his celebrated work on the ancient Mythologies, made a great mistake when he assumed that the myths contained a body of ancient doctrine imparted to the people by priestly teaching. This and other errors were keenly criticized by Lobeck in a valuable work. If on any occasion, it would certainly be at betrothals and nuptials that the divine authority and sacred functions of the priest were recognised. Yet while marriage was invested with great solemnity and often confirmed by oath at the altars and temples of the gods, only two places can be found in the whole range of Greek literature (says Lobeck) indicating the intervention of the priesthood in weddings. And in these two cases the reference is to priestesses. Plutarch speaks of the priestess of Démétér as enjoining an ordinance of the fathers upon the united pair.* Zonaras, the lexicographer, speaks of the priestess at Athens

* Præc. conj., 138 B.

'bearing the sacred shield, and coming to the newly-married.' Probably she was a married woman herself. We do not believe there were any celibate priests or priestesses among the Greeks till late times, and so much the better for them. It has always been partly a cause, and partly a sign of weakness in a land, the presence of a powerful priestly class, separated from the interests of the mass of the people. It would really appear as if the religious democratic ideas of 'Congregationalism' were held by the Greeks. At all events Homer tells us distinctly that the priestess of Athéné at Troy was appointed by the people to the office she held.* The religious communities of Greece were in fact from the family as the simplest unit, up to larger aggregates,—which they called phratries and amphiktyonies, which we should call associations or congregational unions—independent congregations. And the spirit they tended to nourish was the very reverse of a slavish or superstitious dependence upon the offices of the priesthood. 'There is not, there never has been, a more sacred union than the wedding and intercourse of man and woman,' Plutarch makes one of the interlocutors in a dialogue say.† The ceremony recognises, does not create, the sanctity of the relation. It was already under the favour and blessing of the gods. Some of the most charming scenes in the Mythology are those in which they come down from Olympus to be present at the wedding of a Péleus or a Kadmos, to join in the hymeneal hymns, and offer gifts to the bridegroom. So deep and earnest was the Greek's feeling about marriage, he could not but think of his great gods as having spouses by their side. Héra, the national goddess *par excellence* in Homer, is fitly wife of Zeus, and patroness of married women.

Besides Héra and her spouse, other divinities were particularly invoked on the occasion—Aphrodité, Artemis, and the Nymphs. The Moirai, whose function it was to preside over the lots of individuals, are also named in this connection. It would seem that every benign, every solemn, every auspicious thought was summoned to the mind, and vividly realized in the names and characters of these deities. Aphrodité brought love, Artemis would listen to the cry of the mother in travail. In the Moirai divine disposal was reverently acknowledged; in the Nymphs, the gracious spirits of the land, the endeared associations of the home and the past were recalled. In Greek polytheism, the many gods and goddesses each and all represented, on such occasions, associations of thought and feeling in the mind of the worshipper with places, with events of the past, with the turning-points of destiny, with the hopes of the future. Indeed, it seems impossible to understand the early polytheism except

* 'Iliad,' vi. 300. † 'Amat.,' iv.

from this point of view. With passionate love the Greek preserved everything in the religion and traditions of the tribes, which reminded of the rich and various elements of culture they had contributed to the making of the nation. He recognised the Divine, or, as he said, the *Dæmonion*, as One in many forms—an Energy presiding in different departments of human life and of the wondrous world of Nature. Far different was it in later times, when the sense and spirit of the old religion had been forgotten, when intercourse with the East had introduced confusion into the fellowship of the gods, and worship had sunk into a meaningless superstition, going on by the mere momentum of custom. However, there was always plenty of superstition, from the present educated point of view, in Greek ideas, *i.e.* belief which will not stand the test of scientific experience.

For example, Hesiod, our oldest author next to Homer, in his 'Works and Days'—a poem full of religious and moral feeling, a sort of Greek 'Book of Proverbs'—gives this precept: 'Bear in mind that you must avoid on the fourth day both of the waning and of the beginning month, brooding over soul-destroying cares; 'tis a right perfect (*i.e.* lucky) day for thee.'* On one of these days, he goes on, the bridegroom should lead home his bride, having consulted the seers and chosen birds such as are suitable for the occasion, *i.e.* having first ascertained that the omens were favourable. An old commentator on the passage gives a list of some eight birds that were *not* to be chosen. The fifth day of each decade was on the contrary to be avoided, as awful and unlucky, because on a fifth day Horkos, the avenging dæmon of Perjury, the son of Eris (Strife), was born and waited on by the Erinnyes (Furies). This passage is one of those which show that in Greek religion men's minds oscillated between the extremes of joy and of terror; a fact often ignored even by eminent writers. It is common enough to read that the Greek looked habitually upon the sunny side of life and destiny. It was not so; here we see him passing, within the interval of a day, from dutiful rejoicing to the very opposite pole of feeling.

In later times the full moon was regarded as the proper time for marriage, and the winter season. There was a special wedding-month—Gamélion, corresponding nearly to January, and sacred to Héra.

In how deeply sacred an aspect the engagement was viewed, with what religious feelings entered upon, we may gather from the rites of preparation which preceded it. One of the most significant of these was the washing in sacred springs. At Athens there was a fount in ancient times called Kallirhoé, the

* Op., 800.

Fair-flowing, afterwards, when an artistic structure had been raised over it, the 'Nine Conduits.' On the most solemn occasions its waters were used, and still in Thucydides' * time, he tells us, before weddings and other sacred observances, the custom was retained. On vases may be seen the representation of Athenian maidens drawing water for the bridal bath from this fountain.

Nothing is more striking than the clinging tenacity of old religious customs to a soil and a people, long after their meaning has been forgotten, and when they have even passed into a pantomimic burlesque. Let us illustrate this by a glance at modern Greece. Weddings are solemnized on Sundays; but the preceding day is filled with ceremonies, the relics of the old Pagan services. An ox is slaughtered, and omens are drawn from the way in which the blood is sprinkled. In the evening, the bridegroom's head is washed by women with water, which has been solemnly brought by a boy, whose parents are still living.† The best man, the 'friend of the bridegroom' (*paranymphos* in olden time), then dresses his beard, and finally the women comb the hair of his head. Meantime songs are sung, which bewail the approaching loss of his celibate life, and his entrance upon that of a 'worldling,' finishing with a lamentable howl.‡ A similar ceremony is proceeding at the bride's house. Her hair is combed and plaited, and she is led to the bath to the sound of music. The following is a rendering of a Thessalian song sung on such occasions:

'From the mountain-peak on high
Hear the falcon's shrilling cry:
For this day and morrow's eve
All the winds shall cease to grieve!
Happy, happy bridal pair,
Stalwart youth and maiden fair.'

One of the more ludicrous customs alluded to above is that connected with the fetching of water from the spring to be used by the future wife. Arrived at the spring she solemnly greets it, and drinks of the water with hollowed hand. She then casts in some gold pieces and various articles of food. Then follows a dance with song about the spring. Finally a boy, (or two boys, qualified in the way above-named), dips into the spring a special

* II. 15.

† Such youths, as peculiarly 'lucky,' were preferred both by Greeks and Romans, who called them *patrimi et matrimi*. In reference to such the saying runs in Albania, 'The black ox has not trodden on thee.' It is curious that we should find Sir W. Scott using the same saying in the 'Antiquary,' ch. xl., and with a similar reference. There are other resemblances between the Scotch and Albanians in dress, etc. They are probably much nearer akin to each other, at any rate, than we are to the 'Lost Tribes of Israel.'

‡ Wachsmuth, 'Das alte Griechenland im neuen,' 1864, p. 87.

vessel for the purpose, and carries it, without speaking a word, back to the house of the pair. It is thus holy and health-giving 'unspoken water' (*amileto nero*). The pair fill their mouths full of this holy water and, within the house-door, strive to sprinkle one another with it. Another account (of Albanian customs) says that on the return of the boys with the water, a woman makes some paste with it, and proceeds to smear the face of the husband and one of his friends.*

We may not be able to unravel the enigma of many of these old customs. But taking them, ancient and modern, as a whole, it is clear that they express and illustrate the feelings about marriage in ancient times, as the advance to a higher life, a *teleiotés*, or 'state of completeness,' or perfection, as the Greek said. There are several passages in St. Paul's Epistles referring to the Church as a bride, and the nuptial relation to Christ, others referring to 'perfection,' which are not well understood until we have fixed in our mind some of these pictures of old time still faintly mirrored in the present, and recognise how thoroughly every interesting phase of life was suffused with mystic meaning, and brought under the protection of higher powers.

REV. E. JOHNSON.

TENNYSON ON RITUALISM.

('THE HOLY GRAIL.')

IN this Idyll the poet breaks a lance with that movement of our times for which we have no better name than Ritualism. The Holy Grail, or Sangreal, according to the legend, is the cup used by our Lord at the Last Supper. It was supposed to have been brought by Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury,

> 'And there awhile it bode; and if a man
> Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
> By faith, of all his ills.'

For the wickedness of the times it was caught up to heaven, and thenceforth never seen but by the saintly, to whom it was a present rapture and the pledge of eternal glory. The legend lends itself easily to the poet's purpose. The pursuit of the Holy Grail stands for a symbol of that enthusiastic pietism which twists in, among the strands of Christian motives and Christlike dispositions, a certain glorified selfishness—a grasping after place and position in the unseen world—a heated mysticism far more allied to the temper of Indian Fakirs than to the unconscious goodness, the lovely unselfishness, and quiet sober temper belonging to 'the simplicity that is in Christ.'

* Dozon, 'Contes Alb.,' 1881, p. 195.

Be it noted that the temper of mind and notions of Christian truth and duty condemned in this Idyll, and which, for brevity, we may call Asceticism or Ritualism (gathering, as we must, in one word, many conceptions beyond those it etymologically indicates), are viewed from the standpoint of the votary, not of the antagonist and hostile critic. The maxim which breathes the wish that we could 'see ourselves as others see us,' needs a correlated maxim expressive of the advantage all disputers would gain from the ability to see others as they (those others) see themselves. The lesson of the brass and silver shield is not yet learned. The poem treats tenderly and reverently those who, following the signpost of Asceticism, say '*Sic itur ad astra.*' The object of their endeavour is mainly noble. These aspirants to the sky are at all events nobler than those who wallow in animalism, whose type in this poem is Gawain, or those who make an easy interpretation of the Gospel a forged warrant for an indolent and self-pleasing life.

We see in the early part of the poem a picture of the noble life as the Ritualist sees it, and only in the last page or two are the shutters thrown back, and the inherent poverty of his artificial illumination exposed in the sunlight of the divine simplicity of the highest life. We are shown the cold cinders and ashes of a burned-out ascetic passion in the conversation between Sir Percivale and the old monk. The knight is warm with the first love of the fascinating Quest of the Grail. The aged recluse exhibits the outcome of what is, after all, little better than a refined selfishness. No glorious visions come to him; his life is self-centred; even in his days of expiring vitality he longs for the domestic joys he forswore in youth, and is 'plagued with dreams of something sweet.'

> 'Beyond all sweetness in a life so rich—
> Ah! blessed Lord, I speak too earthly-wise
> Seeing I never strayed beyond this cell,
> But live like an old badger in his earth,
> With earth about him everywhere, despite
> All fast and penance.'

It is a picture to move some to scoffing, more to compassion. But true wisdom rebukes the scoffer. Let not the Esaus of the wine-bottle, the horse-race, and the music-hall imagine themselves justified in throwing stones at the lean and sour or proud ascetic. The self-torturing, 'will-worshipping' devotee has not received the full light; but he occupies a far higher degree than the Esau in the scale of humanity, and it is not the fleshly and selfish man who can judge him. Indeed the danger to the world, of asceticism, lies in this, that most men have grace enough to recognise it as a higher elevation, but fail to see that

it conceals the highest of all behind it, and pass their pilgrimage in ignorance that

> '—— the toppling crags of duty scaled,
> Are close upon the shining table-lands
> To which our God Himself is moon and sun.'
> (*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.*)

Gawain, the representative of the fleshly man, blind alike to the higher and the highest, answered Arthur's query by a light assurance that the Quest was not for him. He

> '—— found a silk pavilion in a field,
> And merry maidens in it.'

He boasts that Arthur never found him slack in battle, but pours scorn on Percivale's Quest, and swears he will be

> '—— thrice as blind as any noonday owl,
> To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
> Henceforward.'

Far nobler than Gawain the earthly, was Sir Lancelot. Lancelot was a grievous sinner. Treasonable adultery with the Queen scarred his soul; but he had in his heart the blessedness of pain. The agony of life, the spiritual life that was in him, contending with his death of sin, drove him into wilderness and desert; in wild solitudes, in the heart of mysterious tempests and darkness, he caught a gleam of the Celestial apparition for which his better nature hungered. Death in him was strong, for sin is death; but life was stronger. The battle was fierce and long, but life remained victor at the last. How should the fleshly Gawain understand the struggles of a Lancelot, any more than the raptures of a Percivale, or the sunny bliss of pure Sir Galahad? 'The spiritual man judgeth all things, but he himself is judged of no man.' Percivale can judge Gawain. Galahad can judge Percivale. Arthur judges Galahad and all, including Lancelot.

The King does full justice to the devotees of the Quest.

> '"Deafer," said the blameless King,
> "Gawain, and blinder unto holy things
> Hope not to make thyself by idle vows,
> Being too blind to have desire to see.
> But if indeed there came a sign from heaven,
> Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and Percivale,
> For these have seen according to their sight.
> For every fiery prophet in old times,
> And all the sacred madness of the bard,
> When God made music through them, could but speak
> His music by the framework and the chord;
> And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth."'

The facts of the soul and its relation to God and of the life eternal are as solid as all other facts; but it is not given to all

seeking souls to keep even rank with one another in their forward march towards apprehension of them, nor even to travel the same road. He who sang

> 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom ;
> Lead Thou me on,'

doubtless received answer to that prayer; but in the faith he now holds, he is seen to be distanced by many his inferiors in intellectual gifts. We cannot read the riddle of the history of many earnest and beautiful souls. But their earnestness, their sweetness, their many spiritual fascinations must not prevent our standing by the side of Arthur the King, as he tenderly, reverently, yet firmly judges them. The high must not shut out the highest from our vision and our strenuous endeavour.

The mood of soul which we have described as high, but not the highest, reveals its earthly admixture to one who steadily contemplates its phenomena as displayed by our contemporaries. Self-appreciation, spiritual pride, desire of honour among men, love of power, disclose themselves in various ways. Distinctive dress is one morbid symptom. Priestly garb in a man, the specially constructed coat, the peculiar head-gear, the anxious discrimination of himself from the 'layman,' the proudly ugly dress of the 'Sister,'—all show the lines of pride in the spiritual spectroscope. There is an impatience of 'dissent,' an assumption of authority, and an irritation amounting to irascibility at those who question the validity of the claim to spiritual precedence. Self peeps out from behind the closed blinds of the saint. The animal part of our nature is spurned, perhaps treated with needless cruelty, but selfhood is not killed. It can breathe and flourish in a higher sphere than that of animal life, though not in the highest.

After the knights have related their various fortunes in the quest for the Grail, Arthur passes judgment on them all, quite in the spirit of our familiar hymn, beginning—

> 'Father, I know that all my life
> Is portioned out for me,'

containing the stanza renouncing the self-will of those who fare forth on the spiritual journey

> 'Seeking for some great thing to do,
> Or secret thing to know.'

Arthur reminds his knights that some had

> '——followed wandering fires,
> Lost in the quagmire.'

Others (reminding us of some names known to the public, and others only known to sorrowing families), who—

> 'Leaving human wrongs to right themselves,
> Care but to pass into the silent life.'

They may have had their visions and their triumphs. But—

> 'Now his chair desires him here in vain,
> However they may crown him otherwhere.'

The true highest is not found in spiritual eminences visible to men. 'Reverends,' 'Very Reverends,' and 'Most Reverends,' represent after all only 'honour that cometh from man.' 'Secular' and 'sacred' are misleading human distinctions. The layman is as near to God as the ecclesiastic. Modern sacerdotal authority is a figment of man's invention. The seers of old times, the prophets who brought down the message for the times from the Lord of Hosts, were laymen, not priests. The word of the Lord now, as in the older days, recognises none of our vain distinctions. It comes to the soul that waits and listens, and is ready to be 'obedient to the heavenly vision,' and it is heard by this man in his shoemaker's shop, and that one in his gardening, and the other on his stool in an attorney's office. God sets His seal on this man and that for special service, and with the seal comes the knowledge to the selected soul of 'what the Lord will have him do.' But he who, without having his lips touched by any coal of fire from off the altar, 'goes into the church,' as the foolish phrase runs, and affects to speak in the name of the Lord, remains an empty vessel, a cloud without water for the earth. All honest work is God's work. In any and every path of human activity the pure soul may look to meet Him. Christ 'did not pray that His disciples should be taken out of the world,' only that they should be 'kept from the evil.' In the collision of the faithful soul with life's common duties and hard tasks, the fire of God is struck out. In the stress of the legendary Roman Caule, the 'Great Twin Brethren' appear, and the leader of the Roman host is

> '——aware of a princely pair
> That rode at his right hand.'

Here is King Arthur's judgment of his knights and their Quest:

> 'And some among you held, that if the King
> Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow;
> Not easily, seeing that the King must guard
> That which he rules, and is but as the hind
> To whom a space of land is given to plough,
> Who may not wander from the allotted field
> Before his work be done; but, being done,
> Let visions of the night and of the day
> Come as they will; and many a time they come,
> Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
> The light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
> The air that smites his forehead is not air
> But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—
> In moments when he feels he cannot die,

And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again : ye have seen what ye have seen.'

And the chronicler, Sir Percivale, adds—

'So spake the King; I know not all he meant.'

He did not see as far as Arthur. The lower sphere, even though not the lowest, cannot judge the higher. Arthur saw God, and saw the Christ, and saw himself in his relation to the Father and the Son in a clear light, that needed no fantastic decoration, no coloured glass, no earthly mediator and expositor, no sacerdotal *cicerone*, no mystery of sacramental cups appearing and vanishing. He dwelt in the daylight, and the pretty shadows fled before him.

EDWARD BUTLER.

LIGHT BREAKING IN INDIA.

FIFTY years ago only two or three small missions existed among the eighteen million people on the east coast of India who speak Telugu. This led to its adoption as a sphere of labour by the American Baptist Missionary Union, who sent there two missionaries in 1835, one of whom finally settled at Nellore in 1840. He and a new colleague met with so little success, that, when four years afterwards they had to retire in broken health, they left a church of only eight members, and found in America the Mission Committee discussing a proposal to abandon the mission. Mr. Day's earnestness saved the mission from this fate, and he returned in 1848 with a new colleague. So unpromising, however, did the mission appear, that in 1853, and again in 1862, its abandonment was gravely considered. On the latter occasion Mr. Jewett declared before the Committee, that if they abandoned the mission he would not, since his resolve was fixed to return. 'Well,' replied the secretary, 'my brother, if you are resolved to go back, we must at least send some one with you to bury you: you at all events shall have a Christian burial in that heathen land.' And so they sent him with a new colleague. His resolve to return was doubtless deepened by his interest in a new station he had chosen. Whilst on a preaching tour northward, he and three native helpers came to Ongole. In the early morning of the first day of 1853 they ascended a hill to get a view of the surrounding country, and were at once impressed with its suitability as a mission station. Below them lay the large and populous town, and around, within easy range, were some fifty villages. Stirred by the sight of such a fair region wholly given to idolatry, without a single voice to proclaim the great salvation, they there and then knelt down, and each in turn prayed that God would

send a missionary to Ongole. They descended the hill with lighter hearts, for they had a profound conviction their request was accepted by God.

The companion sent back with Mr. Jewett in 1865 was the Rev. J. E. Clough, designated as a missionary to Ongole. There he took up his residence in the following year, when a church of eight members was formed, who at the close of 1868 had increased to 148. And now came another answer to prayer. During the week of prayer, at the beginning of 1869, it was the special petition of the people that God would convert and add 500 to the Church in the course of the year. It did happen that 573 were added to the Ongole community, as well as 55 to that at the old station at Nellore. Nor did the accessions then cease, for in March, 1873, the former church had 1,745 communicants, whilst at the other two stations there were 497 members. The missionaries from the beginning had made preaching their great work, and being reinforced by three or four new missionaries they had opened a new station at Ramapatam, on the sea-coast, where they established on an important scale the Brownson Theological Seminary in 1872, for the training of a native ministry. These, as it will be seen, were soon wanted. Steady accessions were made to the churches, and the Gospel was diligently preached in the surrounding districts, when, in 1876 and 1877, a severe famine occurred.

The missionaries felt bound to co-operate with the Government, and the Relief Committees in England and America, in saving the people from its terrors, and the Rev. J. E. Clough, the only missionary at Ongole, felt it right to take a Government contract to cut a portion of a canal, which in the course of six months gave employment to some thousands of people. Mr. Clough judged that the dreadful confusion into which society was thrown justified him in this, and in employing his native preachers and teachers to superintend those labourers, on the condition, that the former should be at liberty to preach and teach when the latter had done their day's work and were disposed to listen. In the course of these months, many thousands heard the great facts and truths of Christianity carefully pressed on their attention; for great numbers gathered around the works who were not directly employed, and the labourers generally after two or three months made way for relations or friends. It may be that trouble made the hearts of the people tender, or that interested motives influenced many; or may it not have been that this evidence of noble beneficence on the part of the Government, the people of England and America, and the missionaries, so unlike what generally happens in a purely native state of society on the occurrence of such calamities,

along with the preaching of a religion of love and mercy, touched the hearts of these poor people. However it was, there arose in the hearts of multitudes a desire to become Christians. Fearing that some might be deceiving themselves or be influenced by the hope of gain merely, Mr. Clough for fifteen months declined all requests for baptism, still continuing, however, through his more than 300 preachers and teachers, to give instruction to all who were willing to receive it. But when the famine ceased and the relief works were closed, he felt that he was no longer justified in refusing many of those who came and had been watched and carefully instructed for so long a time. During the latter half of June therefore, 1878, he baptized 1,168 persons; in July, 7,513; and by the end of the year 9,606. These additions made the membership of the Ongole Church 13,304. Those remarkable accessions have not continued, nor was it to be expected; but from 1,500 to 2,000 adults have annually been received. The number of communicants connected with Ongole and its out-stations in 1881 is given as 19,367; and this represents a population that may in the general sense be called Christian of 50,000. Nor is this all; at Nellore the communicants were 454, and at Ramapatam 531, with an aggregate of more than 3,200 nominal Christians. These are remarkable results, the most remarkable, indeed, in the history of Indian Christianity. And they bear evidence of great genuineness. It is, moreover, in harmony with the Indian character and the anticipations of those who know it well, that a people so timid, so singularly bound together by caste and social usages, and so gregarious, will finally move in masses from heathenism to Christianity. Indeed, there have been repeated indications in various parts of India of a disposition to revolt from the popular superstitions, but never have they been so significant as during the past few years. And is not this in harmony with the facts and phenomena everywhere seen in the history of Christianity? It would be premature to pass a judgment on this movement, but it will certainly assist us to understand it to bear in mind, as the missionaries who are guiding it suggest: 1st. That for twenty-nine years at least, many of God's chosen people have been praying to Him daily for the conversion of the whole Telugu people; 2nd. That the means which God has chosen for the conversion of the world have been faithfully employed for at least sixteen years in nearly every village and hamlet from whence those converts have come; 3rd. That for thirteen years converts have been forsaking their idols and turning in considerable numbers to Christianity; 4th. That this is by no means the first instance of great numbers and even nations turning in masses to the worship of God.

EDWARD STORROW.

MEMOIRS OF EXTINCT LONDON CHAPELS.

THE POULTRY CHAPEL (*continued*).

IN the past generation the Poultry Chapel was a place of frequent resort on occasion. Its central position rendered it convenient for some of the May meetings of the Congregationalists to be held there; and when Crosby Hall and New Broad Street Chapel successively had become too strait for the assemblies of the Congregational Union, the Poultry took turns with the Weigh House in receiving that body. Here the brethren from the country congregated on memorable mornings in many a May, and the wonder is that such an arrangement was not continued *en permanence* when the Church in the Poultry 'transmigrated,' as souls are said to do, into the nobler building on the Holborn Viaduct. Its enlarged space, and its convenient proximity to the Memorial Hall, alike render it specially suitable under existing circumstances. With the accession of Dr. Parker to the Chairmanship of the Union, such an arrangement, so suitable and wise, must surely be inaugurated.

Returning to the Poultry Chapel, most of my readers will have as vivid a remembrance as I have of it, with its spacious area and lofty galleries, with upper balcony on one side for the school-children, as the manner used to be. The massive, circular mahogany pulpit was perhaps the only really handsome feature of the place; but the general aspect of things was that of high respectability. My remembrance of the Poultry Chapel dates only from the latter years of Mr. Clayton's ministry, and these were not its best. Always numerous and respectable, the congregation was not then a crowded one, nor was my impression of the service, as gained from an occasional visit, that of great vigour. The three divisions into reading, prayer, and sermon, were long retained; but though the minister manifested a considerable amount of fluency and of easy eloquence in his discoursing, the general effect was not exhilarating. The brightness had worn off, and 'the light of other days had faded.' This arose partly from the removal of citizens to the suburbs, allowing only of their attendance once a day; partly also from the failing vigour of the pastor who, as he afterwards told me in his own facetious way, was suffering from infirmities he could not well recapitulate in the *Evangelical Magazine*. The fact of Mr. Binney being then in the zenith of his power at the Weigh House, which was but the length of a street from the Poultry, may also serve to account for the coming generation, and

especially young men, being drawn off thither from all parts of the city and its surroundings, and so leaving the Poultry Chapel among others to its old settled but diminishing congregation.

SUCCESSIVE PASTORATES.

The people at the Poultry were far too loyal to their old pastor to hint that possibly a younger man might restore its failing fortunes, or even to suggest a colleague. But about the year 1845, Mr. Clayton himself intimated his purpose of withdrawing from the scene of his lengthened ministrations, and give place to one of fewer years. Very reluctant were the people to part with their long-tried friend and pastor, and very urgently did they request him to reconsider his decision. But it was to no avail. In Mr. Clayton's judgment the time had come when he should retire, as his aged father had seen fit to do when he felt strength declining. So, after a full year's notice, Mr. Clayton made way for his successor, the Rev. S. B. Bergne, who came from Lincoln, Mr. Clayton giving a hearty 'Welcome to Titus' in some parting discourses which were published under that title. Mr. Bergne's vigorous ministrations fulfilled the expectations of Mr. Clayton and his friends, and once again the Poultry Chapel filled up. After some six years of service Mr. Bergne accepted the post of Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Dr. Spence took up his work at the Poultry Chapel, where for a long series of years he fully maintained the honour of the place, even with the near proximity of powerful rivals, and the exodus of citizens to the suburbs fast setting in. On Dr. Spence's withdrawal to the Old Gravel Pit came in the new dispensation which occasioned the 'extinction' of the Poultry Chapel, and the bursting forth of its life in fuller blaze at the City Temple.

DR. PARKER'S ACCESSION.

When Dr. Parker was induced to undertake the charge at the Poultry Chapel, everybody felt that its future was secure. The late Mr. Eusebius Smith used to delight to tell—he once related the story to me in an omnibus—of the diplomatic arrangements whereby the Doctor was drawn from Manchester to the Poultry. His going to the North, accompanied by a brother church-officer, their attending the service at Cavendish Chapel, their interview afterwards with the minister, his opening the door of the deacons' vestry, and requesting the visitors to go in and rehearse what they had said to him, and all that followed in the way of holding off, till promises and hopes prevailed. The Poultry Chapel was of course crowded from the first day onwards; but it was understood from the beginning that the

building would be sold for commercial purposes, and a larger and more commanding structure erected on some other spot. Hence, in due time, arose the noble edifice on the Holborn Viaduct, with its lofty dome-capped tower, and which cost, including the costly site, some £80,000. The foundation-stone of the City Temple was laid by Mr. Binney, in May, 1873—one of his latest public acts, for he died the following February—and it was opened May, 1874, Dr. Lindsay Alexander, of Edinburgh, being the preacher. Its seating is for 2,500 persons, and this is occupied, often to overflowing, with a congregation gathered from all parts of the metropolis and its suburbs.

A distinguished feature of Dr. Parker's ministry in the City of London has been

THE THURSDAY MORNING SERVICE.

For some years the ancient Merchants' Lecture had been delivered monthly, not exactly *in* the Poultry Chapel, but in a part of it screened off at one end as a sort of lecture-room. A mere scattering of people had attended it, till attention being called to it in *The Christian World*, and its regular weekly delivery, instead of monthly, urged, it had been determined to try the experiment, and boldly go into the chapel. It had even been announced. Meantime Dr. Parker accepted the pastorate; and I well remember Mr. Binney saying, when announcing that the matter must be reconsidered, that Dr. Parker might want to have a Merchants' Lecture himself. And so it turned out. It had occurred to the Doctor that it would be a fine thing to speak to city men in the very heart of the city for an hour in the mid-week. Thenceforth, therefore, the doors of the Poultry were thrown open on Thursday mornings from 12 to 1 o'clock, and that to some purpose. A considerable number of citizens assembled from the first, and soon the report of what was done there attracted a growing crowd. City men of all creeds, the clergy of all churches, students of all the colleges, young men of all classes, working-men of all crafts, who could steal a mid-day hour once a week, 'thronged the sacred floor.' Then came a break, when, the Poultry Chapel having been sold to the London Joint Stock Banking Company, the Thursday morning services were held in Albion Chapel, now numbered with the 'extinct' of its class. In 1874 the City Temple was opened, and the mid-week service was thenceforth conducted in its own proper place, and attended by increasing numbers. The spacious area became filled with a more settled congregation. The Thursday morning service has, indeed, become an institution. 'Thither the tribes go up,' from city houses of business, and from suburban retreats; visitors from the provinces, and travellers from the

uttermost parts of the earth assemble together there, and spend an hour in worship and instruction in Bible truth. Nothing of its kind has ever been approached. Many will recall the Golden Lecture in Henry Melvill's time, when St. Margaret's Lothbury, at the back of the Bank, was packed for an hour every Tuesday morning with business men, who hung on the lips of the eloquent orator; but St. Margaret's would not hold more than one-third of the number who gather at the City Temple. St. Paul's Cathedral sees a greater multitude at a mid-day service at a Lenten Mission, when the preacher may be Canon Body, or Knox Little; but this is only occasional, and not 'all the year round,' as at the City Temple. The thing is unique. Dr. Parker might challenge the world to match it. Such a gathering could only be brought together in the City of London, and such a service could only be maintained by commanding pulpit power. Opinions as to preaching are largely matters of taste, and sometimes of prejudice, and opinions will differ in respect to a ministry marked with such strong lines as that of the preacher at the City Temple. But few will fail to endorse the judgment of Dean Vaughan, the Master of the Temple, himself one of the pulpit celebrities of the time, who wrote after he had been at a Thursday mid-day service, 'I was immensely struck by the scene and by the sermon.' The thing has continued now for nearly six hundred Thursdays, and bids fair to continue for one or two six hundreds more. A considerable phœnix to have arisen out of the ashes of an 'extinct London chapel.'

J. BRANWHITE FRENCH.

THE INNER RING.

AND everything seemed hazy, and a troubled
Murmur ran throughout. . . .
Cool thought and clear conception both had gone,
Outside the inner ring.
For in my inner self a thought had leapt,
Swift lighting up my mind;
And a warm glow suffused
My every nerve and sense;
And in that moment life
Seemed glad, and full
Of great brave thoughts, and deeds
That could be done, and God was everywhere,
Inside the inner ring.
O doubt! O unbelief! whence camest thou?
By what low entrance crept thou in?

O highest thought! O possible good deed!
At what high gateway went thou out?
Life! How narrow grown thy ways,
And tortuous thy paths!
Low-stooped I stand, with head cast down;
Eyes that had seen so clear, now gaze
With vision blurred, distorted;
Thought, before so clear, heaven-lifted!
Blindly I grope, with sense benumbed,
And darker grows the night,
With blackness that I cannot fathom.
And faint, low, far-off is a voice,
Heard all through the listening gloom
In snatches, like a song at distance,
No full continuous strain.
And all unstrung I lose
The rhythm of the song and life,
And falling heavily I lie,
Outside the inner ring.
Oh, break! new day, full and intense,
With purpose high and wide;
So high, so wide, there is no room
For any smaller meaner thing.
And on the mountain, near
The everlasting blue, through which
Heaven sometimes shows so clear,
There let me stand all through the hours,
And when dark night steps down,
No fear will be of darker thoughts,
For I shall stand,
Inside the inner ring.

ROMOLA.

GOD THE BOUNTIFUL PROVIDER.—Does not God provide for all the birds, and beasts, and fishes? Do not the sparrows fly from their bush and every morning find meat where they laid it not? Do not the young ravens call to God, and He feeds them? And were it reasonable that the sons of the family should fear the father would give meat to the chickens and the servants, his sheep and his dogs, but give none to them? He were a very ill father that should do so; or he were a very foolish son that should think so of a good father. But, besides the reasonableness of this faith and this hope, we have infinite experience of it; how innocent, how careless, how secure is infancy, and yet how certainly provided for! We have lived at God's charges all our life, and have (as the Italian proverb says) sat down to meat at the sound of a bell, and hitherto He hath not failed us; we have no reason to suspect Him for the future.—*J. Taylor.*

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

V.—From Flower to Fruit.

(*Continued from p.* 462.)

Before looking at our 'open' one-fruited type, one word more about the Blackberry and Raspberry. They were described under the one-fruited and closed section, because they most nearly resemble the Drupe; they are in fact, as I said, Drupels, or little drupes. Popularly speaking, each of them is a *single fruit;* but anatomically looked at, *each drupel is really a perfect fruit,* just as is the one drupe in the case of the cherry, so that a captious critic may say they have no claim to be in the one-fruited section, seeing we have, strictly speaking, several fruits from one flower. They come, however, so close to our type, the Drupe, that this is the best place for them, always remembering the caution given above. There is one other fruit (whose merits are not appreciated so highly as they should be), which is best described here and now, although properly placed, it belongs to the Syncarpous group, being the product of more than one carpel. I refer to the Date, or fruit of the Date-palm. It is not a true Drupe, but it is a stone-fruit, and may be perhaps fairly called '*drupaceous,*' *i.e.* drupe-like. Here the outer shiny skin is epicarp, the pulpy mass is mesocarp, the thin, whitish, papery covering of the stone is endocarp. The 'stone' is *the seed only,* the 'stone' being in reality a hard horny kind of '*albumen*' containing in a tiny cavity the '*embryo,*' or future plantlet. We shall study the parts of a Seed in a future paper, and see the beautiful provision and adaptation for the life of the after-coming plant. Note chiefly now, that the Date-stone is seed only, and not like a true Drupe, the Endocarp containing the seed.

b. Fruit open (*i.e.* splitting to let the seeds escape).

Of this the type is the '*Legume,*' or *Pod,* which is defined as a 'dry' (as opposed to 'fleshy'), open, one or many-seeded fruit, splitting by two lines, or, as they are called, 'sutures' (Latin, *sutura,* a seam). This fruit gives the name to the Order of '*Leguminosæ,*' the pod-bearing order. The Bean, Pea, Gorse, Broom, Laburnum, Medick, Clover, are good examples, all included in this Order. You can split a Legume for yourself by assisting in the domestic operation of 'shelling' peas, afterwards eating them with a sense of having earned the reward so obtained. You can see how Nature does it, by examining the pods of the Gorse after listening to the crackling noise described before in our study of Gorse, or by looking at the withered

cluster of pods on a Laburnum tree when the golden June beauty has left the branches, telling us summer is hastening on. In the Bean and Pea, the three layers are somewhat merged; but the epicarp is the outermost shiny part of the pod, the soft lining the endocarp, with more or less of mesocarp between them. The beans or peas are the ripening seeds. Here the seeds only are eaten, the ovary wall, or carpel, or case being cast aside, usually into the dust-bin, where in its decay it produces unhealthy but unsuspected odours, while in well-conducted establishments it is burned in the fierce heat of the kitchen-range, a reasonable and economical proceeding.

In the case of the 'French Bean,' the fruit is gathered when even less ripe than the Pea, and after various slicings, is cooked and eaten, pods and ripening seeds together. Legumes may be straight as in Pea, or screw-shaped as in Lucerne, or coiled up in a spiral as in some of our wild yellow Medicks, or constricted at points like a bead necklace as in Birds-foot Trefoil and some species of Acacia. Remember that the Bean or Pea-pod with its contents is as much a fruit as the Peach, or any other Drupe.

2. *Each flower producing two or more Fruits.*

a. Fruit closed.

Of this group the *Achene* is our type. The term comes from a word meaning 'not gaping,' *i.e.* closed. It is a dry, closed, usually one-seeded fruit. The simplest example of an Achene is Buttercup fruit. We saw the group of carpels in Buttercup; these when ripe are Achenes, many coming from one flower. They are not seeds, for they have the remnant of the style on each of them, and they moreover contain each a seed. In wild Clematis or Traveller's Joy, these styles grow out into long feathery bodies, which cover our hedges in the autumn with fringes and festoons of feathery drapery, forming a graceful fare-well vision of the flower season. *Now look at the Strawberry.* 'But,' says some one, 'that is a single-coloured fruit, covered over with tiny seeds.' Wait a while. Take several specimens, from those with fading flowers up to those with the fully ripe fruit. It would be well in more ways than one if we could procure them *just now.* Notice that the *receptacle* begins to enlarge and become red, bearing all about it the tiny carpels; tracing this through all your specimens you come in the last one to a very large, soft, juicy, red mass with small, yellowish, hard bodies dotted all over it. We call all this the fruit! Really we have a greatly enlarged 'receptacle' become soft and luscious, bearing on it, and partly embedded in it, a host of genuine fruits, or fruitlets; these are true Achenes; they each contain a seed, and each has its remnant of style which is situated *on one side*

of the achene. You see now that this is not a 'Berry' (a fruit yet to be studied), but as much an Achene as a Buttercup fruit, only the fruits are not close to one another on a very small receptacle as in Buttercup. Compare Strawberry and Blackberry. In Strawberry, the *receptacle* becomes large, juicy, and coloured. In Blackberry, the *separate carpels* undergo this change. In both we eat the carpels and the receptacle, the temptation to eat lying in the carpels of Blackberry, in the receptacle of Strawberry. In Raspberry, again, the *fruitlets* are the juicy coloured part; and one further difference exists between this and Strawberry, namely, that we throw away the receptacle in the one, while we decidedly refuse to do so in the other! The size, juiciness. softness, and colour of this fruit have each and all to do with *the relation of birds to the distribution of the seeds, i.e.* in the wild state; these creatures, hunting up and down our hedges for food, are attracted to the strawberry by its colour, sweetness, softness, and so on, and in devouring it, must needs also eat the tiny hard fruits covering the important seed; the fruitlets being too hard to digest properly are dropped here and there, and spring up into fresh plantlets by means of the seed which each contains. Some day we will try to see how these attractions in the plant and necessities of the bird re-act on each other to produce fruits of various kinds and colours. Now look for a moment at a *Dog-rose* with the fruit called a '*Hip.*' The 'Hip' is succulent and coloured, for a similar reason, *i.e.* its relation to the Bird family. Cut it open. Inside is a lot of 'fluffy stuff' embedded in which are the carpels, or achenes, holding the seeds, and each sending up its style, the company of styles finally emerging, through a central hole, at the top of the 'hip.' This coloured 'hip' is in reality the receptacle joined to the lower part of the calyx-tube; the contrast being that in Rose the receptacle is *hollowed out* and the fruits are *sunk in it*, while in Strawberry it is *enlarged upwards* and the fruits are *placed on it.* Buttercup, Strawberry and Rose are all good examples of Achenes. In the Achene, the three layers of the pericarp are very nearly merged into one another.

b. Fruit open.

We take the '*Follicle*' (Latin, *Folliculus*, a little bag), as our type. It is a dry, open, one or many-seeded fruit, splitting by one suture only, not by two, as in the Legume. In most other respects, the Legume and Follicle are alike. Examples of the Follicle are seen in the Monkshood (yielding the poison called Aconite) and Larkspur of our gardens, as well as in the Wild Hellebores and the good old-fashioned Columbine, a flower once much prized for gardens, but lately less cared for, a fact not very

creditable to the so-called 'refinement of taste' prevalent just now in horticulture. The seeds are usually numerous, a character easily seen by turning the five follicles of Columbine upside-down, when a quantity of black shining seeds fall from the open carpels. The Pœony and Periwinkle furnish further examples.

We now come to our syncarpous division of 'Simple Fruits,' *i.e.* those produced by a single flower. In all these cases only one fruit is produced, but this may be superior or inferior, closed or open.

Our classification therefore is as follows:

B. Syncarpous. (Fruit formed from two or more united carpels.)

1. *Fruit superior.*

a. Fruit closed.

Our first fruit here is the *Caryopsis* (a term meaning 'nut-like,' from the Greek); it is defined as a dry, closed, one-celled, one-seeded fruit, with the pericarp inseparably united with the seed. This last character distinguishes it from the *Achene,* as does also the fact that it is the result of two combined ovaries, an inference drawn from the presence of two stigmas in the flower. Examples: Wheat, Oat, Barley, and almost all grasses. Note specially, that the 'grain' of Wheat is really *the fruit closely united with the contained seed,* and therefore equivalent to the Bean-pod with its free seeds inside it.

The *Samara* is another type with similar features, only there are usually two cells, each 'winged' by a thin membrane, which acts as a sail to carry the seed along in the air; each cell may be looked at as a 'winged' achene. These are seen in the Sycamore, Maple, Elm, and Ash, and you may see the ground under such trees in June covered with these winged fruits.

The *Hesperidium* comes in this list also. It is a fleshy, closed, many-celled, few-seeded fruit. The Orange is an example. Here the pericarp is separate from the seeds (contrasted with the Wheat). The 'rind' which we peel off is epicarp and mesocarp combined; the thin membrane, which divides a carefully-opened Orange into separate portions, is the endocarp; the pulp, fleshy and juicy, is developed from the inner wall of the ovary, or more probably from those parts of the wall to which the seeds are attached; those parts are called '*placentas*'; this development goes on while the fruit is ripening; the 'pips' which are found in the pulp, and which are not eaten as a rule, are the true seeds. It will be well to dissect an orange and verify these different parts. The Lemon and Citron are also examples. Sometimes the carpels fail to unite, and we get what are called 'fingered citrons,' and 'horned oranges.' The Hesperidium (Latin, *Hesperus,* West) is so-called from its originally coming from Western Europe.

The Walnut, as one of our Winter fruits, may be glanced at here. It is a closed, one-celled, one-seeded fruit, with a fleshy 'rind,' well known as the green 'husk,' seen enclosing the rest of the fruit on the tree, or (after shaking the boughs) on the ground. It needs a good shaking to bring the firmly-attached fruits down, and in connection with this comes the couplet,

> 'A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
> The more you beat 'em, the better they be!'

The statement may apply to our fruit-tree, but humanity and gallantry forbid the application to the other two! The fleshy rind is epicarp and mesocarp combined; the hard shell is the endocarp, sending in from its inner surface thin partitions, which divide the seed into those curiously-twisted lobes that we know so well. The seed is the edible part, from which we peel off the brownish covering, or 'Testa,' before eating the glistening white inner portion, which, with a small admixture of salt, forms a favourite article of dessert. It is very like a Drupe, but is the outcome of two carpels, from which only one seed is perfected. We may call it a *syncarpous Drupe.*

b. Fruit open.

The *Capsule* is our first type, a dry, open, one or more celled, many-seeded fruit. It opens in various ways; by little '*pores*' at the top, like Snapdragon, or Poppy; by a *horizontal slit* running all round, the upper half opening like a pill-box cover, as in the lovely little Pimpernel; by little *teeth*, splitting only a short distance from the top, as in the Pinks and in the early 'star' of our hedge-banks, the Stichwort; by splitting *from below upwards*, the valves coiling up in a scroll as they open, as in the fragrant Herb-Robert, and the wild geraniums generally; in the Balsam this is done with a sudden jerk, which throws the seeds some yards away; finally they may split *from above downwards*, all the way, like Horse-chestnut, whose opening valves covered over with stout prickles, and containing the shining brown bitter *seed*, may be seen dotting the green grass 'under the spreading Chestnut-tree.' This fruit is quite different from that of the Sweet-chestnut, which we roast between the bars at Christmas; in what way, we shall presently see.

(*To be concluded.*)

H. W. S. WORSLEY-BENISON.

CHILDREN AS PREACHERS.—How often will children tell us of a God whom we have forgotten. How doth their simple prattle refute those learned fools who deny the being of God. Many men have been made to hold their tongues while sucklings have born witness to the glory of the God of heaven.—*J. Trapp.*

THE REV. GEORGE SHAW.

We feel sure that our readers will be glad to possess the admirable photographic likeness of this renowned and devoted missionary which accompanies this number. Mr. Shaw is not one of those who seek greatness; he has had greatness—in the sense of public notoriety—thrust upon him. A more modest and retiring Christian man it would be difficult to find; and the narrative of the sufferings he endured, and the indignities which he had to bear, was told at Exeter Hall without any personal bitterness or political animus. His words and his manner alike bespoke the humble and devoted servant of the Divine Master and Lord. Our friends have already read, through the public press, the story of the French invasion of Madagascar, the storming of Tamatave, and his close imprisonment on board the *Nièvre* and the *Flore*—on the latter ship he was shut up in a small cabin too dark to read in, whilst the door was always kept shut. His rations were dirty water, called coffee, and bread—ending, as might be expected, in an attack of Madagascar fever. The hospital diet of his illness was better far than his prison diet. However, the hour of his deliverance came, and he once more visits England with his devoted wife, and has been welcomed enthusiastically to the fatherland. Of course he has been lionized—how could that be helped? but he is just the man not to be lifted up by it. The Missionary Society may well rejoice in his preservation, and be thankful that he is still young and earnest, and as enthusiastically devoted as ever to foreign mission work.

SELFISHNESS.

If the Cross is the fountain of pardon, it is also the fountain of holiness, of power, and of consolation. If it alone can deliver a man from hell, it alone can deliver him from himself. Selfishness is a demon which haunts the race, and has haunted it since the forbidden tree seemed pleasant to the eye, and good for food. That it has not already been exorcised and driven from the earth is no insoluble mystery. The havoc it has created has been sufficiently wide-spread and varied in its forms to have procured its extermination, if, indeed, suffering in itself could ever dissatisfy the soul with sin. Envy, hatred, malice, ambition, pride, jealousy, lust, have filled the records of human history with mourning, lamentation, and woe. There is scarcely one heart that selfishness has not saddened; there have been not a

few which it has broken. But what avails it? The despotism of this monster is as complete and ruthless to day, except where held in check by the Gospel, as ever. And this, because man never will (shall I not say, never can?) rise above himself, any more than the river can rise higher than its fountain, or the thorn can bring forth grapes. Not that the cruel results of selfishness have been quietly and unresistingly endured. They have roused men to resistance, but the resistance has not been a remedy. A great proportion of the laws and institutions of every civilized country are expedients devised for damming up the *stream* of selfishness, but not for drying up its springs. They are high earth-banks to protect the gardens of delight from desolation. But the pestilential river flows on, and at times, as if to revenge its confinement, rushes over or bursts down its barriers, and revels in reckless ruin. Let it be admitted that civilization has compelled selfishness to robe in more decorous apparel; but then, we say, it *is* apparel, and the same selfishness is beneath. If an unchristian civilization has made selfishness conform to rules which even justice herself would dictate, and if the sense of interest has secured the same action as a sense of duty would prescribe, but could not secure, selfishness still survives.

She has no objections to enact the part of a Proteus, and assume as many shapes and colours as may be convenient, pleasant, or necessary. She will laugh through ten thousand masks in succession, if she may be let alone. She will pass through all stages of progress, from the cannibal to the courtier, and be equally complacent at every step of the march, if she is not disturbed. It is nothing to her, whether she dwell in the prairie or in the palace—whether she dress in skin or in silks—whether she eat roots or turtle—whether she be rude or polished—whether she be ignorant or enlightened—whether she avenge her own wrongs with a poisoned arrow, or appeal to the magistrate's sword. She simply craves to be unmolested. 'Skin for skin, all that she hath will she give for her life.' And, startling as the sentiment may be, I utter it without any misgivings, that civilization, where unpurified by Christianity, is as selfish as savageism; is, in fact, for the most part, selfishness expanded and methodized into system. For who (I care not what may be his theory of human nature) will deny that Greece, at the very apex of her refinement, was as selfish as Greece in her primitive barbarism? She was selfish in her infancy, she was selfish in her prime, she was selfish in her decay. Other nations have enacted the same drama with substantially the same scenes and the same catastrophe. And if men were not blind, they would see in such histories the handwriting of God,

teaching them that selfishness can survive and even animate every form of civilization, and that in every such case the 'axe is laid to the root of the tree,' and that a nation's ruin is as *certain* as its rise.

Philosophy has striven, I do not say to extirpate the root of selfishness, but to lop off its most protruding branches. Ancient stoicism thought it aimed at a complete victory over self, when, in fact, it aimed at a mutilation of the soul, and only exchanged one phase of selfishness for another. Even Diogenes was as proud in his tub as Alexander in his palace. The evil spirit of which we speak is not to be evoked from man by man. Philosophy may utter over it her incantations, but it will still retain its hold. Poetry may weave her subtlest witcheries of song, but it will only smile under the enchantment. But are we not told that art and nature, that forms of beauty will culture the soul, and coax away its selfishness? My brethren, believe it not, believe it not. Man can never be free from selfishness, nor raised from degradation, by means of art, nor of what is still higher than art, because the inspiration of its genius, and the model of its works—I mean, external nature.

I know a valley, the inhabitants of which live in no crowded towns; they are not cooped up in mill and factory; their ears are not stunned with the din of wheels; they are out every day in the serene air, face to face with Nature. Will man's soul be raised by the lofty? They have only to lift up their eyes, and the eternal hills are there, solemn in their grandeur—their bosoms clad with pines, their heads white with snows, pure as the heavens from which they fell. Will man's soul be subdued by what is gentle? They have only to look at their feet, and all is soft as Paradise; the river murmurs music; the bee hums in harmony; the trellised vines are laden with clusters, and all Nature seems to be conscious of her loveliness. There is the stern and the soft; there is the sublime and the beautiful; there is the terrific and the gentle; there winter can frown, there summer can smile; there the thunders can meet, as if in angry conflict, and roll, and crash, and shake the mountains to their base; and there the zephyr can breathe its melodies sweet as the distant echoes of the music of heaven. And what is the effect of all this? Rather would I say, what is *not* the effect? There it is literally true that—

> 'Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.'

He is stunted in stature, weak in intellect, and base in morals; and this is no exceptional instance, to be accounted for by special circumstances. It is an exemplary case, an illustration and proof of the general principle, that the sinfulness of the

human soul is not to be charmed away by the glories of external nature. Nor can it be removed by law, human or divine. Take, if you will, selfishness to the neighbourhood of Sinai, in the hope that there it will be brought under the influence of a power that will slay it; and even there, though it may tremble at the lightning, and thunder, and tempest, it will not die, but when the 'commandment comes, sin revives.' There is but one spot in the universe in which selfishness is seen to languish and expire. She will revel in sickness and in health, in adversity and in prosperity, in youth and in old age, in the heyday of life and in the hour of death; she will traverse the moral universe with unexhausted strength; she will acquire fresh energy from every assault she receives, until she comes to the place 'called Calvary,' and there, as she lifts up her eyes to the crucified One, she receives a blow from which, if not instantly fatal, she will never recover. Well might the Apostle exclaim, 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me;* and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' He lost his selfishness at the Cross, and only there *can* it be lost. And from that hour, in which he saw his redeeming Lord, he found in His death a motive-power equal to all the work he had to do. For every duty it was an effective impulse, for every sorrow it was a sufficient support. And shall we never learn that the Cross was designed to be the fountain of energy and consolation for all the Church's labour and sorrow in every age? He is the highest Christian who never feels the need of any other motive than that 'he has been bought with a price.' It is a sad sign when this is felt to be insufficient, and when it has to be supplemented by other and inferior motives. Can that soul be healthy when, failing to yield to the magnetism of the Cross, it is attracted to duty by the force of other considerations? When once secondary motives begin to exert a more potent influence upon us than the primary, it is time to bring ourselves to a stand. The fact that the heart is not swayed by the supreme and central truth, is itself an evil omen. For secondary motives, even though good, will not long retain their actuating power. They in their turn will require to be strengthened and supplemented by others inferior to themselves; and this process of degradation will go on, until duty will at length be performed from the lowest considerations, and become a mere heartless mechanism. Would that the Church, in all its members, might be brought to the Cross, and might be constrained to gaze upon her dying Lord, until, in the light of His love, other motives should fade, as do the stars in the light of the sun! It will be a glorious day for the world when, as if every other impulse had

een suddenly annihilated, the Church shall place the whole f its machinery in the grand swelling stream that flows from ie Cross, and shall sing, 'The love of Christ constraineth us; ecause we thus judge, that if Christ died for all, then were all ead: and that he died for all, that they who live should not nceforth live to themselves, but to him that died for them, d rose again.' But now, in its lack of love, it has to rely even the little work it does on the precarious brooks and stream-s of fallacious feelings which are at best but fitful, and, alas! on dried up. My brethren, there are obtrusive facts in our dern Church life which it will not be wise in us to overlook, d the philosophy of which it will be at our peril that we fail understand. It requires no ordinary degree of Christian rage to look at them fairly, and it will require no ordinary ristian self-denial to meet them with an adequate remedy. glancing at these melancholy circumstances, and in depicting m, I am unhappily in no danger of exaggeration. They are kest when seen in their own colours. Whence comes it that, of the comparatively large number of professed Christians, re is such a scanty proportion that can point to *one* duty ich they are discharging purely in virtue of their avowed gion? It is because they have not felt that they are '*not ir own.*' Whence comes it that with many there is a mani-t decay of zeal, that the sap of earnestness is drying up within m, and languor marks both their speech and action? It is ause they are losing their grasp of the truth that they are *t their own.*' Whence comes it that in some Churches all vitality which is left seems to express itself in vigorous rrelling? It is because they do not believe that they are *t their own.*' Whence comes it that the exchequers of rly all our religious institutions are in a state of chronic austion, and the cry of distress from those in office seldom ses, and only ceases for a brief season to burst forth in more iful and piercing tones! It is because the truth is not deeply d widely felt that we are '*not our own.*' Whence comes it t when the inadequacy of funds becomes known, instead of eams of wealth flowing in to the relief and release of societies s embarrassed, the Church seems to groan beneath the effort d utters significant warnings against the speedy repetition of appeal? It is because with it, it is as yet little more than ory that they are '*not their own.*' Whence comes it that many spheres of Christian beneficence are kept in humbling triction, and that the wail of misery comes from far and near t is allowed to expend itself on the air, because the means are t at hand which would give progressive and rapid expansion those spheres and displace darkness with light, and put

error to flight with the truth, and swallow up sorrow in consolation, and brighten the face of fear with the radiance of hope, and make despair itself to smile and sing, and fill with forms of spiritual life the valley of the shadow of death?—it is because the heart has not yet surrendered itself to the truth that '*we are not our own.*'

Will it be denied by any observant man that the normal condition of many of our religious societies, great and small, is that of ships in perpetual danger of being stranded, for lack of an adequate tide of pecuniary means to float them? Occasionally they get aground, and after vast efforts they move freely again, but the water beneath them is still alarmingly shallow. And what can even charity herself say in extenuation of such a complexion of affairs? Can she plead that the Church is too poor to sustain and enlarge the agencies she herself has created? Can she urge that the spiritual blessings with which the efforts of the Church have been crowned have embarrassed her with obligations which she has not the wealth fully to honour? Can she say that the Church's work has consumed the Church's wealth? that its piety has exhausted its purse? Say this? Charity can only turn her eyes away from the spectacle, and look through her tears to the Cross, and mourn that, with such a Saviour as bled upon it, the Church has not yet learned that she is 'not her own.' Not one harsh word would I suffer to escape my lips against the Church which Christ purchased with His most precious blood, but the truth must not be concealed, nor even decorated with fictitious colours. The Christian world is not bankrupt. It has untold resources at its command. It is rich, very rich, in material wealth. If there can be found men who stretch their liberality to the very circumference of their means, these are the rare exceptions. The rule is, that in their givings men hardly come within sight of the real extent of their resources. And it is no intrepid venture to affirm (without raising any ascetic standard of life), that if the stream of wealth which goes to the purchase of the most secondary and superficial delicacies were diverted into the institutions which a Christian philanthropy has established, there is not one that would not stand surprised at its sudden and complete deliverance from its difficulties. Each would lift up its head, and joy would glisten in its eye, and its youth would be renewed like the eagle's. Each, like a goodly vessel crowded with sail, would ride and bound along as a thing of life; each would feel its blood pulsing healthily to its remotest extremities; and instead of presenting the moribund aspect which now so often distresses us, they would all possess a surplus strength that would demand and occupy more extended fields of labour.

THE LATE REV. DR. MELLOR.

THE FRENCH IN THE PACIFIC.

A MISSIONARY'S TESTIMONY TEN YEARS AGO.

THE English Protestant missionary and his native assistants are to this day excluded from the large and populous island of New Caledonia, on which the London Missionary Society had teachers many years prior to the advent of the French and the Jesuits,

Sixty miles east of New Caledonia lies the low lagoon island of Uvea, with a population of about 2,000 souls. Eighteen years ago a Protestant mission was started on Uvea. The year after, two French priests landed on the same island. One tribe embraced Popery; but the majority of the inhabitants, occupying six villages, embraced Protestantism. Portions of the Bible have been translated into the native language, and most of the Protestant natives can read and write. Yet a steady, relentless system of religious persecution has been carried on for many years past. On one occasion an old chief and a child, who lay sick in a house, were burnt to death. I have in my possession a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in the Uvean language; the corner of the book is cut off by the axe that split the skull of the owner, and the first page is besmeared with his blood. The French civil authorities have been repeatedly appealed to without effect. An earnest appeal on behalf of the suffering Protestants of Uvea was made by the Evangelical Alliance to the late Emperor Napoleon, with but slight results. The houses of all the Protestants on the island have been burnt; thousands of cocoanut-trees have been cut down, and very much food destroyed. And yet the French Colonial Government looks quietly on, unable or unwilling to bring the criminals to justice. Still there are 700 Protestants left on Uvea.

So near were the dwellings of the unfortunate Protestants to the residence of the 'père,' that he might, on the veranda of his house, have read his missal by the light of the conflagration. It is impossible that he should not have heard the shrieks of the murdered. When in September, 1872, I walked over the charred sites of chapels and houses, I naturally asked whether the 'père' did not come out to tell his people to spare the poor Protestants. I was laughed at for my simplicity. We were assured by the natives that the avowed object of all these persecutions, murders, and fightings is the extinction of Protestantism. That many of our converts should succumb to the weighty arguments of fire and musket is not to be wondered at. Others declining the proposed alternative of submission to Rome or death, took refuge in a fort near the sea. So closely were they watched by their

foes that it was almost impossible to obtain food. In the middle of last year a number of defenceless Protestant women ventured to collect food in the bush. They were set upon by the Papists, and so terribly hacked that nine of them died. Another party of women was caught; their hands were tied together and then *pounded with the backs of tomahawks.* When the Papists were charged with cruelty towards these helpless women, they replied that it was done by order of the priests. And we have reason to believe that they spoke the truth, for on the Sabbath day preceding these murders a boat filled with those who committed these crimes went over to the priest's residence and returned in the evening. On Monday morning afterwards the poor women were butchered. On one occasion, *ere* the last-named atrocities had been committed, the conduct of the priests was brought by the Protestant missionaries before the Resident on Lifu (there is none on Uvea). That gentleman (a man of right feeling), Frenchman-like, shrugged his shoulders and remarked, 'You clergymen are above all law,' doubtless meaning that it is out of the power of the civil authorities to control the action of the Jesuit priests, for no Protestant minister of religion would fail to uphold law and order. When, *after* the commission of the later atrocities, the Papist party was ordered by the Resident to deliver up their muskets, the priests destroyed the locks.

I might add many details, but refrain. All the world knows how Popery was introduced to the Sandwich Islands, to Tahiti, and to Tonga, viz.—by the guns of the French navy. The native nickname for Popery is 'the religion of the man of war,' *i.e.*, the religion of compulsion.

W. Wyatt Gill, B.A.

Books.—Books!—the chosen depositories of the thoughts, the opinions, and the aspirations of mighty intellects;—like wondrous mirrors that have caught and fixed bright images of souls that have passed away;—like magic lyres, whose masters have bequeathed them to the world, and which yet, of themselves, ring with unforgotten music, while the hands that touched their chords have crumbled into dust. Books!—they are the embodiments and manifestations of departed minds—the living organs through which those who are dead yet speak to us. Books!—they are the garners in which are stored the wisdom bought by toil and study—the gorgeous dreams of the poet, the maxims of the philosopher, the skilful delineations of the true observer, the histories of mighty deeds, the wonders of distant lands, the records of precious facts—the messengers which the wise and the good send to us, laden with treasures for every mental want, and precepts for every duty.—*Dr. Chapin.*

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION AT SHEFFIELD.

(BY A REPRESENTATIVE MEMBER.)

For the third time the Congregational Union of England and Wales has held its autumnal assembly in Sheffield. In 1849 the Union met here under the presidency of the Rev. James Parsons, and in 1866, when the chairman was the Rev. Newman Hall. But the attendance both of ministerial and lay delegates was probably this year in excess of the number on both of the former visits added together. More than eleven hundred brethren attended from all parts of the kingdom, as well as a goodly number of students from various colleges.

Congregationalism in Sheffield dates back to the time of the Commonwealth, and it is stated that 'all the vicars of Sheffield, with one exception, who held the living during the century until 1662, were Puritans.' When the Act of Uniformity was passed, the vicar—the Rev. Thos. Fisher—and his three assistants, declined to comply with the dishonouring requirements of the persecuting edict, and were expelled from their parsonages and livings. The proceedings which followed the ejectment at Sheffield were not so violent at first as at some other places. Mr. Fisher was unmolested in the formation of an Independent Church amongst his former parishioners; and two of his assistants also formed a Non-conforming Church at Attercliffe.

At the present time there are twenty-two Congregational Churches in Sheffield, providing accommodation for nearly 11,000 hearers. But it is said that if accommodation is to be provided for even 58 per cent. of the population, then the Congregationalists should at once provide nearly 19,000 additional sittings as their share. The population of Sheffield now exceeds 300,000, and though much has been done to meet its spiritual needs, still more remains undone. It was a good sign of progress that the visit of the Congregational Union was utilized for the laying of the memorial stones of one additional church.

Most of the meetings were held in Albert Hall, which, though it accommodates more than 3,000 persons, almost proved inadequate. On the Monday (October 8th), it was fairly filled at the devotional meeting, over which the Rev. Henry Batchelor presided. Addresses were given by the chairman and the Rev. T. Rhys Evans, and prayers were offered by the Revs. J. K. Nuttall, Allan Mines, and H. Elvet Lewis.

The address which the Rev. Principal Fairbairn delivered from the chair, on 'Christianity in the Nineteenth Century,' has pro-

bably found its way into the hands of many of our readers. It need hardly be said that it was worthy both of the man and of the occasion. It added to the deservedly high repute of the speaker. The papers that followed at this and other meetings were mostly of a practical character. 'The Use of Means not of a distinctively Religious Character for the Promotion of the Moral and Social Welfare of the People;' 'The Use and Abuse of the Denominational Sentiment;' 'The Converting Power in the Christian Ministry;' 'The Duties of Church Members to the Churches with which they are individually connected;' 'National Religion—the True and False Ideals,' were subjects in which the Revs. W. E. Hurndall, M.A., Bow; Alfred Norris, Tynemouth; J. R. Wolstenholme, M.A., Wakefield; and Ll. D. Bevan, D.D., found congenial themes. Resolutions touching missionary work in Madagascar; the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth; the colleges at home; the churches in the West Indies (to which deputations had been sent), were cordially approved. Reports on subjects in which the members take more or less interest were also submitted; including the Jubilee Fund, which has now reached £280,000, of which £125,000 is being devoted to the liquidation of burdensome chapel debts.

Mention must be made of the meetings with the workingmen at various centres of industry, as well as 'district meetings' in neighbouring towns, all of which, so far as can be gathered, were well attended.

The public meetings in the Albert Hall were most successful. On the Tuesday the Hall was filled to hear addresses by the Revs. J. Morley Wright, Principal Caleb Scott, LL.B., and Joseph Parker, D.D., on 'Free Church Principles.' On Wednesday the claims of Home, Colonial, and Foreign Missions were enforced by Revs. J. Brierley, B.A., W. J. Habens, George Cousins, and G. A. Shaw. The two latter-named gentlemen received a hearty welcome on their return from Madagascar. On Thursday there was a conversazione, and also a great temperance meeting; while on Friday Albert Hall was thronged by working men and women to hear stirring words from Mr. W. Woodall, M.P., the Revs. J. Jackson Wray, J. Guinness Rogers, Mr. J. C. Williams, and others. If our record is to be complete, the sectional meetings must not be overlooked, nor would we knowingly omit to refer to the communion service of the Friday morning, and to the beautiful words there spoken by the Rev. J. Morlais Jones.

We cannot conclude this brief sketch without mentioning the kindly way in which the mention of the *Evangelical Magazine*, by Dr. Parker, was received. The speaker, taking as his topic 'Evangelicalism,' said that the word 'Evangelical' had been

often sneered at. 'To be an Evangelical preacher is to be [accounted] narrow-minded, destitute of genius, a little whining. with just the faintest streak of hypocrisy running through the whole core of character! Who dare say that he takes in the *Evangelical Magazine?* He would at once put himself behind the times! There may be some who boldly say it. Thank God, a growing number is now saying it.' The hearty cheers which greeted this shows that this Magazine is more than retaining its hold on the members of the Congregational Churches. May that hold grow more and more!

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO.

LAST month we gave an illustration of what *one sermon can do.* This month we give an illustration of what *one man can do;* all the more interesting to us because it concerns ourselves. Honour to whom honour! The Rev. J. J. Goundry, of Brompton, writes to us to say, 'I have secured forty subscribers in my congregation to the *Evangelical Magazine.*' Our first emotion was grateful surprise; our next emotion that of desire to quicken others in the same healthy direction. Existence is not life, and we want to live. Why should not our circulation rise by hundreds instead of by tens? What wonders kindly personal interest on the part of our ministerial brethren might do. Our brother has done more than well; he has made a brave and successful effort to help us forward. Is the name Evangelical still dear to us because of the mighty spiritual doctrines and influences that it represents? then let us not be amongst those who shrink from saying that they 'take in the *Evangelical.*' We thank Dr. Parker, too, for his telling reference to our Magazine at the late Union Meetings, and for his noble words concerning the Evangelical faith. Will some of our friends the deacons of the churches carry out Dr. Aveling's suggestion, and make a small contribution from their Church Fund to distribute the *Evangelical* amongst a few poor members in the congregation. The New Year is close upon us, and as it will be, if spared, the third year of our editorship, we are anxious to make special effort to give the *Evangelical* a good lift. Much may be done. The old motto is true, 'Bis dat qui cito dat,' he gives twice who gives quickly. Mr. Elliot Stock, the publisher, will be glad to have the names of new subscribers at once, and the *Evangelical* will be posted, free of postal charge, for six shillings per annum. Then, will our friends who subscribe for furnishing the Magazine to poor ministers kindly renew their subscriptions in good time?

Now is always a good time! These brethren are delighted to have it, and they furnish inspiration alike for the pulpit and for pastoral toil. Subscribers can send the names of the ministers they wish the Magazines forwarded to, or they can leave it to us to make the best selection we can. This is a world of mutability and mortality, changes continually occur, and we need to replace departed friends with new subscribers. Each year sees the new and attractive magazines taking their place in our literature, so that the competition is very great. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that some magazines have agonistic articles in them which will tell terribly on the religious life of our young people. Surely our congregations will hardly think us in earnest as ministers if we feelingly deplore the pernicious influences of some modern reviews, if we do not *also* press upon them a practical interest in inculcating earnest Evangelical literature. There is probably a bookseller in most of our congregations, and surely he would take the trouble, if asked, as a representative of his own Church, to take charge of a subscribers' list, and to see that the numbers are regularly forwarded. A few more Mr. Goundrys, and we should be filled with pleasant wonder and surprise; and better far than this, we should be able to tell an age which judged by facts like these, that the Evangelical faith is still a power in the literature of the land. Help us, dear friends, to begin the year 1884 with the inspiration which comes from the cheering words and practical help of ministers, deacons, and subscribers.

THE EDITOR.

POVERTY.—The sufferings of poverty are not confined to those of the squalid, common, everyday beggars, who are inured to hardships, and ever ready to receive charity, let it come to them as it will. There is another class, on whom it presses with still heavier power; the generous, the decent, the self-respecting who have struggled with their lot in calm silence, 'bearing all things, hoping all things,' and willing to endure all things, rather than breathe a word of complaint, or to acknowledge even to themselves that their own efforts will not be sufficient for their own necessities.—*H. B. Stowe.*

BELIEF AND UNDERSTANDING.—I was riding on day in a railway carriage in company with a man who talked loudly, and boasted often that he never believed anything he could not understand, especially upon matters concerning religion. After a pause, I asked him if he could tell me what animals were grazing in a field we passed? He readily answered, 'Why, sheep of course.' After another pause, I repeated the question, when the irritable answer, 'Why, horses of course.' 'Pray tell me then why wool grows on the back of the sheep, and hair on the back of the horse, and yet they are both grazing upon grass?' He could not understand and explain the mystery, yet he believed it. 'Tis a vain boast of men so to talk, for their very existence gives the lie to their assertions.—*S. Coley.*

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Humility.

ALL the shining worlds above us are palaces of the Great King, but His favourite temple is the humble heart.

Plagiarism.

A man who walks abroad in other people's clothes finds the attire clumsy to move about in, and there is always something stiff and unnatural in the style of those who use borrowed sentences.

Pity.

The ancients had an altar to Pity. It becomes us all as Christians to remember that we have no cold altar to it, but a living embodiment of it in Him who moved with compassion, put forth His hand. Compassion did not come and go, but dwelt in Him. Most of all does it become woman. A pitiless woman can never be a winsome woman.

> 'For all unfinished is love's jewelled ring
> Till set with this soft pearl.'

Silence.

Preachers have often to learn the hardness which characterizes a too hurried, noisy style, and the power of the pause. How many of the most powerful things are silent! Thought. Sleep. The foot of Time. The motion of the air. The growth of flowers. How powerful, too, in their expressiveness are Midnight, Death, and the Grave! In sacred services we often speak too much, and at the sacrament of the Supper of the Lord the most potent factor in influence is silence.

Sorrow.

Sometimes the storms of tribulation sweep away the veil that hid God and heaven from us. So sings Ruckert—

> 'My tree was thick with shade. O! storm, thine office do,
> And strip the foliage off to let the heavens shine through!'

Estrangement.

Miserable must be the man who in life's last hour remembers that he has scornfully set at nought the friendly hand that toiled to bridge the stream that separated ancient friendships.

What do you Like?

Mr. Ruskin truly says, 'The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love learning—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Taste is not only a part and index of morality, it is the only morality. The first and last and closest trial, question to any living creature is, What do you like? Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are.' Exactly! So says the Gospel. 'Out of the heart are the issues of life.' 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

A PRACTICAL COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. By JAMES MORISON, DD. New edition revised. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

We took occasion some months since to review this author's 'Commentary on St. Mark,' as one of the most scholarly, suggestive, and useful of Evangelical commentaries, and we are equally gratified with our perusal of this wonderfully well-got-up 'Commentary on St. Matthew.' Dr. Morison calls it a 'practical commentary,' and it is so in the best sense. Admirably fitted for use by those who conduct Bible-classes and for ministerial use in general, it must not be supposed that being 'practical' it is not also scholarly and learned: it is both of these. The style is crisp and fresh, the condensation is excellent, and the resources open to students, through the scholarship of the past and the present times, is admirably made use of. We trust that Dr. Morison will be long spared to go on with this kind of work. We should not praise the volumes so warmly if we did not feel that they were the very best of a useful kind that have yet appeared. To students, teachers, and ministers they are simply invaluable. We cannot forbear praising, too, the type and the paper and the size of the volume, which is dignified in character without being cumbrous in handling. We wish the volume, which is a new edition revised, the ever-increasing circulation that it deserves.

CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD. By MARY PRIOR HACK. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

This is an excellent gift-book for our girls at Christmas-time. The anthoress has already written 'Consecrated Women' and 'Self-surrender,' so that she has won her laurels as an earnest and able Christian writer. In this volume she seeks to gather up fragments of teaching from some comparatively unknown lives, and from others well-known and often portrayed. The volume cannot fail to interest, and what is more, to aid in creating a noble Christian womanhood.

MY BATTLE-FIELD. By M. A. PAULL. London: Bible Christian Book-Room.

A very interesting 'Temperance' tale, and one that will be a useful little 'gift.' It is a good story, as well as a good moral.

ASPECTS OF SCEPTICISM. By JOHN FORDYCE, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

This is a remarkably able volume, by one who has for years made the subject on which he treats a special study. The chapters on 'Scepticism, Some of its Causes,' 'Materialism,' 'Religion, and Science,' are profoundly interesting, as also is the chapter on 'Secularism.' Mr. Fordyce has a remarkably clear style, and not an 'involved' one—the reader always knows the exact thought of the author, and has not to 'read back' to understand him. In addition to clearness, there is great beauty of thought in the work, and nothing meretricious in it. There are no tricks of rhetoric; and the thing that pleases us most is the exceedingly fair way in which the author quotes the opinions of his opponents, and the honesty of mind which disdains to make the worst of an adversary's case. The 'notes' which accompany the volume testify to the author's wide reading, and there is great felicity in his way of prefacing the chapters with little extracts from modern teachers and poets. There *is* much Scepticism abroad, and nothing does more harm than answers to it by those who are not well panoplied for the war. We would commend this book especially to Christian parents who wish to counteract the insidious infidelity which finds its way into our modern light literature, for we can but hope and believe in the words of Mr. Fordyce's modest preface, that the Master 'will graciously accept this humble attempt to lead doubters to Himself.'

THE HOME: IN ITS RELATION TO MAN AND SOCIETY. By the REV. J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet Street, E.C.

Mr. Brown does not reproduce here his teachings on 'The Home Life in its Divine Idea,' but in the present volume endeavours to adapt his argument to 'the new state of things which is establishing itself for the time among us, under the influence of a philosophy which we may fairly describe as "falsely so called," if we are to rate it according to its own claim as the system of the future.' We are glad that the author says 'for a time,' as we feel sure that there is steadily coming back a tide of noble Christian influences which the world soon becomes conscious of the loss of. 'Society is in the main what its homes are,' says Mr. Brown. Most true, as is also the statement that 'the sanctification of the home is in the end the sanctification of the state.' This volume treats of 'The Foundation of the Home;' 'Its Place in the Order of Society;' 'Its Discipline;' 'The Children of the Home;' 'The Principles and Methods of Christian Education;' 'The Sacred Sorrow of the Home;' 'The Sacred Burden of the Home;' 'The Dependents of the Home;' 'The Duty of the Home to the World.' We need scarcely say that this book pulses with life; it is exactly the volume that all parents should peruse and pray over. We have no hesitation in saying that it is one of Mr. Brown's very best productions, full of ripe thought and rich eloquence. The thorough culture of the author enables him to contrast well Christian and heathen beliefs, Christian and heathen character. Thus the volume takes a wide range of view, and may be specially commended to all thoughtful persons. Its wide circulation would be an immense boon to England's sons and daughters.

THE COMPREHENSIVE GOSPEL HISTORY. By CHARLES BRIDGMAN. Second edition, illustrated. London Bible Christian Book-Room.

A very healthy endeavour to give an abridgment of the New Testament throughout, but too much is attempted; still, it will be useful to many who cannot procure larger volumes.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ENGLISH LITERATURE By HENRY GREY. London: Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard.

This little volume gives a sketch of our leading authors from the seventh century to the present time. On the left-hand side is the author's name, and on the right a short description of his principal works and his social position. It is very condensed, but must be the result of much painstaking labour and research. It is certainly a capital shilling's worth.

SACRED STREAMS. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE. New edition revised. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

This is a volume on 'The Rivers of the Bible,' with forty-four engravings and map. The very mention of the names of the rivers will excite inquiry amongst many who have scarcely noticed the names of the rivers and streams of Palestine and the neighbouring lands. The rivers Euphrates, Hiddekel, Chebar, Ulai, Jordan, Jarmuk, Jabbok, Arnon, Zered, Cherith, Kedron, Siloam, Kishon, Elah, Eshcol, Besor, Nile. Procure it at once ye readers who want fresh themes for your classes, and note the rich associations of fact and doctrine which the author introduces into his interesting volume. It is able as it is Evangelical, and the illustrations are excellent. Not only will it aid the teacher, but it is a capital volume for Sunday reading at home.

THE NEW AND COMPREHENSIVE SCRIPTURE CATECHISM. By CHARLES BRIDGMAN. Third edition. London Bible Christian Book-Room.

That this little modest volume has been found useful is evident from its production in a third edition. It is an honest endeavour to make the Old Testament furnish questions and answers that will leave lasting impressions on the youthful mind.

A GOOD MAN'S FALL.

WHEN a good man falls into sin, there are different ways of regarding his transgression. We may sneer at him and his goodness. Or we may experience a shock, and become sad lest religion should turn out to be not altogether what we had been led to believe it. Or we may try to make light of the sin, try to persuade ourselves that because he who has committed the deed is a good man, that therefore his act cannot be so very bad; and thus attempt to justify the sinner at the expense of our conscience. But there is another and more excellent way of viewing the matter. We may approach the whole subject from the standpoint of the mixed character of human nature. Regarding no man as perfect, alive to the weaknesses that exist in the best, we shall be prepared to find faults in the lives of the holiest. We shall thus be shocked and grieved at the fall. But we shall not be tempted to make light of it, or to shift it off on that religion which is designed not for 'the whole,' but for those who, by reason of their sin-tainted nature, require its aid.—*From 'The Quiver' for March.*

WIDOWS' FUND.

THE Managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* acknowledge, with thanks, the following Sacramental Collections, etc., in aid of the 'Widows' Fund':

Hornsey Rise, by Mr. W. Grinling	£14	18	3
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Faithfully Yours,

T. Campbell Finlayson.

THE

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1883.

'NOT MADE WITH HANDS.'

THUS speaks St. Paul of the resurrection body; and what comforting instruction the words contain! The most beautiful work in this world is not made with hands. The living tree, the lovely flower, the lithe frame of man—these all contrast with the mere dull mechanism of poor human handicraft. Breath is a light thing enough, yet breath is creative—and creative of the highest, noblest work of all. God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul!

If, therefore, human views of the Creator sometimes dominate our thought, here at all events we are set free from the merely mechanical ideas of our own handiwork; these sometimes lead us to think of God as working in our ways, and we need to come face to face with the Great Spirit who builds with His breath. Here we learn that the brain and the man are not one indivisible substance, and that the brain is but the organ of the inner intelligence; that the body is not the man! If that be taken down we have a building of God to live in still, in a loftier sphere of life—'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

There is an Escape from the Dominating Ideas of a Material World.

No contempt is cast on the body! The old Manichean teaching of the evil of matter in itself finds no support in Holy Scripture. Matter in and by itself is neither gross nor corrupt, nor sinful. The body is God's own work—God's beautiful work. The noblest idea of form and beauty is manifested therein. The highest art of every age has recognised this in sculpture, as in the work of Phidias and the listening Lydia of Pompeii; and in fresco and in painting also.

The revelation of God tells us that even in a physical sense we are fearfully and wonderfully made. Our real danger is in this age, not of speaking contemptuously of the body—not of

associating evil with that which is physical; but quite otherwise. We have come to unworthy worship in connection with the body. There is a renaissance of classicalism in this. We make it all in all. Instead of a tabernacle it is with us too much inseparably connected with the tenant. The building and the man too often are treated as one and indivisible. Not so, says the New Testament; and in thus saying, it appeals to our highest and divinest instincts, quickened by the spirit of faith. The tabernacle may be taken down, and yet the tenant remain. God can surround the soul in a moment by His creative breath with a new building—taking no hands to build, needing no growth to perfect. Thus we escape from that terrible domination of materialism which seems to oppress our modern thought. It is perfectly easy for God to create, as easy as it is for us to breathe. We associate *effort* with work—there is painstaking required, and patience. Not so here. God speaks, and it is done. He breathes, and the wonderful soul is born. Let us but come back to this simple and beautiful thought, and we shall leave our dead in the churchyard in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life at the last day. *We* can only rebuild with material that exists. We gather the old stones out of the débris, and we quarry out of the mines of Pentelicon the new marble. But God would not be God if He had to be subservient to such processes as these, for then we should have a creation that would be Lord over the Creator.

'Not made with hands' is our motto. We have a building of God that mocks all our elaborate notions of toil and pains and time. We escape into that blessed freedom of which we read, when 'before Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God!' And thus to escape is life indeed. It is to proclaim a kingdom of the Spirit. It is to claim for God what He claims for Himself—the power to speak, and it is done. It is to set at nought the empire of death, and to be free from dread of decay and age. This is the open gateway to the world of life—this 'building of God, a house not made with hands.'

There is a Higher World for which Analogy in this World prepares us.

I say analogy here, for the most beautiful and precious things are 'not made with hands.' We had literally nothing to do with these precious things. They came, they grew, they blossomed without our aid. Our hand spoils them; we pluck the flower, and it is dead. We touch the grape, and the bloom is gone. The things 'made with hands' are all rough and imperfect; the finest sculpture looked at under the microscope is

jagged roughness; the noblest cathedral is out of proportion when you contrast it with the finest gothic of God. Nay more. Look at the glorious building of the summer sky with its Alpine mountain clouds. Look in the lovely landscape at the purple garment of the mountains—the hazy sapphire of the sea! What delicate habitations of beauty and glory are all these!

'Not made with hands' is written on all the royal robes of the earth. Still the earth is not less stable that it is so. The tower is not more real than the oak. The golden bracelet is not more real than the jewels with which God adorns the bosom of nature. Or to go deeper. Take man himself. In that inner unseen world you have the best analogy. Is imagination made with hands? Is conscience made with hands? Were all these delicate emotions of love and trust, which we call the heart, made with hands? Was the deep fountain of reverence, which leads millions to-day to bow themselves in worship before the Almighty, made with hands? And yet who will deny that these are the most glorious works of all in this earthly universe?

Do not let us, then, think that in entering on the other world we are for the first time children of a habitation 'not made with hands.' We have been prepared for that world *here!* Then, again, look at some 'habitations' here below! There are delicate bodies even in earth and air of almost ethereal beauty in the insect world. There is an azure veil over them too soft and delicate to touch without being rent. Surely it does not tax our thoughts too much to believe in a world where for *us* there will be finest adaptation of dwelling-place for the *spirit*—'a house not made with hands'—one that shall be eternal in the heavens, because the soul that it clothes will dwell in light with the saints in light for ever!

There is a World of the Imperishable.

That is what we want—what the poor heart, weary of unrest and change, craves after.

Even the loveliest things *here* below that are not made with hands are yet perishable. Delicate and pure as the flowers are, they die. Exquisite as is that veil of mist which Nature hangs over her fair face at eventide, it quickly passes away. In the winter the shell-coloured apple-blossoms are all gone! We cannot keep the things here which are 'not made with hands.' Rich as they are in delicacy and grace, they quickly fade away.

And *this* seems to be the great contrast which the Apostle wants to impress upon us. If the body here is outwardly like the house or the temple which becomes fretted and worn and decayed by age and time, and is eventually taken down, it

should *not* be there! It is ours to look for a life-building, *eternal* in the heavens, suited for the service of the long day of God.

Why not? Are we not surprised even *here* in creation to find the permanence of some things as contrasted with others! The diamond, for instance, is the same through the long centuries, whilst other substances wither and change in a few short hours! Has this never surprised us in the earthly creation? The buried statue of marble purity is dug up still the same, and we are looking with admiration and interest on the gold coins that the Cæsars handled, on the brass beetles that the Ptolemies touched. Even these are more permanent than the *tabernacle* of the mortal flesh.

Even so! If the material can be almost immortal, why cannot the spiritual be altogether so? Thus saith the Scripture, 'Eternal in the heavens.' I love to think that *faith* here makes no great strain on the faculties of the mind, when we see how long the cedars of Lebanon last, how the marble statue is preserved!

And how truly the heart responds to the sad touches about life's brevity here below! Our native ballads touch us all—such as 'The Light of other Days has Faded,' 'The Days of Old,' 'When We were Boys together,' 'Fading Away,' and 'Auld Lang Syne.' A tender thrill comes into our spirits, and memories that touch thought with tears come back to us of the forms and faces that have passed away. The heart, therefore, leaps up to the Christian revelation. It is just what it longs after. With *that* as a faith, it can be cheerful in loss and change and age; with *that* as a key, it can open up all the mysteries of sorrow and pain; with *that* as a motto on the banner, it can march to the great battle-fields of life; with *that* as a song of harvest-home, it can gather in the corn when some of the once companion reapers are at rest. Eternal? Where? In the heavens—not so far away—in God's own dear home, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away, and there shall be no more pain!

There is an Antidote to all the Possibilities of our present Probation.

If—our earthly house of this tabernacle be taken down! What a word that 'if' was, specially to the Apostles!—death so near to them, and persecution coming with a sudden advent. The taking down of the building so rough a task too, by hungry lions or by scorching flames.

If! It is not always desirable to live. They 'groaned, being burdened; not that they might be unclothed, but clothed upon with their house which was from heaven.' But they wanted no suicide's end—they wanted no mere exodus to the desert of death.

This is one thing that the Gospel has done. It has made life *desirable*—it has quickened in men such a sense of God, and of true blessedness in the knowledge of the highest good, that Christians want *more* of these revealed joys—even to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge—even to serve still in the upper and higher sanctuary—even to have fellowship above with angels and God.

I find this clearly written in early Christian history—the desirableness of life both here and hereafter now that they know Him Whom to know is life eternal. To live is Christ—to die is gain. Nay, to depart and to be with Christ is far better.

Consequently while all ideas of revelry and worldly banqueting are gone; whilst the amphitheatre with its false excitements never see *their* faces, these disciples of Christ manifest a calm and tranquil joy, a desire to live for Christ and to enjoy God their Saviour more and more.

If! who has not felt that this earthly life is ever hanging on that little 'if.' An accident, a breath of disease, a touch of fever, a sudden shock, and the sentinel heart stops in its long guardianship of the citadel of life.

'If!'—and the old familiar house which is our tabernacle always, wherever we rest or roam—falls shapeless to the dust. 'If!' Shall *others* be deceived? Shall they say, he dies? No; he departs, to be with Christ which is far better.

This we *know*. Know it on Christ's own testimony. Know it in the light of His once open tomb. Know it, so as to make of it the practical use which St. Paul himself did. 'Therefore be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

And I have tried to show you that there is nothing so strange in it all to men and women who believe in God. It was not the *hands*, but the *breath* that formed us and made us men.

And when we are 'new creatures' in Christ Jesus, He again breathes upon our dead souls, and the valley of dry bones lives once more.

Beautiful life not made with hands! Who need sigh over ruined city or cathedral? Who need regret the buried houses of ancestral Babylon, or of lordly Rome? Who need look even at the forsaken homes of earth with a hopeless sigh?

God works with all the *ease* of an everlasting life—'from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.' All the work of man is that of mechanism or handicraft—nothing more.

'To whom, then, will ye liken Me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold *Who* hath created these things. He is strong in power; not one faileth.'

We here see how imperfect, how frail, how perishable is all that is made with hands! and we rejoice afresh to know that if—and the 'if' must soon be fulfilled in fact to each of us—'if the earthly house of our tabernacle be taken down, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

Lord, increase our faith!

THE EDITOR.

PUBLIC PRAYER.

BY

REV. J. C. HARRISON.

Opening Address to the Congregational Board of London Ministers.

PERHAPS there is no subject more important to our Free Churches than the subject of Public Prayer. We are not ignorant of the advantages of a set form of prayer, but we have the strong conviction that these are more than counterbalanced by graver disadvantages. We cannot believe that a service which makes no intellectual demand on the officiating minister, which necessitates the activity of no power, either mental or moral, and which calls up no fresh thought or feeling in the mind of the worshippers, can be the best offering to Almighty God. We cannot believe that a service which implies an unvarying state of spiritual life, absolute sameness of circumstances and therefore of wants, and the absence of all progress, can be a healthy service, or, in the highest sense, real. We cannot believe that a service which takes no pains to bring the existing state of the church before God, or to express the desires which are at the time burning in all hearts, can embody or evoke the loftiest devotion. We cannot believe that a service which never changes can be consistent with the action of God's 'Free Spirit,' or with that dependence on celestial guidance which we are taught to expect. We, therefore, dare not use one uniform set of words, or confine ourselves to the employment of any liturgy, however beautiful in itself; we are driven to the exercise of free prayer. We do not affirm that no ancient prayers or collects should have a place in public worship; there are many of us who think that, if used judiciously, they might be introduced with advantage; but we do feel that they should not form the staple of our services, or in any way take precedence of free prayer.

But this being so, how important, how unspeakably important

it is that our free prayers should, in spiritual helpfulness, more than replace the liturgies we have discarded; how important that ministers and people should unite in the endeavour to make them most real and impressive—acceptable to God and stimulating to the worshippers!

For if liturgical services have their snares and disadvantages, so have free prayers theirs. Without continual watchfulness and care, *secret* prayer, we know, may sink into mere routine; and without continual watchfulness and care *public* prayer will certainly become as lifeless and formal as any liturgy can possibly be. It is of the last moment that the complaint should never be heard in reference to our worship: 'I was distressed with the absence of a high spiritual tone; with the constant recurrence of stock phrases, which seemed to indicate the want of earnest thought; with the lack of all definiteness of purpose, and therefore of the possibility of carrying the sympathy or devotion of other minds; with forms of expression which were painfully slovenly, or still more painfully ambitious; with irritating amplifications which appeared to go on the supposition that it was neeeful to instruct God It was extemporaneous prayer, indeed, thrown off at the moment without any premeditation—any devout preparation of either mind or heart.'

Now if we would prevent such complaints as these, we must avoid everything in our practices which can help to foster a wrong conception of the nature and requisites of prayer. The leaders in our prayer-meetings should have notice beforehand that they will be asked to offer prayer. Ministers should not be *suddenly* requested, except in rare emergencies, to guide the devotions of a large congregation on great public occasions. The several parts of such worship should not be allotted to a host of different ministers, as if the main object were to employ *them* rather than to edify the *people*. For things of this sort tend to lower the idea of prayer and to produce the impression that instead of being the greatest it is considered the humblest and least important matter in our public services—a thing which may be left to the circumstances and moods of the hour.

Two grave evils must necessarily result from any such letting down of the idea or the actual tone of public prayer.

The first is that our worship then becomes not merely unedifying, but positively distasteful to cultivated persons. They may generally approve of our principles of Church polity, our freedom from State control, our liberty of action, etc., etc.; but they feel it a serious trial to attend services Sunday after Sunday which annoy and weary them. So at last they forsake our ranks, and join the Established Church. They may, indeed, be not insensible to the force of inferior motives, but it would be unfair to

deny that the lack of a truly helpful service may be a solid reason for their seeking something which they hope will do more to nourish their spiritual life, and to keep their children from forsaking public worship altogther. I am persuaded that nothing is more certain to thin our congregations and drive away our young people than a low tone or slovenly style in our public prayers.

But the second evil relates to those who stay with us—the kind of life which such prayer is likely to foster in our churches.

In reference to the individual Christian life, we know that *the man is as his prayer.* Jesus, the Son of God—the ideal, the all-perfect man—Jesus prayed continually. His life found its strength, its particular colouring, and its joy from communion with God. John the Baptist lived in the desert and drew around him a large band of devoted disciples, who admired his stern, pure, conscientious life, and were profoundly interested in his work. They were, therefore, anxious to learn how he prayed, and thereby attained such eminence—how they must pray if they were to gain such a character as his. But Jesus was immeasurably higher than John. His life was strong, not from the predominance of one grand quality, but from the perfection and harmony of all. It was not, therefore, wonderful that one of His disciples, who had perhaps been a disciple of John's, should be desirous to know what kind of prayer Jesus offered, and what kind He would have them offer. It was quite natural that he should say, 'Lord, teach us to pray, even as John also taught his disciples.' For I repeat—the man is as his prayer. Prayer determines what the man shall be; prayer reveals what the man really is. The life of the man corresponds exactly to the character of his prayer. So that this disciple by his request shows that he had reached a great truth, viz., that the worth of prayer and the power of prayer depend wholly on the quality of the prayer—the right manner of prayer; and that, therefore, we shall never rise to the fulness of spiritual life unless our Lord Himself teaches us to pray.

But what is true of the individual is also true of a church. The *Church is as its prayer.* It cannot rise higher than its prayer; it cannot rise at all except through the power and spiritual reality of its prayer. If this is so (and whatever modifications you may be disposed to make in the statement, it is so in the main), then how unspeakably solemn and responsible is the office of us who are ministers, as leaders of our Churches' prayers. Their life will be low when their prayers are meagre, and feeble, and vapid; their power to bless and to influence will be small when their prayers are destitute of vigour. Let us then only remember how much the quality of their prayers depends on the

habitual quality of ours, and we may well ask, with great searching of heart, 'Who is sufficient for these things?'

For our public prayers are, or ought to be, the expression of the people's life, and must influence that life to an extent which we cannot possibly estimate. Almost insensibly they catch the tone and spirit of our prayers. The prayer-leaders in the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school teachers in their classes, the parents in their homes, individuals in their solitary devotions, are all more or less affected by the character of our prayers in public. We ought to be the means of infusing a spirit of lofty devotion into their hearts: we *may* be the means of reducing that spirit to a somewhat low ebb. It is clear that we cannot afford to be careless in our methods of conducting public worship, for to be careless is to affect most injuriously the life of the Church. In many churches there is an indescribable element, a subtle power which makes it comparatively easy to preach and to pray; every word seems the result of inspiration, and moves all who are present. In other churches there is an atmosphere like that of the sepulchre—the words freeze as they leave your lips, and, however valuable in themselves, they are entirely destitute of power. In the one, the spirit of prayer is at its zenith; in the other, it seems to have set altogether. In the one, you find that rich and precious fruits abound; in the other, the only verdict is, 'There is nothing.' Oh, if in our churches we would escape from spiritual torpor, and deadness, and uselessness—if we would enjoy a life which seems never to need revival because it is always full—let us take heed to our public prayers—let us earnestly ask, 'Lord, teach us to pray'!

Now if I have succeeded in showing that this subject is most momentous and urgent, deserving our immediate thought and inquiry, I shall in great measure have attained the object I had in view. It would be presumptuous in me to set myself up as an instructor of my brethren, or to lay down rules for them; still I will venture on a few hints, simply with the hope of stimulating each one's private thought.

First, let me suggest that it can never be wise to lay aside our own individuality—I mean that which is specially characteristic of ourselves in thought and expression—from any wish to attain the particular excellence which we admire in another. Let us cultivate the habit of prayer most diligently in our own life; let our whole intellectual and moral nature be suffused with the spirit of prayer; and then when we pray quite naturally, we shall pray most helpfully. There will be a tone of unaffected reality which will neutralize any infelicities of manner or phrase, and will move the heart of all true men. Only we must be men of prayer—men whom profound and continual fellowship with

God has made mighty in prayer—men who from private use have become familiar with the whole artillery of prayer, if we are successfully to lead others in public devotion.

Again, we must be in full accord, in profound *rapport* with our fellow-worshippers, if we are to secure their companionship with us in our prayers. Nothing could be more wanton than to ask, in what professes to be *common* prayer, things which *we* may believe to be desirable, but which we know a great number of our people do not desire. Nothing could be more unworthy than to offer prayer Sunday after Sunday without any attempt to find out what the Church really needs, and what we ought, therefore, to embody in our petitions, our thanksgivings, and our praises. We must be the faithful interpreters of their deepest thoughts, the faithful utterers of their ardent longings, if we are to present their prayers to God; and this is possible only as we are familiar with our people, and gain a wide acquaintance with their general and spiritual life. We must have a keen and open eye, a watchful and sympathetic nature, if we are to pray with the variety and appropriateness which will make our prayers truly expressive of their largest wishes. Still we must here be on our guard, lest prayer should degenerate into disquisition, and differ from a practical discourse only in the occasional turning of what we have dilated on into a petition. In the funeral service of our late honoured brother, Mr. Binney, it fell to me to deliver the address, and to two other brethren to offer prayer; but so little difference did the late Dean Stanley see in the structure of those two prayers and my oration, that he remarked, 'It was interesting to observe how entirely all three of the *addresses* agreed in their estimate of Mr. Binney.' We may be surprised at the mistake; but certainly it conveys an admonition, which some of us need, as to the true form and even province of prayer.

(*To be continued.*)

BIBLE, A THOUGHT-SUGGESTING BOOK.—I can readily conceive why the Bible was one of the four books which always lay on Byron's table, and it would be easy to fill a lecture with the testimonies, written or unwritten, which painters, sculptors, orators, and poets have rendered to the most thought-suggesting book in the world.—*J. Hamilton.*

CHRISTIAN ZEAL.—Christian industry is just the outlet of a fervent spirit, a Christ-devoted heart. The industry which is not fervent, is not Christian; and, on the other hand, the love which does not come forth in action, the fervour which does not lead to diligence, will soon lie down. He who has an eye to Christ in all he does, and whose spirit is full of that energy, that love to his work and his brethren and his Master in heaven, which the Holy Spirit gives, will not soon weary in well-doing.—*James Hamilton.*

PRAISE AND BLAME.

WHAT an easy thing it is to find fault. Some critics, for instance, are only professional fault-finders, and the more closely they wire the end of their whip, the more keenly they can cut into the feeling, the more the on-lookers approve it. Nero liked to see the hungry lions tearing to pieces humankind, and there are some persons who like to sit around the arena and mark the flaying of an adventurer in the lists of fame! Ninety-nine arguments are good, and the hundredth bad; then blame him for that. He has done very well; then, seeing his manifest ability, blame him that he did not do better. Now in all aspects of life it seems to me that blame is an article we can do with just as little of as possible. The way to make a person do worse to-morrow is to blame him for having done badly to-day. There is no one who has not some good points, and it is better to help him by laying hold of these than by determinately driving him forward and awakening his worse self. You say he is slow. Very well; but he is honest. You say he is hasty; never mind, he is kind at heart, and sulky never. *We* blame sometimes in the parlour for some carelessness and neglect; we forget the multitude of hard duties done. *They* chatter, chatter downstairs sometimes, and blame the mistress with unabated warmth the evening long; and they, alas! forget that on that one delicate brain rests all the care, and counsel, and comfort of the home. Blame is, for the most part, a sort of densely stupid thing. If you want the animal that will not always go *never* to go, jerk the rein; and if you want to go a step further, and add to the sin of his not going the worse vice of his going backwards, just hit him over the head. The moral of this is plain enough. Blame is, on the whole, bad; but when it is frequent and irritating, it awakens the worse feelings, and the human clock that was a little out of sorts, and wouldn't strike, now refuses to tick or go at all. Blame a servant for upsetting the dish, and he will most likely be a little tempery, and finish by upsetting the entire service, and so complete the wreck. Blame people, and they will be sure to take it out of you somehow; and all you will get is the pleasure, if so it may be termed, of giving somebody or other a good scolding.

What, then, are we to do? I admit *that* is a serious question, but I suppose we are Christians. That question once decided, we shall seek to have 'the gentleness of Christ,' and in all our relationships we shall try to correct by kindness rather than to punish by the rod of justice. If, by-the-bye,

that same rod come down upon us all, then let me, for one, get out of the way as swiftly as may be, and you too, my reader.

Blame a schoolboy when he brings up his sums, but remember, it's the worst thing you can do. Poor little chap! he has tried hard, and smudged the slate with tears. Tell him you did so once, and that it's not so easy to find out what two and two are, as the world thinks it to be; tell him you've tried it several times over and over, and found it hot, hard work—and the little heart will go to the work again cheery and strong; but pray don't let him hear you say, 'That boy is an awful little dunce.'

'But what is to be the substitute for blame?' says my critical reader; 'are we to be dishonest, and to hide faults, and to cover up mistakes, and to be silent concerning sins? Who would improve under such a *régime* as that?' Now, do not work yourself up into indignation. Letting alone the fact that few of us are likely to err very materially in this way, yet let me remind you that we may show a fault without hurting the faulty one. We may convince of an error quietly and kindly without reproach about it, and we may win the heart by our considerateness which we might have lost for ever by our condemnation. We may speak gently even to the erring, for we know little of their temptations and their griefs.

Here is little 'Toddles' has lost his way, and is coming home all tears and trouble. Now, pray don't shake him and cuff him. His little minute of utter loneliness nearly broke his heart; and, when the child of a larger growth has *lost* his way, take a lesson from the Great Father, Who speaks *not one word of reproach*, but says, 'Let us make merry and be glad; this my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.' Praise is a very healthy thing rightly, wisely, and justly administered. I am not arguing for any general soapiness of speech, nor for indiscriminate laudation, nor for fulsome flattery. These are nauseous indeed, but for that general recognition of service performed which kindles in the heart a genial glow of feeling. 'Mary, how tidy the nursery is! Robert, how quietly you have been getting on with your lessons! Charles, you are much more punctual at prayers. Oh! here is the poor woman with the washing. Tell her how well-starched the things are.' She does not look in her pinched-up face as if she had many kindly speeches continually falling like dew upon her heart. Here is the fact with us all. We blame for neglect, we seldom praise for the faithful service rendered. 'Oh!' we say, somewhat philosophically, 'it's only her duty.' Well, how about *our* duty, if *we* are supposed to do *that* well always? then it

follows that blame will be a market commodity very often, and praise obtainable never, because when we do well we only, according to some people's theories, do what we are paid for, and what we ought.

On the whole, let us remember that it is well to seek opportunities for words of kindness—they are like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' If you want others to sing at their work, remember what makes you sing at yours. I detest to hear a lecturer say, after the lecture is over: 'Oh! no, thank you—never mind—excuse me. I don't care about a vote of thanks.' He must be a strange man at heart if he does not, for services kindly given deserve kind recognition in return. Give praise, then, whenever and wherever it is due, whether it is your pupil, your servant, your child, or your dog; yea, give hearty and ungrudging praise, and the music will linger among the strings of the human heart, and help the worker on his way.

We all remember what the bells said to Toby Veck: 'Keep a good heart, Toby—keep a good heart.' Let us ring such bells in every heart. We can. To scold is as unchristian as it is unlovely. Many people think it is wrong to swear, who do not see it to be harmful to scold.

We cannot help thinking that in the Church of Christ it is better to praise the early comers than to blame the late ones; better to cheer the hearts who are doing pretty well than to blame them for not doing better. There is a kind of preaching justly called scolding preaching. It is certainly not beautiful, and I question if it is even powerful; it may produce noise, but thunder is not a very effective weapon of war, and I am certain that it stirs up the very worst feelings of the human heart. How beautifully Christ praises! His words make no sound; they are not spoken *aloud* so as to make us blush in the presence of our brethren. No! they are heard in the quiet temple of the heart—heard! yes, clearly heard, and often heard—heard above the condemnation of man, words of the faithful and true—sweet and sonorous as the church bells at evening—heard in musical voices, clear and sweet, till it seems as though angel-feet trod the belfry, and angel-hands rang the chimes in the human heart: 'Well done! well done! Be faithful—be faithful unto death. Well done! well done!' But it may be said to me, there is a blaming power in the same heart. I know it, oh! I know it; but it is as beautiful in its working as the praise: that voice, too, is soft and clear, but it, too, is very kind. 'O Israel, why will ye die? Though your sins be scarlet I will make them whiter than snow.' It has always a strain of love—unutterable love in it—and the worst

grief of our sin is that we have sinned against such a God as that. Next time you feel inclined to blame, consider yourself, remember your own frailty and forgetfulness, and always temper justice with mercy. Concerning the praise, I hope you will often get it, and as often deserve it. I remember standing on a railway-siding waiting for a train, and a manly lad passed by me, dressed in the cheap livery of the company. 'My lad,' I said, 'what do *you* do?' a dapper little chap he was. An intelligent smile lit up his stoker-like face. 'I grease the wheels, sir,' he said. Thought I, Grease the wheels, do you? I wish there were more of you in the world, for what we want in all aspects of life, civil, social, political, and religious, is something to make life's daily pilgrimage as smooth as may be, and by words in season to grease the wheels.

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

INVOCATION.

O SAVIOUR! who in Galilee,
Came as a loved and gracious guest,
And by Thy smile the marriage blest,
Our invocation is to Thee.

Be here as solemn vows are said,
And hearts beat high with chastened bliss;
Oh! seal them with Thy tender kiss,
And lay Thy hand upon each head.

Go with them from this hallowed place,
Into the unknown future years;
Give manly strength to fight with fears,
And tender trust and gentle grace.

Be with them when the radiant light
Streams o'er their path in golden gleams,
And through the azure haze of dreams;
Life's morning breaks in beauty bright.

Be with them when the roses fade,
And skies are flecked with ashen-grey,
When cloudlets hood the dying day,
And dewy eve is draped with shade.

And when the busy life is done,
And toil and strife are lost in rest,
Be their's the guerdon of the blest,
The crown of victory nobly won.

BENEDICTION.

We speed them forth with smile and song,
With joyous greeting on their way;
In faith, and hope, and purpose strong,
With prayer we consecrate the day.

Dear unseen Saviour, Thou hast heard
The mutual promise newly made;
The loving pledge, the solemn word,
Oh! may they ne'er from memory fade.

Beam on their path Thine heavenly ray,
Around them fold Thy wings of light;
Be Thou their shield from day to day,
Their sheltering shadow night by night.

O guest of Bethany! abide
Within their home, a constant Friend,
A loving Presence by their side,
To cheer, to succour, and defend.

Take them, O Christ! to Thy dear breast,
To Thy kind heart, most sacred shrine;
Upon Thy bosom may they rest,
No love can cherish them like Thine.

And so, in purity and peace,
Strong in each other's changeless love;
Sustained until the journey cease,
And life is perfected above.

G. H. G.

NOTICE.

We have much pleasure in notifying to our readers that a likeness of Mr. Samuel Morley will appear in the January number of the *Evangelical* for 1884. The Stereoscopic Company have taken a special photograph for this purpose, and those who are not at present subscribers should make sure of a copy by early application to our publisher, Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Industry immortal.—If the idle are described as killing time, the methodical man may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object, not only of his consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours and gives them a soul; and by that, the very essence of which is to fleet, and to have been, he communicates an imperishable and spiritual nature. His days and months and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.—*Coleridge.*

MARTIN LUTHER:

THE COMBINATIONS OF HIS CHARACTER.

A STUDY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

LET us study those features in the character of Martin Luther which distinguish him from other Heroes of the Past! All great men bear certain general mental and moral resemblances, and it would little avail to show you that the principles which underlie all real greatness are found in the life and character of Martin Luther. History will be useful to us in proportion as it serves to illustrate those combined features in Luther's character, which, because they are contrasts, distinguish him amongst the great men of the past.

To understand Luther you must sympathize with his position and his work, and we would have your gaze fixed with grateful attention upon the pale countenance, the stern, but eloquent expression; the erect and determined form; the rude, plebeian face, as Carlyle calls it, of the self-denying monk of Wittenberg. That figure emerges at the commencement of the sixteenth century from the gloom and darkness of the Middle Ages, and is elevated now above all the notable men of his time, towering high over the sovereigns, statesmen, warriors, and divines of that eventful period.

Whatever opinion we may have individually formed of Luther, we shall all agree that it was he who shook the world and delivered the nations from the iron bondage of Rome. He is, however, one of those great men, about whom critics in propounding their theories have held two opposite views, one class declaring that great men have made their times—others that the times have made great men. Both these theories, taken separately, being only half-truths, are consequently false. It is only when blended together we see how imperfect they are when separated. There is a Divine Hand that moulds them both—that weaves the providence of events, and at the appointed time leads forth the Pauls, the Luthers, and the Cromwells of the world.

After Henry VIII. you behold in England the springing up of that feeling, which reached its culminating point when Cromwell, who was nearly sailing to America, became its representative, and who will deny, that whilst the times prepared the way and loudly demanded such a leader, that Cromwell had

peculiar mental and moral characteristics which moulded the history of the seventeenth century?

How many emotions, deep in the heart of humanity, had been secretly preparing the way for the work of Luther! Was he not born to interpret the spirit of his times, to share that spirit, and to guide and mould it? The times moulded Luther—Luther moulded the times—and God moulded both.

Our endeavour now shall be to discover the mental and moral characteristics of the Great Reformer from a study of his Life and Letters.

The first great combination in Luther's character is

His Fearlessness in obeying Conscience, combined with his deep Veneration for Tradition.

Luther deeply venerated the fallible Roman Church, to which he early became devoted in the character of a monk. He had, however, studied the Bible in the illness which preceded his dedication to the Church. Being about twenty years of age, he stayed in the University of Erfurt two years: this was the first time he had ever met with a Bible, 'a book,' says D'Aubigné, 'which was at that time seldom to be met with, and unknown.' This was but the dawn of truth. After his recovery he continued a student of law, and began to teach philosophy and the ethics of Aristotle; and now, whilst walking one day with a fellow-student, his companion was struck dead by lightning, and as he gazed upon that blanched form, while the thunder, like some triumphant storm-king, seemed to be roaring above its prey, he cast himself upon the ground and vowed that he would enter the silent cloister and consecrate himself to God. Behold him before the monastery of the Hermits of St. Augustine! He craves admission, for the Conqueror of Rome was first its slave. He who was ere long to guide the destinies of Rome, was now its pupil-child. A change was to be effected in this monastery of Erfurt, but God's time is best. And now commenced the gathering influence of those early associations ever so difficult to dissever the mind from—early sympathies, early impressions, and early prejudices! With his whole soul Luther had become a monk, consecrated himself to every service—now the inhabitant of a low and narrow cell—now the lowly Sacristan—now the very servant to the cloister. He becomes acquainted with John Lange, a friar, in the same university, and studied under him, that, being made familiar with Greek and Hebrew, he might clearly understand the Scriptures. Oh, John Lange! little didst thou think when thus aiding thy pupil Luther, that thou wast preparing him by that very means to overturn thine Order and thy Church. Luther's appli-

cation was so intense that he omits some of his hours: and mark the result: so alarmed was he at transgressing the rules of his Order, that he set himself conscientiously to repeat all his omitted hours, without either eating or drinking; and once we are told he lost his sleep for seven weeks. Still he remains a conscientious monk, and soon gives himself completely over to the rigid practices of an ascetic life, and Melancthon says, 'crucified his flesh by fasting, maceration, and watching.' Now picture to yourself that solemn monk treading the shaded avenue, or the vaulted cloisters with their fretted marble and sullen stone: there is something in his aspect which tells you that he has been alone with his conscience, his Bible, and his God. His expression portrays somewhat of the emotion which sheds a sadness over the countenance of the man who first begins to perceive not only folly, but falsehood, in his friend. He wanted to love and venerate that Order of the monks of old as much as ever; but a voice is speaking to him unheard by all save him; he is making a discovery, and it throws the poor monk into despair. Cochlæus, his biographer, says: 'And now at Mass he brought his sighs, and joined the friars in the choir dejected and in anguish.' He is beginning to discover what many more have found, that a monkish garb might cover an unforgiven heart; 'he had put on,' says D'Aubigné, 'another dress, but his heart remained the same;' just as in Cromwell's days you well know a Puritan in garb was sometimes a hypocrite in heart and life. And now behind the monkish cowl might be discovered a pale wan face; his health begins to suffer, and he often laid down to all appearance dead. Meagre as a shadow, he paced the passages of the monastery. Oh! these venerable institutions, sanctioned by the traditions of all life and time, could they be false, hollow mockeries? Many a man who reverenced the traditions of the Church as did Luther, would have agonized no further, but would have settled down, like Wiseman and Newman, in the repose of an infallible faith.

But it was not so with Luther; still you behold him pacing to and fro within the cloisters, every cry of his heart finding a mocking echo amid those still and silent vaults. And oh! it was like tearing his heart-strings from the object of his veneration, his early affection, and his intense devotion, when he first began to lose his faith in Rome. But let me here remind you how this very temperament—this close clinging to what he reverenced, was afterwards of the greatest service to him. We are not sorry that Luther only gradually renounced his creed—the law of gradual progression suits our limited capacities; and that change is the *surest* and the *safest* which is like the melting of dawn into day, or the child's lisping speech into manhood's

voice. This strangely clinging nature was of service to Luther in after time, when he never ventured one step further than his convictions led him, for amid all the excesses of other reformers you will not find Luther *there!* When, too, Luther's views of God and religion were altered, this veneration was useful in another form: it totally unfitted him for all those ends of earthly ambition which he might have sought and secured.

But now, having proved that it was by a gradual process that this holy man gave up traditions which he venerated, let me quote his words in one of his letters, showing what a tenacious respect he had for the Pope, even up to the very eve of his excommunication. After the first controversy, he says, 'I cast myself at the feet of the Pope, and said, "I acknowledge your voice to be the voice of Christ, who reigns and speaks in you."' There were other times in Luther's history showing excessive veneration. You will witness not only a severe struggle, but often indeed vacillation of purpose, when he beheld the great necessity, Tradition or Conviction—the Pope's voice from the Chair, and the Dominican Cardinals, or God's voice in the Bible and the conscience.

But yet this veneration, strong as it was in him, did not retain him as a slave, and now behold him 'the Man of Conviction,' not 'the Slave of Tradition.' He is convinced that a fresh course of conduct is demanded of him, and there is nothing timorous in his actions or utterances, in relation to that system he so deeply venerated, now that he beholds its falsity. He courageously denounced dogmas which had been objects of his own deepest reverence. He faced an antagonist in the all-powerful Papacy that for ages had been demolishing all her adversaries, and to whom it was a novelty to find a new opponent. In the memory of the deeds of such a Church, which in the twelfth century after the conquest of Languedoc had exterminated the noble Albigenses, to act as Luther did required a firm and noble heart. Mighty as well as feeble intellects were at this time bound by Romish superstition. A stern spiritual despotism cowed the whole of Europe. But Luther took no middle course. In 1517 he commenced attacking the Sale of Indulgences. The reigning Pontiff, Leo the Tenth, a man of unbounded self-gratification, was crippled for finances whilst erecting the magnificent cathedral of St. Peter, designed by his predecessor Julius II., and therefore he commenced a Sale of Indulgences devised to support his lavish expenditure. In Germany the Prelate Albert, brother of the Elector of Brandenburg, employed a Dominican Inquisitor, John Tetzel, to sell full pardons and temporary licenses. To show the excesses

of this man an instance or two will suffice. If a fatherless child, anxious and depressed, wanted to know the state of its departed parent, he would say, 'Put some money into my box, and when you hear it chink the soul of your father will fly out of purgatory.' It is stated that the villain was tricked once, and I will just relate in what way. A nobleman at Liepsig asked him, 'Pray, father, can you grant me pardon for a sin that I design to commit?' 'Surely,' replied he, 'but on condition that you pay down the required sum.' The bargain was quickly struck. Not long after, as Tetzel was journeying from that city, the nobleman attacked him, emptied his chest, thrashed him soundly with his cudgel, and sent him back, saying, 'This is the crime I intended to commit, for which I have already your absolution.'

In Saxony, however, and elsewhere, the rage for purchasing indulgences was immense. Luther was shocked at such impious proceedings. He would sit in his confessional, and if the penitents who had purchased the Indulgences refused to submit to the penances he enjoined, Luther at once refused them absolution. They complained to Tetzel, who threatened both temporal and spiritual punishment on all who refused his indulgences. Then Luther applied to his diocesan to silence Tetzel. The Bishop declined, saying this would be to attack the power of the Church. Luther then sent some propositions to the Archbishop of Madgeburg, and besought him to put a stop to Tetzel's scandalous practices. The Archbishop made no reply. Luther, undaunted, then boldly affixed his propositions to the door of the Church of the Castle of Wittenberg. Not content with publishing them, he immediately delivered a sermon in support of them, which fell like a thunderbolt upon Germany. And now the noise of the controversy reached Rome. Luther was called to appear there. Calm and yet determined he went. The Bishop of Trent judged by his humility of conduct that he would alter his resolution. Luther says in a letter, 'I positively refused to retract anything.' 'Where do you think you will rest, then?' said the Bishop. Listen!—listen to his answer. It is worthy of him—a reply for all the great and good. A motto for earnest life, or an epitaph which would be eloquent in death. Where will you rest? 'Under heaven!' answered Luther.

After this Luther, with fearless conscientiousness, proceeds to condemn Popish authority in his book on 'The Captivity of Babylon,' contending that the Church was captive and that Christ was profaned in the idolatry of the mass. In his preface you have an illustration of his fearless language: 'Indulgences are bubbles devised by the sycophants of Rome!' He had

found out the character of the Pope. He says, 'The Pope is the Mighty Hunter, the Nimrod of the Roman Episcopacy.' With daring freedom he then explains how he has gradually found out Romish errors. Fearless not only in speech but in deed, in a letter dated December 10th, 1520, to Spalatin, he writes, 'I burnt all the decrees and Leo the Tenth's last Bull at the City Gates near the Holy Cross;' and then adds, with exquisite satire, 'If anyone asks me why I have done this, my reply is that it is an ancient custom to burn bad books.' And if he is fearless in his writings and actions when away from his spiritual rulers, how much more so do we find him in their presence. When summoned before the Diet of Worms and surrounded by learned men, Dr. Eck asked him if he acknowledged the books placed upon the table. Having looked over them—'Yes,' he replied, 'those books are mine!' When asked to disown them, this was his noble answer: 'God's Word is not mine—I cannot give it up.' Soon after his arrival at Worms he was examined at the Town Hall. He declares there—'I neither can nor will revoke anything.' And in the last controversy, when the Archbishop of Trèves asked him how to bring the matter to a conclusion, this was his reply: 'If it be of God's Word you cannot overturn it.' When in the Castle of Wartburg the Bishop communicated with him, Luther replied telling him that his answer was churlish and rude—unworthy of a Bishop and a Christian. And he says, 'Now, having thrown away my two letters, I will address your grace a third warning.'

But let us go a year or so back in Luther's history to notice an instance in which his fearless conscientiousness was strikingly useful to the Reformation. In the spring of 1518 a general assembly of the Augustinian monks was convened. Luther thought that the vows of his Order bound him to be present. His friends strove to dissuade him, as in the regions through which he must pass his name had been rendered exceedingly odious to the people by the monks; but Luther gave no heed to their remonstrance, and fearlessly undertook the journey upon foot, and at the assembly he held a vigorous disputation, and mark the effect. Three young men, Bucer, Brentz, and Schneff, through his visit then, afterwards became eminent men in the cause of the Reformation.

Luther was fearless in every department. Conscience was his witness to the truth. He believed, as you know, in a State Church. Mark that. Luther was not, as Congregationalists are, conscientiously opposed to that. No; he believed in it; let us honour his belief as we should do every man's, who says not, 'Our fathers thought it good;' but 'I think it right.' But he

held very peculiar notions for that time about a priesthood, and of course, because he held them, he expressed them. When he commenced to organize the Lutheran Church, in his book on the appointment of ministers you will find these words: 'All Christians are priests; all may teach God's Word, administer the Sacraments, consecrate the bread and wine.'

During his time, you remember, one of the worst of England's kings—I mean Henry VIIIth, who, not content with cutting heart-strings that bleed inwardly, sent several tender, gentle, helpless women to a cruel trial and a martyr's grave, this man, who murdered so many of his beautiful and faithful brides, became the self-styled champion of his Church. Oh, had Archbishop Cranmer dealt as fearlessly with this villain as did Luther, methinks he would never have obtained from him the sanction of the divorce which severed from Henry his blameless Catherine.

Listen to what Luther says in answer to England's king: 'Who then is this Henry, this disciple of the monster, that I should respect his blasphemies or his violence? He is "the Defender of the Church." I will dash in pieces this Church and its defenders.' Who can help respecting and admiring the hero then? Who can help in a burst of admiration exclaiming, 'Well done, Martin Luther!'

When you remember the host of adversaries he at first met with, and his undaunted opposition to them, you can forgive Luther's exclamation after his departure to Wittenberg, when none of these appeared against him: 'The cowards! do they yet dare to hope for triumph? it is known to all the world that they have not had the courage to face Luther alone.' But there remains yet another touching instance of his fearless conscientiousness, which exemplifies at the same time his anxiety to bear the danger all alone. In this very year 1518, when all his hopes lay in the Elector's protection, the Prince who always aided and guarded him, Luther went forward without clearly knowing what the Prince would or would not do in his favour; but he writes thus to Spalatin in August: 'I have said, and I repeat it, that I do not want our Prince, who is innocent of the whole affair, to take the slightest step in defence of my propositions. Let him secure me from violence, if he can do so without compromising his interests; if he cannot, I am ready to face all the danger.'

Such are some of the striking instances in which Martin Luther develops his fearless conscientiousness in obeying his convictions, just as previously our illustrations evidenced his deep veneration for the faith of his fathers and the Order of the monks. He did revere and love his early associations, as the

youngest and oldest of us all must do; regret and resolve seem blended in one, in that open, manly countenance—regret at dissevering the intimacies of the monastery, the associations of youth, the traditions of man—and resolve in clinging to the truths of Scripture and obeying the voice of God. The veneration of his character, once centred in the Church, now centred in God's Word, manifests his fearless conscientiousness. His veneration was fixed upon the Inspired Bible, and his conscience was illumined by the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. And now, when Melancthon was transformed into a partisan leader, and was doing battle with the Emperor, Luther writes to him: 'God has placed this cause in a certain spot unknown to thy rhetoric and philosophy, that spot is faith.'

Luther, renewed in heart and life, now quickened a nation's heart. And he struck a thrill through every spirit by the electric touch of an influence, that awakened the universal conscience of the world! Rome indeed had shackled its spiritual slaves, but conscience still was free. No earthly power can silence that. Throughout all human despotisms it has mocked the tyrant's power, and dares to be free. Dungeon bolts may confine the body; but no earthly power can fetter the spirit of the captive; *that* bursts all human barriers, and finds an echo and a home in the bosom of the one great God who made it, and has preserved it from the rude and uncouth touch of Pope or Prince's power. When the one friend who will not be bribed spoke to Luther, he did not hush its voice; he now venerated that supreme source of light, the Bible, conscientiously adhering to 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' None were able to resist his power as he appeals, not to tradition or the Pope, but through God's word to

> 'The conscience, that sole monarchy in man,
> Owing allegiance to no earthly prince;
> Made by the edict of creation free;
> Made sacred, made above all human laws;
> Holding of heaven alone; of most divine
> And indefeasible authority;
> An individual sovereignty that none
> Created might unpunished bind or touch,
> Unbound, save by the eternal laws of God,
> And unamenable to all below.'

Remarkable Conversion.—A scrap of paper accidentally coming to view hath been used as an occasion of conversion. This was the case of a minister of Wales, who had two livings, but took little care of either. He being at a fair, bought something at a pedlar's standing, and rent off a leaf of Mr. Perkins' Catechism to wrap it in; and reading a line or two in it, God sent it home so as it did the work.—*Flavel.*

BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS.

If anyone desires to realize a deep impression at once of the skill of man and the majesty of God, let him take a trip across the Atlantic in one of the first-class ocean steamers. Of human skill and sagacity it is impossible in such a trip not to perceive proof, and that in the most striking manner. Most travellers, before they leave the good ship which has conveyed them thousands of miles across the ocean, are curious to see the mighty engines by which they have been propelled; and what a sight they are! Twelve furnaces, consuming 100 tons of coal daily; working machinery of 6,000 horse-power, revolving a screw of vast dimensions, the engines condensing their own steam; and spite of the oscillations of the vessel, moving with unfailing regularity, their mighty throb pulsating with the accuracy of a heart-beat; their speed regulated by messages conveyed by electricity—how all indicate the triumph of mind over matter, the mastery of brain-power over the mightiest forces of nature! And with strength, what beauty! A first-class floating hotel, with accommodation and conveniences down to the minutest particulars, is the most fitting description of the luxury and embellishment, the elegance and taste combined, which are apparent in all the appointments of the modern ocean steamer. Here, as so often otherwise, commercial speculation and public convenience become the handmaid of each other, and alike subserve the progress and welfare of mankind.

If in journeying by sea, man's handiwork is felt to be admirable and worthy of all honour, what should be said of God's!

Different minds will be differently affected by the ocean. To the invalid it means terror, nausea, distress; to the mariner, a plaything, a livelihood, and a joy. The exquisite æsthete may be 'disappointed in the Atlantic.' To all thoughtful minds, the vastness of the ocean, its sublimity, profundity, variety, phosphorescent effects, must strongly appeal. To the devout, too, the frequent allusions to the ocean in the Bible, from the record of the first 'gathering of the waters together,' which God called 'seas;' through the times when Hiram floated his cedar rafts down the blue Mediterranean, and Jonah was engulphed in its waters, to the days of Him who rebuked the raging of the inland sea, and walked upon its billows; and of His Apostles, when Paul suffered shipwreck, 'a night and a day was in the deep,' and John in vision saw 'the sea of glass'—all these and kindred references will be subjects of frequent and profitable meditation.

To those spending any time upon the sea, and tossed about, even in the iron vessel of 4,000 tons, as a cork upon the waters, a sense of impotence, of the immense superiority of God's works to man's, and therefore of the Creator to the created, is the most obvious reflection.

'He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end' (Ps. cvii. 25-27).

It is a marvellous phenomenon the ocean—

> 'Only those who brave its dangers
> Comprehend its mystery;'

and scarcely these, for, as Longfellow also says, and the experience is common to all who by night or day gaze over the mighty waste of waters, or peer down into its depths, I look

> 'Till my soul is full of longing
> For the secret of the sea,
> And the heart of the great ocean
> Sends a thrilling pulse thro' me.'

Only He Who made the sea, Whose therefore it is, in the 'hollow of Whose hand' it reposes, Who has 'set the sand' for its bound, can comprehend its volume, its treasures, its influence, or can forecast the wondrous future when 'there shall be no more sea.' 'The voice of the Lord is truly upon the waters,' and whether heeded or unheeded, it is 'full of majesty.'

After the grandeur of the 'great and wide sea,' how welcome the smoothness and beauty of the land-locked river! It may be, as in the writer's case, the St. Lawrence, the gulf of that name, gradually diminishing to the broad stream, with its banks on either side dotted with white-washed cottages, at first isolated, then in successive villages of fishermen, farmers, wood-cutters, here finding ample employment in fishing for the cod of those waters, or felling the forests of the land.

Few travellers visiting Canada but will have their thoughts directed to the subject of emigration, especially if among the steerage passengers, emigrants abound.

It is a wide theme, and not to be discussed in a passing note. But consider. English population increases at the rate of 1,000 a day. It follows that unless trade and commerce expand far beyond what they are said to do, competition in the labour market will intensify, the value of labour will diminish, its pay decrease, and spite of all benevolent effort, 'the bitter cry of the outcast,' not in London alone, but in all our great cities, as well as in our agricultural districts, will become shriller and louder as the years increase. It seems, therefore, that at least side by side with all other means, strenuous effort and State-aided effort, too, should be made to diminish our surplus population, by helping the able-bodied of our working-classes, male and female, to seek a home elsewhere. And where? Not in the United States, where they too often become elements of trouble, victims of disaffection, agents of disloyalty; but in other parts of our own

empire, in our Colonies, where spite of occasional depression, almost untold opportunities exist for prosperous livelihood. In the great North-West of Canada, for instance, myriads of acres of virgin soil are waiting only for the tiller and the sower to yield an increase of thirty—sixty—a hundred-fold. True, it may be, as is stated, that out of our seventy-seven million acres at home, thirty millions are yet uncultivated, and these, say some, ought first to be distributed; but without a complete social revolution how can this be? Meanwhile, in Canada, in our own empire, little more than a week from England, there is land to be had almost for nothing, the Government is willing to aid in the cost of the passage, and to appropriate grants to any suitable applicant.

In the 'Scheme of State-aided Emigration and Colonization,' which has been favourably regarded by Lord Derby, Mr. Boyd, its Hon. Secretary, says:—

'The necessity for a large national system of emigration is found in the fact, that the population of the United Kingdom is excessive, and increases at a prodigious rate; hence widely spread distress, much crime and drunkenness (usually allied to misery), and unreasonable competition—evils for which the only practicable remedy, if a general upheaval of social foundations is to be avoided, will be found to be national emigration.

'I propose that the organization be entirely a state one, adequate for removal annually of 200,000 individuals (of all ages) from the United Kingdom, and their settlement in Canada and the north-west territory of the Dominion, where sufficient land is offered free by the Dominion government. The poor who are without, or have next to no resources, are those who would be, on their voluntary application, and on approval, selected, the system to be one of family emigration; and since five can be reckoned as the average number in a family, 150,000 at least out of the whole number would be composed of aged persons, women, and babes—very few among them bread winners.

'The emigrants proper to be men (with their families) acquainted with the cultivation of the soil—a slight knowledge might suffice; nor can it be disputed that the poor quarters in our cities and towns would supply large contingents of men, born and reared in the country, accustomed to farm work.'

All success to well-considered efforts, by whatever party initiated, to secure emigration to our Colonies! Any disposed to contemplate the step referred to, and to the ministerial readers of the *Evangelical Magazine* many such may be known, may obtain all needful information from some of the many publications circulated, among the rest, a pamphlet entitled 'State-directed Emigration,' published by John Heywood, 10, Paternoster Buildings, price twopence; at the offices of the Canadian Line of Steamers, or from the agents of such on board.

At least, let all who may in any way come within the influence of these lines, specially those who are now so earnestly and nobly 'considering the poor,' acquaint themselves with the subject, and they may, if not for themselves, yet for others, do profitable 'business in great waters.'

JOSIAH VINEY.

STUDIES IN PLANT-LIFE.

V.—From Flower to Fruit.

(*Concluded from p.* 512.)

The *Siliqua* and the *Silicula* (meaning 'pod' and 'little pod') are also dry, open, one or more celled, many-seeded fruits. They are only seen in one Order, the *Cruciferæ*, or Wall-flower Order, so called from their always having four petals arranged like a Maltese cross. The *Siliqua* is narrow and long like a pod, splitting from below upwards by two 'valves,' leaving a membranous partition in the centre with the seeds attached. The Wall-flower, Stock, Mustard, and Cabbage are examples. The *Silicula* is broad and short, like a pouch, splitting like the Siliqua. The common roadside Shepherd's Purse, Scurvy-grass (seashore), Pepperwort, and Penny-cress are good examples.

2. *Fruit Inferior.*

a. Fruit Closed.—All the important Inferior Syncarpous fruits are 'closed.' There are four types of this division which we will glance at.

The *Nut* is a dry, closed, hard, one-celled, one or two seeded fruit. Here the ovary-cells and the ovules usually lessen in number as the flower changes to fruit.* The three layers of the pericarp are closely welded together, being indistinguishable. The fruit is partly or wholly covered by an 'involucre,' more or less hard, formed of a number of adherent 'Bracts,' whose nature and position we have already studied in Compositæ. The Acorn is an example, its beautiful 'cup' being a firm mass of 'bracts,' only half enclosing the fruit itself. The shell consists of ovary-wall joined to calyx, making the fruit 'inferior;' and if you look at the top of the fruit, you will see the remains of the calyx and of the three dried-up stigmas all forming a dry, hard point. The seed is the 'kernel,' only *one* being present, this one having won the 'struggle for life' at the expense of the other five ovules, two out of the three cells having also disappeared. A similar condition is seen in the Beech-fruit, which is also a true Nut, only the Involucre is of four valves which fall apart, disclosing two fruits, instead of being as it is in the Acorn, where it surrounds only one fruit. The Hazel-nut, or Filbert, resembles the Acorn in losing all the ovules but one, and only retaining one cell. Here the Involucre is of two leafy bracts, which overtop the nut and form the 'husk' that we pick off before cracking the fruit; the shell is again ovary-wall joined to a calyx which has gradu-

* See p. 459.

ally grown up around it, its remains being found at the tip; the kernel is the one successful seed. Sometimes you find a 'double kernel.' Why? I quote the words of a living writer: 'Almost every nut you eat has been the winner in three competitive struggles; he and his brethren in the same pistil have beaten the other flowers in the pink-tipped bud; he has beaten the twin-brother that should have shared his cell; he has fought the successful seed in the other carpel (of the pistil), and as this last is the hardest fight of all, so it is not unfrequently "drawn," and then we find two kernels in the same nut'! The Chestnut has a spiny involucre containing three or more fruits; each of these is inferior (calyx and ovary-wall combined); the *seed* is the part eaten after roasting, the hard shining coat having burst open. The shining hard body in Horse-chestnut is seed only; in the edible Chestnut it is the whole fruit! How about the Cocoa-nut? We must call this simply 'nut-like,' because, being superior and having the pericarp layers distinct, it is not a true Nut. The Epicarp and Mesocarp are the fibrous 'husk' outside all the rest, from which 'cocoa-nut fibre,' used for matting, fishing-nets, etc., is gained. The Endocarp is the shell, requiring a strong blow to break it—a process commonly carried out in its native forests by a battle among the monkeys! The Seed is inside this shell, and consists of the testa or covering, which is the crisp thin brown layer inside the shell, and the eatable white Albumen—in this case hard and somewhat indigestible; it is hollowed out, and contains a quantity of sweetish 'milk;' the 'Embryo' is a tiny unseen body hidden in the albumen not far from the well-known holes seen in the shell at its lower end. You see, therefore, that in the Hazel-nut we eat *all the seed*—*i.e.*, Testa and Albumen; in the Cocoa-nut, only the Albumen.

Our second type is the true *Berry*. This is a one or more celled, many-seeded, closed, pulpy fruit; it differs from the Nut chiefly in the number of its seeds, and in its pulpy nature. The layers of the pericarp are blended, and form the 'skin' of the fruit; the pulp is produced from the 'placentas' (or parts of the ovary-wall to which the ovules are tied by their cords), and these ovules or seeds presently lose their cords and lie loose in the pulp. The Gooseberry and the Red, White, and Black Currants are examples. Cut across an unripe Gooseberry, and you will see the long cords possessed by the seeds; try a ripe one, and the seeds will be loose in the pulp. You see now how greatly a true Berry differs from Blackberry, Raspberry, and Strawberry. Other examples are seen in the Mistletoe fruit and the Fuchsia fruit. The Grape differs from the Berry only in being 'superior.' Dried grapes, or raisins, may be known as 'superior' fruits by the absence of the dried calyx at the top—a feature invariably

noticed as present in the Gooseberry and Currant. The small dry brown top picked off gooseberries is the calyx, proving an 'inferior' fruit. Muscatels, or 'Raisins of the Sun,' are the most delicious, as my readers probably know. The small variety of raisin with no seeds is the currant used for puddings and cakes, and is called 'currant' by corruption from 'Corinth,' whence it came originally.

The *Pepo*, our third type, is a Berry, with the main difference that the seeds never get detached from their cords so as to lie loose in the pulp. Examples are seen in the Gourd, Cucumber, Melon, Pumpkin, and Vegetable-Marrow. It is often 'falsely' three-celled by the placentas growing inwards from the wall, and forming partitions reaching to the centre. The Gourd has been known to weigh as much as 196 pounds. The 'Bitter Apple,' or Colocynth, is a kind of Gourd, and is supposed to be the one referred to in 2 Kings iv. 39. If so, one does not wonder that the sons of the prophets imagined that there was 'death in the pot.' The Squirting Cucumber, when ripe, separates from its stalk, its sides suddenly contract, and the seeds are 'squirted' together with the pulp, to a considerable distance.

Our fourth type, the *Pome*, is familiar to all. Like the Pepo, Berry, and Nut, it is inferior, and, like the Pepo, has the withered calyx at the top; so we find the withered sepals, and sometimes a few withered stamens; at the top of the Apple, Pear, Quince, and Medlar, which are all Pomes. In Cherry or Blackberry, which are superior fruits, the withered calyx is *below* the fruit. Now look at an Apple. The skin is the Epicarp; the juicy, eatable part is Mesocarp; the hard, bony 'core' is Endocarp. Cut across the fruit, and you see five hard, bony cases, each containing a black 'pip' or seed. The five are separate really (apocarpous), but are welded together, or nearly so, by the *calyx-tube* (not the calyx-limb, which is the withered part at the top) becoming succulent and pressing all round them. The five bony cases are really the five ovary-walls—*i.e.*, the *inner* part of the walls—and it is difficult to say where the ovary-walls end and the calyx-tube begins. This is what is called a 'spuriously' syncarpous fruit. In Medlar, the Endocarp, instead of being horny, becomes stony, and the fruit is not eaten until it has become 'rotten.' In Quince the sepals at the top are almost 'leafy.' You may define the Pome as a fleshy, closed, two or more celled, few-seeded fruit.

We have now done with our Simple Fruits. A few words must suffice on two or three of our second great class, called

II. *Collective Fruits* (*i.e., produced by several flowers*).

The *Cone* is one. It consists of a number of open scales, each carrying one or more 'naked' seeds—*i.e.*, not enclosed in any

ovary. The woody nature of the fully-ripe scales is familiar to anyone who has walked through a Fir-wood. Examples are seen in the Scotch Fir, Spruce, and Larch. In Cypress the scales spread out above like an umbrella. In Juniper they become fleshy, looking like a Berry. In Yew there is only a solitary naked ovule, whose outer coat produces a juicy pink mass that grows up around the ovule, nearly covering it. Most of us know how refreshing these so-called 'fruits' are on a hot autumn day.

The *Strobile* deserves a word. It is the name given to the Hop-fruit. It is somewhat like a Cone, but the scales are green and membranous, and the seed is enclosed in an ovary at the base of each scale. The scales, under certain given conditions, grow larger, and possess numerous minute cells or glands, and these are filled with a bitter substance which is used to give a flavour to beer. It is this Hop-extract which is sometimes of use as a tonic in beer; but the Alcohol or spirit in the beverage does more harm than the tonic does good. It is better, therefore, to use some tonic, when one is needed, that does not necessitate taking Alcohol along with it.

The Pine-apple and Mulberry are examples of the *Sorosis* (Latin *Sorus*, a heap or pile), so called from the pile of fruits crowded together. In Pine-apple we have a number of flowers on an elongated receptacle or axis; these finally become a mass of fruits, consisting of ovary, calyx, or rather 'floral envelopes' (there being two circles of them), and bract; all these fruits become fused with the central axis into a pulpy mass, which is eaten usually in slices, the outermost part of the mass generally being left as too hard to eat. Here you will see that we eat a large number of fruits all at once. The 'crown' of leaves at the top of the 'apple' is simply a bunch of empty bracts with no fruit in them. In Mulberry we find a collection of flowers with pistils only (the stamen-bearing flowers being separate); the ovary is surrounded by four small sepals, or floral leaves; when ripe, the sepals become juicy and pulpy, uniting with the ovary, and all these pulpy fruits become joined into one mass known as the Mulberry-fruit. It differs from Pine-apple in that the receptacle is not elongated, and takes no part in the process of becoming pulpy. Superficially, this fruit resembles the Blackberry and Raspberry. Like them, it is far from being a true Berry; unlike them, it is the result, not of a number of carpels belonging to one flower, but of many different flowers on a common receptacle. In Mulberry we eat the carpels fused with the calyces; in the other two we eat carpels only, rejecting the calyx. The Mulberry-tree is supposed to be the 'Sycamine' of Scripture. Its leaves form the common food of silkworms.

Our last fruit shall be the Fig. *You never see any flowers on a Fig-tree.* Why? The pear-shaped body seen early in the year is really the receptacle. Look in at the top, which is not quite closed, and you will see it to be hollowed out, and in its cavity are a number of minute flowers, some bearing stamens only, these being near the top, and more or less in a circle; others contain pistils, and these are spread all over the rest of the cavity; they finally become one-seeded fruits, not unlike little Achenes; their floral envelopes do not, like those of Mulberry, become juicy, but the thick hollow receptacle does, and we eat this along with the contained fruits, erroneously called 'seeds.' The pistils are 'fertilized,' not by the wind carrying the 'pollen' from the stamens to them (for they are sheltered from all wind or storm), but by tiny insects crawling in through the opening and carrying the pollen with them as they brush by the upper staminate flowers in their progress down into the cavity in search of 'honey.' The fact is that in all probability we devour not only the receptacle and fruits, but a fair proportion of 'transformed' insects also, in the Fig. The Fig receptacle is not unlike the hollow rose 'hip,' only in that case we found the receptacle of only one flower containing the achenes; while in Fig we find that it holds a great number of flowers, whose fruits are part of the food. Just as the Hip is different from Strawberry in having its achenes in a cavity instead of an enlarged convex mass of receptacle, so Fig differs from Mulberry in having its many fruits in a cavity instead of in a convex 'heap.'

We have now completed our study of the common fruits, not, I hope, without interest and profit to us all. I would close with two recommendations: *First*, write out in tabular form, something like a genealogical tree of the House of Tudor or Stuart, all the italicized heads and divisions of our 'study,' placing the examples under each as they come. *Secondly*, examine all the fruits named as they come to hand, and begin at once with those found on the dessert-table at Christmas, finishing with those that present themselves during the coming summer. Do not pass any one of them over until it be thoroughly mastered and understood.

H. W. S. WORSLEY-BENISON.

CHRIST OUR HEAD.—As a man swimming in deep waters is never in danger of drowning so long as his head continueth above the water, so though you swim in deep seas of dangerous temptation, yet you are sure and secure, because Christ Jesus our Head is still above all our trouble, and, therefore, able to draw His members to the shore of *salvation* without peril of salvation.—*Greenham.*

A VIGNETTE.

> 'The good-night blush of eve was waning slow,
> And Vesper, risen star, began to throe
> In the dusk heavens silvery.'
>
> *Endymion.*

STANDING on the deck of a St. Lawrence steamer, here moored to the wooden pier of the Canadian hamlet of Valley Field, on the river's broad reach known as Lake St. Francis, one can look out on as fair a scene of simple sweetness as poet or artist may desire. Along the river-bank, half hidden by the luxuriant maples and chestnut-trees, are little white houses, picturesque in dormers on their roofs, green jalousies to the windows, and cool verandas around the sides. A little beyond, rising above the foliage, can be seen the chapel bell-cote, the twined columns, pinnacles and octagonal spires of which glisten like silver in the light of the setting sun. Turning river-ward, the broad expanse is like a sheet of glass, across which the descending sun casts a trail of golden splendour; or like a mirror in which the pale new moon, the orange-tint, the pale green, and the blue of the sky are reflected, in all their brilliant purity; and the trees, the canoes of the moccasined Indians, and the scattered white 'frame' houses are duplicated: and never a breath of wind to ruffle the placid bosom of the lake, or to distort, by its play upon the surface of the water, the clear forms pictured there inverted. Over the village comes from the chapel the soft, broken music of the vesper hymn.

The pier itself is a busy scene. Stalwart labourers, like a string of ants, are going and coming, bringing 'cord-wood' fuel for the steamer's engines—engines which are to propel that huge combination of hotel and warehouse, with its motley human freight and ocean-come merchandise, westward to the vast regions of Ontario, the American Lakes, Fort Garry, and the prairie wilds of the great North-West. Idlers too are there—Canadians in home-spun, immigrants from England, Ireland, and Scandinavia, laughing girls chatting in seventeenth century French, an Indian pilot, sailors, and store-keepers. Among the idlers is a young English lad fresh from the 'Old Country.' He shows by his demeanour that he is what is called one of gentle birth and of superior culture; but manly withal is he. Not an effeminate lad, but one to whom circumstance has brought, happily for him, some little stoicism. Stoicism! Some little; but Christian rather than Pagan; and a sweetness fills his heart as a little maiden, walking in an umbrageous garden hard by, sings over and over again the prayer which she says she loves to address to the loving Father—the prayer for

the filial heart, for the heavenly kingdom on earth, and for deliverance from evil. She sings:

> 'J'aime à lui dire : O notre Père,
> Donne-nous un cœur filial ;
> Comme aux cieux sois aimé sur terre,
> Et délivre-nous de tout mal.'

An evidently well-to-do gentleman moves among the crowd as if in search of workmen, but the special object of his attention is the enraptured lad whose thoughts on the wings of pious song, albeit song in a foreign tongue, have gone across the great ocean to a little home in a town in Devon. Coming to some labourers, Irish, English and Scotch, standing near the lad, the gentleman says:

'Anyone here who can lend a hand to unload a coal-barge ?'

Slow of thought, and over-expectant as to the labour-demands of the New World, the newly-arrived Bœotians scarcely more than mutter:

'What's the pay ?'

But the lad, quickly rousing himself, steps forward and says:

'I will, sir; or at least I should like to try.'

'You,' the senior says, as if astonished; and then, with a kindly smile and some wittiness, continues, 'Nay, nay, lad; emeralds in scarves don't go well with "black diamonds."'

Oh, how the blood rushes to the youth's face! It sends a pang to us here, being so visible even at the distance of the steamer's deck from the landing-stage. The lip quivers, there is a dimmed eye, and there is one only heave of the breast, and then he again is calm and self-possessed. The emerald is set in a lady's ring—the last parting gift of the mother back yonder in the Damnonian land, in the little town between the heathery moor and the sea. There was a time when the gentleman himself was a poor and friendless immigrant on that wooden stage beside the great river.

'Just like me,' he mutters to himself; 'too rough, too rough! Might have known that he had a good heart, or he wouldn't have had the pluck to attempt a job like that.' And for a moment the setting sun is misty in the old man's gaze. Then he turns cheerily to the youth, saying, as he pats his shoulder:

'Never mind, laddie—been through it all myself. I've no coals for such as you to carry, but I do want an honest lad for a book-keeper. I only wanted to see what you were made of. Come along with me, and I'll make a man of you.'

Beyond the landing-stage runs the village street. Standing waiting is a 'buggy,' a high-wheeled spiderish sort of a gig, to which is attached a thorough-bred fast trotter with scantiest of harness. The reins hang loose over the splash-board. The gentle-

man and his new acquaintance walk up the stage, the latter shouldering a portmanteau, and approach the 'buggy.' They mount, and then, as the gentleman tightens the reins, the well-trained animal breaks into the swing of a long-stride trot. Below the pines and maples to the westward the sun sinks, and suddenly there is darkness, saving the light of the risen stars silvery in the dusk heavens.

* * * * * *

In future days that same 'buggy' and fast-trotter will come again, but driven by the English immigrant. By his side will be seen an English maiden born on the Canadian soil, and on her small white hand will gleam verdant—an emerald.

'Proofs after letters' of this vignette, may bear the legend—

'AN EMERALD AND BLACK DIAMONDS.'

SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

IN MEMORIAM: THE REV. WM. REES, D.D.

ON Tuesday, November 13, a funeral of a somewhat extraordinary character was commenced in Chester, and ended in Liverpool. In the former city the Mayor and other leading citizens attended it; while in Liverpool, ministers of every section of the Christian Church, M.P.'s, and the local leaders in religious, social, and political movements, gathered, with thousands from all parts of Wales, around the grave of the Rev. William Rees.

Though not so well known in England as the esteemed Dr. Thos. Rees, of Swansea, whose admirable 'History of Nonconformity' was recently reviewed in this Magazine, Dr. William Rees' is a household name in Wales, where for more than half a century he exercised a greater influence for good than any other of his fellow-countrymen.

Dr. Rees was born on November 8th, 1802, and thus was eighty-one years of age when he breathed his last in Chester on the 8th of November, 1883. He was the son of a small farmer, and in early life 'tended his father's flock.' The shepherd's life furnished him with countless illustrations, and in the twenty-third Psalm he found a meaning which others did not find. Some of his earliest and raciest contributions to the Welsh press were signed 'Yr Hen Ffarmwr' ('The Old Farmer').

His birthplace was the parish of Llansannan, in Denbighshire, renowned in connection with many famous Welshmen. When three years of age he lost the use of his right eye, in consequence of a severe attack of small-pox.

His parents were Calvinistic Methodists, and one of his brothers, Henry, was a leading minister of that communion; but in early life William Rees became a Congregationalist, and was in 1832 ordained at Mostyn, his brother delivering the ordination charge. In 1837 he removed to Denbigh, and in May, 1843, to Liverpool, where he laboured most successfully in word and deed until 1875, when he resigned. He then removed to Chester, where one of his sons ministers as pastor of Albion (Welsh) Congregational Church.

One who knew him well says that as 'poet, preacher, lecturer, and writer, Dr. Rees many years ago took his place in the front rank of prominent Welshmen. He was nothing if not a poet. His sermons, his essays, his lectures—indeed, all his prose writings—were replete with fancy and imagination. Long will his lectures on "Williams, Pantycelyn," "Martin Luther," and others be remembered; longer far will his "Aelwyd F'ewyrth Robert" be read; and as to his epic poem "Emmanuel," it will co-exist with the Welsh language itself.' In fact, it is said that the latter has been adopted as a text-book of Welsh literature in some of the Continental universities.

The end came somewhat suddenly. On the 21st of October he preached with remarkable vigour to crowded congregations in the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Fitzclarence Street, Liverpool. But he overtaxed his energies, for on his return home he was taken ill, and, after a few days of suffering, passed to the rest remaining to the people of God. By a remarkable coincidence the last text from which he preached was found in the closing verses of the 72nd Psalm: 'And blessed be His glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen and amen. *The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended.*'

All Wales mourns his loss. He loved his country with an intense love, and delighted to see her success. He was a Protestant of the Protestants, hating not merely Romanism, but its very spirit. When the Jesuits a few years ago settled in Wales after their expulsion from France, he was profoundly grieved, believing the prosperity of his fatherland to be intimately connected with her unbroken attachment to the principles of true Protestantism.

He is gone, and with him the noblest of his race. May He Who gave his gifted spirit to Wales, and Who has now taken it back, send others to carry on the work he did so well!

'God of our fathers! come again
And fill the world with light,
Help us to bear the sacred pain
Of waiting through the night.'

D. Burford Hooke.

PRACTICAL COUNSELS.

Reserve Forces.

IMPORTANT as these are to a nation, let us remember that there are other reserve forces. Physical energy, in all its latent power, may be foolishly whipped out by stimulants. Mental reserves are needful for the preacher and the writer, lest repetition takes the place of fresh thoughts. Moral and spiritual reserves, secured by prayer and meditation, are needful if, when the hour of test comes, we are in action to come off more than conquerors, or in submission to endure as seeing Him Who is invisible.

Little Brooks.

If the rivulets dry up, what will the broad streams do? And if the little feeders of faith and charity are neglected, we need not wonder that the lake of the heart is emptied of its grace and blessing. Guard, therefore, the springs of life, and the river will take care of itself.

A Faithful Friend

Is above price, if he is brave enough to treat us with honest counsel and wise rebuke. Johnson says, 'Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain; or they are interested, and fearful to offend.'

Loquacity.

We were once at a professor's tea-table, where one gentleman did all the talking. Ben Jonson says,

> 'Such a hail of words
> He has let fall.'

Our quotation is not quite exact. I remember it is 'she,' not 'he,' in Jonson.

> 'Oh, rid me of this torture quickly, then,
> My madam with the everlasting voice;
> The bells in time of pestilence ne'er made
> Like noise as was in that perpetual motion.'

Loquacity is—vanity.

Nicknames.

There is no practice more common or more cruel—not only in the little schoolboy world, but in the larger schoolhouse of life—than the giving of nicknames. Branding a slave is horrible, because it cannot be blotted out. So is this practice of which I speak. Zimmerman says, 'A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts for ever.' And Haliburton says, 'Nicknames stick to people, and the most ridiculous are the most adhesive.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

A POPULAR COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Illustrated. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

The contributors to this volume decide its value. In Vol. I. we have Professor Philip Schaff, D.D., and Professor B. Riddle, D.D. In Vol. II., Professor William Milligan, D.D., of Aberdeen University; Professor William F. Moulton, D.D., Cambridge; S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester; and Canon Donald Spence. In Vol. III., Philip Schaff, D.D.; J. Rawson Lumby, D.D.; Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Cambridge; Marcus Dodds, D.D., Glasgow; the Very Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D.; J. Oswald Dykes, D.D.; David Brown, D.D., and others. And in Vol. IV., Professor Joseph Angus, D.D.; P. J. Gloag, D.D.; Professor S. D. F. Salmon, D.D.; Professor William B. Pope, D.D.; Professor William Milligan, D.D. Maps and plans are provided by Professor Arnold Guyot, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Geology and Physical Geography in Princeton, New York, with admirable illustrations by Rev. William Thomson, DD., late of Beirät, Syria, and William H. Thomson, M.D., New York.

What more need we add. Well printed on good strong paper, it contains erudition and argument with instruction of the highest order. Evangelical and earnest, it hangs no gossamer bridges over difficult places, but treats all theological questions with depth of thought and fairness of exegesis. We can but give it our warmest word of commendation. No New Testament student's library is complete without it.

THE LORD'S PRAYER: A PRACTICAL MEDITATION. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

Mr. Hall says in his introduction: 'The quarry, however diligently worked, is inexhaustible, but its most valuable treasures are most readily found and are public property.' There is considerable freshness in the style of treatment, however; and on page 9, where Mr. Hall is discussing the question 'No place for Prayer in the realm of Law,' we have an illustration of his own practical and forceful style, possessing all its early simplicity and strength: 'It is alleged that all existing things are subject to definite forces which operate uniformly and irresistibly, so that prayer can have no influence in bringing to pass any desired event. But among natural forces that of will cannot be omitted. It is one of the chief motive-powers on the earth. It is the force of which we know most, because we know it by our own consciousness. By our will we can influence that of others through instruction and persuasion, and prompt them to set in motion a train of physical causation which may bring to pass events otherwise impossible. I may by personal influence (call it prayer) induce the crew of a lifeboat to save shipwrecked seamen whom otherwise the waves of natural law would destroy. I may by persuasion (prayer) induce a physician to go to a man seemingly at death's door, and he, not by miracle but by working within the sphere of law, may save a life which otherwise by physical law would have been the victim of disease. Shall the uniform working of natural law be consistent with the exercise of freedom on my part, and not with that freedom on God's part?' Then follows a chapter on Christ's authority for prayer. Truly, the interest in the Lord's prayer is, as Mr. Hall says, 'ever new;' and we heartily commend this able as well as earnest, exegetical as well as spiritual, volume to all our readers.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. By HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The author says, 'Science is tired of reconciliations between two things which should never have been contrasted.' And again, 'The critics have rightly discovered that in most cases where science is either pitted against religion or fused with it, there is some fatal misconception to begin with as to the scope and province of either.' The question ably discussed in these pages is this: 'Is there not reason to believe that many of the laws of the spiritual world, hitherto regarded as occupying an entirely separate province, are simply the laws of the natural world?' The end which the author reaches as a Christian thinker may be expressed in the words of Bacon: 'This I dare affirm in the knowledge of Nature, that a little natural philosophy, and the first entrance into it, doth dispose the opinion to Atheism; but on the other side, much natural philosophy, and wading deep into it, will bring about new minds to religion.' The author who on week days has lectured to a class of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience consisting for the most part of working-men, on subjects of a moral and religious character, is thoroughly furnished for the task. There is nothing halting in his argument, nor confused in his thought. We are not able to agree with him on every page, but the work is that of an original thinker, and he has certainly a fair claim to be treated as one who does not give simply 'a scientific colouring to religion,' but as showing 'a deeper analogy between the two kingdoms than the analogy of their phenomena.' The time will come, the author thinks, when we shall be able to offer to men 'a truly scientific theology.' Whether that prophecy be true or not, we can at all events give Mr. Drummond high praise for his endeavour to bring in that era. The volume has reached a 'fourth thousand,' which is a better recommendation to the reader than any criticism of ours.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WILLIAM M. THAYER, author of 'From Log Cabin to White House.' London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A story well told, an analysis of character carefully studied, and a noble stimulus for young life. Fathers, give it to your boys.

HANDBOOK OF SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES. By REV. ROBERT TUCK, B.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

We have had occasion to comment upon the remarkably feeble and unsuggestive style of writing provided as a rule for Bible-classes and Sunday-school 'aids' in general. A magnificent work, it is as yet more poorly occupied than any other sphere we know. The 'Sunday School Notes,' for instance, are about the dullest of such productions we ever take up. This volume is a very considerable improvement. Several of the addresses *are* suggestive and likely to interest children; others of them have no speciality for children in them, but are ordinary week-day sermon sketches with a too manneristic method. But the author has done well, and has it in him evidently to do a great deal better. Mr. Waugh stands first in the list of those able to write for children; and as it is most difficult work, it requires the best minds amongst us to undertake the work, for the task is not ordinary but extraordinary. And at the risk of repeating our criticisms, we shall renew our protests against much Sunday-school literature, as manifestly and sadly below the mark, till we stir them up to secure the ablest minds for the noblest of all works.

STEPHEN, M.D. By the author of the 'Wide Wide World.' London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

The 'Wide Wide World' was wide wide wordy, but certainly from its fine tone and feeling secured a large circulation. In our judgment this is a better story, and whilst treating of coloured people, has many a good moral in it for us all.

KATHLEEN. By AGNES GIBERNE. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

Beginning with 'Shadows in the Home,' and ending with 'Desire Granted,' this little narrative has a good deal of power and pathos in it.

GUDRUN BEOWULF, AND THE DEATH OF ROWLAND, and other Mediæval Tales. By JOHN GIBB. 2nd edition, with twenty illustrations. T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster Square.

Quaint and interesting enough, the stories being taken from poems which are 'among the earliest remaining of the three greatest nations of Europe—the Germans, the English, and the French.' The concluding chapter is rich in information, containing the history and character of the original poems. The illustrations are excellent.

THE HOUSE BY THE WORKS. By EDWARD GARRETT. Same publishers.

That a third and cheaper edition of this volume should be called for is sufficient testimony to its power and popularity. The dedication is to A. E. R., 'who knows that all lost coins bear the king's image, and are worthy to be sought for and rejoiced over when found.' There is much that is inspirational in the book, and some of the delineations of character are really able, which is saying a good deal for ordinary modern fiction.

NOBLE, BUT NOT THE NOBLEST. By MARIE HALL. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

We may say of this volume that the heading of the last chapter is the spirit of the book, 'At the foot of the Cross.' The authoress is well known by 'The Sculptor of Bruges,' and other volumes. The story will interest, and the earnest Christian tone of it cannot fail to do good. We are a little amused at the headings of the chapters, with extracts from St. Anthony, St. Nilus, St. Paulinus. May we ask who keeps for Protestants the calendar of *the Saints?*

FOOTPRINTS: NATURE SEEN ON ITS HUMAN SIDE. By SARAH TYTLER. With one hundred and twenty-five illustrations. 2nd edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

This is a charming little volume; the illustrations are artistic in the best sense, Rydal Water on the opening page being worthy of preservation for delicacy of line. Sky, Clouds, Mountains, Hills, Moors, Rivers, Lochs, Brooks, Sea and Shore, Gardens and Woods, are all treated by her with touches of pleasant narrative, scientific gossip, and pithy description. Easy to take up, this volume is difficult to put down.

HEROIC ADVENTURE: CHAPTERS IN RECENT EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY. With illustrations. 2nd edition. Same publishers.

These kind of volumes are often described as capital books for boys; we do not know why girls may not be as discovery-loving as boys. This would not make a bad school-book. Why are not some of this sort oftener used in schools? The chapter on Arctic Sledging Experiences is very thrilling—we use the word for once, though we wish to avoid the American satirist's criticism in the matter of heroic enterprise, viz., 'We don't want *truth;* we want *thrill.*' It is a compilation.

THE DOCTRINE OF SACRED SCRIPTURE: a Critical, Historical, and Dogmatic Inquiry into the Origin and Nature of the Old and New Testaments. By GEORGE T. LADD, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Yale College. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

Full of enterprise indeed are these publishers, and richly do their endeavours to supply the needs of the scholarly and the studious deserve success. In these excellently-printed volumes of 750 pages each we have elaborately discussed the following questions: The nature of Old Testament Scripture as determined by the teaching of Christ; the claims of the Old Testament in general, and of Mosaism in particular; the claims for the Old Testament by the writers of the New; the claims for the New Testament by its own writers. Then in the second part: The doctrine of sacred Scripture as related to the scientific contents of the Bible—as related to the miraculous contents of the Bible—as related to the historical contents of the Bible—as related to the predictive contents of the Bible—as related to the history of the canon—as related to the text of the Bible, etc. The last heading, for instance, deals with the Talmudic era, the Masoretic text, the Septuagint, the Samaritan Pentateuch, the pre-Exilian text, the nature of the early New Testament manuscripts. A review of the twelve pages describing in separate lines the contents of these elaborate volumes is quite sufficient to show that in its Mental and Moral Philosophy Professor, Yale College possesses one of the most thorough and able scholars of the day—one whose style is remarkably clear and whose opinions are frankly stated. In these we do not always concur—we think that here and there the professor leaves room for too much freedom of thought; but in the main we must take his own words in the introduction as honourably indicative of his position: 'Our attitude towards the Bible is, from the beginning to the close of the investigation, that of believers in the reality of the supernatural, and in the historic fact of a supernatural progress of redemption.' Of course we have in our libraries volumes treating of the 'text' and the 'canon' and other matters considered here; but the magnitude of the task Dr. Ladd has set himself includes an exhaustive treatment of the entire doctrine of the sacred Scriptures.

SERMONS AND EXPOSITIONS. By REV. DR. THOMAS DAVIES. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

There are some quietly suggestive sermons—some exceedingly useful ones, and others full of wholesome Christian counsel and comfort in this volume. Exposition is a too much neglected aspect of the Christian ministry, and we are always glad to commend any volume that is occupied with it. Local preachers will find this a useful book.

DUSTY DIAMONDS CUT AND POLISHED. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. A tale of City-Arab life and adventure, with illustrations. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

An exceedingly fresh, well-written, well-got-up volume. The interest in the story is varied, and kept up well to the close. It is a capital Christmas gift-book.

THE LAW OF JEHOVAH: LECTURES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By JAMES MATTHEW, B.D. Same publishers.

Excellent expositions, and, as we believe, much-needed ones too; the last chapter being on 'Christ's Fulfilment of the Law.' Never was there an age when such studies were more needed. It is true that we may have morality without spirituality, but we *cannot have* spirituality without morality.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS AND SAYINGS. By a Presbyter of the Church of England. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

Extracts of prose and poetry under alphabetical headings. Well chosen, without too great 'muchness' in the extracts; pithy, useful and spiritual. The author quotes Virgil, who says: 'I find in some neglected authors particular things not elsewhere to be found.'

STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By ALEXANDER MAIR, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

Dr. Mair treats of 'Christianity and Physical Science;' 'Intellectual Difficulties in Religion,' 'Revelation and Inspiration;' 'The Unique Personality of Christ;' 'The Christian Miracles;' 'The Unquestioned Epistles of Paul.' The volume, we are told, is 'not written for professional students or scientific men, though it is hoped that even readers of this class may not find it uninteresting, but for that section of our intellectual church-members whose minds have been brought into contact with religious doubts and difficulties.' Verily the age in which we live is bringing forth a noble army of valiant defenders of the great Christian citadel, which 'lieth four square.' All that we need say therefore of this volume is, that it is one of the very best we have perused on the subjects herein treated of.

JACOB ABBOTT'S STORIES. Four volumes. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

Four capital stories, with choice illustrations and good print and paper, with artistic covers; as nice a gift for a child-party of little folks at Christmas as can be secured.

PRIZE SERMONS ON THE SABBATH. (Being twenty sermons awarded a prize of ten pounds each.) London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A most complete defence of the Sabbath. 'Many men, many minds;' but all the minds here are *at one* in their diversified treatment of this great subject. It ought to be consulted by thousands.

'AMONG THE OLIVES.' Same publishers.

A little 'allegory' of the Bible Readers.

TYNE CHYLDE. By REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. London: Richard Clarke, 9, Plumtree Court, Farringdon Street.

The little piece of autobiography which precedes some of the sermons is full of poetic power and sweet simple reminiscences of days long gone by. It awakens smiles and tears, so exceedingly realistic is it as a narrative of early life, like a landscape bathed in the colour and atmosphere of the westering sun. Not that we mean the doctor is in the 'autumn' yet of his life and ministry, but that there is an 'Auld langsyne' style about it which is very charming and interesting reading. We mentioned the 'sermons' which follow, but they are Gospel parables, etc., full of light and life, including 'Job's Comforters, or Scientific Sympathy;' 'Two-Sidedness;' 'Moral Jugglery;' 'Self-Healing'; 'Pleasures of Wickedness;' and 'a brief and almost elementary statement of Dr. Parker's own relation to the Bible.'

We need scarcely add that the volume is full of intellectual power and the suggestions of a fine Christian imagination, whilst it touches the heart, searches the conscience, and helps to build up the life. For a brief period it is to be had for half-price, that is, for four shillings instead of eight shillings, on direct application to the publishers, or by post sevenpence extra. Dr. Parker entitles the volume 'A Book of Parables, Recollections, Visions, and Sermons.'

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL, 1883. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet Street.

The very best four shillings' worth for children we ever met with. The illustrations are really artistic, and the matter is bright and good.

THE ABBEY MILL. BY. J. E. WORBOISE. Same publishers.

A most interesting story, full of pleasant surprises, and of dear household pictures of love and duty. One of her best productions.

ANECDOTES OF LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

The lecturers on Luther at this season will find this a choice collection, and it will be a good book to reinforce Protestant sentiment in our homes.

CELEBRATED DUNCES. By TOM BROWN. London: Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

This is a fairly good attempt at novel treatment of the idea that the early dunce may triumph over juvenile dulness. It is slightly humourous to read (pp. 1 and 3) of the dunce who became a baronet, and the dunce who became an M.P., for such things *have* happened; but here we have dunces who became—a great commander, academician, surgeon, naturalist, etc.

AN UNWRITTEN RECORD. By JAMES CROWTHER. Same publishers.

An admirable book for the young, on the earth's surface, a ramble in a chalk-bed, corals and coral reefs, etc. The volume is highly educative, and capitally illustrated.

DENNY; OR FROM HAVEN TO HAVEN. By ANNIE GRAY.

A tale full of true Christian power and pathos.

YOUNG ENGLAND: a Magazine for Young People. London: 56, Old Bailey.

These are halcyon times for little people, we feel it almost impossible to go back in thought even to half a century ago, when the 'Peep of Day' and 'Line upon Line' filled up the child library. Here is another excellent magazine for the young, with a coloured picture as frontispiece, and many illustrations, and brief stories, sermons, and songs.

THE ATONEMENT: a Clerical Symposium on What is the Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement? By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, PRINCIPAL RAINY, CANON LITTLEDALE, and others. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

This is a volume that will be deeply interesting to the theological student. We are not, however, disposed to think it a wise thing to present before the minds of the young the sacred subject of the Atonement as a matter of debate, and therefore we shall be truest to our judgment when we say that this volume will be interesting and useful to those who are well grounded and settled in the faith.

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THE Managers of the *Evangelical Magazine* acknowledge, with thanks, the following Sacramental Collections, in aid of the 'Widows' Fund':

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INDEX.

PAGE

A.

Acknowledgments... ...60, 92, 123, 261
Africa, Central—Mirambo in a New Character, 16; Religion (*with Engraving*), 21, 46; The Comet as seen in, 41; Steamer *Good News*, 58, 67, 348 (*with Engraving and Map*); Arrival of Life-boat at Ujiji, 151; Launch of Life-boat (*with Engraving*), 403; Legends, 251; Barbarism 327
Anniversary Services (*see* London Missionary Society).

B.

Bacon, Rev. J. R., Cuddapah, Letter from, 27; Report of 249
Bangalore, Work in the District... 322
Basutoland, Notices of Mission... 108
Bechwanaland, Batlaping Mission at Taung (*with Map*), 68; Letter to Dutch Reformed Church..... 417
Bellary, Review of Work in Bookapatnam 272
Beswick, Rev. T., New Guinea, Death of 394
Births, Announcement of ...29, 58, 91, 123, 150, 258, 328, 362, 393, 425
Bliss, Miss, Return to Madagascar, 258; Movements of 392
Boudfield, Rev. G. H., Ordination of, 328; Departure for Amoy... 362
Books on Missions and Mission Lands—"Among the Mongols," by Rev. James Gilmour, M.A., 149; "Outline Missionary Series," 150; "Through Siberia," by Henry Lansdell (D.D., F.R.G.S.), 255; "Native Life in Travancore," by Rev. S. Mateer, F.L.S. 424
Briggs, Rev. B., Madagascar, Arrival in England..... .....367, 393
Bryson, Rev. T., Wuchang, Arrival in England 123
Buddhists, How They Pray (*with Engraving*) 139
Bulloch, Rev. G. M., Benares, Arrival in England, 150; "The Salvation Army in North-West India" 244
Burmah, Influence of a Tract 5

C.

Calcutta, Missionary Conference at (*with Engraving*), 99, 137; The Written Word 308
Cape Colony, Material Progress in 20
Cape Comorin (*with Engraving*)... 43
Carnegie, Rev. D., Hope Fountain, Letter from..... 319
Chalmers, Rev. Jas., New Guinea, "A Faithful Native," 57; "First Weeks at South Cape" 142.
Chalmers, Rev. John (M.A., LL.D.), Return to Hong Kong 91
Chatterjea, Babu Tin Kari, Calcutta, Ordination of 79
China, Incense in, 6; The Women of—Christians, 85; Workers, 242; A Pleasant Voyage, 88; Education 117

PAGE

China, North, Trades of—The Itinerant Toy-seller (*with Engraving*) 106
Chronicle, Payment for, 30; Postage on, 31; Free Circulation of 260, 292
Church Missionary Society, Resolution on Death of Rev. Dr. Moffat 347
Clark, Rev. T. H., Jamaica, Arrival in England 258
Cocoa-nut Palm, The (*with Engraving*) 314
Colborne, Rev. Philip, Departure for West Indies, 90, 91; Return to England 258
Coles, Rev. J. B., Bellary, "Higher Education in India" 258
Contributions, General, 32, 62, 95, 126, 158, 263, 294, 329, 364, 395, 427
Cooper, Rev. E. V., Huahine, Letter from 351
Copplestone, Mr. A. J., Uyui, Letter from 41
Cousins, Rev. George, Madagascar, Arrival in England, 367, 393; Speech at Exeter Hall 368
Cousins, Rev. W. E., Madagascar, Letter from 337
Craven, Miss Edith, Departure for Madagascar, 258; Transference to Calcutta 392
Cuddapah, The Gospel received gladly, 27; Report of the Mission (*with Engraving*), 249; An Opening Day 411

D.

Davies, Rev. S. H., Savaii, Letter from 361
Deaths, Announcement of 258
Demerara, Providence Church ... 254
Deputation to India, China, &c., 30; Visit to Nagercoil (*with Engravings*), 71; Return to England of Mr. Albert Spicer, 148, 150
Dineen, Rev. J. H., Central Africa, Death of 425
Dudgeon, Mrs., Peking, Arrival in England 291

E.

Edge, Rev. J. C., Hong Kong, Arrival in England, 291; "Missionary Work in Hong Kong" 413
Elliott, Rev. W. A., Inyati, Letter from 121
Elliott, Mrs., Cape Town, Death of 363
Elliott, Miss, Departure for Trevandrum 29
Emlyn, Mrs., Pareychaley, Death of 29

G.

Gaze, Rev. A. R., Cuddapah, Letters from 250, 411
Gill, Mrs. W. Wyatt, Rarotonga, Death of 393
Gilmour, Rev. Jas., M.A., Peking, "Incense in China," 6; "Trades of North China," 106; "How Buddhists Pray," 139; "Among the Mongols," 149; Speech at Exeter Hall, 226; Return to China 362
Girdlestone, Rev. Canon, Speech at Exeter Hall 212
"*Good News*" Steamer (*with Engraving and Map*) 58, 67, 348
Gooty, Report of the Mission (*with Engraving*) 354
Gould, Mr. A. J., Kuruman Letter from 20
Green, Rev. J. L., Tahiti, "Early History of Mission," 53; "Final Struggle Between Christianity

PAGE

and Heathenism," 267; "Moorea, or Eimeo," 131; "Afat, a Christian Chinaman" 270
Griffith, Rev. W., Uguha, "Barbarism in Central Africa" 327
Griffiths, Mrs., formerly of Madagascar, Death of..... 291

H.

Hadfield, Rev. Jas., Uvea, Report of..... 408
Hankow, Report of the Mission ... 284
Hay, Rev. John, Return to Vizagapatam 29
Hong Kong, Missionary Work in (*with Engraving*) 413
Hoole, Rev. Elijah, "The Temple at Seringham" 3
Hore, Capt., "Launch of Lifeboat, 'Morning Star'" 403
Hore, Mrs., Central Africa, Arrival in England 58
Houlder, Rev. J. A., Return to Madagascar, 258; Movements of 392
Hubbard, Mr. Alexander, Appointed Deputation to West Indies, 90; Departure for Demerara, 91; Return to England, 258; Speech at Exeter Hall 368
Hutchison, Rev. H. A. (B.Sc.), Coimbatoor, Arrival in England 258
Hutley, Mr. W., Uguha, "The Religion of Central Africa," 21, 46; "Legends" 251

I.

India, Deputation to, 30, 71, 148, 150; Higher Education in 253
India, North-west, The Salvation Army in 244

PAGE

India, South, Superstition in 48
India, Burma, and Ceylon, Statistics of Protestant Missions, 102; Resolution of Conference 137

J.

Japanese, Characteristics of the ... 241
John, Rev. Griffith, Hankow, "Report of the Mission" 284
John, Mrs. Griffith, Hankow, Arrival in England, 150; Return to China..... 362
John Williams, Arrival in Sydney, 92; Visit to Melbourne; Return to and Departure from Sydney 292

K.

Ketley, Rev. Joseph, Demerara, "Providence Church" 254
Kuruman, Educational Work at (*with Engraving*), 81; Appeal for Moffat Institution..... 395, 425

L.

Lansdell, Rev. H. (D.D., F.R.G.S.), "Through Siberia" 255
Lawes, Rev. F. E., Niue, Letter from..... 410
Lawes, Rev. W. G., New Guinea, "Report of South Eastern Branch"..... 309
Lawrence, Rev. W. N., Ordination of..... 291
Lees, Rev. Jonathan, Tientsin, Letter from..... 25
Letters from Missionaries, List of 31, 59, 92, 123, 150, 260, 293, 328, 363, 425

PAGE

Lewis, Rev. E., Bellary, "Review of Work in Bookapatnam" 272
London Missionary Society—Announcement of Anniversary Services, 124, 152; Anniversary Services, 161; Annual Meeting in Exeter Hall, 162; Selections from Report, 162; Chairman's Address, 195; Speeches, 198; Anniversary Collections, 262, 293; Correction in Report, 363; Welcome to Madagascar Missionaries at Exeter Hall, 367; Liberality 425
Loyalty Islands, Uvea (*with Engraving*) 408

M.

Mabille, Mons., Basutoland, Letter from..... 108
Macfarlane, Rev. S., New Guinea, "The Western Mission," 245; "Journal of Voyage to Eastern Branch"..... 357
Mackenzie, Rev. John, Kuruman, "Educational Work," 81; Speech at Exeter Hall 205
Mackenzie, Dr. J. K., Tientsin, Arrival in England, 91; Return to China 328
McLaren, Rev. S. G., M.A., Tokio, "Characteristics of Japanese" 241
McMicking, Miss, Return to Calcutta 393
Madagascar—Its Claim on Christians at the Present Crisis, 12; The Betsimisaraka Country (*with Engravings*), 35, 109; The Drink Traffic, 77; Prayer for, 122; Native Prayer-Meeting, 146; Notes of a Journey to Mandritsara and Anonibe (*with Engravings*), 235, 303; Missionaries and Slavery, 281; Recent Events and Present Duty, 288; Detention of Missionaries, 292; Return of the Embassy, 292; Digest of Information, 297; Position of Affairs at Tamatave, 320; Arrest and Imprisonment of Mr. Shaw, 320; The Present Situation, 335; Release of Mr. Shaw, 335; Death of Queen Ranavalona II. (*with Engraving*), 337; Accession of Ranavalona III., 338; Meeting at Exeter Hall (*with Engravings*)..... 367
Marriages, Announcement of... 58, 123, 362, 393, 425
Marris, Misses Ada and Rose, Departure for North India 29
Mason, Rev. Joseph, Cuddapah, Report of..... 249
Matabele Country, Encouragements, 121; Hope Fountain ... 319
Mateer, Rev. S. (F.L.S.), Trevandrum, "Cape Comorin," 43; "The Cocoa-nut Palm," 314; "Native Life in Travancore"... 424
Maupiti, Opening of New Chapel 351
Mawbey, Rev. Dr., Hankow, Arrival in England 291
Mitchell, Rev. Dr. Murray, Calcutta, Letters from.....99, 137
Moffat, Rev. Robert (D.D.), late of Kuruman, Death of, 328; Memoir of, 341; Resolution of the Board, 346; Resolution of Church Missionary Society, 347; Memorial of 395
Moffat Institution, Appeal for 395, 425
Moorea, or Eimeo, History of the Mission (*with Engraving*) 131
"Morning Star," Arrival at Ujiji, 151; Launch of (*with Engraving*) 403
Moorshedabad, Itinerating in 399
Moss, Rev. C. F., Madagascar, "Notes of a Journey to Mandritsara and Anonibe" 235, 303
Muirhead, Rev. W., Shanghai, "Visit to Nanking," 49; "Encouragements".... 271

PAGE

N.

Nanking, Visit to 49
Newell, Mrs., Savaii, Death of ... 29
New Guinea, A Faithful Native, 57; First Weeks at South Cape (*with Engraving*), 142; The Western Mission, 245; South Eastern Branch (*with Engraving*), 309; Journal of Voyage to Eastern Branch (*with Engraving*) 357
New Year's Offering for Ships ... 423
News of Other Workers—Church Missionary Society, 91, 290; Baptist Missionary Society, 91, 290; American Presbyterian Church 289
Nine, Welcome to a Missionary ... 410

O.

Opium Smoking in England and America (*with Engraving*) 275
Opium Trade, Petition against the 340

P.

Payne, Rev. J. E., Calcutta, Letter from..... 308
Pearse, Mrs., Madagascar, Arrival in England..... 425
Penry, Rev. John, Central Africa, Death of 259
Phillips, Rev. Charles, Samoa, "Outstations" 119
Phillips, Rev. Maurice, Salem, Letter from..... 48
Phillips, Rev. W. B., Berhampore, "Itinerating in Moorshedabad" 399
Piercy, Rev. George, "Opium Smoking in England and America" 275
Polynesian Missions (*with Map*), 17; A Postscript 45
Powell, Rev. T., Samoa, Letter from..... 361
Pritchard, Rev. George, formerly of Tahiti, Death of 258

R.

Ranavalona II., Queen of Madagascar, Death of..... 337
Ranavalona III., Accession of, as Queen of Madagascar 338
Rees, Rev. W. Hopkyn, Dedication Services and Departure for Peking..... 362
Rice, Rev. E. P. (B.A.), Bangalore, "Work in the District" 322
Richardson, Rev. J., Madagascar, Letter from..... 338
Rouse, Rev. G. H., Calcutta, Letter from..... 137
Roxburgh, Mr. James, Departure for Quillimane, 58; Letter from..... 348
Russell, Rev. J. S., Letter from... 30
Russell, Rev. F. A., Ordination of, 292; Departure for Belgaum ... 393

S.

Sadler, Rev. Jas., Amoy, "The Women of China," 85, 242; Letter from..... 88
Samoa, Outstations of (*with Engraving*), 119; Cyclone in ... 361
School for Daughters of Missionaries, Meeting and Breakfast ... 152
Scott, Rev. Harry, Ordination of, 362; Departure for New Guinea 393
Seringham, The Temple at (*with Engraving*) 3
Shaftesbury, Earl (K.G.), Speech at Exeter Hall 195

PAGE

Shanghai, Encouragements in..... 271
Shaw, Mr. G. A., Tamatave, "The Betsimisaraka Country," 35, 109; "The Drink Traffic," 77; Arrest and Imprisonment of, 320; Release of, 335; Arrival in England, 367, 393; Speech at Exeter Hall 378
Shaw, Mrs., Departure for Madagascar, 258; Return to England 367, 393
Sibree, Rev. James, Jun., "Polynesian Missions," 17, 45; Return to Madagascar, 258; Movements of..... 392
Southon, Dr. E. J. (late), Urambo, Letter from..... 16
Spicer, Mr. Albert, Progress in India, 30; Visit to Nagercoil, 71; Return to England, 148, 150; Speech at Exeter Hall ... 216
Statistics of Protestant Missions in India, Burma, and Ceylon 102
Stephenson, Rev. W. W., Gooty, "Report of Mission" 354
Storrow, Rev. E., "India" 150

T.

Tahiti, Early History of Mission (*with Engravings*), 53; Final Struggle between Christianity and Heathenism (*with Engraving*), 267; Afat a Christian Chinaman (*with Portrait*) 270
Thompson, Rev. R. Wardlaw, Progress in India, 30; Visit to Nagercoil 71
Thorne, Mr. J. C., Return to Madagascar, 258; Movements of..... 392

PAGE

Tientsin, Medical Mission in (*with Engraving*)..... 25
Transvaal and Bechwanaland, Letter to Dutch Reformed Church 417
Travancore, Alma Mater remembered 407
Turner, Rev. George (LL.D.), Upolu, Retirement of, 89; Arrival in England 253
Turpie, Captain Roger, *John Williams*, Return to Sydney ... 29

U.

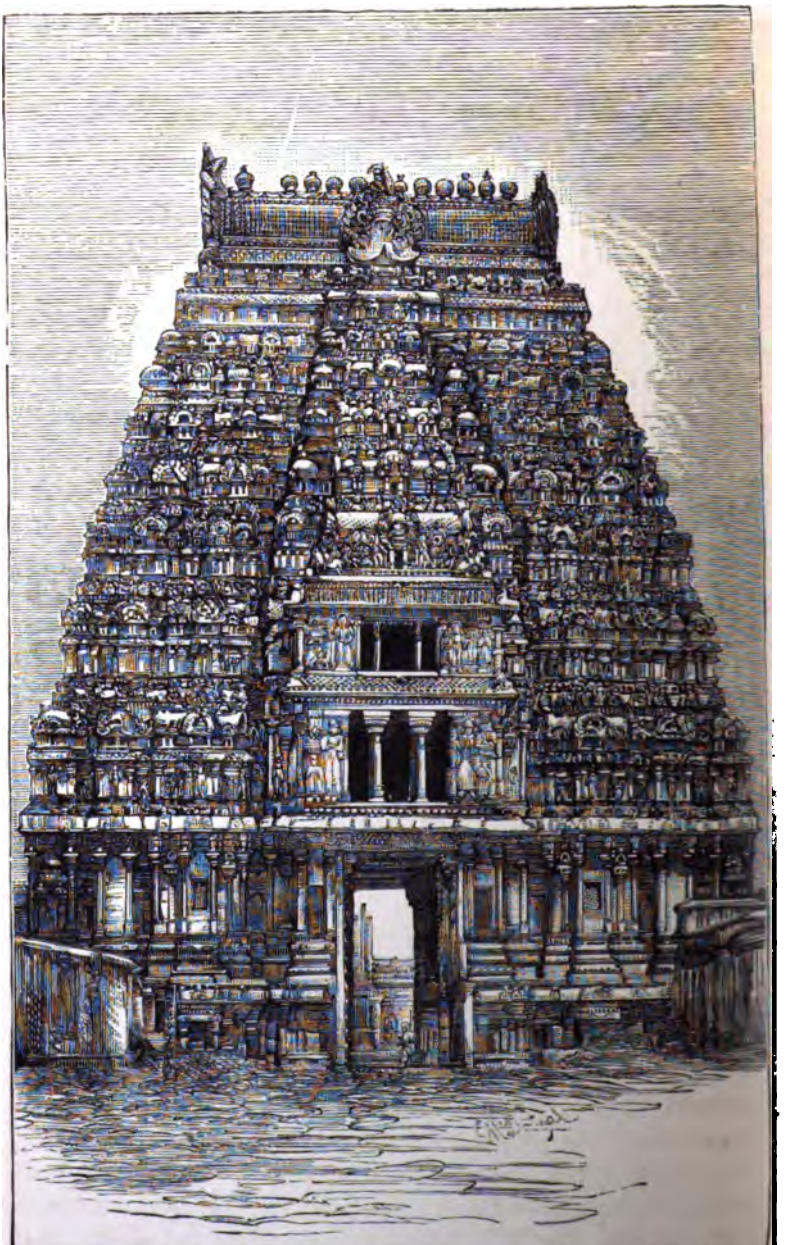
Uvea, Notices of the Mission (*with Engraving*)..... 408

W.

West Indies, Deputation to, 90, 91, 255
White, Rev. Edward, Speech at Exeter Hall 196
Whitehouse, Rev. J. O., "Madagascar—its Present Claims," 12; "Prayer for Madagascar," 122; "Missionaries and Slavery," 281; "Recent Events and Present Duty," 288; "Position of Affairs at Tamatave," 320; "The Late Rev. Dr. Moffat" 341
Widows and Orphans and Aged Missionaries' Offering 28, 59, 61 93, 125, 157, 232, 422
Willoughby, Rev. W. C., Urambo, Arrival in England 393
Wilson, Rev. W. H., Ordination of 393

ILLUSTRATIONS.

		PAGE
AFRICA, CENTRAL	...SPIRIT HUT	22
	STEAMER "GOOD NEWS," LAKE TANGANYIKA ...	66
	MAP OF LAKE NYASSA	349
	LIFE-BOAT "NYOTA YA ASSUBUI" (MORNING STAR)	406
AFRICA, SOUTH	...MAP OF BECHWANALAND, &c.	70
	MOFFAT INSTITUTION, KURUMAN	82
CHINA ...	...INCENSE SHOP, PEKING...	8
	PORTRAIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY LI HUNG CHANG ...	26
	ITINERANT TOY-SELLER	106
	WATER PRAYING-WHEEL	140
	OPIUM SMOKERS	275
	HONG KONG FROM THE SEA	413
INDIA... ...	...TEMPLE AT SERINGHAM, FRONT GATE	2
	" " THE THOUSAND-PILLAR CHOULTRY	4
	CAPE COMORIN	42
	GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL, NAGERCOIL	72
	CHAPEL AT KOTTAR, TRAVANCORE	74
	NATHANIEL'S HOUSE, TRAVANCORE	76
	CALCUTTA	98
	CUDDAPAH, LONDON MISSION CHAPEL	250
	THE COCOA-NUT PALM	316
	TOWN OF GOOTY	354
	THE PALACE, MOORSHEDABAD, AND BRANCH OF THE SACRED RIVER	398
MADAGASCAR	...STREET IN TAMATAVE	34
	HARBOUR MASTER'S HOUSE, TAMATAVE	109
	ENCAMPMENT IN THE FOREST	234
	WATERFALL IN THE FOREST	302
	ROYAL TOMBS AT AMBOHIMANGA	334
	TAMATAVE FROM THE SEA	366
	MR. SHAW'S HOUSE, TAMATAVE	383
MAURITIUS ...	...THE ISLAND OF	392
NEW GUINEA	...VILLAGE IN WILD ISLAND, ADMIRALTY ISLANDS ...	143
	TRAINING INSTITUTION AT PORT MORESBY	312
	MURRAY ISLAND	358
SOUTH SEAS	...MAP OF POLYNESIA ... ... (*to face*)	17
	TAHITI—FROM THE RIVER AT POINT VENUS ...	52
	" POINT VENUS LIGHTHOUSE	54
	LEONE BAY AND VILLAGE, TUTUILA	119
	INLAND VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF MOOREA	130
	TAHITI—GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHMENT AT PAPA ...	266
	" —PORTRAIT OF APAT	270
	CHURCH AT UVEA, LOYALTY ISLANDS	409



THE TEMPLE AT SERINGHAM—FRONT GATE.

JANUARY, 1883.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—The Temple at Seringham.

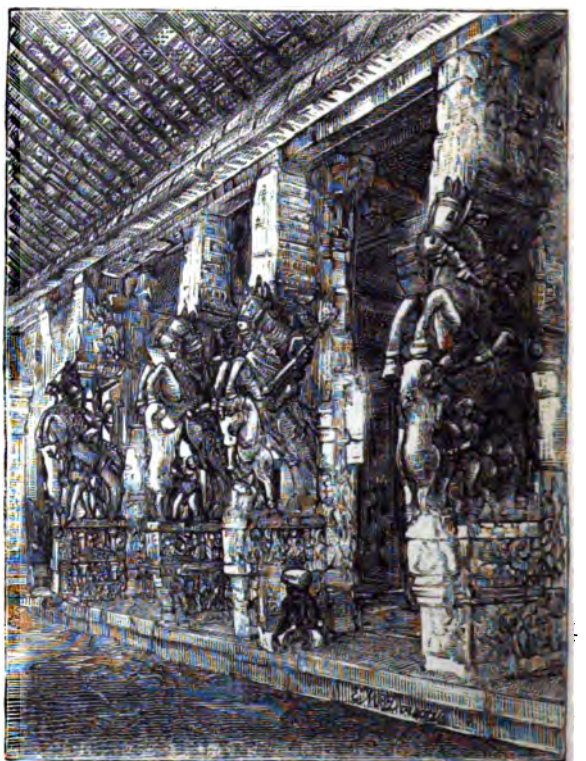
OPPOSITE to the town of Trichinopoly, in Southern India, the River Cavery separates into two branches, and forms the island of SERINGHAM. The temple, devoted to worship of the god Vishnu, is situated about a mile from the western extremity of the island. In the year 1823, the Rev. ELIJAH HOOLE, a Wesleyan missionary, who subsequently became one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, visited this celebrated high-place of idolatry. In his work entitled "Missions in Madras, Mysore, and South India" (London: Longmans, 1844), he thus describes this remarkable structure:—

"Before sunrise, Mr. Rosen and I set out to see the famous temple of Seringham, about four miles distant from Trichinopoly. This temple stands on an island which, like the island of Seringapatam—more than two hundred miles up the same river—is formed by the separation and re-union of the Cavery, a holy river in the estimation of the Hindoos. The island itself is accounted sacred, and abounds with traces of superstition, with numerous temples to the honour of different idols, and choultries for the accommodation of pilgrims.

"The outer wall of the great temple of Seringham is said to be nearly four miles round. We alighted at the principal entrance or gateway, which is constructed of stone, in a style very striking and magnificent. Some of the stones used at the front, and placed across the roof, are twenty, and some more than thirty, feet in length, and five feet thick. We ascended to the top of the staircase, constructed inside the wall, much like that of a church tower, but wider. The tower over the gateway is evidently unfinished; and we were told

that the design was to have raised it to four or five times its present height, which may be fifty or sixty feet. When I looked at the extraordinary magnitude of the stones, and the boldness of the design, I was not surprised that one of the Hindoos who accompanied us should say that it was the work of the gods.

"There is no doubt that the large stones used on this building were raised to their places by means of the inclined plane, a method still in use by native architects. One of the natives said that the mound used to raise these stones was constructed of cotton.



THE THOUSAND PILLAR CHOULTRY.

"We descended from the porch, and entered the sacred enclosure, which we found occupied by streets of bazaars and dwelling-houses, crossing each other, and leading to different quarters where the towers are erected and religious ceremonies are performed. We passed under several of the towers on going to the 'Thousand Pillar Choultry,' an immense room, the roof of which is supported by a thousand pillars of stone, and I suppose designed to accommodate the devotees and pilgrims who assemble at annual festivals. The chief curiosity of this choultry is the workmanship of some outside pillars, which have projecting from them, in full relief, a variety

of figures, such as a man on horseback, almost as large as life, contending with an elephant, a tiger, or some other ferocious animal. These figures are of one stone with the pillar. Indescribable care and skill must have been required in the sculpture, as well as in the removing and raising of the immense masses of stone of each of which they form a part.

"We were conducted to the flat roof of the 'Thousand Pillar Choultry,' that we might thence see the gilded dome erected over the shrine of the principal idol, which we were not allowed to approach. In passing and repassing through this temple our eyes were continually offended by the most indecent and monstrous figures in plaster, or paintings on the wall of the same character; which might have been intended for personifications of sin, but are, in the estimation of the Hindoos, the legitimate ornaments of their places of worship. Such is the character of Hindoo idolatry. We were also favoured with a sight of the crown and other regalia belonging to the idol, which are only used on festival occasions; they were of pure gold, and richly set with uncut precious stones. They are said to be worth several hundred pounds sterling."

BURMAH—INFLUENCE OF A TRACT.

"SOME weeks ago my Burman preacher found a Taling man in a village not far from here, to whom he preached the Gospel. This man gave earnest attention to his words, and at once received Christ into his heart. He said that, when he was twelve years of age, he was a little pongyee in a Kyoung school, and at that time Mr. Haswell gave him a tract, which he read When the head pongyee found that he had this tract, he was very angry, and told him he was not to read it. But he persisted in reading it. The priest punished him in various ways, and at three different times beat him so cruelly that the blood came. He would not give up the tract nor desist from reading it, but took the precaution to secrete it in a box in another house. As he had opportunity, he read it, but after three years it was eaten by the white ants. He said he used to long for this book after it was destroyed. From that time, now nearly thirty years, he has not worshipped the idols. Strange to say, he said he never heard the Gospel again until now. He expressed great pleasure because he now heard of Christ and the true God. Yesterday we had worship in his house, in presence of some of the heathen, and listened to his sincere expressions of loyalty to Christ. He is telling the priests and others of the true God whom he now loves, and to whom he prays in his house and while at work in his paddy field."—*From Report of the Burmah Bible and Tract Society for 1881.*

II.—Incense in China.

A NEW YEAR'S ILLUSTRATION.

By the Rev. James Gilmour, M.A.

A CHINESE preacher, wishing to impress upon his hearers the idea that time seems to pass more swiftly as we get older, used a telling illustration drawn from the incense-pan. The incense-pan is an article of furniture familiar to every Chinaman, young and old. It is a stand made to hold a great length of incense, coiled up like a clock-spring. The outer coils are by far the largest, the outermost being fifteen or eighteen inches in circumference; while the inner coils get gradually shorter, the innermost of all being not more than, perhaps, three inches in circumference. This spiral incense being fixed on the frame and lighted, the first round takes a long time to burn; the second round, being shorter, is completed quicker; the third round is completed more quickly still; and so, with accelerated pace, the smoking point courses round the shortening coils till the last is reached, which, being the shortest of all, is travelled round in a fraction of the time that was taken to consume the first.

In the same way, said the Chinaman, our years seem to go, flying more swiftly the nearer we get to the end of our life. He then appealed to his hearers if they could not bear testimony to the fact that in childhood a year seemed a greater length of time than ever twelve months did since; and, I think, every one of his audience felt that he was right. The longer we live, the shorter does life seem, and every year seems to pass more quickly than the last.

Another year has passed; time is whirling on with seemingly ever-increasing pace, in seemingly ever-contracting circles; whatsoever, therefore, thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

So much for the Chinaman's illustration; now for the subject.

Incense as it enters Peking.

Go to Peking, and outside the gate may often be seen a row of carts, with great loads of something built broad and high, in immense brown-looking bags. In the gateway itself may sometimes be found one of these carts blocking up the traffic, one wheel down in a hole of the stone pavement, and a number of carters, some of them lifting

and pushing at the cart and its load, and some of them whipping and shouting at the team of five or six mules, which vainly struggle to move the stuck-fast mass.

Enter the city, and, down some side street, may be seen a mob of mules and donkeys, standing in a group, and being freed from their loads of bags, smaller in size, but similar in colour, to those which formed the load of the cart stuck in the gate.

Incense Factory.

Look into the entrance through which the bags are being carried in from the street, and most likely the only thing that meets the eye will be a great wide yard, empty of everything but numerous wooden frames, on which is stretched a gauze cloth made of cotton. The yard is that of an incense factory, where the "incense flour," as the material which comes in the bags is called, is made into shape and set out on the frames to dry.

Material of which Incense is Made.

The incense flour is said to be made from whole trees, bark and all, ground down fine, and in this state carried into the city, as manufactured incense is brittle and needs careful handling, and would be more difficult to transport than the flour.

Manufactured Incense.

When made up into straight sticks and clock-spring-like coils, it is conveyed about the city on wheel-barrows, and sent to the nearer country parts on mules and donkeys. The bales of incense sent about in this manner are wrapped up in a casing of stiff reeds, which protects them from being damaged and broken by the binding cords and ropes.

Incense abounds in China.

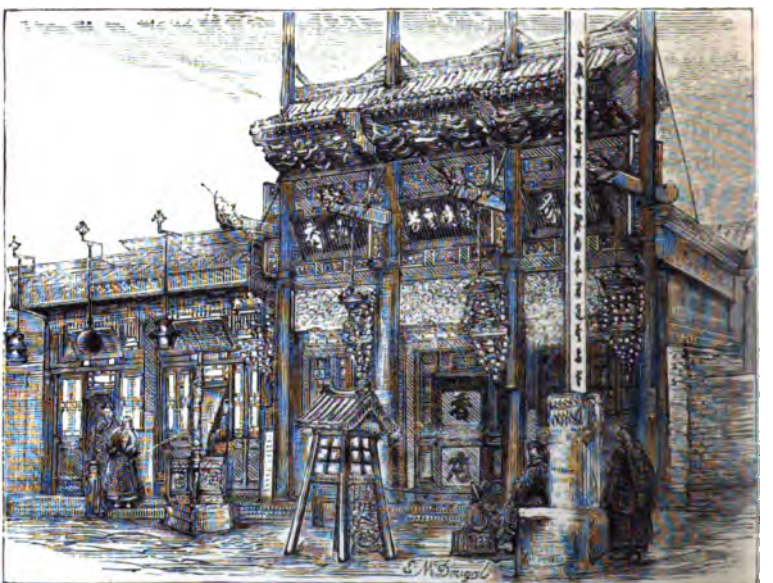
But not only is the traffic in incense brought into notice by the unmade-up material entering the city in great bags, and the manufactured article being conveyed about the streets and sent into the country in bales—incense is met with almost everywhere. Approaching a city the traveller meets foot-passengers carrying home small bundles of it for family use, and inside the city, in almost every basket coming from market, may be seen a few sticks of incense, proving that this is reckoned among the daily domestic necessaries in a Chinese family.

Incense Shops.

Incense can be bought almost everywhere, but there are shops named and known as "incense shops," most of them being probably the selling warehouses of incense factories. One of these shops, with its obtrusive signs and gilded front, forms the main figure in the accompanying illustration.

Domestic Secular Uses of Incense.

The traffic in incense is immense, but it would be a mistake to suppose that all the incense made and sold is used for idolatrous



purposes. A large proportion of it is devoted to domestic uses purely secular.

Enter a great room at an inn, and while you are wondering at the numerous black lines—most of them straight, but some of them circular, and all of them regular—which mark the table, chairs, forms, and wooden edge of the sleeping-place, the waiter enters, shouting a salutation and carrying a tea-pot, two tea-cups, and a smoking stick of incense, all of which he deposits on the table, and then turns to ask of the guest if he has brought "leaves"—that is, tea—with him. He goes off and leaves the incense stick burning, and the mystery of the black lines is a mystery no longer.

Incense used to Light Pipes.

So universal is smoking in China that, when a guest arrives at an inn, it is taken for granted that he wants a light for his pipe, and a stick of burning incense is supplied as a matter of course. It is laid down with the lighted end projecting over the edge of the wood; but, when neglected, the burning point moves slowly inwards, and marks its progress with a black charred line. In the house and by the way, both in the city and in the country, wherever there is a smoker, a piece of burning incense is sure to be somewhere near, and the quantity of incense thus used is great.

"Burn Incense" is a Chinese Expression for Worship.

But great as is the amount used for secular purposes, to speak of "*burning incense*" at once suggests worship to the Chinese mind, and the amount consumed in sacred purposes is also immense. As a rule, that used at the shrines is of the same quality with that used for lighting pipes; but wealthy worshippers sometimes attempt to show a more marked piety by burning superior incense, some of which is of a dark colour, and has a pleasant fragrance; and, in North China at least, professes to come from Tibet.

Incense at Temples.

At temples, it is usual to take a bundle of incense, undo the paper binding of one end, light the whole as it stands, and, after presenting it flaming before the image, place the remainder in an iron urn, or "*incense stove*," close at hand, to be slowly consumed, making it stand upright by inserting it into the long accumulated mass of gray ashes left from the offerings of former devotees. At most of the temples, incense that is thus offered at the shrine is allowed to burn away till it is entirely consumed.

Rescuing Incense.

But in some temples an attendant is ready at hand to rescue the blazing bundle as soon as it is put aside by the worshipper. It is at once quenched in a pail of water, and thrown on a pile of similar bundles, which are afterwards sold to the beggars, who accost travellers on the streets and highways offering pipe-lights, for which they expect in return a gratuity of one cash.

Incense in Private Houses.

In private houses and domestic shrines, incense is more sparingly used, being lighted not in bundles, but in individual sticks.

The richer Chinese have fine shrines, and fine metal incense urns, but the poorer people have only a rude picture in a rude niche in the mud-plastered wall, and the incense urn is in many cases nothing but a lump of clay moulded into the shape of a trough and allowed to dry.

Incense Boards.

In some parts of the country a small piece of board with three holes is hung out on one side of the door leading from the courtyard to the street, and these serve as a receptacle for the burning sticks of incense. In many places, the place of the board is taken by a piece of dried clay.

Burning Incense is merely an Outward Form.

It will be readily understood that the offering of incense, being a mere outward mechanical act, which is often performed by deputy, does not necessarily presuppose any spirituality or intelligent feeling of devotion towards the object to which the worship is directed, and many and different are the objects and imaginary beings honoured by the burning of incense in China.

Passing over all others, let me mention here one object I have seen worshipped in China.

Burning Incense to a Tree in Peking.

In the Old Testament the prophet ridicules the idol-maker who cuts down a tree and shapes it after the fashion of a man that it may be his god, but some time ago some of the Chinese in Peking outdid the idolater of old by taking as their god a tree growing in a neighbour's courtyard, and worshipping it without cutting it down or carving it at all. Some days after hearing the rumour that such a delusion had sprung up, I happened to be passing the end of the lane in which the tree grew; and, recollecting what I had heard, turning on my heel, I saw a man in the act of offering a bundle of burning incense to the tree. On going up to examine it, there was nothing remarkable about the tree or its surroundings. It was a great, old, ordinary tree, of which there are many in Peking; and it was growing just inside of a brick wall, which was all the truer a sample of an ordinary Peking brick wall by having a part of its length in ruins. Just at the ruinous part, and opposite the tree, the deluded worshipper was bowing down and offering his incense beside the pile of fallen down half-bricks and mud, at the spot which was marked by the ashes of the incense of former votaries.

GOOD SUPPOSED TO BE GAINED BY BURNING INCENSE TO THE TREE.

How the delusion arose it would be difficult to say, but men and women in difficulty and distress, or with sickness in their homes, resorted to the tree and burned incense to it in the belief that if they did so a man or being, of the same name as the tree, would call at their houses and give them the relief they wanted. Oh, that they knew of Jesus, the Friend to whom no one can go in distress and fail of finding sympathy!

BURNING INCENSE TOWARDS EMPTY SPACE.

In Peking, incense-burning has taken another development, and one which cannot but be regarded as higher and nobler, and coming a step more near to the true worship than ordinary idolatry. Numbers of people go to a certain quarter of the city, and "*burn incense towards empty space.*" Report says that the Chinese authorities prohibited the worship as irregular; but the votaries, Chinese-like, soon found a mode of evading the law by going into a neighbouring temple, and, with the consent of the guardian, turning their backs on the idols, and burning their incense towards the desired point of the compass. This turning from idols towards heaven cannot but be welcomed as a step in the right direction; and Christian teaching may be able to lead on towards the living and true God this worship, which may be regarded as a blind groping after, or ignorant worshipping of, God.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

Christians may, in one thing, imitate the votaries of empty space.

All over Peking are pasted up little bills—"gratitude advertisements"—acknowledging benefits believed to be received from burning incense towards empty space.

Our God is real and the blessings received from Him are real; would that every one who has received blessings—pardon, peace, the inheritance to come—would testify to the goodness of God. And would that the Christians of England, as a nation, would advertise among all heathen nations the source of all the light and blessing which we as a nation have received.

Simply to tell of a source from which we have received blessings is not so great a thing or so difficult a thing to do after all, and that is all that is required of us when we are commanded to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Has this command ever yet been fully obeyed?

III.—Madagascar.

ITS CLAIM ON CHRISTIANS AT THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY means of the public press, most readers of the CHRONICLE have been informed respecting the questions at issue between the Governments of France and Madagascar, and the mission of an Embassy from the latter country to visit Europe and America with a view to the settlement of French claims; also respecting the arrival of the Madagascar Ambassadors in Paris early in October, their long and fruitless detention there, and their sudden withdrawal from the French capital in consequence of what they regarded to be an insult offered to their flag by the French authorities.

Leaving Paris, where they must have felt themselves to be strangers in a strange land, they crossed over to England and proceeded to London, and there soon found a welcome from missionaries whom they had known in Madagascar, and from a large number of their friends who had long taken an interest in their country. Before they landed in England steps had been taken in order to promote the success of their mission, and, a few hours after they landed, a very large and influential deputation waited on Earl Granville to solicit the Government to adopt such measures as would tend to bring about an equitable settlement of the matter.

During the same week, the Directors of the London Missionary Society sent to Earl Granville a memorial setting forth, with some detail, the varied and successful work which the Society had carried on in the island during the past sixty years, and pointing out the social, educational, and religious interests which were in danger.

Soon after the Embassy arrived in Paris the Directors wrote to them, conveying their cordial greeting, and inviting them, when they came to London, to meet the Board at the Mission House; and early in December arrangements were made for their reception on the 11th December. The desired visit was paid, and proved to be very gratifying both to the Ambassadors and to the large number of Directors and friends who assembled to welcome them.

On that occasion, the members of the Embassy having been welcomed by the Chairman, the Rev. T. Gilfillan, in a few suitable words, prayer was offered by the Rev. J. C. Harrison. The following address was then read:—

"To their Excellencies, Ravoninâhitriniarivo, Fifteen Honours, Officer of the Palace, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Ramaniraka, Fourteen Honours, and Officer of the Palace, Ambassadors Extraordinary of the Queen and Government of Madagascar.

"YOUR EXCELLENCIES,—As Directors of the London Missionary Society, we beg to assure you that we receive you, as representatives of the Queen and Government of Madagascar, with much pleasure, while we deeply regret the causes connected with the interests of your country which have rendered your visit necessary.

"As you well know, this Society, during the past sixty years, has earnestly sought to make known, in Madagascar, the glorious Gospe of the blessed God, and we rejoice greatly and are very thankful that the efforts of our missionaries in the service of Christ, and for the extension of His Kingdom, have been eminently honoured by God, and been crowned with a large measure of success, while their endeavours to promote education and civilisation in various forms have also led to very valuable results.

"Being exceedingly desirous that the power of the Gospel of Christ should exercise a deeper and broader influence over the hearts and lives of your fellow-countrymen, and that the advantages of education should be more widely extended, we regard with much sorrow and grave apprehension the political difficulties which now threaten your country, and which may tend seriously to check the good work which, by God's help, has made such gratifying progress.

"As the object and work of this Society are religious and not political, it is not in harmony with our convictions of duty, nor with our custom, in such circumstances as those which now exist, to seek the aid of earthly rulers; our appeal is to the King of kings, who loves righteousness, and who, in answer to the prayers of His people, will, in His own time and way, bring deliverance and blessing.

"We would now assure you that, sympathising deeply with your Queen, Government, and people, we often cast this burden, which is ours as well as yours, upon the Lord, as He encourages us to do; and also that not we alone, but many other Christians in England, who love your country, are now feeling much anxiety on its account, and are often and earnestly seeking God's help at this crisis in its history.

"It is with much satisfaction and gratitude to God that we regard

your Queen as a Christian Sovereign, whose Government is conducted on sound and religious principles, as taught in the Word of God; and we beg you to convey to her our Christian salutations, and to express to her and to her Government our sincere thanks for all the facilities afforded to our missionaries in the prosecution of their duties; and to assure them of our earnest desire and fervent prayer that peace, freedom, justice, and Christianity may be more and more widely and firmly established in Madagascar.

(Signed) "T. GILFILLAN, *Chairman.*

"London Missionary Society, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.,
"*December* 11*th*, 1882."

His Excellency RAVONINAHITRINIARIVO, Fifteen Honours, Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and chief of the Queen of Madagascar's Embassy to Europe, then rose and addressed the assembly in Malagasy, which was interpreted by the Rev. J. Peill as follows:—"We are glad to see you all assembled here representing the London Missionary Society, and especially glad as you have received us so kindly. In the name of the Queen, not as Queen, but as a Christian; in the name of the Prime Minister, not as Prime Minister, but as a Christian; in the name of the officers of many departments of Government, not as officers, but as Christians, we thank you for what you have done for Madagascar during a good many years past. We thank you especially for the work done during the past fourteen years, because we think, if the work done before that period was great, the work done within the last fourteen years was much greater. We thank you for all you have been enabled to do in commencing and carrying on that great work. Because of the work done in the last fourteen years, Christianity has not only been largely preached in the central province of Imerina, but has been spreading amongst the Betsileo and the Sihanaka. There are now nine churches in the capital of Madagascar, and in one of these the Queen worships God every Sunday. There have been improvements not only with regard to the praying, but with regard to buildings in our country. Mr. Pool, whom you sent out, has been the means of making this improvement. Everywhere the people are taking pattern by the buildings which he has erected. The Queen's church, built according to Mr. Pool's plan, has become the standard for others to follow,

while, as a specimen of a building, it still stands alone in Madagascar. We thank you for what you have done in sending missionaries, not only to teach the Bible, but to teach general knowledge. In one part of the town a printing office stands. This is now taken up by the Government, whose orders are not now sent forth verbally, but printed at the palace press. This will show you what progress has been made in that direction. One thing we thank you for specially —the work done in the college in the capital. In that institution a good many young men have been educated who have gone out to different parts of the country. We ourselves are amongst those who have gone to the college to see what is going on there, and we are very pleased with what we have seen there, and the progress that has followed. As you all know, the present time is a crisis in the history of Madagascar. You have told us that you sorrow with us at the present difficulties which beset us. We thank you for that sympathy. We know that Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God only can give the increase; but we know that it is also necessary to sow and plant in order to get the increase. Madagascar may seem a small country, but it is a large country when you get to it, and to us it is more important than any country in the world. We thank you for the word which you sent to the Queen and Prime Minister thanking them for making your missionaries welcome there. But for this difficulty which has now arisen, the Word of God would have been still further spread throughout the country, and this will be the case if we can get rid of these difficulties and the threatening of the French nation. At present everything seems comparatively dark. The Sàkalàva people, and the tribe on the west, are very dark, and very dirty. One of these recently appeared in the palace pulpit his face was clean, and the teaching he gave was good. We hope that, under the teaching of the Gospel, the whole tribe may become Christians."

The Second Ambassador, RAMANIRAKA, Fourteen Honours, Officer of the Palace, at the request of the Chairman, addressed a few words to the assembly in English.

ARTHUR MARSHALL, Esq., having expressed the sympathy of the Directors with the representatives of the Government of Madagascar in the crisis which has brought them to Europe, the First Ambassador made a suitable reply. The Rev. JAS. KENNEDY, M.A., D.D.,

expressed the hope that the progress of Christianity in the island in the future would far transcend that of the past. The Rev. JAS. SIBREE, jun., then offered a prayer in the Malagasy language, and the proceedings were brought to a close with the Doxology and Benediction.

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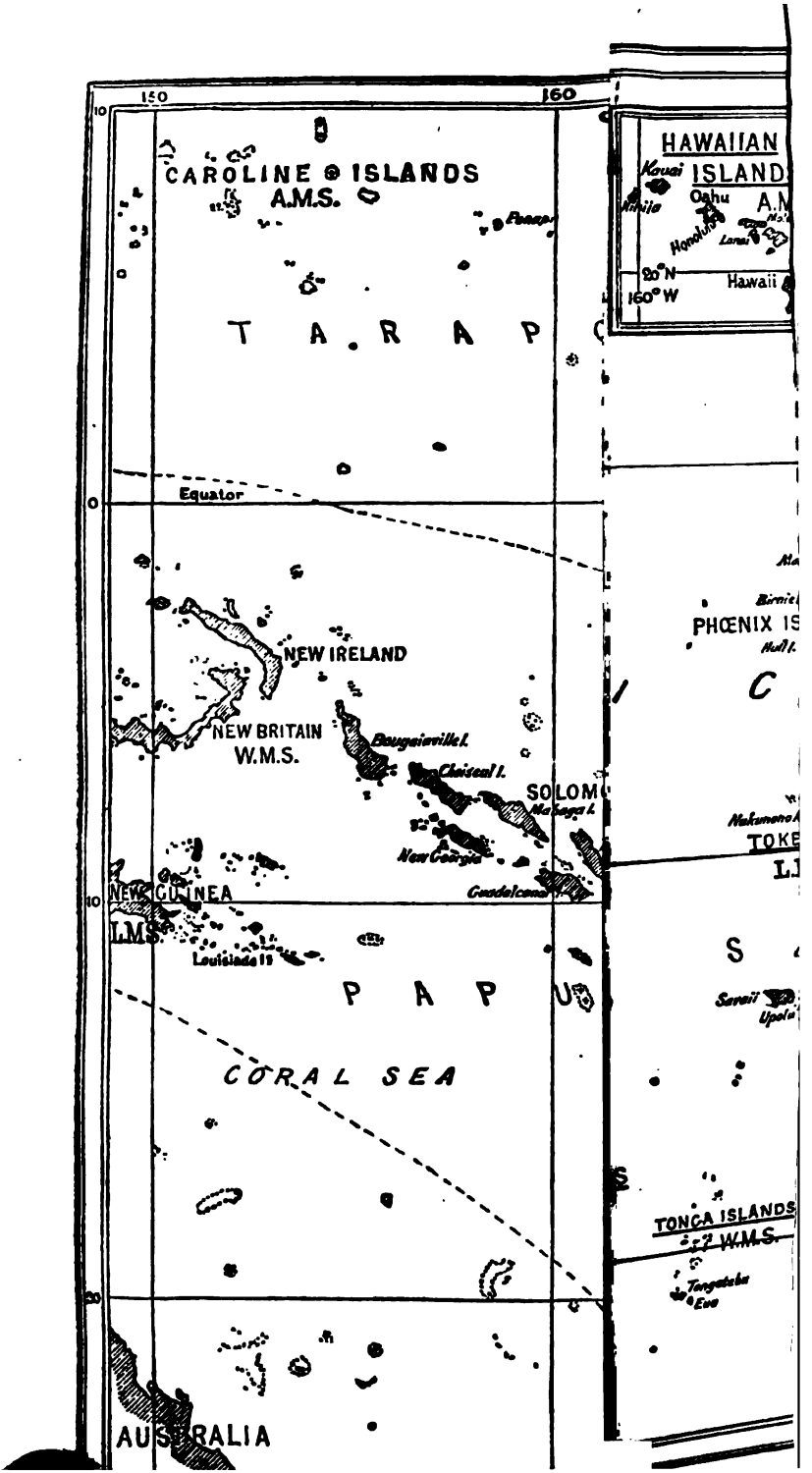
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Hawaii
PHŒNIX IS
Birnie I.
Hull I.
Nukumanu
TOKE
Savaii
Upolu
TONGA ISLANDS
W.M.S.
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Eua

IV.—Polynesian Missions.

By Rev. James Sibree, Jun.

THE accompanying map has been prepared in order to show at a glance the progress made by missionary labour in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, giving special prominence, by means of thicker type, to the fields occupied by the London Missionary Society. The first efforts of the Society to evangelise the heathen were directed to this portion of the world, and here some of the most signal triumphs of the Gospel have been achieved; and it will be seen that the influence of the London Missionary Society is still the most powerful one in the Pacific, especially in its eastern portions.

The map is designed to illustrate three or four points of interest in connection with the people, and with the mission work carried on amongst them.

1. The three great ethnological divisions of the Polynesian races are here shown, the areas they occupy being defined by dotted lines. These are (*a*) the Sawaiori Region, inhabited by the brown races, who are the most advanced and civilised peoples of the Pacific, and occupy the largest extent of its surface, chiefly in Eastern Polynesia. They are found in all the groups of islands from Easter Island in the extreme east, to the Ellice group in the west; and from the Sandwich Islands in the north, to New Zealand in the south. (*b*) Western Polynesia is chiefly occupied by the black races, or Melanésians, whose islands form the Papuan Region. They are naturally a savage and cruel race of people, invariably cannibals, and much divided from each other. In some of the groups, however, the people are much superior to others, but this is probably owing to extensive mixture with the brown Sawaiori peoples, colonies of whom are found in almost all the groups of this region. (*c*) The north-western portion of the Pacific is occupied by races which have a considerable Japanese and Chinese element mingled with both the brown and black Polynesian stocks. Here the islands are small, and consist almost entirely of coral atolls, from which circumstance the people are often called Micronesians, but it has been lately proposed to call them Tarapons, after the names of two of the principal islands in this region.

2. The missionary work carried on in Polynesia is indicated by initials near each group (and, in some cases, near single islands), by which it will be immediately seen what Society is at work in various portions of the Pacific. Five Societies have missions in Polynesia; the first to enter the field being the London Missionary Society, which commenced work at Tahiti, in the Society Islands, in 1797. From this group the Gospel was taken to the Austral Islands, the Hervey or Cook Islands, the Samoan Islands, the Tuamotu Archipelago, the Tokelau and the Ellice groups, as well as to several coral islands on the 10th parallel of south latitude, and to Niué, or Savage Island. All these are inhabited by the brown race, or Sawalori people. Among the darker or Papuan races, the London Missionary Society carries on work in the Loyalty Islands and on the south-eastern peninsula of the vast island of New Guinea, although, in both cases, there are mixtures of the lighter-coloured peoples with the Papuans. In the Tarapon Region, or Micronesia, we work in one group—the Gilbert Islands—in friendly co-operation with the American missionaries. It should also be said that the London Missionary Society formerly had stations in the Marquesas and in the New Hebrides; but the first of these was transferred to the American Board, and the latter to the Presbyterians.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (for which in the map the initials A.M.S. are employed) has evangelised the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, and has now retired from mission work proper in that group; and it has also carried on work in the Marquesas and in Micronesia, among the peoples of the Gilbert, Marshall, and Caroline Islands. Since 1873, however, the work in these regions has been mainly transferred to the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, which is assisted to some extent by the American Board.

The Wesleyan churches of Australasia (Wesleyan Missionary Society) have missions in the Fiji group, now a British possession, in the neighbouring Tonga Islands, and also in the small island of Rotumah and the larger one of New Britain. They have also some stations in the Samoan group.

The Presbyterian churches of Australia (Presbyterian Missionary Society) carry on mission work in the New Hebrides; the island of

Erromanga, the death-place of John Williams, being among their stations.

The last of the five Protestant Societies at work in Polynesia is the Melanesian Episcopal Mission, with which the names of the late Bishops Selwyn and Patteson are so closely associated. The western Papuan groups of the Banks Islands and Santa Cruz are occupied by its missionaries, and some of the Solomon Islands are visited by them.

3. An attempt has been made to indicate by certain marks on the map how far Christianity has already conquered heathenism. All the groups and separate islands in which idolatry has passed away are *underlined;* and it is a cause for great thankfulness for the past, as well as a stimulus for the future, to see how large a number of groups and islands can be thus shown as now inhabited by Christian people. Eastern and Central Polynesia is now almost all evangelised. Group after group is as completely Christian as any portion of England, and many islands much more so, since from a fourth to (in some cases) a third of their inhabitants are consistent members of churches. Civilisation has also followed in the wake of Christianity, and a large and constantly increasing trade has been created by missionary successes.

Among the Sawaiori peoples, it is only in the extreme eastern portion of Polynesia that much yet remains to be done. In the Marquesas and the widely scattered Tuamotu Archipelago, mission work has still many obstacles to encounter. In the first of these groups, these arise largely from the want of unity among the peoples of the different islands; and, in the second, from the wide area occupied by the numerous small coral atolls of the archipelago.

A much larger amount of work yet remains to be accomplished among the Papuan races of the west. While the Fiji and Loyalty groups have now become Christian, as well as many of the islands of the New Hebrides, but a slight impression has yet been made upon other islands of the group, where Christian work has been very difficult, slow, and costly. The results of the labours of the Episcopal Mission in the Banks and Santa Cruz groups have not yet been great, nor upon some of the islands to the north-west, which are occasionally visited. Many large islands yet remain untouched—New Caledonia, and Bougainville, and others of the Solomon group—

where the people are very savage, and the climate very unhealthy. Much the same may be said of the great islands of New Ireland and New Britain, although, in the latter of these, the Wesleyans have now some stations.

Among the Tarapon peoples, the most successful work yet accomplished is that done by the London Missionary Society and the American missionaries in the Gilbert Islands, where three-fourths of the inhabitants are nominally Christian. The work of the American, or rather Hawaiian, Mission is less advanced in the Marshall and Caroline groups, very much from the same difficulties which retard work in the Tuamotu Archipelago—viz., the widely scattered position and great numbers of these small coral islands.

Looking, however, upon mission work in Polynesia as a whole, and remembering that almost all the labour put forth there has been done during the present century, the greater part of it indeed during the last forty or fifty years, there is every reason to believe that with unrelaxed effort, especially in the Western Pacific, the Gospel will eventually triumph over all opposition and bring every island to the knowledge of Christ. Several mission ships are constantly engaged in evangelistic work, the *John Williams* and the *Ellengowan* for the London Missionary Society, the *Dayspring* for the Presbyterians, the *Morning Star* for the American and Hawaiian Mission, and the *Southern Cross* for the Melanesian Mission; and one of the most delightful and encouraging of all the many pleasing features of Christianity, as exemplified in these South Sea Islanders, is the missionary zeal the native churches evince by their liberal gifts of money, and the noble self-sacrifice which has led numbers of faithful men and women to go as pioneers to heathen islands, and to devote their lives to establish Christ's Kingdom "in the regions beyond."

MATERIAL PROGRESS IN CAPE COLONY.

Mr. A. J. Gould, the Society's new missionary printer at the Kuruman, thus states his impressions on landing in the colony:—"Cape Town is a surprise to me; I am pleased to find such an advance in every way. In looking around one or two of the printing-offices, I find more machinery in a medium-sized office than we have at home in a comparatively large place of business. Messrs. Saul Solomon's house is almost another University Press. To hear English spoken freely, and to see the hansom cabs, trams, &c., and now the electric light on the docks, makes one feel as though he were hardly out of England."

V.—The Religion of Central Africa.

By Mr. Walter Hutley.

ARRIVING direct from European civilisation and Christianity, the traveller in Central Africa is much in the condition of a man coming suddenly out of the full blaze of sunlight into a low, dark hut. The very intensity of the light he has left may, for a time, deepen the obscurity in which he finds himself; but gradually his eyes become familiar with the darkness, and he discerns the presence of one thing after another, and so by degrees sees more clearly the form of his surroundings. Thus, at a first glance, inexperienced men will say that the native tribes of Central Africa worship nothing, and that, consequently, they have no religious belief. After a residence of some months, however, it is found that there is a something to which deference is paid, and towards which the natives have a feeling of awe.

May we not recognise in this feeling, overlaid as it is by the superstition of ages, a dim and feeble apprehension of the true God? No day is set apart by the natives for any purpose; the days and the years are neither numbered nor named. The months are marked by the appearance of the new moon; but, although there are names for the twelve months, yet few people know them except the elders and chiefs, who are the keepers of the tribal legends and lore.

The first indications of religious worship seen by the traveller are, here and there along the road, hung upon trees, shells, pieces of cloth, &c.; sometimes, across the path, a small archway of sticks. During the long, weary marches, when entering upon some particular piece of forest, or perhaps when nearing the end of the journey, a large heap of dust, leaves, and handfuls of grass will be seen; a little farther on another heap, similar to the first, but on the other side of the path. It will be observed that the native, as he walks past these, should he have a load on his shoulder, carefully flings up a little dust with his right foot, and the same with the left foot at the next heap. Should he have no load, he will stoop to pick up a little grass, or a few leaves, to cast upon this heap. To any inquiry as to why he does this, in all probability he will answer that he does not know, which may or may not be the fact. Further inquiry will, however, elicit the explanation that these heaps are made as offerings to the *muzimu* of that part of the country; they are not made on account of their worth, but as a simple act of homage.

The term *muzimu* is in use with slight dialectic variations amongst most of the tribes of Eastern Africa. In the form of "Molimo" or "Modimo," it is the term for God amongst the natives of the south. Amongst these tribes, however, it is used rather vaguely as a term for disembodied spirits; believing, as they do most firmly, in an existence after death. A casual visitor would probably see nothing to denote the existence of worship of any kind. There are no temples, no altars, no sacred groves, nor any sacred animals; nothing but the huts in which the natives live with their families. He could not, however, fail to observe that at the door of each of the principal huts in the village there are small, hut-shaped,

flimsy constructions of grass, not more than two feet high. (*See engraving.*) These, we are informed, are the residence of the Wazimu. In the words of one of the Wanyamwezi tribe:—"When a man dies he is buried, and there is an end to him; but, thenceforward, he lives as a *muzimu*, and occasionally comes back to his native village; and, when he comes back, he requires a hut to rest in, and this is it. If he should have had no hut made for him, he troubles the medicine man, and causes him to dream; and the medicine man tells the nearest relative of the deceased person that a hut must be built for the deceased. The hut is then built, and, whenever we want anything, we go to this hut and say: 'Oh, *muzimu* of our father (or mother, as the case may be), help us now

to plant; give us good crops; give us success in our undertakings; give health, and every good we need.' If we receive that which we ask for, we then give some present to the *muzimu*—for instance, we kill a goat, and allow the blood to run upon the ground at this hut, and we eat its flesh there, casting some small pieces of the meat into the hut. A large part of this is given to the medicine man as his fee. When we go to war, a praying medicine is made, called *utimbo;* and, while we are away, every morning our wives go to this hut, and each one puts a little of this medicine in her mouth, and then ejects it into the hut, asking, at the same time, that we may be preserved during the war. The great Being is the *Sun*, and he is very bad; he does not like to see us upon this earth, for he takes us away whenever he can. There is no better or brighter place than this earth." There are a number of *Wazimu* who are supposed to be of a very high order, but these I found to be simply the *Wazimu* of long departed chiefs.

How these *Wazimu* obtain the power to grant the requests I could never learn; one man put it to me most pathetically: "Master," he said, "we don't know; can't you tell us?" The utter helplessness of that "don't know," and the appeal to me as the white man, is ever ringing in my ears. It demonstrated what few ideas they have, and their longing to know more than they do. The sun, however, is the supreme ruler, and, according to their idea, he is an evil one. Fetishism, as it exists on the West Coast, is not found amongst these tribes. There is a superstitious reverence attached to certain relics, which their deceased parents may have owned and worn, but it is not very great.

As we go westward, we find that, although belief in the *muzimu* is still the same, the idea broadens as to its capabilities. There is, it is asserted, a perceptible difference in the scale of existence after death. As we proceed from tribe to tribe that existence is placed on a higher level.

Passing from the Wanyamwezi through another tribe, we come to the Wajiji. Amongst these people there is a legend with regard to the peopling of the earth, which represents the original inhabitants to have come from its interior at several different places. It is to the *muzimu* of these original ancestors that homage is universally paid. Sheep are kept for the purpose of sacrifice to them, and journeys are made to the neighbourhood whence they are supposed to have sprung. These spots are few and far between. I know of three, near the

expressed the hope that the progress of Christianity in the island in the future would far transcend that of the past. The Rev. JAS. SIBREE, jun., then offered a prayer in the Malagasy language, and the proceedings were brought to a close with the Doxology and Benediction.

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readers know how we were enabled to meet the difficulty. Armed with an official imprimatur, and encouraged by promise of help from the Viceroy if needful, a subscription list was opened, and, as the result, we have now a splendidly equipped hospital, with wards for about forty in-patients, and a medical school attached, the money value of which is about Taels 5,000 (£1,500), besides an already considerable endowment fund—the *whole* of which has come from native sources. But this course was not open to our American friends. It was hardly feasible to have two such subscription lists going at once. Besides,

PORTRAIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY LI HUNG CHANG.
(*By the kind permission of T. B. Smithies, Esq.*)

native public opinion would hardly favour an hospital for women. Just at this juncture there occurred one of those remarkable incidents of which there have been so many examples, and which are so significant to Christian minds. An American, having money bequeathed, which he wished to use in the work, wrote to the Tientsin Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, offering a sum for an orphanage, if desired. The reply was that the present need of the station was for an hospital for women. At once the gentleman wrote undertaking to bear the entire expense of erection and furnish-

ing of suitable buildings; the institution to be known as the "Isabella Fisher Hospital for Women." I forget just now the exact cost; about Taels 3,500 (£1,050), I think. However, they were so built, wholly with foreign funds. It was opened formally by a service under the presidency of a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was passing through Tientsin, and the American Minister was also present. On another day His Excellency Li paid an informal visit, meeting the foreign consuls and others; the opening created a good deal of interest.

Of its internal history and issue I do not know much. The current expenses are understood to be met by Lady Li's subscription of Taels 1,200 (£360) per annum; though, in point of fact, nothing like this sum is as yet required, and Miss Howard is, I presume, carefully laying up for the future development of the work, just as Dr. Mackenzie is doing. There is, as might be expected, a wide difference in the expenses of the two hospitals. That for men is almost always full to overflowing, while about ten in-patients have been the usual number under Miss Howard's care. The idea of women leaving their homes for medical treatment in a public institution, and at the hands of a foreigner, is one which must be almost revolutionary to the native mind.

SOUTH INDIA—THE GOSPEL RECEIVED GLADLY.

The Rev. J. R. Bacon, of Cuddapah, furnishes the following incident as recorded in a report of the tour undertaken by one of his native catechists:—"On the 2nd of August, I was going to a village called Palkoudrayanapalli, situate five miles from Cuddapah. After sitting down on the edge of the well to rest, I went into the village, when a number of caste people, men and women, collected round me. They asked me what I had come for, and who I was. I told them I had come from Cuddapah and was a preacher of the Gospel, and that I had come to make known to them the same Gospel of Jesus Christ, if they would listen. They willingly consented, and I spoke to them a long time of the coming of the Saviour to save the world. This led to the people asking many questions, and they were so glad of my answers that they told me they were sure these words which I had spoken must have been sent to them by God, for, that day being a feast day, they had been asking that they might hear some good words. They thanked me many times for coming, and urged me to come often and speak with them. They took me to one of their homes, made me sit down, and prepared food while I sang some of our Telugu lyrics to them."

VII.—Widows and Orphans' Fund.

NEW YEAR'S SACRAMENTAL OFFERING.

THROUGH many years a special sacramental collection has been made, in the first month of the year, on behalf of the widows and orphans of the missionaries of the Society, which has been most fruitful in advantage and comfort to many missionaries' families.

In the first year the claims were sufficiently met by £1,400. But, as years have rolled on, the number of the Society's missionaries, together with the lengthened service of those previously labouring in various parts of the world, have naturally produced an increase in the number of widows and children thrown on the Society's care; and thus during last year it required £5,650, and during the year on which we are entering it will probably need at least an equal amount to carry out the object for which the collection is made. Though called the WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND, it should be distinctly understood that it seeks the comfort, not only of the families of DECEASED MISSIONARIES, but also of RETIRED MISSIONARIES themselves. During the year the Fund will have to provide for THIRTY-THREE WIDOWS of missionaries; for FORTY-NINE CHILDREN; and for TWENTY-FIVE MISSIONARIES who, by length of service or through broken health, have been compelled to retire from their accustomed work. Several of these esteemed friends commenced their service in the Society more than forty years ago.

While paying due regard to every case that may be brought before them, the Directors are anxious to administer the fund placed at their disposal wisely and with care. The obligation which it acknowledges is of a distinct kind; and the Directors feel sure that the friends of the Society prefer that it shall continue to be met in this distinct way. The Directors earnestly appeal to the liberality of the churches to enable them completely to meet the pressing claims of those on whose behalf the offering is sought. They trust that, at the first Communion Service of the New Year, these widows and fatherless ones will be remembered with loving sympathy, and the wants of those who have served Christ's Church in bygone years will be fully and fitly provided for.

Should it be found impracticable to make the Sacramental offerings now solicited on the first Sabbath of the New Year, will our Christian friends kindly set apart the first Sabbath in FEBRUARY for the collection?

MISSION HOUSE, *November 29th*, 1882.

VIII.—Notes of the Month.

1. DEPARTURES.

Captain ROGER TURPIE, of the *John Williams*, and Mrs. Turpie, returning to SYDNEY, embarked per steamer *Sorata*, November 30th.

The Rev. JOHN HAY, Mrs. Hay, and two daughters, returning to VIZAGAPATAM; the Misses ADA and ROSE MARRIS, appointed to the NORTH INDIA Mission; and Miss ELLIOTT, proceeding to TREVANDRUM, embarked for India per steamer *Rewa*, December 2nd.

2. BIRTHS.

NEWELL.—August 15th, at Matautu, Savaii, Samoa, the wife of the Rev. J. E. Newell, of a daughter.

EMLYN.—October 30th, at Pareychaley, Travancore, South India, the wife of the Rev. J. Emlyn, of a daughter.

3. IN MEMORIAM.

The information we have now to communicate forms a sad sequel to the announcements just given. Both of our brethren have, in their season of joy, been plunged into deep sorrow, and the missions with which they are respectively connected have lost true and earnest workers.

MRS. NEWELL, OF SAVAII.

Many of our readers will remember the gratifying report contained in the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE for February, 1882, of Mr. and Mrs. NEWELL'S impressions after only seven months' residence in their sphere of labour at SAVAII, South Pacific. Little was it then anticipated that the career of Mrs. Newell, commenced so hopefully, would within so brief a period be brought to a close. "She was delighted with her work," writes the Rev. J. Marriott, "and seemed to have a long useful life before her. The climate suited her very well, and she was stronger than any lady in the mission. Her radiant, beaming, happy countenance won the hearts of everybody—European and native. She now lies in our God's acre, in Malua, along with several who have died whilst engaged in God's work in these islands. Our hearts are all sore and desolate." Mrs. Newell embarked for Sydney, October 14th, 1880; she reached Samoa, January 3rd, 1881; and she died, August 23rd, 1882. It was in her heart to have done much for Christ; and doubtless her brief hour's service will be recompensed by the Lord of the harvest as that of one who had borne the burden and heat of the day.

MRS. EMLYN, OF PAREYCHALEY.

For fifteen years Mrs. Emlyn had been connected with the TRAVANCORE Mission, South India; first at Nagercoil, and subsequently at Pareychaley. At the latter station, the girls' boarding-school fell to her share; and her untiring zeal and perseverance in this department of the Mission, for which she was eminently fitted both by education and tastes, won for her the gratitude and esteem of all. Her name will long be a household word

among the female population of the district, in which she has laboured since the year 1869. When on furlough two years ago, our European winter greatly tried her strength, and, on returning to India, she does not appear to have thoroughly rallied. Change of air was repeatedly tried, but her weakness increased, and with it a prevision of her approaching end, until, on the evening of Sunday, November 5th, she passed quietly away, having, six days previously, given birth to a daughter. "Throughout her illness,' writes her bereaved husband, "she was without a shadow of fear as regarded the future. She spoke freely of everything. On the 17th September, she told me minutely about her grave, drew a rough sketch of her tomb, and wrote out her memorial card, leaving me to fill in the necessary words. On her card the verse is—'I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness;' and, on her tomb, in Tamil, for the sake of our people, who, she hoped, would learn a lesson by it—'I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' She was an excellent wife and mother; moreover, she was a born missionary-wife. In judgment and clearness of intellect, in natural rightness of principle and general strength of character, I have never seen her superior, and but few her equals. She had had a good education, too, was wonderfully well read, and had an extraordinary memory. The loss to me no one knows but Him to whom I look for help to bear it. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

4. THE DEPUTATION.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the Rev. R. WARDLAW THOMPSON and ALBERT SPICER, Esq., landed safely at BOMBAY, after a pleasant but protracted voyage, on Friday, October 13th. The report of their progress is satisfactory and cheering; after visiting in succession BELGAUM, BELLARY, CUDDAPAH, and GOOTY, they proceeded to MADRAS, in order to inspect the schools before the Christmas vacation, intending to return thither early in January. Thence they journeyed to BANGALORE and TRIPATORE, writing from the latter town on November 21st. SALEM and COIMBATORE would follow in succession; and, at the present moment, our friends are probably among the TRAVANCORE stations. Everywhere their reception has been cordial; while their intercourse with the brethren, and their insight into missionary work, have proved most agreeable, and promise the best results in the future.

5. A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We have much pleasure in inserting the enclosed letter with which we have been favoured by the Rev. J. S. RUSSELL, M.A., minister of Lancaster Road Chapel, Notting Hill, in the hope that the hint there given may be followed up by other churches throughout the country.

"115, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, W., *December 7th*, 1882.

"MY DEAR SIR,—At the beginning of the year, when the new arrangements for the supply of the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE came into operation, I proposed that, at the missionary prayer-meeting, we should make a

collection to defray the cost of the magazine. I wished it to be understood that it was to be in *pence*. The proposal was very cordially assented to, and I have now the pleasure of forwarding to you the sum of £1 7s., collected at the prayer-meeting, mostly in pence, during the present year.

"I have no doubt that the plan would be equally acceptable in all other missionary prayer-meetings, and would thus relieve the Society of any loss occasioned by the free distribution of a most valuable organ of missionary information.—I am, yours most truly,

(Signed) "J. S. RUSSELL.

"To the Editor of the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE."

6. POSTAGE ON "CHRONICLES."

The Directors will feel obliged if those friends who have received parcels of the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE (other than single copies) through the post, during the past year, would remit the amount of postage to Messrs. JOHN SNOW & Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

7. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES, 16TH NOV. TO 15TH DEC.

CHINA.—W. Muirhead, Shanghai, October 11th, 18th; E. R. Eichler, Canton, October 23rd; J. Stonehouse, Singapore, November 9th.

INDIA.—W. Johnson, Calcutta, November 14th, 21st; J. P. Ashton, Calcutta, November 7th; W. J. Wilkins, Calcutta, October 23rd, 31st, November 7th, 13th; Miss Linley, Calcutta, November 21st; G. M. Bulloch, Benares, November 21st; J. H. Budden, Almora, November 15th; G. O. Newport, Madras, November 22nd (two letters); R. W. Thompson, Cuddapah, November 7th, Madras, November 14th, Tripatore, November 21st; M. Phillips, Salem, November 7th, 21st; M. Thomas, Vizagapatam, November 15th; G. H. Macfarlane, Vizagapatam, November 9th; J. Emlyn, Trevandrum, November 11th.

MADAGASCAR.—B. Briggs, Antananarivo, October 12th; T. Lord, Antananarivo, October 13th; W. E. Cousins, Antananarivo, October 16th; Jas. Wills, Antananarivo, October 13th; P. G. Peake, Port Louis, October 12th; G. A. Shaw, Tamatave, October 25th.

AFRICA.—W. Thompson, Cape Town, October 24th, November 14th; J. Harper, King William's Town, October 24th; J. Brown, Kuruman, November 2nd; Captain Hore, Mkange, November 11th; W. Griffith, Uguha, August 28th; D. P. Jones, Mpwapwa, October 27th.

WEST INDIES.—T. H. Clark, Jamaica, ——; Mrs. Clark, November, 6th, 11th.

SOUTH SEAS.—A. Pearse, Raiatea, September 20th, Huahine, September 23rd; E. V. Cooper, Tahiti, October 12th; G. A. Harris, Mangaia, July 28th; J. Marriott, Samoa, August 31st; J. E. Newell, Samoa, August 29th; J. Jones, Mare, September 6th; S. M. Creagh, Lifu, September 9th; S. Macfarlane, Murray Island, October 12th; W. G. Lawes, Cooktown, September 25th, October 7th.

IX.—Contributions.

From November 14th to December 11th, 1882.

LONDON.

	£	s.	d.
B. D.	700	0	0
In Memoriam	50	0	0
F. M. L.	10	0	0
In Memory of Two Friends	5	0	0
J. T. Prestige, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. G. P. Neele	1	1	0
Mrs. G. P. Neele	1	1	0
F. P.	1	0	0
T. W.	0	10	6
First Fruits, for Female Missions	0	10	0
Abney Chapel. Aux.	13	11	0
Barbican Cong. Church	5	1	0
Brixton, Trinity Chapel	46	18	3
Bromley (Kent). Aux. N. J. Powell, Esq., for Central Africa	20	0	0
Camden Town. Park Ch. Mrs. Kershaw	100	0	0
Clapham. Ladies' Aux.	46	12	4
Islington Chapel. Aux.	9	2	6
Victoria Park. Cong. Church	61	16	1

COUNTRY.

	£	s.	d.
S. S.	100	0	0
Barrow. Hindpool Rd. Church	2	0	0
Bath. Mrs. Martin	5	0	0
Bearaiston	21	0	0
Birdbush	3	4	0
Birmingham. Aux.	219	5	5
Small Heath Church	4	5	0
Bishop's Stortford	81	14	10
Blaenavon. Cong. Ch.	0	18	8
Bradford. Aux.	50	0	0
Brigg. Aux.	14	11	7
Brighton. Queen Square Ch., A. J. Larking, Esq.	5	0	0
Bristol. Auxiliary	308	4	4
Brixham	7	2	2
Chesterfield. Cong. Ch.	20	15	8
Chinley	7	17	7
Crewe. Cong. Ch.	5	2	6
Chobham. Mission Ch., West End	1	10	0
Cowes, East	1	7	9
Cowes, West	10	8	6
Cumberland Auxiliary	30	0	9
Daventry. Per Rev. H. W. Grainge	0	5	0
Dewsbury. District Aux.	107	14	9
Douglas. "Faith," for Zenana Missions	2	0	0
Fence, near Rotherham	6	2	0
Somerset. Grove Ch.	11	3	6
Grantham	7	5	0
Halesworth. Value of a watch of Sophia's, who died Feb. 20th, 1869	3	10	0
Harpenden. T. Wilson, Esq.	10	0	0
Huddersfield. District Auxiliary			6
Kilsby	0	18	2
Knottingley	1	15	6
Langford. For Widows' Fund	0	19	2
Launceston. Castle St.	19	4	8
Leicestershire and Rutland. Auxiliary	50	10	0
Lichfield. Cong. Ch.	3	7	0
Long Buckby	16	15	0
Maldon	45	7	1
Manchester and Salford—			
Auxiliary	1700	0	0
Oldham Road Ch.	61	1	8
Marple Bridge	4	18	5
Milton Mount College. For Zenana work	5	0	0
Minsterley	2	1	0
Newport (Isle of Wight). St. James St. United Cong. Ch.	10	0	0
Northampton—			
Auxiliary	56	10	7
King Street	29	16	11
Victoria Road	26	5	2
Preston. Aux.	73	19	2
Ramsgate. Aux.	41	2	8
Riddings	3	7	6
Rugby. For Native Teacher, Cuddapah	6	0	0
Salisbury. Aux.	82	6	0
Sandwich	24	10	0
Scarborough. South Cliff Ch.	24	12	0
South Shields. Walls Street Ch.	6	5	3
Sowerby, Thirsk	2	3	0
Thame. Aux.	21	9	7
Towcester	5	0	0
Wakefield. Dist. Aux.	34	1	8
Walton	6	17	0
Whitburn. Legacy of the late Mr. Robert Bates	66	7	0
Withybrook	5	3	0
Wolverhampton. Queen Street Aux.	0	12	0

WALES.

	£	s.	d.
Neyland	2	10	0
Treherbert, near Pontypridd	0	1	0

SCOTLAND.

	£	s.	d.
Arbroath. Cong. Ch.	2	2	1
Edinburgh. Aux.	66	17	3
Falkirk. A Friend	5	0	0
Glasgow—			
J. E. Gray, Esq.	25	0	0
Ladies' Auxiliary, for Female Missions	120	13	3
Eglinton St. Cong. Ch. Young Women's Junior Bible Class, for Heerode, care of Rev. J. P. Ashton	5	0	6
Moffat U. P. Ch., for Jan Sephego, South Africa	10	0	0
Per Rev. R. A. Warnham.			
Abernethy	0	10	2
Auchterarder	1	6	4
Dunfermline	2	14	0
Fenwick	6	19	0
Innerleithen	2	18	6
Melrose	3	8	6

IRELAND.

	£	s.	d.
Newry. Legacy of the late John Cowan, Esq.	152	13	4
Per Rev. R. A. Warnham.			
Antrim	1	2	1
Armagh	9	0	5
Ballymena	2	10	0
Banbridge	1	0	1
Belfast	0	10	0
Dundalk	2	3	0
Dunmurry	0	10	0
Lisburn	4	5	0
Loughall	0	11	0
Richhill	0	8	0
Stewartstown	2	10	4
Strabane	7	7	6

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the Rev. Robert Robinson, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

Alexander & Shepheard, Printers, 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

MADAGASCAR—STREET IN TAMATAVE.—(*By the kind permission of John Murray, Esq.*)

of the natives also have imitated these, and have very neat and substantial houses. But the vast majority of the natives live in very poor huts, built, including the roof, almost entirely of bamboo and travellers' tree.

The churches here, established in 1862, have been conducted entirely by the natives themselves, assisted by occasional visits only from the missionaries on their way to and from the country, until 1880, when the London Missionary Society, answering the reiterated application of the people for a missionary, requested me to take up the work amongst the Betsimisaraka tribe. After reorganising the schools, and establishing classes for the young men and women of the two congregations, and visiting the preaching stations lying near the town, and feeling that the evangelist might be safely left in charge for a time, I started on a visit to all the churches in the district south of Maroantsetra and north of Ivatomandry, and their respective out-stations. Accordingly, after preparing our travelling gear, and securing men both to carry myself and the luggage, we turned our faces towards the north on August 9th for a journey of about seven hundred miles, chiefly along the coast.

Not having started so early in the morning as I anticipated, we were compelled most reluctantly to stop short of Imahavèlona (Foule Point) by about an hour's run, and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit in a village of five small huts, and called Ankadirano. Three or four men besides myself occupied one, which, although the largest in the place, was only long enough to admit my stretcher and a couple of very small boxes at the foot, the remaining part of the floor being occupied by the men and the few articles belonging to the landlord. We burned a light all night, but neither the lamp nor the chattering of the men, while they sat round their dish of rice, discussing their evening meal, was sufficient to deter innumerable rats from disporting themselves close above our heads. In this I was forcibly reminded of many wretched nights' experiences in the Betsileo country, where very much the same species of night accommodation is provided for the weary traveller, rendered in the latter case, however, more unbearable by the offensive smell so inseparable from the Betsileo residences.

Wednesday, August 10th.—This morning, after passing along the edge of some inland lagoons, crossing others, and one fine river (the

Manandrahona), we reached Imahavèlona in time to have a chat with the pastor and people before breakfast.

Going first to the Hova Fort, to pay my respects to the Governor, I found him to be one of the old Christians whose faith stood the test of the persecution; or, perhaps I ought rather to say, that he represents himself to have been a Christian before the persecution broke out. After introducing myself to him, and presenting my credentials, I urged upon him, as one of our church members, the necessity of establishing a school; for, although there appears to have been a church formed here for very many years, yet there is no pretence of a school. The children of our church members who are learning at all attend the school of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, while a great number are growing up in the greatest ignorance. The Governor promised to aid the pastor in this most desirable work to the utmost of his power, and, in fact, sent for the pastor and deacons to come and see me; and, after the usual introductionsand compliments, we there and then formed ourselves into a committee of ways and means.

After the Governor had exacted a promise that I would not be long before I paid them another visit, we engaged in prayer, asking for ablessing on the proposed extension of the work; and I went to the lower town—the port—to get some breakfast and have some quiet conversation with the pastor. Here, as subsequently elsewhere, I found that the church was little better than such in name only.*

Mahambo is a small Hova fort and town of about 150 houses, with a very fair, though small and intricate, harbour, formed by a point of land on the one side and a coral reef on the other. The town is almost wholly given upt othe rum barrel; in fact, when I arrived, as it was dark, I began to question whether I should be able to get a house to put up in.

Next morning I had some conversation with the pastor, who is quite a boy, apparently of about nineteen, but is married, and has one child He came down from the capital highly recommended by the native pastor of one of the churches in Antananarivo, and

* Since writing the above I have made a second journey to Imahavèlona, and found that they have now a school of eighty-six, taught by a teacher from the capital. A class has also been formed for the instruction of the adult church members.

although so young, may be able to do a little good in the direction of teaching the children. At present, although there are sixty-one church members, there is no school of any kind, nor has there ever been one, and, in saying *that*, the spiritual sloth or death of the place may be inferred.

When I met with the Governor, who is newly appointed, and was one of our members at Tamatave, and his wife, one of our teachers there, he fully admitted the justice of my representations, saying he was equally grieved with myself to find the children had been so neglected. He promised that he would set on foot at once those measures which would help to carry out my wishes, and, at the same time, conform to the laws recently published, requiring every child over eight years of age to be taught.*

Thursday, August 11th.—Nearly the whole road to-day has been by the seaside, on the loose, white sand. The little bits of inland paths travelled in crossing some of the capes are quite a relief to all. They are mostly covered with forest, and the cool shade is very refreshing after the intense heat and glare from the white sand and whiter breakers. At noon we reached Fenoarivo, the busiest place along the coast between Maroantsetra and Tamatave. The Hova fort, supposed to be for the protection of the country, but ridiculously far inland for its purpose, is, with the soldiers' houses on its western side, called Ivohimasina. Separated from the port by a little space, and further north along the coast, is another collection of houses, chiefly occupied by those engaged in the rice trade.

Each division has its own church and pastor, but only one very small school. A school of 150 scholars had been collected by some of the former church members, but they had a difficulty in procuring a teacher. When the bishop of the churches of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Madagascar was here, he heard of their difficulty and appointed a teacher, giving him a large salary to superintend these scholars. Thus the anomaly was established here of a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel schoolmaster teaching the children of the members of churches professedly connected with the London Missionary Society; for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have no church in either of these three towns. Our

* On a recent visit to the town of Mahambo I found a school of forty-two being taught by the Governor's son, one of our former scholars at Tamatave.

school contains twenty children drawn from recent arrivals, and the youngest children, who are just commencing to learn.

In the three churches there are 123 members, and two of the pastors bear a good reputation both among their own people and, as far as I could learn, among the foreigners. After leaving Fenoarivo the coast begins to assume a slightly different aspect—volcanic rocks lie scattered about on the beach, and a large bed of blue clay has been laid bare by the washing away of top-soil. At a distance this bed looks like the blue slaty rock found in places farther north, and so tempted my men (on our return journey) to follow the low beach in preference to keeping the ordinary path along the higher cliff-like land. They, or I may say, we, paid for the mistake with a thorough wetting, and not a little alarm on the part of one or two.

We had not progressed far on our road northward before we discovered that we should not be able to reach Manangory, the town where we had proposed to sleep, and which had been pointed out by the people at Fenoarivo as a suitable place to put up at for the night, and which looked quite near from the outlook at the fort. However we had heard also that there was another town an hour's ride south of Manangory, which would afford us shelter if we found it was getting dark. Accordingly we made up our minds to be satisfied with the accommodation of the smaller town, and hoped there would be sufficient provisions for our company of eleven men. I was the more willing to give in to the wishes of the men in this matter, as we had, after an hour's travelling, lost sight of the baggage-bearers, who had tailed off immediately after leaving Fenoarivo. We arrived at Tampôlo just as the sun was setting, and found how grievously we were to be disappointed. There was the town certainly, but where were the people? We soon satisfied ourselves on that point—the town was deserted. There was nothing for it but to close up as well as we could some of the openings in the best houses, feel about in the dark for the best place to lie for the night, and then, hungry and tired, try to think we had had our dinner, get to sleep and forget the discomfort.

On *Friday, August 12th*, after choosing four men to return and hunt up the luggage we walked on to Manangory, and in as short a time as living fowl was ever transformed into a breakfast, cooked and dished up with rice, was that one we bought from the chief of

the village. Although fingers had to serve the office of fork, and a horn spoon to perform the remaining duties of the table, strange to say we enjoyed our meal and were not too fastidious about the table appurtenances. At 11·30 the laggards came in.

Just at dusk we arrived at Manakatafana, a small Hova town and garrison placed here for the collecting of the customs. The governor, a decrepit old man, is also the pastor of the church, consisting of thirty members—all the Hovas in the place, which of itself speaks for the standard of church fellowship. There are four preachers and two deacons, but no pretence of a school. The place is one of the most dead alive places I have seen. It has the appearance of complete stagnation, always excepting the mosquitoes which are ever active and thrive here wonderfully. On questioning some of the church members, I was grieved at the lamentable ignorance of sacred things which they displayed.

All I could do here was to read and pray with the people, urge them to more diligence in the study of the Scriptures, and press upon them the importance of teaching the children, even though there are but few. The next morning, after a fair run of five hours, we reached Isoanerana, or Ivongo, as it has been called; but properly speaking the latter is the name of the department or division of the Betsimisaraka under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Isoanerana. Along the road, which is increasing in difficulty each day, we passed great rocky promontories, beds of lava that have evidently run down molten into the sea, and in one place a bed of slate.

This being an important post, as the chief port abreast of St. Mary's, or, as it is called here, Nosy Ibraha, the governor is a more intelligent man than many along the coast. We had a long chat together after I had presented my letter of introduction, and he favourably impressed me. But—and here again my hopes for better things were soon nipped in the bud—I discovered from the people here and in Manompana, which I visited two days subsequently, that he is living with the runaway wife of a Hova at the latter town, his own wife being still in Imerina. Our work here in the Betsimisaraka is not so much a doing and building up, as it is an undoing and pulling down, a shovelling out of the rubbish, and destruction of the rottenness. This must be done before there is a clear space for the foundation of the pure and the holy.

Next day, *Sunday*, we assembled in the church at about eight o'clock, and after examining the school of forty-five children, and giving a little advice to the teacher, I preached to about 200 people, trying to make them understand a little of the love of Christ, and our duty to our Heavenly Father. Dismissing the general congregation, I had some serious talk with the church members, pastor, and deacons. Pointing out their duty as a church, I left them to adopt such measures as they think best for carrying out my instructions.

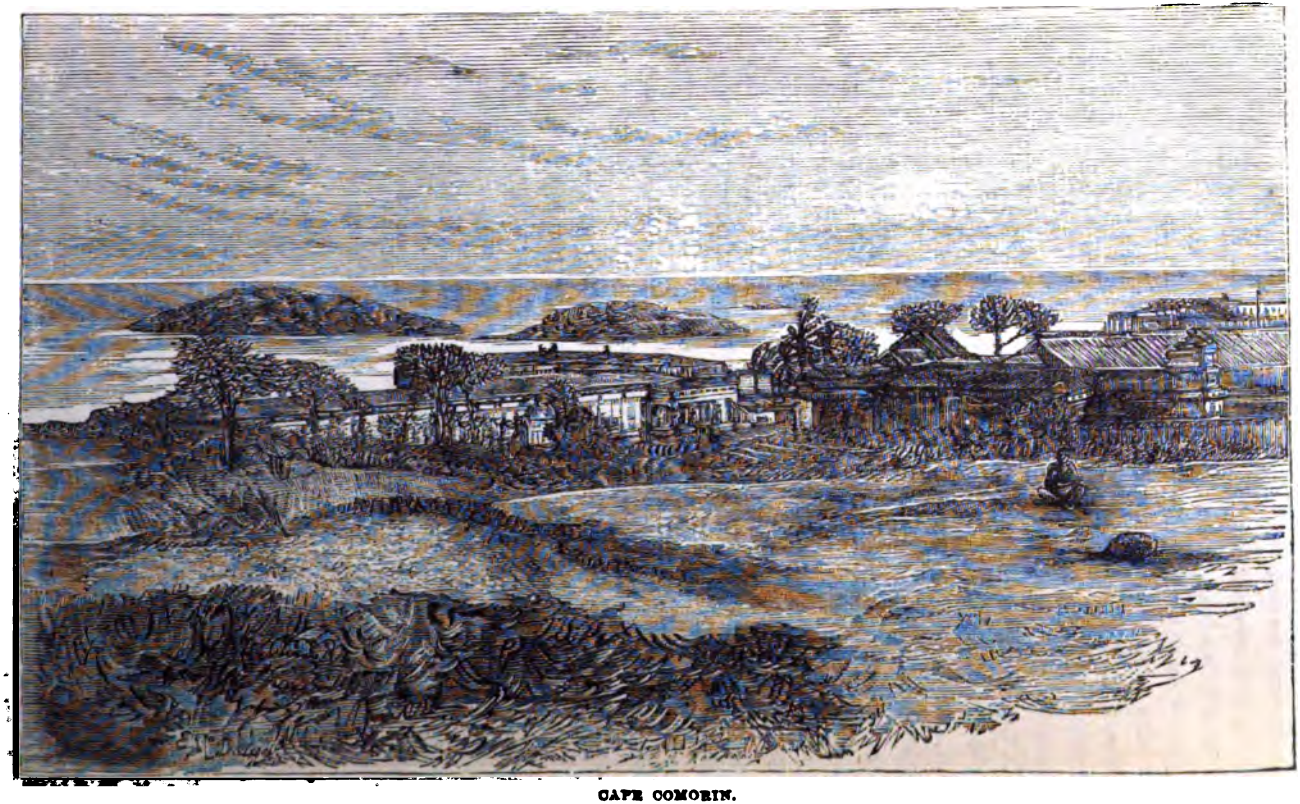
In the afternoon we made a short run to Antsiraka, held a service in the little chapel there, and examined the school. This is a small place, but has one or two small villages inland in the immediate neighbourhood, the people from which also attend service here. There are twelve church members, a school of sixteen, two preachers, and a schoolmaster. The town is situated at the extremity of the cape marked on the maps as Point Larree, and is the nearest point to St. Mary's, which can be distinctly seen from Antsiraka. On the north of the point is a very good anchorage for schooners, and the whole coast north and south of this, being under the lee of the long island to the east, is remarkably quiet, and free from the heavy rollers that break in foam on the beach further south.

A small house of one room was found for me to pass the night in but although this is a government town there was not room enough for us all without a number of the bearers occupying the same house with me. In the morning I saw the sick folk and gave them the best advice I could, and medicine where I thought it was needed. After that we assembled the church members and discussed a few matters relating to the conduct of one or two communicants, and left things in train for developing a better and holier life among them.

(To be continued.)

THE COMET AS SEEN IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Mr. A. J. Copplestone, Church missionary at Uyui, referring, under date September 28th, to the recall by the chief Mirambo of a caravan of ivory on the alleged ground of threatened collision with a rival caravan, writes:—"This seems plausible, but I am inclined to think that the appearance of the magnificent comet has had something to do with it, as the Wanyamwezi are terribly afraid. Certainly I never have seen such a sight as that which the comet has been presenting for some mornings past."



CAPE COMORIN.

II.—South India—Cape Comorin.

By the Rev. S. Mather, F.L.S.

CAPE OMORIN being low and not discernible at a distance, an isolated mountain better visible to navigators is sometimes called by them Cape Comorin. This mountain, the most southerly in Travancore, is called by the people "Medicine Hill," being supposed to be the very hill which the monkey god, Hanuman, brought, as related in the Ramayana, from a distance of fifteen hundred miles farther north, and threw down here. He had been sent to it for medicinal herbs to restore the dead and wounded of Rama's army, and not being able, in his haste, to recognise the particular plants, he pulled up the mountain itself, and brought it on his shoulders. It seems, however, that in hurriedly depositing his burden he turned it upside down!

The southern termination of the range of the Western Ghauts, a bold, conspicuous summit and magnificent mass of solid rock, with a clear fall of many hundred feet towards the Tinnevelly side, has also been erroneously taken for the Cape, though several miles distant from it.

The road to the Cape is broad, and pleasantly shaded for some miles with banyan trees, which in many parts stretch quite across the road. Cape Comorin is supposed, along with several other noted places in India, to be very sacred, and is visited by pilgrims from all parts, though those residing near it do not share in the enchantment. In the immediate neighbourhood the whole country is a mass of palmyras, as the coast is of cocoa-nut palms. The land is not high, and slopes gently down into the sea. At the north end of the village stands a large Roman Catholic church and a village of fisher-people, just such as Xavier laboured amongst so successfully three centuries ago. Several low enclosures with pyramidal stones, or demon altars, may be noticed in the vicinity.

A street of Brahman houses leads down to the travellers' rest-house, where Gosains and other religious mendicants and pilgrims from Northern India abide, and may be heard chanting their orisons, and to the pagoda and the bathing-places on the shore. The total population is about 2,300. Various buildings are scattered about, and minor shrines of Pilleiyar and other deities. The great temple

is dedicated to Bhagavathi, or Durga, the patron goddess of the place, which is named after her, Kumari, "the virgin," and who appears to have been worshipped here as early as the time of Pliny, for he mentions the place by this name. The monthly bathing in honour of the goddess is still continued, but is not practised to the same extent as in former times. The annual expenditure of the temple is about 11,000 rupees. From without, little of it is visible except the high walls adorned with perpendicular streaks of red, and the flat terraced roofs. Of course, it cannot be entered by strangers, or low-caste people, for close inspection. In front are four remarkable stone monoliths rising into the air to the height of twenty feet, as if intended to support a portico, but left unfinished, as in Madura and Tanjore, which it is said is always done to neutralise the "evil eye." The festival is held for five days in the year, when the place is "wholly given to idolatry."

The passage between the Brahman Street and the Temple and Choultry has once been paved with large stones, and the pillars at the sides well carved, but these have now mostly fallen in the dust. The great stone Choultry is more accessible, and a really artistic production. It consists of a corniced roof, say eighteen feet in height, resting upon twelve carved pillars. The sides are closed in with walls, and the front partly closed with cross bars and beams of stone, leaving but a small opening for entrance. Within are two rows of dark granite pillars on each side, with good sculptures, some of them large and spirited representations of Vishnu, Brahma, Hanuman, Krishna, and other Hindu gods; figures holding a lamp in outstretched hands—a good design for an ornamental lamp—and the pillars covered on all sides with scrolls and figures. Two striking grotesque sculptures represent the fabulous Yāli, with face and body of a lion, and trunk of an elephant; underneath, a smaller elephant raises his trunk, which intertwines with the proboscis of the upper one; and this elephant itself rests on a human figure. In the mouths of the Yālis are stone balls, which will turn round but not come out, the whole being cleverly carved out of the solid block.

On the shore are several small bathing-places for the use of the Maharajah and Brahmans bathing in the sacred waters in honour of the goddess—small square buildings, like the ordinary roadside rest-houses, supported on stone pillars. Here may be gathered specimens of

remarkable sands—one bright reddish in colour, formed of grains of garnet such as is found in larger pieces in Ceylon; and the celebrated "rice sand," with grains bearing a close resemblance to rice, respecting which the priests relate some foolish legends. One version has already been recorded. It is as follows:—"The youngest daughter of the King of Pāndi, named Kanyā Kumari, was sought in marriage by a foreign giant, named Vanasaram. She accepted his suit and agreed to marry him on one condition, which she hoped he could never fulfil—namely, that he should on the wedding day give the guests *rice* to eat which had been sown, grown, cut, winnowed, and cooked upon that very day. Much to her astonishment the ugly monster performed the task. Greatly enraged she cursed the rice, which became stones; she cursed the chaff, which became sand; she broke down a bridge which the giant had placed there for his convenience, and finally slew the giant himself."* Another version is to the effect that when the god Siva was going on a certain night privately to marry the goddess, the morning unexpectedly broke (its dawn being heralded by the crowing of a cock, which compelled him to retrace his steps), and all the rice which had been prepared for the wedding was petrified and thrown on the shore. A couple of low, black, rocky islets a little way out in the sea, in the centre of one of which a fresh-water well is said to exist, with one or two smaller rocks, on which the sea breaks, form the last points of solid land in India.

POLYNESIAN MISSIONS—A POSTSCRIPT.

I VERY much regret that, owing to press of work in connection with Madagascar at the time of writing the article on the above subject in the January CHRONICLE, I omitted to mention how much I was indebted for information contained in that article to a little book by my friend, the Rev. S. J. Whitmee, F.R.G.S., now of Dublin, but for many years missionary at Samoa. I am, however, glad to be allowed to supply the deficiency here, and to draw attention to Mr. Whitmee's admirable little book entitled *Polynesia: Islands, Races, Missions*, in Snow's "Outline Missionary Series,' from which, at the cost of sixpence, more compact information can be gained as to the Pacific Islands, their people, and the mission work among them, than could be obtained in many large and costly volumes. I should also add that the information as to the areas of the Pacific region occupied by the three great racial divisions of the Polynesians, was derived from Mr. Whitmee's "Ethnological Map of the Pacific Islands," published a year or two ago by the Anthropological Institute. JAMES SIBREE, jun.

* Mullens's Missions in South India, p. 94

III.—The Religion of Central Africa.

By Mr. Walter Hutley.

(*Continued.*)

Leaving the Wajiji, and crossing Lake Tanganika to its western shore, we come to a tribe different in many respects from those already referred to. This is seen in their mode of dress, and, also in their language. These people are called Wa-guha—that is, the people of U-guha; the prefix *wa* indicating plurality of people, and *u* denoting a country. On account of the peculiar sound of their language, and of its being apparently separated into short syllables, the nick-name Wa-holu-holu is applied to them. Among these people we meet with something that at first looks very much like idolatry: carved figures, representing in most cases human forms, to which a certain amount of superstition is attached, are to be found. There are also sacred places, two of which I have often visited. One of these places is upon a small island, to which it seemed to give an air of mystery. Tales are related of the wonderful things to be seen, and the sounds to be heard upon it.

It was not long after taking up my residence in the district that, with my colleague, I felt a strong desire to visit this island, principally on account of the fine timber it contained. Taking with us an old native as guide, we reached its shores; on landing by boat we could not fail to admire the density of its growth and the fineness of some of its timber. One particularly dense spot we wished to examine more minutely, when our guide came up and endeavoured to prevent us, saying that it was the sacred place. We then retired, and sometime afterwards learned that it had obtained this sanctity on account of its being the burial-place of the chiefs. The other spot which is held as sacred, as the local habitation of a superior being, is upon a high ridge of hills, and at a point where one of the finest views in Central Africa meets the eye on all sides. A place fit to build a temple upon, where the lowering mountains on one hand, and the expanse of the lake on the other, alike combine to arrest attention. Here the untutored heathen do homage, with the utmost regularity, to the spirit which rules over this beautiful scene. A huge heap of grass, leaves, twigs, &c., testifies to this; for, as each person approaches, he plucks the one or the other to cast upon the

heap ere he passes on. Every year the grass around it is burned, and in this way much of the heap is consumed, but more or less always remains. No native will wilfully fire the grass in this place; to do so would be to incur the wrath of the spirit. What this spirit is which rules over and resides at this place, is difficult to say; certainly, however, he is not a spirit whose sole end and aim is to do evil, but rather the reverse; thus showing this tribe to be a step in advance of the tribe first mentioned. A writer upon the Fetishism of the West Coast, says that there fear rules instead of trust, anxiety in place of joy, hate for love! Such a creed might be expected from a people long enslaved, but these Waguha pray, or beg, not only that evil may be averted, but that good may come, thus showing that they have much brighter views of life than the tribes of the West. The fact that slavery has not yet had much effect upon them may account in some measure for this. The carved figures, representing human beings, to which reference has been made, are sometimes dressed as the natives themselves dress; but in the head may be seen small goats' horns, which are filled with medicine by a properly qualified—or rather—an acknowledged, medicine man, who is rain-maker and witch-finder combined. These horns, when filled, are placed with due care in the head of the image, which is placed until wanted in some dark corner of the hut where its owner resides. When the owner intends going to war, this image is brought out, and *the spirit which it represents* is prayed to; the sight of the image apparently suggesting the presence of the spirit whose help is sought. These images are also brought forward on the first day of the new moon, on which day the chiefs will remain in their own villages, and sometimes in their huts, making medicine or praying through the images to their ancestors. The finest figure of this kind I have ever seen is one which was obtained by my colleague; it was brought home by myself, and is now in the museum of the London Missionary Society. This figure has seven heads, forming a circle; from these heads spring innumerable small figures, which in most cases are merely a piece of stick carved rudely with the outline of a face. What this idol is supposed to represent we could not ascertain, beyond the fact that each of the seven faces had a name. The natives did not seem to value it very highly, as they raised no difficulty about selling it. In form it bears a remarkable resemblance to the productions of Hindoo mythology.

There is no remnant amongst this tribe of the worship of the sun, but they associate the name of the evening star with the term for "home." As stated by one of themselves, they believe that at death they go into the sunset, there to be judged for their past life by a Great Being, with whom they may be allowed to live. Should they have done evil in this life they are cast out. The spirits cast out become a power for evil. The spirits who are permitted to reside with the Great Being become a power for good; and it is to these spirits they pray, and for the use of these spirits they erect little hut-like dwellings. I may add that this tribe is remarkable for its honesty.

I have mentioned the rain-maker, which office is generally combined with that of the medicine-man or doctor. I could never learn much about this personage, beyond his existence, and his ability to produce rain when and where he pleased.

We have yet to refer to the witch-finder, for belief in witchcraft is the most firmly-rooted of any amongst these people. In most uncultured nations this belief is met with; but in Central Africa it is found to an extent almost incredible. From these and other facts, the conviction has long been forced upon my mind that these people must, at some time or other, have had their home in the north; and, in the course of centuries, have migrated southwards. We may instance the faint resemblances found in their religious ideas—the belief, for example, of the Wanyamwezi in the evil power of the sun—which connect them with the ancient Assyrians. Again, the many-headed figure may be supposed to have some remote connection with Hindoo myths. Rather, therefore, than conclude that these ideas have been evolved out of their own consciousness, may we not regard them as faint rays of the religious light of a past age, which, as one generation succeeds another, will become more dim, and, by degrees, will degenerate into an unmeaning superstition!

SUPERSTITION IN SOUTH INDIA.

The Rev. Maurice Phillips, of Salem, writes respecting a visit to Kombur:—"In this village we saw margosa leaves strewed on the top of every house, and, on asking the people the reason why, were told that a white crow was on its way from Vellore to these parts, and that on whatever house it alighted some of its inmates would be sure to die, and the house itself be burnt. Leaves of the margosa tree were the only means of keeping it away! These people deify every mortal thing."

IV.—China—Nanking.

By the Rev. Wm. Muirhead.

I HAVE just returned from an interesting visit to this city during the time of the Triennial Examinations there. The general appearance of things and the order and course observed at such a season, seem to be the same as prevail elsewhere in China on occasions of the kind. The time, too, when these examinations occur is identical in all parts of the empire. Various particulars connected with them at Hangchow and Peking have already appeared in your paper, but my experience of what I met with it at Nanking may not be redundant.

The students from the provinces of Anhuei and Kiang-su were included in the above examination, and as these provinces are distinguished for their literary attainments, there was, as always, a very large attendance. The average number was said to be 20,000, comprising old graduates and new batches of the B.A. class that had been formed in the different Hsien cities, since the last Triennial examination for the M.A. degree. Those belonging to the latter class had been examined several days before the general meeting to see if their abilities were equal to the occasion, and of course many had been rejected, and their admission into the circle deferred till the next time. For a week or more prior to the gathering, the steamers up and down the river were crowded with candidates for honours, ready to avail themselves of such a mode of travel for its cheapness, celerity and convenience as compared with their own native methods, whatever they may have thought of those who initiated the system. They were uniformly reported to have conducted themselves with the utmost propriety on board, and seemed to appreciate the high advantage of being huddled together in close contact, which to a foreigner would have been anything but agreeable.

On arriving at the scene of action, and within two or three days of the time appointed, there was first a considerable excitement at the prospect of the Chief Literary Chancellor making his appearance. The students and the people were alike on the *qui vive* in anticipation, and were prepared to give him a cordial welcome. That event over, the day dawned, the 8th of the present Chinese month, when the work was begun. The streets adjacent to the Examination Hall were

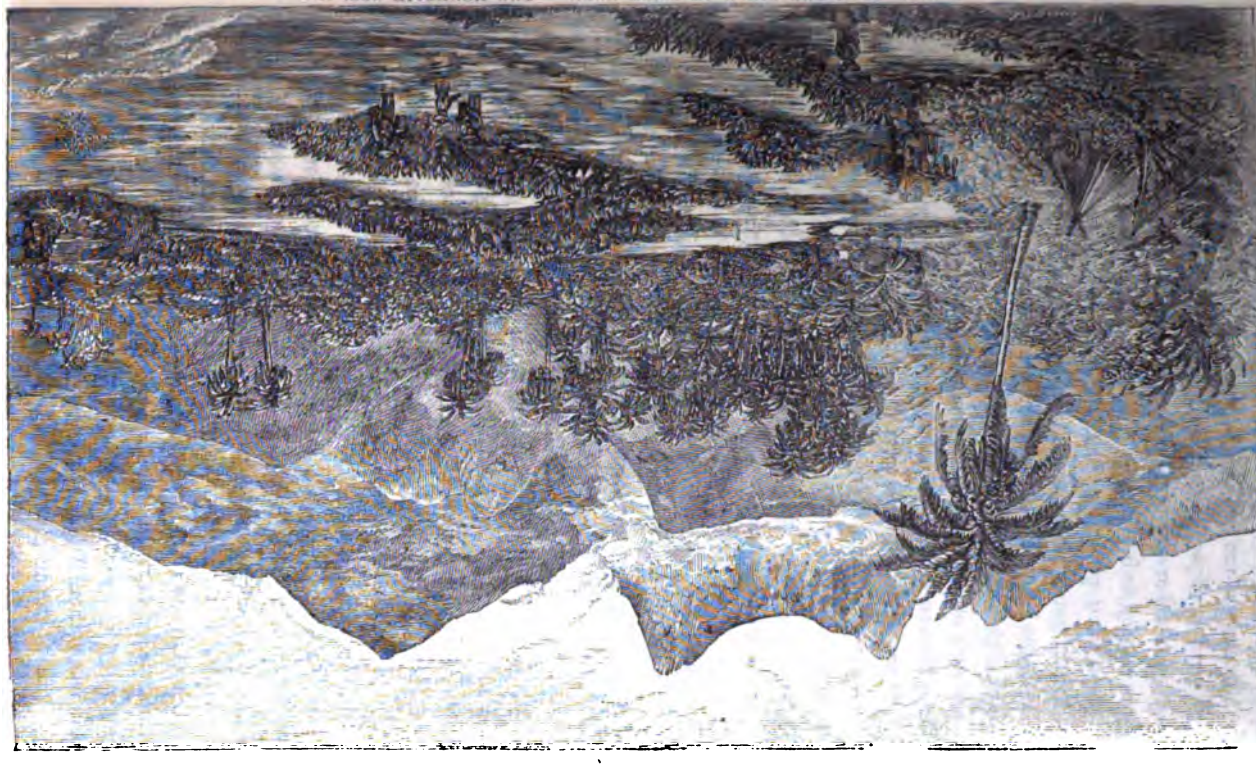
crowded with the aspirants for fame, all hastening to the place of trial. Their appearance was interesting and novel to a first observer. There were three different roads or avenues leading to the hall by which the students from the various cities to which they belonged went in. No order prevailed in this part of the *menu* beyond that each class of students had their way determined by the district from which they came, so that no confusion took place in respect of their line of entrance. The gates were closely guarded by soldiers, in order to prevent any one getting in who was not entitled to do so. As for the students, they had each a bag hanging by a string round their necks, containing their writing materials, and in front of it was pasted the name of the city or district they came from. They had also porters or attendants who carried their bedding, baskets and various knick-knacks for use during the time they were in the Hall. They were of all ages, from under twenty to sixty years old, and indeed a number seemed greatly to exceed the latter age, and show very little fitness for either literary or civil position.

On the 10th the students came out of the Hall for the first time, and presented a very different appearance from what they did when they went in. They had a weary and woe-begone look; and no wonder, considering their miserable accommodation inside and the care and anxiety of their work. They did not all come out together, as the crush would have been too great. Their exit was preceded by the firing of three guns, and a certain time was allowed them to make up their baskets and belongings. As they issued from the avenue leading to the Hall they were beset by donkey-drivers and others, who laid hold of their goods and chattels like porters and cabmen at home, and the poor fellows had to grasp them and trudge along the best way they could. Some had their attendants and chairs, and seemed to be in good circumstances. Others had to carry their own burdens, which were now of double weight, after the worry and fatigue to which their owners had been subjected.

The same thing was repeated on the occasion of their return to the Hall the following day, and their coming out of it. The whole occupied a considerable space of time, and furnished a splendid opportunity for Christian work such as we were engaged in. Our chief object was to distribute Christian books among the students, and it was uncertain how we should be received by a class that has

generally been a very troublesome one in regard to foreigners. It was not so, however, in our case. Mingling freely with them, we were in almost in every instance treated with the utmost civility and respect. Alike in their going into the Hall, after the first appearance, and on their return from it, we walked amongst them or stood at the side of the road as they were crowding past; and it was a matter of astonishment to us that they not only received our books, whether given by natives or foreigners, but in the event of missing an opportunity they returned as if eager to get one. While we were engaged in this work there were other Chinese also distributing native books, and the scholars seemed no less ready to accept them.

Our plan was to devote every other day to itinerating in the streets of the city for general preaching and selling portions of the Scriptures and other books to the people. Occupying a stand for five or ten minutes, and dwelling on the main truths of the Gospel, we were able in the course of a day to go over a large space of ground, and come in contact with a large number of people. The following day we were at work among the scholars, to whom the books were freely given, and it was a gratifying thing to us that these were the men who, most of all, might be expected to apprehend their meaning. We say nothing as to the suitability of the books distributed, or about their being intelligible to them. There are difficulties arising both from the style and subject-matter, which even the scholars might not be able to get over. The same thing, however, applies to books and tracts nearer home, and in the meanwhile we have done what we could, leaving the results with Him who alone can render it effectual. We closed the work in the consciousness of having been well and usefully engaged, and impressed with the extreme value and importance of such opportunities for disseminating knowledge alike secular and religious, which ought more fully to be taken advantage of. There is an ancient institution everywhere established throughout the empire, by means of which the very élite and hope of the country are to be met with, men who are best qualified to avail themselves and make use of the information it is in our power to give them. Our scientific, literary and theological knowledge might thus be employed to great practical advantage, and the era of China's regeneration might be hastened on in a more effective manner than hitherto has been the case.—[From the *North China Daily News.*]



V.—Tahiti.

By the Rev. J. L. Green.

THE island of Tahiti—now, with its dependencies, a French colony—has always a special interest associated with it in the minds of all friends of foreign missions. It was the scene of the first labours of the London Missionary Society; and the long night of toil through which the first missionaries passed, was a fair test of their faith and patience, as well as of that of the Directors at home. Many of the latter began to question whether the time had really come when Tahiti should be converted to the Lord; but the long years of faith-testing and patient labour, were to be followed by a glorious harvest of souls.

The accompanying sketch represents a part of the island, the neighbourhood of which is of historic interest. The mountains in the background, about 9,000 feet high, tower far above the clouds, and are clothed with verdure to the very summits; whilst the hill-sides and valleys are rich in palm trees, mountain plantains, bread-fruit trees, oranges, guavas, &c., &c., with a dense vegetable growth, which not only preserves a moisture in the soil, and gives shelter from the scorching rays of the tropical sun to cattle roving at large, but supplies those cattle with food. The depressions among the hills serve as natural reservoirs, which find their outlets in the valleys below; the streams thus formed are so numerous throughout the island, and the waters so pure, that Tahiti has long since become famous among merchant captains traversing the seas of Eastern Polynesia, and they rarely fail to avail themselves of a call at the port of Papeete to replenish their supply.

The river which forms the foreground of the sketch passes through a very fertile part of the extensive plain which borders one side of Matavai—a bay of peculiar interest in the history of modern missions. On the western side of the river, and about half a mile distant from it, is the spot where Captain Cook placed his instruments to observe the transit of Venus, towards the close of the last century, from which it has derived its name, "Point Venus," and on which promontory a lighthouse now stands and points out to mariners their approach to the coral reef—nature's breakwater—which protects the lowlands from the ravages of the sea. This light

house was erected by the French Government, and its light first shed its rays across the ocean on the eve of the year 1867–8. Near this spot the first missionaries to the island set foot on landing from the ship *Duff* (which the natives even now call Terapu—"Teraboo"—for reasons which we will presently explain) in May, 1797. They landed under favourable circumstances, were kindly received by the natives, who were doubtless attracted by the novel and curious objects which were presented to them by the strangers; but, the novelty passing off, hostility set in, and ere long the mission party were compelled to protect themselves within an enclosure constructed of cocoa-nut trees cut off in lengths of about ten feet, and placed close together perpendicularly in a trench dug out for the purpose. This solid fence, standing some eight feet high, served as an effectual barrier to any intruders.

POINT VENUS LIGHTHOUSE.

The missionaries, settled on shore, naturally applied themselves to the work of conciliating the natives and acquiring a knowledge of the language. To accomplish the former of these was no easy matter, as a determined opposition was offered by the priests, who felt their craft was being endangered, and as the system of worship of the people was one of dire superstition, they were absolutely under the power of the priesthood, who, in their turn, were always in strict alliance with the chiefs. Thus the ordinary portions of the community were controlled, politically, socially, and religiously, by this alliance, and were not allowed even to think for themselves; hence it came to pass that, as a rule, the reception by the people, in later days, of the Gospel was

only after the chiefs had declared in favour thereof. This consideration made it exceedingly difficult for the missionaries to secure the confidence of the natives, and it was a work which called forth all the tact and patience they could command.

The acquisition of the language, too, was a labour of no small concern to these teachers of the religion which was destined to revolutionise the entire Pacific. These messengers of the Cross found the people without a written language, and being met by the opposition to which we have referred, they were dependent upon the aid of the few who were bold enough to cross over the barrier of prohibition laid down by the priests and the chiefs, with the occasional aid of the king, who assumed a favourable attitude towards the missionaries whilst he persistently refused (probably through superstitious fear of the anger of the gods) to give in his adhesion to the new religion. The language, however, must be reduced to form, the alphabet determined, ere a literature could be provided, and ere the great aim of the founder of a new mission can be realised—namely, the translation of the sacred Scriptures. The early journals of the missionaries, still preserved in the archives of the Society at Tahiti, contain many references to the difficulties they had to contend with, and their own reflections thereon. They reveal the immensely greater trials of faith and patience experienced in those days, than fall to the lot of pioneers in these later times. God seems, in the early history of the Mission at Tahiti, to have rebuked the general want of faith on the part of the churches at home in those days, at the expense of a strained testing of the patience of those who nobly responded to the reiteration of the commission of Christ to the Apostles, to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." In God's own time, however, the cloud lifted, and the sunshine of His pleasure and approbation beamed forth, cheering the hearts of the missionaries in the field, and abundantly rewarding the patient waiting of the Directors and friends of the newly-formed Society at home; and, may we not add, appropriately rebuking the lack of sympathy on the part of those Christians who excused themselves from participating in this grand enterprise. Subsequent success of the cause has established the Mission work as an essential institution of the Church of Christ, and those who do not actively participate therein deprive themselves of one of the highest honours

God confers upon his people here on earth, and they fail to perform the most honourable duty required by God at their hands.

But to return to Tahiti and the work of the first missionaries there. Whilst the mission party were concentrated at Point Venus, and as soon as they had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language of the people to be understood by them, they visited the neighbouring districts, and their journals record the rebuffs they met with, and the insults they endured, having been received everywhere with suspicion, and in some cases treated with utter contempt; *e.g.*, on a visit to Papenoo two of the missionaries succeeded in gathering together a congregation of four persons, one of whom so ridiculed the new doctrine, and so excited the others, as to break up the meeting; and the missionaries returned, feeling that they needed much grace to sustain them, and faith in God's promises to enable them to continue in good works, lest they faint by the way. Such devotion to the cause of the Redeemer must of necessity be rewarded with success, but not until their faith and patience were further tested. At length, however, the cloud broke and the sunshine of God's approval beamed forth with all its life-giving influence; and the precious fruits of faith and patience are seen in the present flourishing condition of the Mission cause in the Islands of the great Pacific Ocean.

There existed in former times in the "Court" at Tahiti a custom which found also a place in the "Court" of England in early days. It was customary for the King of Tahiti to have among his attendants a "jester," and some few years before the Island had been visited by foreign ships, this jester suddenly renounced the gods of the Island; he moreover denounced them as utterly unworthy of the worship rendered to them; he also predicted that, ere long, large canoes without outriggers would come across the seas, bringing strange people with them, their skins would be white, but their bodies would be all covered over except their faces. He also stated that the people on one of these ships would tell them of another God whom all the Tahitians would ultimately worship: that the arrival of this large canoe would be preceded by a "rapu fenua," "a trembling of the earth." This jester was remonstrated with, threatened, and warned of the consequences of treating the gods of his fathers with such contempt; but he still persisted, and positively refused to

give any further heed to the worship of those idols. The utter absurdity of the idea of a canoe, however large, crossing the sea without an outrigger was proved to the satisfaction of some, at least, of the people, when they removed the outrigger from one of their canoes, and took the canoe outside the reef in a heavy sea; it rolled and tossed about for some time, and ultimately filled with water. This prophet-jester was henceforth regarded as deficient in reason, and, therefore, was allowed to indulge in his fanatical denunciations. Strange as it may seem, a year or two before the arrival of the *Duff*, a severe earthquake shock was felt all over the island, the first and last on record. The people became alarmed, and began to think that after all the "jester" was not far wrong; for, in the meantime, the possibility of a large canoe without an outrigger living at sea, had been proved by the arrival of foreign ships at the island. At length the *Duff* arrived, and the people were told of another God, to whom alone homage was due, and who alone could save from sin. The natives called this ship *Te rapu*, the *Trembling*, and these first missionaries were permitted to see the system of idolatry which had kept the natives in bondage to Satan for so many ages, tremble and fall before the mighty power and influence of the Gospel of Christ.

NEW GUINEA—A FAITHFUL NATIVE.

REFERRING to a visit to Delena, the Rev. Jas. Chalmers writes:—"Lavao stepped on board and I asked, 'Where is Kone?' After a little he said, 'Oh, Tamate, Kone, your friend, is dead.' 'Dead, Lavao?' I had to sit down. 'Yes, Kone is dead, and we buried him on your ground near your house, the house of his one great friend.' 'Did Kone die of sickness?' 'No, he was speared by your friend, Laoma. After you left there was a feast at Delena, Kone and others were there, also some Naara natives. At night Laoma came with his spears to kill a Naara man, and when about to throw a spear Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind, the spear entering his own breast. We carried him home and on the second moon he died.' Oh, my poor Kone, the kindliest savage I have ever met, how I shall miss you here. I had hoped you would yet become a great help in introducing the Gospel into the Gulf, and now had called to take you with me. How anxious he was to be taught and to know how to pray. I taught him to say, 'God of love, give me light, lead me to Christ.' Who will gainsay it that my wind and rain-making friend is not in that presence, passing from this darkness into that light which he prayed for."

VI.—Notes of the Month.

1. DEPARTURE.

Mr. JAMES ROXBURGH, engineer, in charge of the Society's steam-launch, *Good News*, embarked for Quillimane, per steamer *Khandalla*, Jan. 18th.

2. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

Mrs. HORE, wife of Captain E. C. HORE, and child, from CENTRAL AFRICA, per steamer *Canara*, December 24th.

3. BIRTHS.

PEARSE.—August 2nd, at Raiatea, Society Islands, South Seas, the wife of the Rev. Albert Pearse, of a daughter.

MACGOWAN.—September 15th, at Amoy, China, the wife of the Rev. J. Macgowan, of a daughter.

COUSINS.—September 22nd, at Antananarivo, Madagascar, the wife of the Rev. W. E. Cousins, of a daughter.

HUCKETT.—October 22nd, at Fianarantsoa, Betsileo Country, Madagascar, the wife of the Rev. A. S. Huckett, of a daughter.

HADFIELD.—November 11th, at Fajawe, Uvea, South Seas, the wife of the Rev. J. Hadfield, of a son.

4. MARRIAGE.

GAZE—BROCKWAY.—November 10th, at Davidson Street Chapel, Madras, by the Revs. G. O. Newport and R. Wardlaw Thompson, Foreign Secretary London Missionary Society, Alfred Richard Gaze, London Mission, Cuddapah, to Elizabeth Jane (Lily), daughter of the Rev. Thos. Brockway, of Madagascar.

5. MISSIONARY STEAMER FOR LAKE TANGANYIKA.

The Directors have much pleasure in announcing the completion of the screw steam-launch for Central Africa, which, for several months past, has been in course of erection by Messrs. Forrestt and Son, Britannia Yard, Millwall. The dimensions of the vessel are as follow:—Length, 55 feet; beam, 12 feet; depth of hold, 7 feet 6 inches. The contract price, including boiler, which was furnished by Messrs. Cochrane & Co., of Birkenhead, was £1,600; fittings and extras will, however, bring the total cost to upwards of £2,000. To meet this heavy outlay a portion of the generous donation made some time since by Robert Arthington, Esq., of Leeds, has been kept in reserve and is now available. The Directors are also indebted to several friends for help rendered in other ways. Alexander Scrutton, Esq., has provided a complete suite of sails; Mrs. Leonard and family, Bristol, a clock, &c.; another friend at Bristol, a compass in teak binnacle and barometer; George Mist, Esq., of Southampton, sundry blocks; while from the Old Trafford School, Manchester, has been received a galvanised anchor, weighing 1 cwt. Special acknowledgment is due to Gilbert S. Goodwin, Esq., of Liverpool, for his gratuitous and most valuable services in preparing plans for the steamer and boiler, and in superintending generally the construction of the vessel. The *Good News* is the name which the steamer will

bear: in Kiswahili, *Habari njema*, the meaning of which is universally understood by the natives. It has been sent out in sections by the *Khandalla* ss., which left the docks on the morning of the 19th January, and in which Mr. James Roxburgh, a practical engineer, in the Society's service, is a passenger. On arriving at Quillimane "The African Lakes Company" will convey the four hundred or more packages by way of Lake Nyassa to the south end of Lake Tanganyika. Here Captain Hore, with Messrs. Swann, Dunn, and Brooks will be waiting, and, with the aid of the engineer, it is hoped and expected they will find but little difficulty in reconstructing the steamer and setting her afloat on the lake.

6. A SUGGESTIVE EXAMPLE.

The following note, enclosing a sovereign for the Widows and Orphans' Fund, has been received by the Home Secretary at the Mission House.

"January 11, 1883.

"DEAR SIR,—Absence, through illness, from last Sunday morning's service, prevented the enclosed little contribution being placed in the plate. I therefore send it direct to you. Please add it to the amount your —— treasurer may remit, and oblige yours truly, ——

"REV. R. ROBINSON."

7. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES, 16TH DEC., 1882, TO 15TH JAN., 1883

CHINA.—Dr. Dudgeon, Peking, October 30th; Jon. Lees, Tientsin, November 18th; Dr. Mackenzie, Shanghai, November 25th; J. Stonehouse, Shanghai, November 28th; T. Bryson, Wuchang, November 4th; G. John, Hankow, September 27th, October 21st, November 4th; C. Budd, Amoy, November 1st; J. Sadler, Amoy, November 22nd; Dr. Palmer, Amoy, November 23rd; J. C. Edge, Hongkong, November 28th; T. W. Pearce, Canton, November 25th.

INDIA.—W. Johnson, Calcutta, November 28th; G. M. Bulloch, Benares, December 6th, 19th; J. Hewlett, Benares, December 13th; J. A. Lambert, Mirzapore, November 21st; H. Coley, Almora, November 25th, Delhi, December 16th; Miss Gordon, Madras, December 3rd; W. E. Richards, Madras, December 13th; W. Robinson, Madras, November 28th, Tripatore, December 12th; M. Phillips, Salem, December 5th; H. A. Hutchison, Coimbatore, December 4th; T. E. Slater, Bangalore, December 12th; B. Rice, Bangalore, December 19th; A. A. Dignum, Gooty, November 29th; W. W. Stephenson, Gooty, November 29th; J. Duthie, Nagercoil, November 27th; Dr. Thomson, Neyoor, December 15th; R. W. Thompson, Coimbatore, December 1st, Trevandrum, December 16th.

MADAGASCAR.—B. Briggs, Antananarivo, November 14th; T. Lord, Antananarivo, November 4th; J. Wills, Antananarivo, November 15th; C. Collins, Ambohibeloma, November 13th; Mrs. Peake, Antananarivo, November 14th; J. Pearse, Fianarantsoa, October 24th; A. S. Huckett, Fianarantsoa, October 9th, November 6th.

AFRICA.—W. Thompson, Cape Town, December 12th; Miss Sturrock, Peelton, November 23rd; W. Ashton, Barkly, December 7th; J. Brown,

Kuruman, November 24th; A. J. Wookey, Kuruman, December 2nd, 8th; J. Good, Kanye, December 6th; Mrs. Hore, Algiers, December 14th.

WEST INDIES.—Jno. Dalgliesh, New Amsterdam, November 24th; J. Foreman, Demerara, December 2nd; Mrs. Clark, Jamaica, November 22nd, December 7th, 20th.

SOUTH SEAS.—S. H. Davies, Apia, Samoa, October 30th; J. E. Newell, Savaii, September 6th; Dr. Turner, Malua, September 20th; C. Phillips, Tutuila, September 21st; T. Powell, Upolu, September 12th; J. Marriott, Malua, September 28th, October 16th (two letters); F. E. Lawes, Sydney, October 16th; S. Macfarlane, Thursday Island, November 13th (two letters), 14th; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, November 1st, 21st, 25th.

VII.—Acknowledgments.

The thanks of the Directors are respectfully presented to the following, viz.:—

To B. Crosker, Esq., of Melton Mowbray, for a Hamper of Stilton Cheeses.

For Mrs. John, Hankow.—To the Ladies' Working Society, Clapham, per Mrs. Southgate, for a Case of Useful and Fancy Articles.

For the Bhowanipore Schools Calcutta.—To the Ladies' of the United Zenana Working Party, Clevedon, per Mrs. H. Gammidge, for a Case of Clothing and Fancy Articles.

For Rev. J. P. Ashton, Calcutta.—To the Hornsey Working Party, per Mrs. Reed, for a Box of Dolls, &c.

For Miss Linley, Calcutta.—To Mrs. C. Marshall, of Sheffield, for a Case of Clothing and Fancy Articles.

For Mrs. Hewlett, Benares.—To the Finchley Ladies' Missionary Working Party, per Mrs. Foster, for a Box of Fancy Articles.

For Miss Brown, Madras.—To Miss Brown, Lower Clapton, for a Box of Dolls.—To the Hornsey Working Party, per Mrs. Reed, for a Box of Dolls, &c.

For Miss Bounsall, Madras.—To Mrs. S. E. Everitt, Southampton, for Two Cases of Toys, Clothing, &c.

For Mrs. Phillips, Salem.—To the United Working Meetings, Bristol, per Miss Leonard for a Case of Clothing, &c.

For Mrs. Hutchison, Coimbatore.—To friends at Ramsgate, per Miss M. E. Sadler, for a Box of Clothing.

For Mrs. Rice, Bangalore.—To the Clapham Ladies' Working Society, per Mrs. Southgate, for a Box of Fancy Articles. To the Acton Congregational Church, per Mrs. Budden, for a Parcel of Clothing.

For Mrs. Lewis, Bellary.—To the Ladies' Missionary Working Party, North Street Chapel, Brighton, per Mrs. Passmore, for a Case of Drapery and Fancy Articles.

For Mrs. Bacon, Cuddapah.—To Mrs. Porter, West Bournemouth, for a Box of Toys and Clothes.

For Mrs. Stephenson, Gooty.—To Mrs. Porter, West Bournemouth, for a Box of Toys and Clothes.

For Mrs. Goffin, Vizianagram.—To the Southgate Chapel Ladies' Sewing Society, Gloucester, per Mrs. Higgs, for a Box of Clothing.

For Rev. M. Thomas, Vizagapatam.—To friends at Merthyr Zoar Chapel for a Case of Stationery and Drapery.

For Rev. J. Duthie, Nagercoil.—To Miss Whitworth, of Seacombe, for Two Boxes of Dolls.

For Dr. Thomson, Neyoor.—To Mrs. Lowe, of Edinburgh, for a Parcel of Muslin and Calico.

For Mrs. Emlyn, Pareychaley.—To the Sherwell Young Ladies' Working Party, Plymouth, per Mrs. Parsons, for a Case of Dresses, &c.

For Schools in Madagascar.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society, per Mr. Martin, for Seven Cases of Cutlery, Sewing Materials, &c.

For the Girls' Central School, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for Two Packages of Cloth, &c.

For Rev. J. Peill, Madagascar.—To the Misses Newth, for a Magic Lantern and Slides.

For Rev. J. Richardson, Antananarivo.—To Mrs. Harold Lee, Manchester, for a Case of Drapery, &c.

For Rev. R. Baron, Antananarivo.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys for a Case of Cutlery, Sewing Materials, &c.

For Rev. T. T. Matthews, Antananarivo.—To the Girls' Missionary Working Meeting, Free St. Clement's Sabbath School, Aberdeen, for a Parcel of Clothing.—To Rev. S. R. Macphail, of Liverpool, for Historical Diagrams.—To Mr. A. Esslemont, of Aberdeen, for Three Cases of School Materials.

For Mrs. Peake, Madagascar.—To Hare Court Chapel Ladies' Working Society, per Mrs. Benison, for a Case of Fancy Articles.

For Rev. J. Pearse, Fianarantsoa.—To Miss Collins, of Dublin, for Two Bales of Clothing.—To Mrs. A. Getty, of Waterloo, for a Box of Calico, Wools, &c.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for Two Packages of Cloth, Drapery, &c.

For Rev. A. S. Huckett, Fianarantsoa.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys for a case of Cutlery, Sewing Materials, &c.

For Miss Cockin, Fianarantsoa.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys for a Case of Cutlery, Sewing Materials, &c.

For Rev. E. H. Stribling, Vonizongo.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys, for a Case of Cutlery, Sewing Materials, &c.—To Friends at Margate, per Mrs. Newman, for a Parcel of Clothing and Toys.—To Miss A. J. Bentham, of Addiscombe, for a Parcel of Flannel.

For Rev. T. Brockway, Ambositra.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys for a Case of Cutlery, Sewing Materials, &c.

For Fianarantsoa.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys for a Case of Cutlery, Sewing Materials, &c.

For Rev. T. Rowlands, Madagascar.—To Erskine Beveridge, Esq., Dunfermline, for Two Packages of Cloth, Drapery, &c.

For Mr. G. A. Shaw, Tamatave.—To the Glasgow Foundry Boys, for a Case of Cutlery, Sewing Materials, &c.

For Mrs. R. B. Taylor, Cradock.—To the Hanover Chapel, per Rev. G. B. Ryley, for a Box of Clothing.

For Mrs. Kayser, Knapp's Hope.—To the Highgate Congregational Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. Jno. Glover, for a Box of Fancy Articles.

For Rev. Roger Price, Molepolole.—To the Ventnor Congregational Church, per Mrs. Edminson, for a Case of Clothing, Toys, &c.

For Rev. C. D. Helm, Hope Fountain.—To the Baroness Von Puttkamer, for a Case of Useful and Fancy Articles.

For the Central African Mission.—To Messrs. Tasker Brothers, Waterloo Iron Works, Andover, for a Plough.—To Alexander Scrutton, Esq., for a Suite of Sails for the Steam Launch.To Friends at Southampton, for a Berthon Folding Boat.—To Geo. Mist, Esq., Southampton, for a Set of Blocks.—To Old Trafford School, Manchester, for an Anchor.—To a Friend at Bristol, for Compass and Binnacle.—To Mrs. Leonard and family, Bristol, for a Clock, &c.

For Rev. T. H. Clark, Jamaica.—To the Ladies Negro's Friend Society, at Birmingham, per Mrs. H. J. Sturge, for a Parcel of Drapery.

For Rev. F. E. Lawes, Niue.—To the Bristol Free Library, for a Parcel of Publications.

For Rev. A. Pearse, Raiatea.—To J. Godwin, Esq., of Clevedon, for a Case of Clothing.

For Rev. J. Hadfield, Uvea.—To Friends at Ashton-under-Lyne, for Six School Desks.

For Rev. W. G. Lawes, New Guinea.—To the Windsor Ladies' Missionary Working Party, per Mrs. Durant, for a Case of Clothing.

For the *John Williams*.—To the Bristol Free Library, for a Parcel of Publications.—To Friends at Bristol, per Mrs. Leonard, for a Box of School Materials.—To J. Brown, Esq., Glasgow, for a Magic Lantern and Slides.—To the British and Foreign Bible Society, for a Morocco Bible.

VIII.—New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 13th January, 1883.

London.

Miss Struthers	10	0	0
Chas. Wade, Esq.	5	5	0
Abney Congregational Ch.	21	7	9
Balham	6	10	0
Beckenham, Oak Hill Ch.	4	2	0
Brentford	2	4	6
Camberwell Auxiliary—			
G. Whitley, Esq.	10	10	0
Camberwell Green Chapel	20	18	0
Cheshunt College Chapel	2	3	6
City Temple	19	16	3
Croydon, George Street	12	10	0
Dulwich, West, Congregational Ch.	2	11	3
Eccleston Square Cong. Ch.	9	6	6
Eltham	2	18	2
Forest Hill, Trinity Chapel	4	1	8
Hanover Chapel	4	8	0
Highgate, Congregational Ch.	13	3	9
Holloway, Junction Road	4	0	0
Kensington	25	0	0
Do., Golborne Road	2	0	0
Kingston-on-Thames	4	16	5
Lewisham	25	0	0
Leytonstone	6	6	0
Linden Grove Congregational Ch.	5	0	1
Marlborough Chapel	9	13	7
New College Aux., Littlewick	1	6	4
Norwood, Lower	3	10	0
Putney, Union Ch. (moiety)	8	4	9
St. John's Wood, Cong. Ch.	1	19	0
Tottenham Court Road	13	0	0
Wandsworth	11	3	10

Country.

Banbury	2	7	10
Barnstaple	4	0	0
Barrow-in-Furness	2	0	0
Bassingbourn	2	7	0
Beccles	8	1	3
Birkenhead, Hamilton Square Ch.	3	3	0
Bishop's Stortford	13	0	0
Blandford	2	19	5
Bolton, Rose Hill Ch.	2	2	0
Bradford, Airedale College Hall	2	0	0
Bridgewater	5	0	0
Brighton, Clermont Ch., Preston	2	5	3
" Chifton Road	16	5	0
Bristol—			
Pembroke Chapel	5	1	10
Redland Park Ch.	10	0	0
Arley Chapel	5	13	4
Clevedon	5	10	0
Broadwinsor	0	6	0
Burnley, Salem Chapel	3	0	0
Westgate Chapel	5	0	0
Cardiff, Hannah Street	1	7	0
Chelmsford, Baddow Road	2	8	0
Chesham	1	0	2
Chester, Northgate Cong. Ch.	6	10	0
Chichester Congregational Ch.	2	1	0
Chorley, St. George's Street Chapel	1	0	7
The Misses Cairns	4	0	0
Colchester, Head Gate Ch.	2	2	0
Lion Walk Ch.	11	5	0
Coventry, West Orchard Ch.	4	0	0
Cranbrook	0	14	4
Cuckfield, G. Knott, Esq.	1	1	0
Deddington	0	13	6
Dorchester	1	5	0
Drybrook	1	1	0
Dudley, King Street	2	15	0
Earlsheaton, Highfield Ch.	1	9	2
East Budleigh	0	12	0
East Dereham	1	1	0
Eastwood, near Nottingham	1	5	3
Egham Hill	2	2	6
Elswick, near Garstang	1	0	0
Farnworth, Market Street, 2 years	4	12	8
Faversham	4	10	0
Fontmere	1	1	0
Fowey	0	6	9
Glastonbury	1	7	6
Gomersal	3	3	0

Gravesend, Milton Ch.	6	13	0
Great Harwood	1	0	9
Great Totham	1	1	0
Grimsby, Spring Ch.	3	0	0
Harrogate	5	0	0
Haslington, Independent Ch.	1	1	0
Hastings, Croft Congregational Ch.	2	16	0
Hemel Hempstead	1	11	0
Hitchin	1	19	0
Honiton	1	0	0
Hopton	2	2	0
Horbury, near Wakefield	1	1	0
Hornsea	1	0	0
Hucknall Torkard	0	6	0
Huyton	3	0	0
Hythe	0	15	0
Ilkeston	1	5	0
Ilminster	1	1	8
Ipswich, St Clement's	1	11	6
Kendal, Zion Ch.	6	9	10
Kingsbridge	3	16	0
Kirkham	2	0	0
Lavenham	0	18	0
Leamington, Spencer St. Chapel	11	13	0
Leintwardine	1	9	0
Lewes Tabernacle	6	5	6
Leyland	0	12	0
Lightcliffe	1	4	4
Liverpool—			
Westminster Road	3	2	0
Walton Park	1	4	8
Great George Street	24	16	2
Norwood	10	13	0
Berkeley Street	2	18	0
Long Sutton	1	9	0
Lymington	2	19	0
Lytham	3	10	0
Macclesfield, Park Green	5	0	0
Maidenhead	1	0	0
Manchester—			
Stockport Road	2	2	0
Cheetham Hill Ch.	5	0	0
Pendleton Congregational Ch.	8	3	6
Tottington Congregational Ch.	0	19	0
Rusholme Congregational Ch.	5	12	4
Richmond Congregational Ch.	5	0	0
Broughton Park Cong. Ch.	10	0	0
Grosvenor Street Cong. Ch.	10	0	0
Chapel Street Congregational Ch.	1	8	0
Melford	0	15	0
Mevagissey	1	6	5
Moor Green Ch.	0	10	0
Morley, St. Mary's Ch.	1	5	0
Newark	1	2	6
Newnham	0	10	4
Newport Pagnell	18	1	5
Newport, St. James Street Cong. Ch.	5	10	0
North Shields, St. Andrew's	3	0	0
North Walsham	1	7	9
Northwich	4	0	0
Norwich, Chapel-in-the-Field	6	4	6
Oakhill	8	12	8
Odiham	1	2	0
Oldham, Hope Chapel	4	4	0
Townfield	1	11	10
Pateley Bridge Independent Chap.	0	13	0
Penryn	1	0	0
Penzance	7	8	6
Portishead	1	17	0
Red Hill	4	0	0
Reigate	5	5	0
Retford	2	10	0
Ross	1	15	0
Rugby	2	6	6
Scunthorpe	0	13	3
Sedgley	1	0	0
Sligo	2	4	10
Sowerby Bridge	1	10	0
Stafford	3	0	0
Sudbury	2	4	0
Sutton-in-Ashfield	0	19	0
Swanage	1	0	0
Sydney—			
Burwood	4	4	9
Bourke Street	6	14	6
Taunton, Paul's Meeting	5	0	0
Tiverton, Fore Street	2	2	0
Truro	1	11	9
Upminster	4	12	4
Warrington, Wycliffe Chapel	3	3	0
Watford, Clarendon Road Ch.	2	0	0
Watton	1	0	0
Westbury, Old Congregational Ch.	1	3	0
Westerham	0	15	0
West Hartlepool, Belle Vue, and Tower Street Churches	4	8	0
Weymouth, Gloucester Road	2	10	8
Whitehaven, Congregational Ch.	5	11	0
Whitstable	2	2	2
Whittlesey	0	15	0
Wimborne	1	10	10
Winchcombe	0	5	0
Wincobank Hall Schoolroom	3	8	10
Wirksworth	3	13	0
Wiveliscombe, Mr. J. C. Thorne	1	1	0
Wollerton	0	17	0
Wolverhampton, Snow Hill Ch.	2	2	0
Woolhra (Australia) Point Piper Road	4	0	6
Wotton-under-Edge, Tabernacle	7	13	10
T. S. Child, Esq.	9	0	0
Wrexham, Chester Street Chapel	6	4	2
Writtle	0	10	0
Wycombe, United Cong. Ch.	2	13	0
York, Salem Ch.	4	0	0

IX.—Contributions.

From December 12th, 1882, to January 13th, 1883.

LONDON.

Jno. Kemp Welch, Esq., J.P.	100	0	0
G. M. B., for Female Missions	100	0	0
Legacy of the late Mrs. Herschell, per Sir Farrer Herschell, Q.C., M.P.	100	0	0
John A. Le Lacheur, Esq., in memory of his mother	50	0	0
Dr. F. J. Wood	50	0	0
Mark Mills, Esq., for British India	20	0	0
G. A. Western, Esq.	20	0	0
Miss Struthers, for Schools, Cuddapah	10	0	0
Do., for Boy at Cuddapah	4	0	0
Marcus Hopwood, Esq.	10	0	0
E. Sheffield, Esq.	5	5	0
R. P. Cuff, Esq.	5	0	0
Rt. Hon. Earl Ducie	5	0	0
A Senior Class Teacher	5	0	0
Jno. Ferrie, Esq.	2	14	6
N. F. Roberts, Esq.	2	2	0
Rev. I. Vale Mummery's box	2	0	1
Mrs. Edmonds	2	0	0
J. S. and Family, for Central Africa	1	10	0

Mrs. Burgne, for Female Missions	1	1	0
Jno. Bloomer, Esq.	1	1	0
T L. Devitt, Esq.	1	1	0
J. Moore, Esq.	1	1	0
Samuel Tilley, Esq.	1	1	0
Proceeds of sale of needlework executed during a season of long protracted weakness, by the late Mrs. J. W. Newby, of Mortlake	1	0	0
Lady Bennett, for Female Missions	0	10	0
"Kizzie"	0	9	0
Collected by Miss Griswold	0	5	6
Miss A. M. Ashton, for Bhowanipore Mission	0	5	0
Miss Bennett, Canonbury, for Female Missions	0	5	0
An Invalid for India	0	2	6
Acton. R. H. Mayo Gunn, Esq.	2	2	0
Brixton. Trinity Chapel	0	10	6
Camden Town. Park Chapel	66	5	6
City Road	10	10	0
Dulwich, West	6	10	6
Edmonton and Tottenham	22	2	2
Fetter Lane	3	6	5
Hare Court Chapel	66	12	7
Highgate. Aux.	100	0	0
Holloway. Junction Road, J. P. Sargeant, Esq., and Mrs. Sargeant	10	10	0
Hounslow	7	4	4
Kensington	20	10	0
Kentish Town. For Native Teacher, care of Mrs. Hackett	4	4	0
Marlborough Chapel. Ladies' Society	13	9	0
Norwood, Upper— W. Bloomfield, Esq.	100	0	0
Mrs. Bloomfield, for Female Missions	50	0	0
Putney. Union Ch.	15	16	9
St. Mary Cray. Per Rev. J. Gilmour	1	1	0
Southwark Bridge Road. Welsh Cong. Ch. boxes	1	11	3
Streatham Hill. Ladies' Working Meeting for N. T., Madras	12	0	0
Surbiton Park. Aux.	15	0	0
Wandsworth. East Hill Ch., for two girls at Bhowanipore	25	0	0
Woodford. Union Church, for girl, care of Mr. Hacker, Neyoor	3	0	0
York Road. Young Men's Bible Class	2	0	0

COUNTRY.

R. M. B.	350	0	0
S. S.	100	0	0
A. C. S.	50	0	0
In memory of a loved Sister	25	0	0
Alfreton	9	11	8
Alnwick. Miss Smith, for Mary Alnwick, Bangalore	2	10	0
Amble. Aux.	5	0	0
Ashton-under-Lyne.— Aux.	237	16	2
Barnsley. Ladies of Regent Street Ch., for Women's Missions in India	7	15	0
Bassingbourn	4	6	0
Beaconsfield. Aux.	3	19	1
Birkenhead and Wirral. Aux.	56	3	1
Birmingham. Aux.	41	10	2
Blackhill. Mr. T. Morgan	1	10	0
Bournemouth. Mrs. Porter, for Female Missions	0	5	0
Bradford. Aux.	100	0	0
Broughing and Puckeridge	1	5	0
Brigstock	1	15	3
Bristol. Miss Brewin, for Girls' School, Madras	5	5	0
Cheadle Hulme. Ladies' Aux.	6	6	6
Chester. Northgate Ch., R. S. Hudson, Esq., J.P.	200	0	0
Do., for Female Missions	50	0	0
Cirencester	6	14	7
Claxton Moor and Parton	2	10	7
Clockhouston. Providence Ch.	55	0	0
Coventry. West Orchard Ch.	19	11	3
Crediton	3	1	0
Cuckfield. G. Knott, Esq.	2	2	0
Deddington	2	8	6
Derby. Aux.	110	0	0
Devizes. Aux.	33	0	1
Dorsbury. Springfield Ch.	17	19	6
Dudley. King Street	25	12	9
Egham Hill	10	0	0
Essex. Aux.	100	0	0
Exmouth. Ebenezer Ch.	2	9	4
Glenorchy Ch.	3	4	5
Gateshead-on-Tyne.— Henry Strachan, Esq.	1	1	0
Gornal. Cong. Ch.	2	12	0
Gosport. Miss Goodeve	4	4	0
Great Ayton	0	7	6
Great Waltering	2	6	7
Halifax. Aux.	35	7	0
Handsworth. Cong. Ch.	11	7	0
Harmer's Hill	0	16	2
Hastings. Mt. Pleasant Ch.	2	2	6
Hexham	1	0	9
Hoddesdon. Aux.	33	5	8
Huntingdonshire. Aux.	65	0	0
Huyton. Aux.	43	0	11
Hythe	4	6	0
Ilkley. Miss Bruce, for Female Missions	0	1	0
Kenilworth. The Misses Barran	1	0	0
Kimberworth	2	13	0
Kirkham. Aux.	12	9	0
Leicestershire and Rutland. Aux.	40	2	5
Linton	1	10	0
Long Sutton	2	1	6
Luton. Cong. Ch.	14	18	9
Malvern. Miss Fairbrother's Bible Class, for Female Missions	1	0	0
Manchester— Stockport Road Ch.	4	3	10
Chorlton Road	90	0	0
Manchester and Salford— Aux.	250	0	0
Chorlton Road Cong. Ch., for Rev. Jonathan Lees	25	0	0
For Widows' Fund (see Special List)	41	2	10
Marlborough. Young Women's Bible Class	0	5	0
Mevagissey	12	15	2
Milton, near Stoke-on-Trent. Collected by the Misses Bailey	1	0	10

New Brompton	2	15	6
Newbury. Aux.	33	12	0
Newcastle-on-Tyne. Aux.	18	8	8
Newmarket. Aux.	23	12	7
New Mills and Bugsworth	9	7	8
Newnham. Mr. B. Wattington	0	10	0
Newport Pagnell	18	1	5
Newton-le-Willows	22	7	4
Normanton	1	2	0
Oswaldtwistle	2	0	0
Penzance. Aux.	17	19	3
Rochester. Vines Ch.	26	0	11
Ross	1	15	0
Rugby. Aux.	15	15	6
Saffron Walden. Miss Starling's Bible Class for School, Pareychaley	1	0	0
St. Leonard's. Admiral Jno. Orlebar	1	1	0
Sale. Cong. Church	75	1	5
Scarborough. Aux. Bar Church	61	5	6
Eastborough Church	27	3	0
Shrewsbury. Abbey Foregate Ch.	46	14	9
Sittingbourne. Cong. Ch.	5	1	4
Southport. Anonymous	0	6	0
Stourbridge. Aux.	24	4	5
Suffolk. Aux.	8	5	2
Tenby. Aux.	50	0	0
Tipton. Ebenezer Ch.	2	2	6
Tottington. Green Mount	15	0	0
Trowbridge. Balance of Legacy of the late Mrs. Mary Parnell	297	4	9
Truro	8	15	9
Tunbridge Wells. Mount Pleasant Ch.	4	13	0
Tutbury	1	9	2
Tynemouth— Rev. S. Goodall	0	10	0
Pottery Yard Mission	1	4	0
Ulverston	7	6	5
Wellingborough. Aux.	104	18	1
West Bromwich— Mayers Green Chapel	13	10	2
High Street Ch.	5	19	1
Westbury. Old Cong. Ch.	14	11	11
Wirksworth	19	2	6
Witheridge and Puddington	2	5	0
Wycombe. United Ch.	14	17	0
Yelverton	4	10	0

WALES.

Brynberian, Penlygnon, and Velindre	9	15	0
Cardiff. Hannah Street	25	15	5
Little Haven	5	18	4
Proceeds of Private Exhibition of Tahitian Costumes by Rev. J. L. Green at Hasguard Hall	0	6	0
St. Ishmael's	2	17	11
Pembrokeshire. Welsh Aux.	181	19	5
Swansea. Ladies' Aux.	13	18	11
Do., Female Missions	6	8	3

SCOTLAND.

Alloa. David Paton, Esq.	100	0	0
Burntisland. U.P. Ch.	2	0	0
Cumnock. Cong. Ch.	5	9	8
Forfar. Sheriff Robertson	30	0	0
Glasgow. Aux.	130	1	3
Mr. James McLellan Eglinton St. Church, for Girl in late Mrs. Edkins' School, Peking	1	0	0
Greenock. Aux.	6	0	0
Killyth. Cong. Ch.	15	15	8
Logan. Legacy of the late Mr. William Tod, on account of residue	2	19	9
Macduff. Cong. Ch.	50	0	0
Moffat. U. P. Ch., for boy at Kuruman	6	17	0
Newton Stewart. Mrs. J. M. Young	12	0	0
St. Andrews. Mrs. Jackson	1	0	0
Stromness. A Friend for Madagascar	10	0	0
	2	10	0

Per Rev. E. A. Worsham.

Banff	10	12	0
Blairgowrie	1	0	0
Cambuslang	5	0	0
Edinburgh	6	12	8
Falkirk	7	4	8
Garliestown	0	15	8
Helensburgh	25	8	0
Lerwick	11	8	4
Thurso	2	13	0

IRELAND.

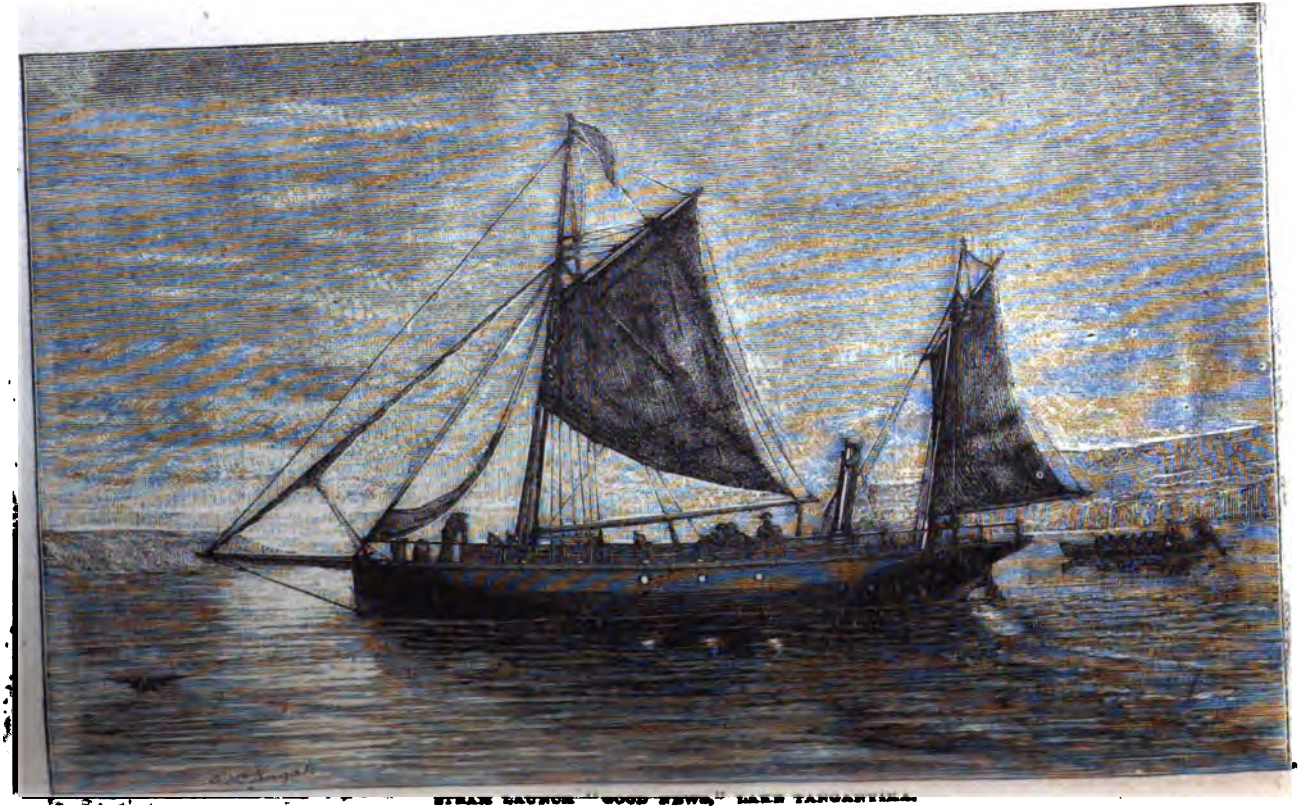
Ballymena. West Ch.	6	2	2

FOREIGN SOCIETIES, &c.

Ontario Forest. Legacy of the late Mr. Geo. Hart	2	1	2
South Sea. Samoan Contributions, per Rev. J. Marriott	200	0	0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD, Printers, 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.



STEAM LAUNCH "GOOD NEWS," NEAR TANGIERS.

THE CHRONICLE
OF THE
London Missionary Society.

I.—Our Central African Steamer.

THE engraving on the opposite page is copied from a photograph, by Messrs. Robinson & Thompson, of a painting by Mr. R. V. McCulloch, in the possession of Gilbert S. Goodwin, Esq., of Liverpool. It represents the Society's steam-launch *Good News*, as she will appear when afloat on Lake Tanganyika. In our last number we announced the despatch of the vessel, and furnished particulars with regard to its dimensions and general construction. The route by which it will be conveyed to its destination is a new and untried one. Hitherto, our missionaries have adopted the land journey commencing at Saadani, near Zanzibar; the first point of contact with the lake being at Ujiji, on its north-eastern coast. On its western shore is the station of Uguha; and among the schemes for extension is that of the formation of a station at the south end of the lake. Such being the case, the Directors thought it advisable to place the steamer on the lake at its southernmost point, and they accepted the offer of the "African Lakes Company" to convey it from Quillimane, *viâ* the River Shire, Lake Nyassa, and the road in process of formation between the north end of that lake and Tanganyika. Should the experiment prove successful, the opening up of this waterway to the centre of the Lake region cannot fail greatly to further the interests both of religion and commerce. With the possession of a steamer of their own, the Society's mission on Lake Tanganyika enters upon a new and encouraging phase of its history. As communication between their several stations becomes easy and rapid, our brethren will enjoy more frequent opportunities of intercourse with one another, while the great object they have at heart—the evangelisation of the native tribes inhabiting the lake shores—may, with the Divine blessing, be anticipated at no distant date.

II.—Bechwanaland.

BATLAPING MISSION AT TAUNG.

BETWEEN the years 1843 and 1863 this mission was in charge of the late Mr. Ross, a most devoted missionary. He was succeeded by Mr. Brown, now labouring at Kuruman. The station has since been in charge of Matsau, a native teacher, from the Moffat Institution, under the superintendence of Mr. Ashton. Taung is the largest town in South Bechwanaland; and it is the residence of Mankoroan, the recognised chief of the Batlaping tribe or clan. The people are farmers; and their wealth consists chiefly in cattle and other stock. Of late years, new industries having been created by the neighbouring diamond mines at Kimberley, the Batlaping got high wages as labourers; and if they were the possessors of waggons and oxen they could earn large sums of money by conveying fire-wood to Kimberley, to be used as fuel for the engines there.

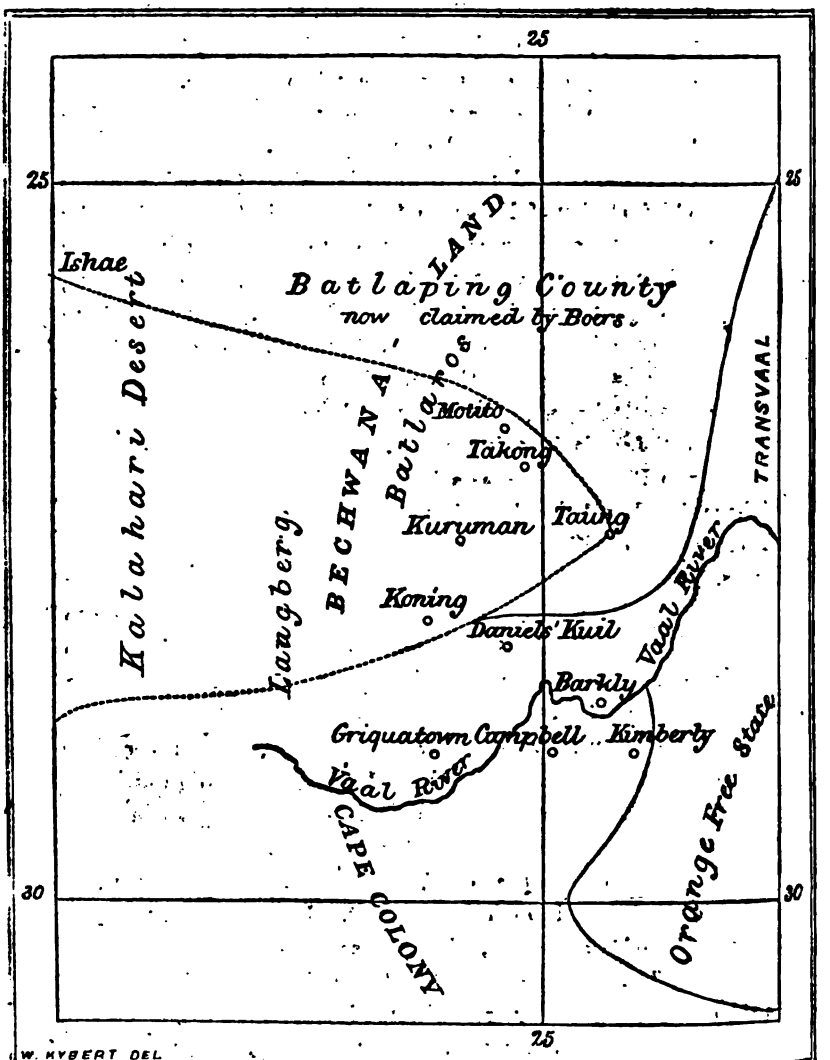
The war waged on Bechwanaland by the Transvaal Boers and other adventurers has produced the most distressing results in the country. The cattle have been taken, the corn has been destroyed; the people are in destitution. "We are living," says Matsau, writing to a friend in this country, "in great distress; but God has given us for the present a breathing time in answer to your prayers and those of the people of God. But whether we shall be soon attacked again we know not. The hunger is great among the people—they seek to plough to save the lives of their families." And then he narrates his own losses, which mean ruin to a man in his position. "My calves have all died (through not being able to find grass where they were kept for safety), or have been taken by the Boers; four cattle have been stolen, one of which was lent to me by an English friend. I had a few sheep and goats—they have all gone in the war." What has Matsau been doing during these trying times while living among strangers, for he belongs to another tribe? We are happy to find that, in the midst of the trials and uncertainties of a time of war, he has gone steadily on with his work. Indeed, he took advantage of the fact that the people had fled to the town in large numbers from their farms and cattle posts, and redoubled his exertions for their instruction. He says: "Our school has never stopped assembling, no matter how fiercely the war has raged. People have come to it in

great numbers; men and women, youths and old people, their number being 200." All honour to this humble worker, who, in the midst of tumult and the manifold sufferings of a time of war, sticks to his post, and increases his exertions.

While our correspondent was writing his letter, the Boers were in actual occupation of part of Bechwanaland, and had moved off in a body to superintend the marking off, by the building of beacons, the country which they now say they have taken by force. It seems they commenced to define the territory of this *newest South African State* in the very garden-ground of the people of Taung; and they were proceeding westward, no one knew how far. One report had it that our chief station of Kuruman is included in their territory by these marauders; another statement is to the effect that their boundary line passes to the north of Kuruman; in either case, destroying a great part of our work as a Society. The Boers have now thrown off all pretence of acting under any native chief. Their ranks have had a most unworthy accession recently, in the person of a young Englishman, whose name we shall not give, for the sake of relatives and friends in this country. For some time this person was living in Bechwanaland as a British agent, and, at the beginning of the outbreak, acted in behalf of the natives; indeed, he incurred the censure of our Government for indiscreet acts on behalf of Mankoroan. Seeing no hope of advancement in our Colonial service after that event, and finding that our Government does nothing to establish order in Bechwanaland, this man has actually joined the Boers, no doubt in the hope of getting one of the farms of his former friend, Mankoroan! Since he joined the Boers, they have become more confident. "They slaughter Batlaping stock wherever they see it, and rob every person they meet." And these things are done within a few miles of our Colonial border—in a country ceded to us by Mankoroan, and governed by us for two years.

We understand that the chief, Mankoroan, has recently made another earnest appeal to our Government. In it he says, "If you do not think of me speedily, when you come to do so I shall have passed away." It must be remembered that the British Government, in the Pretoria Convention, carefully retained in their own hands the whole question of native interests and native policy. Such being the case, does not the state of Bechwanaland, as shown above, make a demand upon the Government for decided action in defence of the

natives whose lives and property have been placed in jeopardy by an unrighteous and lawless intrusion. It is not our place in these pages to propound remedies for this state of things, or to suggest the steps to be taken in order to secure them; but we are only doing our duty when we lay the matter itself before our readers.

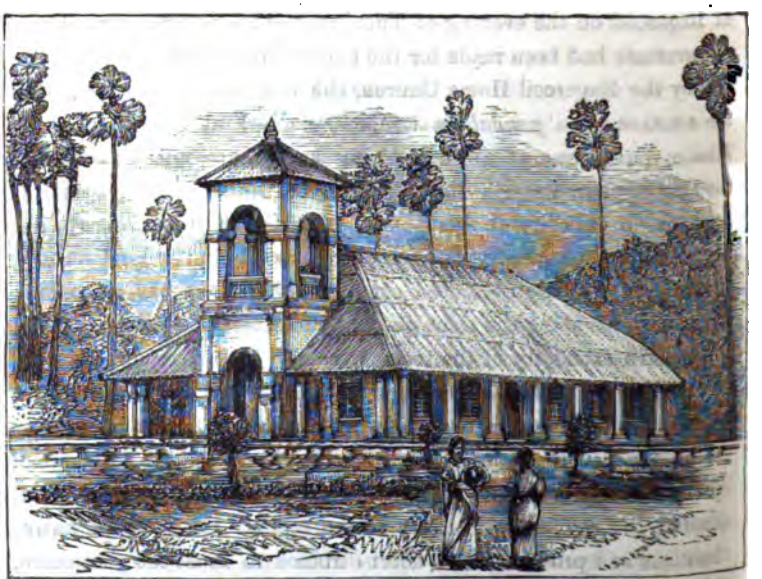


NOTE TO MAP.—If the Boers hold to the *lower* of the dotted lines, it means practically that the "new State" would adjoin the Cape Colony. If they recede northward to the neighbourhood of Motito, it will leave for the natives the small piece of land included within the dotted lines.

III.—Visit of the Deputation to Nagercoil.

THE past few days have been very notable in the history of this station, and will long be remembered by the people here as a time of special rejoicing and blessing. In previous issues we announced that the Directors of the London Missionary Society had deputed Albert Spicer, Esq, Chairman, and Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, Foreign Secretary, to visit all the Missions of their Society in India, China, and South Africa, and, in pursuance of plans arranged in Trevandrum for visiting the stations in Travancore, they arrived at Nagercoil on the evening of Tuesday, the 26th December. Great preparations had been made for the suitable reception of the deputation by the Nagercoil Home Church, the chief of which consisted in the erection of a *pandal* (a temporary arch) at the gates of the Mission bungalows, of most imposing appearance, and decorated in the most approved style—the admiration of hundreds of passers-by. A striking peculiarity of this pandal consisted in its having rows of lamps fronting its pillars, with another row of a similar kind running parallel to the richly decorated canopy resting upon these supports. Lines of lamps along the sides of the main street, extending as far as the western extremity of the town, were also kept in readiness; and, on the sound of the palanquin-bearers being heard, the lamps blazed up, and in a few minutes the whole street was illuminated in a way that had never been previously witnessed in this place. Crowds of spectators from all the surrounding villages paraded the street, admiring the novelty and beauty of the scene. Many of the native Christians had proceeded to a short distance to meet the gentlemen, and brought them in amid singing and instrumental music, and with every demonstration of joy. A halt was made under the spacious pandal, where the missionaries of the station, Rev. J. Duthie and Rev. W. Lee, received the deputation. Garlands of flowers were immediately after presented by the deacons of the church. A lyric was sung, after which both Mr. Spicer and Mr. Thompson addressed a few heart-stirring words to the assembled crowd. The pastor, having briefly engaged in prayer for the blessing of God to rest upon the visit, the deputation were guided to the north bungalow, where Mrs. Duthie was waiting to receive them.

At seven o'clock next morning the Seminary was visited, and was found to have been decorated in a most tasteful manner by the boys. All the scholars came in order through the centre hall, the deputation making frequent inquiries of the Principal concerning the various classes as they filed past. An address was read by the head native teacher, Mr. V. Moses, to which both Mr. Spicer and Mr. Thompson made appropriate replies, after which a new song in Tamil was sung, and a present made of palm-leaf books, with beautifully engraved boards, containing Scripture texts and drawings of local buildings, &c., of special interest, which was accepted with great pleasure.



GIRLS' DAY-SCHOOL, NAGERCOIL.

Leaving the Seminary, the gentlemen made a flying visit to Mr. P. D. Dewsagaim's house.

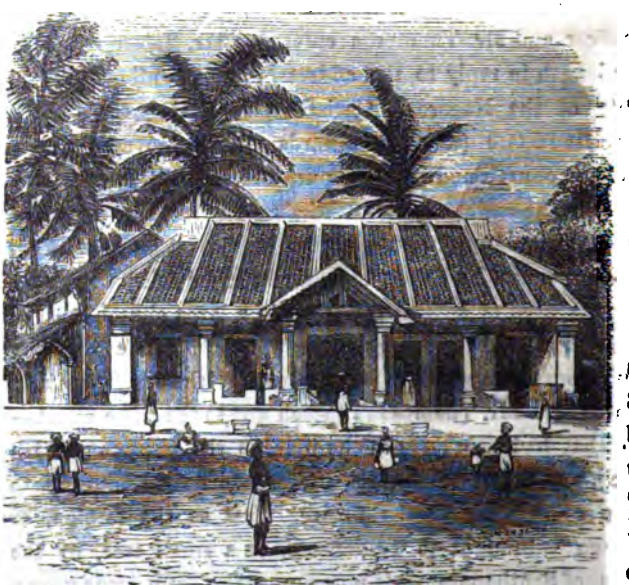
At eight o'clock the girls' boarding-school was visited, and, on entering, the large hall was found *full* of girls—a most interesting and encouraging sight. Prizes to the most deserving girls of the schools were distributed by Mr. Spicer; an address in English was read by the senior girl, to which Mr. Thompson replied; and then a few little presents, prepared by the girls, were handed to the deputation. The printing-office, in the compound of which a splendid flag

had been hoisted, was next visited, and a careful inspection made of the work there being carried on.

At eleven o'clock a great meeting was held in the church to receive the addresses that had been prepared—one from the district, and another from the home church. The large building was well filled by an eager and most attentive audience, who rose to their feet when Mr. Spicer and Mr. Thompson entered. Mr. Spicer spoke at considerable length in reply to the addresses; and, while admitting the liberality of the Nagercoil Christians in having contributed upwards of Rs.10,000 (£1,000) towards the improvement and furnishing of the church and building purposes, in addition to taking upon themselves the entire support of the agency in their midst, at the same time pointed out that a true church must be a working church, a giving church, and a praying church; and dwelt particularly upon the urgent need of *voluntary workers* in a large church such as that in Nagercoil, earnestly calling upon the Christian community here to push forward aggressive work amongst the great heathen population around. Mr. Thompson's speech was to the same effect—referring to what had been done in the past, to the present position of the church, and to the need of an indigenous native ministry to carry on the great work of the future. Just as the foreign, or "Salem mango"—brought to Travancore, as a small tree, by the Rev. E. Lewis, of Santhapuram—is now propagated from seeds grown in this country, or by grafting upon trees grown in Travancore from the original plant; so must Christianity—brought first from England by the foreign missionaries, but now rooted in the hearts of thousands of native Christians—be spread abroad, not by missionaries from foreign lands only, but by natives themselves, in whom the living Word of God has become a power. The singing of a lyric, specially composed for the occasion, closed the meeting. It will be interesting to know that the home church address had pinned to it a cheque for Rs.100 (£10) for the purchase of a chair for the use of the Chairman of the Board of Directors in London.

At three o'clock the girls' schools, under Mrs. and Miss Duthie's care, assembled in the beautiful new school-room in the station. [*See engraving, page* 72.] About 300 girls were present. Several nice children's hymns were sung with harmonium accompaniment, after which Mr. Thompson (who had to hurry away from the meeting) delivered a most

interesting address to the children, and Mr. Spicer afterwards very kindly gave away the prizes. On returning to the north bungalow, the lace women of the village were found seated with their pillows in the verandah. The pieces of lace being worked were shown, and were much admired.



CHAPEL AT KOTTAR.

At five o'clock Mr. Thompson lectured in the Kottar reading-room, the Dewan Peishcar of this division, Mr. N. Suba Row, being in the chair. The place was crowded, and at the close of the lecture a very interesting address from the non-Christian community interested in the reading-room was presented to the deputation, and read by the native Professor of Mathematics in the Maha Rajah's college, Mr. Villianantham Mudaliar, B.A. Mr. Spicer replied in a brief but most appropriate speech, thanking the native gentlemen who had so kindly given them such an unexpected welcome, and expressing his deep interest in the welfare of all classes of the community.

Santhapuram was visited on Thursday, the 28th, where many school children were gathered together, and likewise the agents and people from the western parts of the Nagercoil district.

At seven o'clock in the evening there was a gathering of old Seminary students in the chapel, which was splendidly lighted for the occasion. Old students, trained by Mr. Charles Miller, by Mr. Whitehouse, and by Mr. Duthie, were present, as well as the

boys now in the Institution. The sight was most inspiriting, no fewer than seven Europeans—viz., Mr. Spicer, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Duthie, Mr. Lee, Mr. Emlyn, Dr. Thomson, and Mr. Hacker—being present, and all the seats in front and around filled with "Old Boys." It was such a sight as Nagercoil had never before witnessed. Mr. Duthie presided. Mr. Spicer spoke first—commencing by suggesting that there should be an Old Students' Association, and then passing on to remark that our Directors expected our Travancore Mission agents to be—(1) True men; (2) Men abreast of the times; (3) Men faithful to their leaders, the Directors and the missionaries; and (4) Men full of the Holy Ghost. On resuming his seat he was loudly applauded. Mr. Thompson followed in a speech of great power, emphasising the truth that mission agents must be *servants of God*, wholly consecrated to His service. Dr. Thomson next addressed the meeting, many of his observations calling forth loud applause from the meeting. Mr. Hacker followed in a most effective and earnest address, urging *entire consecration* to the service of the Master whom all present professed to serve. Mr. Emlyn next spoke in a most telling and practical manner, calling upon all present to deny themselves in the Lord's work, and to be willing to do anything or to be anything in the cause of Christ. Mr. Lee, in conclusion, most feelingly referred to incidents in the past eighteen years of his life as a missionary in Travancore; and, while gratefully acknowledging his deep sense of the worth of many of the agents of the mission, earnestly and eloquently appealed to all present to aim at higher things than they had yet attained to, and to go forward to win the *whole* land for Christ. The Doxology having been sung, the meeting was brought to a close. Never before had such a splendid meeting been seen in South Travancore, the influence of which cannot but be felt by all who took part in it as long as they live. Thanks be to God!

The deputation went to Cape Comorin and to James Town on Friday, at which latter place the fine new chapel was filled with people connected with the eastern part of the Nagercoil District. A beautifully bound Bible was presented, through Rev. W. Lee, by the deputation to Mr. M. Paul, in recognition of much *voluntary* service rendered in the building of the James Town Chapel. The chapel at Kottar erected by Mr. Nathaniel (deacon) was visited on

the return journey from the Cape. On Saturday there was a great gathering at Tittuvilei in the chapel—the "cathedral," as we hear it was called by Mr. Spicer. Our devoted native missionary, Rev. C. Yesudian, was much encouraged by the kind words spoken to his people. The Dennispuram Pastorate was visited

NATHANIEL'S HOUSE.

on the way back, the people being much gratified at the kind notice taken of them by the deputation. At Vadasery the boys' school-room had been most tastefully decorated by *the non-Christian* community of that town, and a most gratifying and interesting address from many of them was read. The Zenana workers met in the evening at Mr. Duthie's bungalow, together with about 100 of the Nagercoil Christian women, and the pastor and deacons of the home church. That meeting, too, was full of interest. Yesterday, Sunday, December 31st, Mr. Thompson preached twice in the forenoon to an immense congregation of native Christians from all parts of the district, after which the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered to about 1,000 church members, and in the evening to the English congregation. The deputation leaves this afternoon for Tinnevelly, and we pray that the presence of God may be ever with them in the journeys and work that still lie before them. For the counsel, encouragement, and stimulus to all departments of the mission work given by the deputation abundant thanks are due to the Author of all good.—From the *Travancore Times*.

IV.—The Drink Traffic in Madagascar.

IN the journal of a tour through his district, published in our last number, Mr. G. A. SHAW refers to his detention for a night at ANKADIRANO, a village consisting of five small huts, one of which, with three or four of his men, he was compelled to occupy. In this connection he directs attention to one of the crying evils of the country.

"The master of the house," he writes, "is a dealer in rum. A boy of about ten years of age came in, and, when asked his business, tendered his *vari-diniventy* (the third of a penny in value) for the purchase of rum; and the man, without a doubt, would have supplied him immediately had I not been there and spoken to them both, making the man somewhat ashamed of himself for attempting to sell the stuff to a child like that. Such being the early training of these village children, it is no wonder that the Betsimisaraka on the seaboard are dying out.

"Although much has been said and written about the rum traffic in Madagascar, I cannot refrain from a word or two on the subject, for that it is the greatest evil existing on the coast no one can deny. It is the great hindrance to the spread of the Gospel and the advance of civilisation, and it is also, by the short-sightedness of importers, the greatest clog to trade and commerce. Eleven years ago, when on the way to Madagascar for the first time, I was told in Mauritius by the representative of one of the largest merchant firms that 'the trade with Madagascar was spoiled, and had been ruined by the missionaries.' I quietly dissented, but, not knowing anything of the country then, I could say very little; but I remembered it is usually admitted that each missionary going to an uncivilised country like Madagascar is the pioneer of civilisation, trade, and commerce, all of which accompany the introduction of Christianity. I could now answer my informant of eleven years ago by saying that it is not the missionaries, but themselves, whom the merchants must thank for the want of speedy progress in commercial pursuits, and that *rum* has been the means they have employed to 'spoil the trade.' Rum always finds a ready sale here, and fetches a good profit. 'It is,' to use the expression of a trader now in Madagascar, 'as good as ready money,' and this tempted the first importers.

But, as the people's eagerness to purchase rum increases, so do their energies become crippled, and they soon degenerate to a condition little better than brutes, without any desire to possess better dress or more cattle, &c., which represent a certain amount of profitable labour on their part, and a corresponding increase of trade on the part of the merchant.

"Missionaries in the interior of the island deplore the effect upon their people of the manufacture and sale of native rum; but that is a very mild spirit compared with the fire-water which is poured into this country from Mauritius and Bourbon to the ruin of the Betsimisaraka. It is manufactured from molasses and the refuse from the sugar mills, and is so crude and cheap that it can be retailed here in Tamatave at sixpence per quart. There is great difficulty in ascertaining the actual quantity imported; but from Mauritius alone, during the year 1881, no less than 10,087 barrels, containing 2,116,183 litres, or more than 462,915 gallons, of this vile produce were brought to this country and landed on the east coast and Nosi-be.

"The Hova Government would willingly restrict this trade by imposing a heavier duty, but the opposition of foreign Powers is too great. Why this Government should not be allowed to impose repressive duties, in common with other nations, it is difficult to understand, and it appears to be but a modification of the opium trade in China. It is impossible to regulate the internal trade in the article by any system of licensing, for the Executive Government is too weak to enforce even their existing laws. It, however, does what it can by forbidding and actually preventing the introduction of the rum by natives into the central provinces; and the barrels received as customs duty—which for this, as for all other commodities, is paid in kind—are returned to Mauritius to be sold there at the account of the Government—a silent, though ineffectual, protest against a trade which the Hova Government is unable to resist, but which civilised nations uphold by superior force, to the utter ruin of both body and soul of the poor ignorant natives, who are too inexperienced to resist the temptation of drinking themselves to death by the product of foreign commerce, the so-called mighty civiliser!"

V.—North India—Calcutta.

ORDINATION OF BABU TIN KARI CHATTERJEA.

AT a public service held at Union Chapel, Calcutta, on Tuesday, October 3rd, the missionaries of the London Missionary Society ordained Babu Tin Kari Chatterjea to the office of a Christian missionary. The service opened with the singing of the hymn, "Father of mercies, bow Thine ear." The Rev. W. J. Wilkins, then read a chapter from one of the pastoral Epistles, and offered prayer, after which the Rev. J. P. Ashton, M.A., addressing Tin Kari Babu, said:—

"We missionaries have known you for more than ten years, and have learnt to esteem and love you for your own sake and for your work's sake. We do not need to ask you questions in order to be assured of your fitness for the office of a Christian missionary. But that you may have an opportunity of clearly testifying concerning your faith in Christ, your views of Christian truth, and your reasons for believing that you are called to be a missionary, I shall ask you four questions—

"*Question I.*—What are your reasons for believing yourself to be a Christian?"

Reply.—"Before my conversion to the Christian religion I was a Hindoo; worshipping gods and goddesses according to the Hindoo shastras; not knowing the one true God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. My parents, who were rigid Hindoos, taught me to pay strict attention to the rites and ceremonies prescribed in the sacred books of the Hindoos, and to bow down before the idols, some ten or twelve of which we had in our house. Thus I passed my infancy doing what I was taught, sometimes through fear of my parents, and sometimes through ignorance, thinking that I would gain divine favour. But when the sacred thread ceremony was over, I myself began to worship our household idols and read such religious books as I was able to do. About this time I was removed from my birthplace, a small village in the district of Burdwan, to Ranaghat, a town on the bank of the River Choomi, for the purpose of receiving education to fit me for earning my livelihood. Here I had very good opportunities of cultivating acquaintance with men of different religious persuasions, such as Brahmos, Hindoos, Mohammedans, and also Christian preachers; and with them I was in the habit of holding conversations with regard to the comparative merits of different systems of religion. I soon found out that the gods and goddesses of the Hindoos, whom I myself worshipped, were nothing but stones and metals, and had no power to save me from sin and its pollution, being themselves sinners. In this state of mind I met a Brahmo friend of mine, who sympathised with me, and tried his best to console me with his Brahmoism. One benefit I derived from this talk with my Brahmo friend, which I should never forget; it was he who taught me

to pray to God, and who himself prayed with me and advised me to read the Bible, the precious Book which 'is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.' From this time I began to see that I was a sinner under condemnation, and my works, however good they might be, would not save me. I prayed to God that I might know His truths and live according to them. Some weeks had been passed in the midst of much trouble, discouragement, anxiety, and despair; but at last the God to whom I prayed often and often to know His truths brought me into circumstances by which I made acquaintance with a Christian preacher, whom I saw selling and distributing Christian books and tracts in the daily market of Ranaghat, and to whom I ran in the hope of getting a copy of the Bible. I conversed with him for a short time, and bought a copy of the Bengali Bible, and took some tracts from him. For a few days I left my studies altogether, and spent the whole time in reading the Bible and tracts, and in talking with this preacher, who stayed there for eight or ten days. Thus in reading, praying, and holding conversations, the Spirit of God opened the eyes of my understanding and showed me the beauty and love of my Saviour, Jesus Christ. I became fully convinced that the Christian religion was the only true religion, given for the salvation of the human race. I waited for some months to see whether or not my faith in the Christian religion was a mere impulse of mind; but, having been thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Bible, I made up my mind to profess my faith in Christ by receiving the holy rite of baptism, which important event of my life took place on the 19th February, 1871, at the Bhowanipore Congregational Church. Since that time I know that my Saviour, Jesus Christ, lives in me and I in Him, and He guides me, strengthens me, and teaches me by His Spirit. He enables me to hate what He hates, and love what He loves. His Spirit testifies to my spirit that by faith in Him I have become a child of God and an heir of the glory which shall be revealed hereafter."

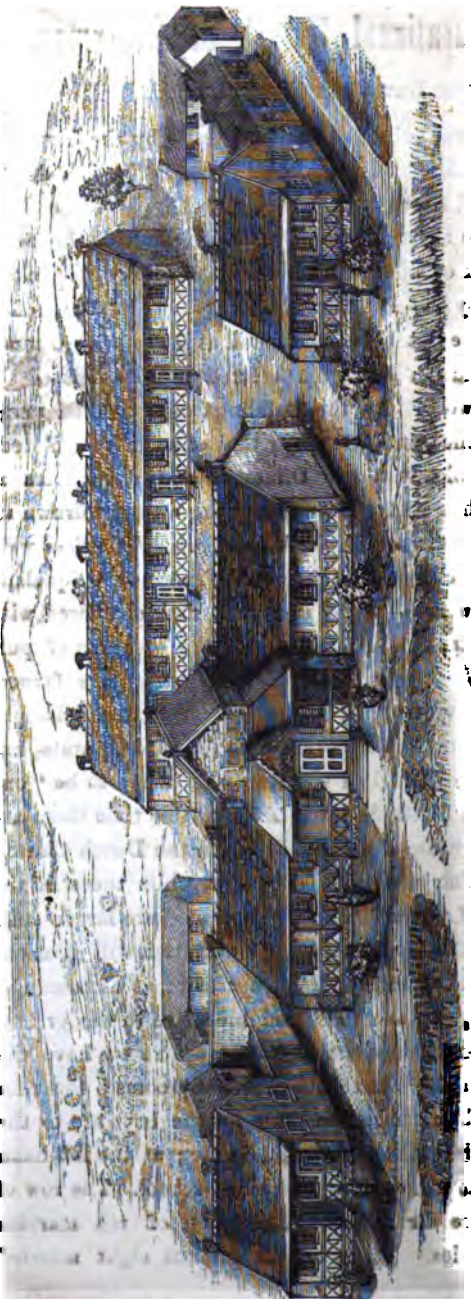
Statements were subsequently made by the candidate, in reply to questions respecting his views of Divine truth, his reasons for believing in his call to the work, and the manner in which he proposed to accomplish it. Referring to a sermon which he heard eight years ago, he said, "I could not rest until I fully resolved to give myself up wholly to the work of a preacher of the Gospel. I felt that I was the son whom the Father called to go forth and work in His vineyard." The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Johnson, B.A., and was followed by the laying on of hands. The Rev. J. E. Payne having delivered an appropriate charge, a hymn was sung, the Rev. T. P. Chatterjea offered prayer in the Bengali language, another hymn was sung, and the Rev. J. F. Taylor, B.A., pronounced the Benediction.

VI.—The Educational Work at Kuruman.

By the Rev. John Mackenzie.

SOME years ago, liberal subscriptions were made by the friends of missions to the "Moffat Institution, Kuruman." The donors and the Directors agreed to erect, at the station where he had so long laboured, a memorial to the venerable Dr. Moffat, and at the same time promote the work of education among the Bechwana tribes. Plans were furnished by the Directors and approved by Dr. Moffat, and, although these have not been completed at Kuruman, so much of the Memorial Institution has been erected as to admit of the commencement of the work. As the buildings were erected under missionary superintendence, and not under that of a skilled architect, it was thought desirable that the Directors and subscribers in England should have the satisfaction of receiving a report drawn up by a Government Inspector of Public Works, whose services were kindly granted without charge by the Administrator of Griqualand West. The buildings were carefully inspected and compared with the plans and specifications of the Directors; the accounts of purchases and of wages were also examined. The report was favourable: the workmanship was good; the prices of material bought were low. The Moffat Institution, even in its incomplete state, has been pronounced by several English visitors to Kuruman to be "one of the finest buildings in South Africa." At the same time there are several educational establishments connected with the Dutch Church in the Cape Colony which are more extensive, while those of the Presbyterian Church at Lovedale and at Blythswood are larger still.

The accompanying bird's-eye view of the Institution will give our readers a clear conception of what they have erected at Kuruman as a memorial of work done, and as an aid and incentive to the greater work which has yet to be accomplished. In the centre we have the public hall, and on each side are school- and class-rooms; those for theological students to the right, while those for the boys are to the left. The tutor's house is at the right-hand corner; at the left-hand corner is the house of the master of the boarding-school. The row of cottages at the back are for the accommodation of ten married students and their families. There are at present eight married



MOFFAT INSTITUTION, KURUMAN.

students in the Institution. The two cottages on the left are used as dormitories in connection with the boarding-school—the dormitories in the plan being one of the parts of the Institution not yet erected. There is at present accommodation for fifty boys and youths in the boys' boarding department. Here a fee of £5 per annum, paid in advance, is charged for each boarder. Deserving sons of poor parents are in some cases paid for by subscriptions of kind friends in England. There are at present about thirty boys in this department. Store-rooms for grain, and waggon-houses, complete the new buildings, which are situated on the east side of the Kuruman valley.

Crossing over to the old "Kuruman Station" we come

first to the house occupied so long by Dr. Moffat. It is now used as a girls' boarding-school under the care of Mrs. Cockin, widow of the late Rev. Joseph Cockin, whose early death was so unexpected and so much deplored. A charge of £4, paid in advance, is made for each girl. There are already eight boarders—a fact certainly of no magnitude as to numbers, but almost a miracle from the point of view of those who knew the country long ago, and were familiar with the degraded position which women occupied among the Bechwanas. Mrs. Cockin has also sewing classes, attended by the young people of the village and by the students' wives, so that her time is fully occupied. Passing the girls' school we come to the large Kuruman church, behind which is the printing-office, and the village school, taught by a native schoolmaster. It is delightful to think that, after a long period of silence, the Kuruman press is again to speak out. We trust it may never more be silent, for the loss of a press in the Bechwana Mission for many years has been the greatest drawback. Passing the church we come to the house long occupied by Mr. Ashton, who had charge of the press while he was Dr. Moffat's colleague. Farther on we come to a dwelling-house and "store," where once a third missionary had his residence in the early days of the mission. It is of great consequence that well-conducted places of business should exist on mission stations, and we are glad to say that within the bounds of the Society's ground at Kuruman there are two such.

We have had to overcome a good many obstacles in commencing this work at Kuruman. In the first place, a generation of Bechwanas had grown up knowing Christianity without such institutions, and who were accordingly sceptical as to their value. Disturbances took place in Kurnman district before the buildings were finished, and they were used as a place of refuge by European traders and their wives as well as the mission families of the district. Had the place been then evacuated, it would, no doubt, have been burned to the ground. A season of peace and re-organisation followed these disturbances, to be succeeded again by those raids and outrages in Bechwanaland which have been elsewhere described, and which now place our work in imminent peril.

In the midst of such difficulties the work of the Moffat Institution has been commenced and carried on. The result is already apparent in Bechwanaland. Our most northerly station is that of Lake Ngami, or Nghabe, commenced by the perseverance and devotion of Mr. Hepburn, accompanied by two of the native ministers from the Institution. As Mr. Hepburn has had an opportunity of telling many of the readers of these pages in their own places of worship, there is already a church of some fifty members at Lake Nghabe as the result of these efforts. While war and robbery were going on in his neighbourhood, another native minister, Motlanke, remained at his post, and sought in the noblest manner to save human life. When the town had been burnt, he conveyed the homeless to another village in his own waggon. And, indeed, the eight who have left the Institution have, in different degrees and according to their ability, done the work of evangelists among their fellow-countrymen. At Kuruman, also, we are glad to find that Messrs. Brown and Wookey keep plodding on with their daily duties, trusting that *somehow*, in answer to their and our prayers, peace, order, and good government may be established in Bechwanaland. They will welcome, with peculiar pleasure, to Kuruman, the Foreign Secretary, Rev. Wardlaw Thompson, on his tour of inspection of mission stations. It is some time since any advance has been made in our work from the south. In two years there will probably be a railway as far as Kimberley. Among the Bechwanas we have men suited for drivers and other servants of missionary travellers. And in the Institution we have those who, it is to be hoped, will prove efficient assistants in pioneering work.

It is requested that those who subscribed so liberally for the erection of the Institution will rest assured that good work has already been done there, and that there are great future possibilities. We would thank all friends for their sympathy and help in this educational work, and would conclude with the expression of the hope that, by wise plans, the present "day of small things" may be developed, and our educational work at Kuruman increased in all its departments.

VII.—The Women of China.

CHRISTIANS.

By the Rev. James Sadler, of Amoy.

THE primary truth that woman has a soul has to be taught to the heathen women of China. When a missionary has mentioned this in his preaching, the women present have been overheard speaking in amazement to each other, and quoting the words, "Woman has a soul!"

Whatever vice and immorality has existed in the country—the more dangerous because the more subtle—it has not destroyed all the force of the people. The energy shown by women of the middle-classes is astonishing. Their "faculty" and industry are remarkable. It is the greater reason for distress to Christians that such energies should be allowed to run to waste in the passions of heathenism, which are ever breaking out with volcanic fury, and spreading mischief on every hand.

No one can be acquainted with native life without being painfully impressed with the spiritual needs of the women. Their distress on the loss of children is unutterable. One will throw herself into the water-well, and another be found visiting the grave, putting her head on the cold earth, and wailing bitterly. When I have been preaching on the light and comfort of Christianity, a mother has come forward in the crowd, and asked, "Can you give me any comfort concerning my son?" and then gone on to relate her trouble about him.

Though they are idolaters, that does not mean that they have intelligence, or improvement of character. Thus, they are extremely backward to understand the Truth of God; and, after listening to an earnest account of the being and perfections of our Father in heaven, they will ask, "Do you mean that we should worship Yu Hwang-te?" the idol considered greater than any other. At the same time, though they are thus ignorant, the *spirit of devotion* is not wanting. The women may be considered the pillars of idolatry. *They* frequent the idol temples; *they* instruct their children from earliest years in the rites and ceremonies of superstition; *they* are even found prominent in idolatrous processions, and (as I remember) in pilgrimages to a weary distance. They will eagerly vow offerings to the god who shall hear their prayer for blessings on their children, their family, or themselves.

Regular meetings, for *studying* doctrine, and *discipline* of conduct, such as the Christian services, are new to the Chinese, especially in regard to men and women meeting on an equality. The freedom of communication between the sexes in the West cannot be understood in China, and some proceedings of foreigners abroad increase the misunderstanding. Besides, Christianity having *at first* been promulgated in connection with political rights, there has been some danger of its being looked on as a political concern, in which men more than women were interested. On account of all these difficulties, Christianity, in former years, spread less amongst women than men. Now, however, in many churches women are as numerous as men. When husbands and brothers are turned to the new faith, they are instructed and encouraged in their duty to their wives, mothers, and sisters. The insults offered to females attending public worship are often bravely borne, and are in some places passing away. Women cannot walk with their husbands to church, but they are seen walking *behind* them. In church, the sexes cannot be intermixed, as with us. The habit has been to arrange them behind and at the side of the pulpit, entirely screened from sight. We have seen modifications of this plan, by dividing the chapel equally, and giving the women a fair division, only protected by a high screen.

No little persecution has been borne by some women since their profession of faith in Christ, or, as the unintelligent heathen express it, since they joined the foreign religion. In one case, a son will come from his engagements abroad, to bring all the force of his roughness and brutality against his mother, so that she hardly dare be seen going to the Christian services. In another family, a widow, mourning the loss of her husband, is assailed by her eldest son, who has come a long voyage in order to perform the ancestral rites, held throughout the country to be of the most sacred importance. The mother, as a Christian, firmly declines. Then the son, taking all the money he had brought with him, departs in high dudgeon.

Nevertheless, the good work has proceeded very favourably. As we find in the records of Scripture, various classes are influenced by the truth. If we would see the blessedness of Christianity in the life of those who have to toil for their living, we may look at a Christian servant, S. She formerly did not hope for anything in life beyond success in her daily occupations. From these she would

never depart, not even when her husband and children urged her to accompany them in seeking the pearl of great price. When at last she consented, God became forthwith an object of love and trust. A new sweetness and power filled her life, and the toilsome duties she has since had to fulfil have been attended to with a steadiness, diligence, and faithfulness extraordinary. In the family where she lived no trouble occurred but S. seemed equal to the occasion, not simply attending to her own work, but, through prayerful hope, proving a comfort to those above and around her. Even in times of suffering, and when worn with pain, her spirit has never seemed to sink.

If we turn to business life, we find that the influence of the Good Spirit can make a woman faithful to God in times of prosperity as well as of adversity; can enable her to endure patiently the fickle temper of her husband and the haughtiness of her son; can keep her meek and humble in temptations to pride and vanity; and can make her peaceful in the midst of turmoil, so that, when she leaves the world, the fragrance of her memory abides with all who knew her.

To women who have placed their faith and hope in vegetarianism and such-like superstitions, the Gospel brings a clearer, purer, and warmer light. Devotion is now directed to a nobler object; and the Saviour, revealed by the Holy Ghost, becomes All in all. Women whose children were to be sold for debt find that the love of Christians provides a means of rescue. Women whose husbands are hacked in village wars rejoice to see the bread-winner healed by Christian agency. The bereaved and neglected find comfort in Him who is a Father to the fatherless and a Husband to the widow. A new power is in force to change the lives of husbands and sons concerning whom all hope had been given up. Even a youth, supposed to be possessed with a demon, finds a home in the Christian school. And all the horrible fears of ghosts—in connection with which women supposed to be possessed are beaten unmercifully—can be allayed by hope in the Saviour, even as when He was on earth. Thus, visitors to China might go through the rising churches, and learn something of the blessedness of Christian women. No wonder that long distances should be travelled in order to assemble together with the people of God; and that, where no regular ministry exists, there should still be companies of women who meet where prayer is wont

to be made, after the examples of domestic religion in the New Testament.

In accordance with a suggestion from the Amoy Congregational Union, the churches it represents have each and all had serious attention directed to family piety. Careful examination has been made as to the number of whole families in Christian fellowship. Serious inquiries have been put to those who fail in their duty. Young people baptized in infancy have been followed up with instruction and encouragement; and, to the better carrying on of the whole business, the first Sunday of each month has been specially set apart.

In church-life women are rising in importance. At Thai-san, our oldest church, a privilege enjoyed by the ladies of some denominations at home—viz., the right of choosing a pastor—has been granted. We do not remember to have heard of a similar fact anywhere in China or India.

A PLEASANT VOYAGE.

REPRESENTING a large missionary party, of which he was a member, and which proceeded to China in October last, the Rev. JAMES SADLER, under date Amoy, 22nd November, 1882, thus writes :—

"We have had a remarkably good voyage. The passenger accommodation of the *Glenavon* is unusually excellent. Our whole party have got on so well together as to raise the inquiry from a visitor whether there had been a general pre-arrangement. It is the first time I have had the opportunity of travelling with any considerable missionary company, and the advantages of such a plan impress me not a little. Not only is there good fellowship, but more books, conferences, devotional meetings, and religious services. The physical, mental, and moral results are apparent. We have all felt led to look for special blessings on our voyage as earnests of still greater in the future, and there is substantial reason for assurance that we have not been disappointed. All kinds of questions on mission policy have been discussed, as well as questions of importance on the best ways for preserving health in the East. I have learned things on this last subject which it had been well to know seventeen years ago. On the other hand, it has been a privilege to be of service to Dr. Palmer in his study of the Amoy language. Not a small benefit of our friendly party has been plenty of invigorating recreation, and we may be thankful that, as a consequence, there has been so little indisposition. We arrived yesterday (the 21st), and were glad to find Mr. and Mrs. Macgowan and family well. The brethren of the other missions are mostly in good health. I feel that I have reason for gratitude and consolation in being again at my post."

VIII.—Retirement of the Rev. Geo. Turner, LL.D.

AMONG the passengers who landed at Sydney from the *John Williams* in November last were DR. and MRS. TURNER, of UPOLU, Samoa. After upwards of forty years of earnest and devoted labour, thirty-eight of which have been spent as tutor of the Malua Mission Seminary, the state of Dr. Turner's health necessitates his final return to his native land. It is with deep regret that the Directors announce Dr. Turner's withdrawal from the foreign field—a regret which is universally shared by his brethren in the South Seas. They, however, anticipate that in years to come he may be able to render much valuable service in this country in the extension of the native literature of the islands. Dr. and Mrs. Turner propose to leave Sydney for Europe during the present month, and may there fore be expected home in the early summer. In his last letter from Samoa, our brother writes :—

"On the morning of Sabbath, the 3rd September, I was affectingly reminded that I had not decided to retire from active service an hour too soon. I was suffering from cold, and, when coughing, ruptured a blood-vessel. I lay down at once, took gallic acid, and, by God's blessing, the hæmorrhage was checked. Up to this date I have had no relapse. I have given up all classes and public speaking, and hope that perfect rest and the voyage may be blessed towards further recovery. I feel thankful that this did not take place sooner, as it would have deprived me of the privilege which I had lately, at our annual missionary meeting, of hearing and of saying some farewell words to these interesting people among whom my life has been spent. By a pre-arranged plan of their own, over a hundred of the pastors were present from various parts of the group. It was one of the largest meetings ever held in our Institution square. I reminded the seniors, and told the new generation, of the past forty years. I gave them the aggregate of 1,725 who have been enrolled in our classes; said that Malua would be the stone of remembrance of my missionary work; told them of the joy I felt in seeing so many ordained pastors around me who had taken up and would carry on God's work. I said, also, that, like the ancient Jew who left Palestine with the image of the Temple on the palms of his hands, so I went away with Samoa on mine; and that, if God gave strength to these hands to work, they would still be employed in preparing Bible comments or other useful literature for Samoa and her pastors and teachers. In the following week I addressed another large outdoor meeting at the harbour at Apia. Very touching were the replies and farewell words of the speakers at both of these meetings. Take the following as a specimen:—'After to-day there will be no more looking at you, or speaking—it will be only prayer.' Father, the leaf of your years is falling, your sun is setting; thank God, you are not leaving on account of war or

ill-usage; all these trials of the past you bore, and stood by us.' 'We once thought that the moon was a ball of light, but you taught us that it all came from the sun. And so it is with us Samoan pastors; all our light has been borrowed from you—the light which you have from Christ.' 'You say you are going with Samoa on your hands; do not say on your *hands*, lest we fall off, but say you clasp us in your *arms*, breast to breast, and then we shall feel bound to you for ever.' May God bless Samoa, and still make your mission here the means of leading many to the Saviour!"

IX.—Deputation to the West Indies.

FOR several years, in pursuance of a policy adopted by the Directors in 1867, the connection between the Society and the native churches in the WEST INDIES which were founded by its missionaries has been but slight, and has consisted chiefly in supervision by the missionaries still in the field.

Some of the churches in Jamaica having, during the past year, appealed to the Congregational Union of England and Wales for assistance to enable them to meet the claims upon them for the payment of the salaries of their pastors, and for the repair of church buildings, the Committee of the Congregational Union conferred with the Directors on the subject. In consequence, the Board decided to seek full information respecting the present position and circumstances of these churches, both in JAMAICA and BRITISH GUIANA; and, for this purpose, questions, covering a wide range of inquiry, were sent to the Society's missionaries in those fields. In due time replies were received, but, as they were not considered by the Directors to furnish a sufficient basis for a judgment on the subject, the Board, at the close of last year, decided to send a DEPUTATION to the West Indies to make a full investigation and report on all points relating to the matter; and, at their request, ALEXANDER HUBBARD, Esq., one of the Directors, kindly consented to undertake this important duty. The Congregational Union having been appealed to by the churches, on their part arranged to send a Deputation, and selected the Rev. PHILIP COLBORNE, of Norwich, as their representative.

These gentlemen left England on February 17th to proceed first to British Guiana and thence to pass on to Jamaica. If the plan for their visit be fully carried out, their return to England may be expected early in May. In the prosecution of their work may they daily have the protection and the guidance of Him in whose service they have gone forth!

X.—News of other Workers.

THE missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Central Africa are not unfrequently brought into contact with our own brethren. To one of their number, Mr. COPPLESTONE, the Directors are under deep obligation for services rendered in connection with the illness and death of Dr. SOUTHON. From the *Intelligencer* we learn that further news has been received of Mr. HANNINGTON and his party; and that they have been helped on their way by the chief Mirambo.

"On October 16th, Mr. Hannington, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Ashe, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Wise left Uyui for Urambo, it having been determined to try and obtain a new route to the Lake [Victoria Nyanza] through Mirambo's country. Mr. Copplestone accompanied them, because he is well known to that potent chief. They reached Urambo on the 22nd, and Messrs. Stokes and Copplestone, who conducted the negotiation, found Mirambo very favourably disposed. He gave them a head-man to take them on safely to a village belonging to him at the south end of the Lake; and on the 26th they started, and proceeded fifteen miles northward to a village called Kwandi, from whence, on that day, the latest letters are dated.....

"Mr. Hannington had to be carried most of the way; but his sense of a solemn trust committed to him, and of the need of his setting before his brethren an example of unflinching courage, led him, after much prayer, to decide on going forward, putting himself wholly in the Lord's hands. The resumed journey, after six weeks in bed at Uyui, seems to have done him some little good."

In the Baptist *Missionary Herald* the Rev. S. G. McLaren, M.A., of Tokio, urges the claims of Japan upon the attention of the Christian Church. He describes the energy, ability, and patriotism of the people; the progress they have made in civilisation, commerce, and the fine arts; and refers to the probable early establishment among them of a constitutional government on a permanent basis. Indications, also, of their preparedness to accept the missionary's message are not wanting.

XI.—Notes of the Month.

1. DEPARTURES.

The Rev. JOHN CHALMERS, M.A., LL.D., and Mrs. Chalmers, returning to HONG-KONG, South China, embarked, per steamer *Kaisar i Hind*, February 14th.

ALEXANDER HUBBARD, Esq. (accompanied by the Rev. PHILIP COLBORNE, deputation from the Congregational Union), embarked at Southampton for BARBADOS, *en route* for Demerara, per steamer *Medway*, February 17th.

2. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

Dr. J. K. MACKENZIE and Mrs. Mackenzie, from TIENTSIN, North China, per steamer *Glenavon*, February 18th.

3. BIRTH.

WOOKEY.—December 31st, at Kuruman, South Africa, the wife of the Rev. A. J. Wookey, of a daughter.

4. THE *JOHN WILLIAMS.*

After a most successful voyage of five months and twenty-four days, the *John Williams* entered Sydney Heads, and anchored in the bay on the 22nd November, five weeks in advance of her time-table. The report furnished by Captain Kirkpatrick, who has had the command of the vessel during Captain Turpie's absence in England, is highly satisfactory. The passengers brought to Sydney were the Revs. Dr. and Mrs. Turner, of Samoa, S. M. Creagh and Mrs. Creagh, of Lifu, and two daughters of the Rev. John Jones, of Maré; also four Loyalty Island teachers, with their wives, *en route* for the New Guinea Mission, whither a vessel was in readiness to convey them.

5. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES, 15TH JAN. to 14TH FEB.

CHINA.—Griffith John, Hankow, December 1st; W. Muirhead, Shanghai, December 13th; J. Stonehouse, Shanghai, December 12th; J. Macgowan, Amoy, November 22nd.

INDIA.—W. Johnson, Calcutta, January 9th, 22nd; W. J. Wilkins, Calcutta, December 26th, January 2nd, 9th, 16th; J. Hewlett, Allahabad, January 10th, 24th; Edwin Greaves, Mirzapore, January 11th; G. O. Newport, Madras, January 2nd; W. Robinson, Tripatore, January 23rd; Edwin Lewis, Calcutta, January 2nd; W. W. Stephenson, Gooty, January 3rd; J. Duthie, Nagercoil, January 21st; F. Wilkinson, Trevandrum, January 17th; Dr. T. S. Thomson, Neyoor, January 13th, 20th; R. W. Thompson, Madras, January 3rd.

MADAGASCAR.—G. A. Shaw, Tamatave, December 20th.

AFRICA.—W. Thompson, Cape Town, December 27th, January 23rd; W. Ashton, Barkly, December 28th, January 4th, 11th, 16th; J. Brown, Kuruman, January 1st; A. J. Wookey, Kuruman, January 12th; A. J. Gould, Kuruman, January 12th; D. Carnegie, Hope Fountain, November 17th; W. Griffith, Ujiji, October 16th; Captain Hore, Kisokwe, December 4th; W. C. Willoughby, Urambo, November 2nd; John Penry, Mpwapwa, December 1st; J. H. Dineen, Central Africa, December 3rd; J. Roxburgh, January 23rd.

WEST INDIES.—J. Currie, Demerara, January 25th; Mrs. Clark, Jamaica, January 8th.

SOUTH SEAS.—E. V. Cooper, Tahiti, December 15th; W. W. Gill, Rarotonga, October 28th; J. J. K. Hutchin, Rarotonga, November 7th; Chas. Phillips, Tutuila, December 4th; S. H. Davies, Samoa, October 26th; J. Marriott, Samoa, October 26th, December 1st; Dr. Turner, Sydney, December 20th; T. Powell, Samoa, December 2nd; J. Hadfield, Uvea, October 26th, November 15th; J. Sleigh, Lifu, December 9th; J. Chalmers, Port Moresby, October 28th; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, November 24th, 28th, December 26th.

6. ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The thanks of the Directors are respectfully presented to the following:—

For Rev. James Sibree, Jun., Madagascar. — To Joel Denham, Esq., Huddersfield, for a Bale of School Materials.

For the *John Williams.*—To W. J. Mann, Esq., Trowbridge, for a Parcel of Books.

XII.—New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 10th February, 1883.

Previously omitted.

Camden Town, Park Chapel, received 11th January	21	3	0
Chester, Northgate Church, R. S. Hudson, Esq., received 13th Jan.	20	0	0

LONDON.

Mr. and Mrs. Gellibrand	7	0	0
Albert Spicer, Esq.	5	0	0
A. S.	1	1	0
P. M. K.	0	10	0
Acton	3	17	0
Asylum Road, Peckham	5	7	6
Blackheath	26	16	8
Brixton	11	18	1
Burnt Ash	4	0	0
Cambridge Heath	14	0	0
Clapton, Lower	10	10	0
" Upper	25	0	0
Clapton Park	27	9	11
Craven Chapel	13	0	0
Craven Hill Chapel	6	13	2
Croydon, West	4	15	3
Dalston, Middleton Road	5	16	8
" Shrubland Road	1	5	0
Deptford, High Street	5	0	0
Ealing	12	16	10
Edmonton and Tottenham	5	5	0
Enfield, Christ Church	13	18	8
Greenwich, Maze Hill	2	2	0
Greenwich Road	2	2	0
Hanover Chapel	3	0	0
Horbury Chapel	10	11	9
Islington, Union Chapel	32	10	7
Lewisham High Road	21	6	0
Mill Hill	3	5	0
New College, Littlewick (additional)	0	10	0
New College Chapel	11	7	0
Norwood, Upper	16	17	6
Offord Road	4	4	0
Raleigh Memorial Church	4	8	8
St. Mary Cray	6	11	2
Silver Street	3	3	0
Sion New Chapel	1	6	0
Stepney Meeting	1	16	3
Streatham Hill	13	0	0
Sutton	3	10	0
Sydenham, Church-in-the-Grove	4	16	11
Tollington Park, New Court Ch.	21	11	3
Totteridge	3	6	4
Tufnell Park	1	12	0
Twickenham	1	10	0
Wimbledon	5	0	0
Woodford	20	10	0
Wood Green	3	4	10
Woolwich, Rectory Place	5	4	5

COUNTRY.

Aberdare Tabernacle English Congregational Ch.	1	10	0
Accrington, Oak Street	2	2	0
Alfreton	0	15	0
Alston	0	18	1
Alton	2	10	0
Andover	3	0	9
Arundel	1	11	8
Ashton-under-Lyne Auxiliary—			
Albion Church	18	0	0
Denton	2	0	0
Droylsden	2	8	0
Mossley, Abney Ch.	2	3	6
Ryecroft Church	3	8	2
Atherstone	2	5	0
Avebury Free Church	0	18	0
Axminster (Thankoffering)	1	0	0
Aylesbury	2	2	0
Baguley	0	15	0
Barnsley Congregational Ch.	3	10	6
Bath—			
Argyle Chapel	10	10	0
Vineyards Ch.	4	0	0
Batley	2	3	0
Berkhampstead	3	9	0
Bingley	1	14	0
Birkenhead and Wirral Auxiliary—			
Liscard	11	16	8
Oxton Road	2	8	10
Rock Ferry	5	0	7
Birmingham, Moseley Road	8	10	0
" Acock's Green	3	2	0
Blackburn—			
Chapel Street Ch.	3	3	0
Mill Hill Ch.	1	10	0
Bocking	3	3	0
Boston, Red Lion Street	1	15	0
Bournemouth, East Cliff Ch.	2	0	0
Bradford—			
Greenfield Ch.	2	13	10
Horton Lane Ch.	10	0	0
Lister Hills Ch.	1	10	0
College Chapel	6	2	6
Rawdon, Benton Ch.	3	4	0
Wilsden	1	11	6
Brentwood	5	0	0
Bridgnorth	1	0	0
Bridport	1	10	9
Brighton—			
Queen Square	5	5	0
London Road	4	13	1
Lewes Road	2	0	0
Clermont Ch., Preston (add'l)	0	2	6
Bristol—			
Highbury Ch.	39	7	11
Pembroke Ch.	5	1	10
Redland Park	10	0	0
Arley Ch.	5	13	4
Clevedon	5	10	0
Bromsgrove	1	0	0
Broseley	1	16	0
Bungay	2	0	0
Burgess Hill	3	0	0
Burnham (Bucks)	1	0	0
Burnley, Bethesda Ch.	2	0	0
Burslem, Queen Street	1	8	5
Burton-on-Trent	2	0	0
Bury—			
Bethel Ch.	1	1	0
New Road	1	1	0
Byfield	0	8	0
Calne and Goatacre	5	19	6
Cambridge, Victoria Road	1	4	0
Cheadle	5	18	9
Cheadle Hulme	2	0	5
Chelmsford, London Road	9	0	0
Chertsey	2	5	0
Chester—			
Great Boughton Ch.	1	0	0
Queen Street	4	5	11
Clare	1	0	0
Cockermouth	1	5	0
Corwen	0	7	0
Cowes, East	1	14	7
Creaton	1	1	7
Crewe, High Town	1	10	0
Crondall	1	9	3
Darwen, Belgrave Ch.	3	3	0
Daventry Independent Ch.	1	1	0
Dawlish	1	10	0
Deal	2	0	0
Debenham	1	1	0
Derby, Victoria Street	13	16	8
Douglas, Finch Hill Ch.	3	11	2
Dover, Russell Street	5	0	0

Dukinfield, Crescent Road	1	2	6
Edinburgh, Mrs. E. Baxter	10	0	0
Emscote	0	7	0
Epsom, Church Street	6	1	4
Farnham	2	3	7
Fleetwood	3	3	0
Folkestone	4	10	0
Forton	1	0	0
Fovant	1	5	6
Garstang	0	11	0
Glossop, Littlemoor Ch.	4	0	0
Greenock, George Square Ch.	11	5	0
Guernsey	2	4	9
Guildford Auxiliary	5	16	4
Hadleigh	4	0	0
Halifax Auxiliary—			
Booth	2	2	0
Northowram	0	10	0
Mixenden	0	10	0
Hambledon	1	10	0
Handsworth	1	16	0
Harrold	2	5	2
Hartlepool Independent Ch.	3	1	0
Harwich	2	0	0
Haslingden	1	10	6
Hastings—			
Mount Pleasant Ch.	3	8	2
Robertson Street	18	2	3
Hatherlow Congregational Ch.	4	10	0
Haverhill	1	1	0
Henstridge	0	10	0
Hereford, Eignbrook Ch.	2	12	0
Hertford	1	10	0
Hoddesden	3	0	0
Horwich, near Bolton, New Church	1	7	6
Huddersfield—			
Victoria Hall Church	5	0	0
Ramsden Street	5	0	0
Hull and East Riding Auxiliary—			
Fish Street	8	12	8
Elloughton	1	12	10
Ipswich—			
St. Nicholas Street	2	10	0
Tacket Street	4	10	0
Jersey, Victoria Street	1	10	0
Kettering, Toller Church	4	0	0
Kidderminster, Old Meeting	4	0	0
Knaresborough	2	3	5
Lancaster, Centenary Ch.	7	14	0
Langford and Filkins	0	15	0
Launceston, Castle Street	1	1	0
Leamington, Holly Walk Ch.	1	0	0
Lewes Tabernacle	0	5	0
Littlehampton	4	0	0
Liverpool—			
Chadwick Mount	1	16	0
Stanley Ch.	2	2	0
Waterloo Ch.	9	6	11
Loughborough	1	1	0
Lowestoft	5	0	0
Lutterworth	2	0	0
Lymm	2	6	9
Maidstone, Westborough Ch.	1	15	0
Manchester and Salford Aux.—			
Bowden Congregational Ch.	28	18	3
Cavendish "	24	14	1
Charlestown "	3	0	0
Chorlton Road "	32	15	0
Greenheys "	1	9	2
Knot Mill "	1	14	0
Levenshulme "	1	2	6
Longsight "	1	12	8
Rusholme Road "	8	4	6
Withington "	3	0	0
Zion "	3	12	9
Manchester, Hope Ch., A Friend	5	0	0
Mansfield	1	17	0
Market Harborough	7	2	6
Marple	1	7	1
Melbourne	0	10	0
Montrose	10	9	8
New Brompton	1	17	8
Newcastle-on-Tyne, West Clayton Street	5	5	0
Newmarket	2	0	0
New Mills	0	18	0
Newport, Essex	1	16	0
Newton Abbot	3	8	3
Northampton, United Communion	9	6	0
Northfleet Congregational Ch.	0	15	0
Norwich, Princes Street	8	0	0
Nuneaton, Bond Street	0	14	0
Oldham—			
Regent Street	1	1	0
Werneth Street	1	18	0
Ongar Independent Ch.	3	0	0
Otley	3	6	5
Oxford, Cowley Road	2	0	0
Oundle	1	12	7
Paignton	1	5	0
Peaseley Cross	0	10	0
Penzance Auxiliary	1	7	0
Peterborough, Westgate Ch.	3	0	0
Plymouth, Sherwell Ch.	10	15	8
Poole, Skinner Street	1	1	0
Portsea	1	10	0
Portsmouth, Buckland Ch.	2	0	0
Poyle	2	0	0
Preston Auxiliary—			
Lancaster Road	5	0	0
Cannon Street	5	0	0
Grimshaw Street	2	5	10
Puriton	0	10	0
Ramsbottom, Park Independent Ch.	2	0	0
Reading, Castle Street	5	0	0
Rhondda Valley, Ton English Congregational Ch.	0	9	9
Rotherham	2	10	0
Saffron Walden	2	10	0
St. Helens Congregational Ch.	7	11	0
St. Leonards-on-Sea	5	18	1
Sale	6	2	0
Sandon	1	1	1
Sandwich, Congregational Ch.	2	5	3
Sawston	2	10	0
Saxmundham	1	3	7
Scarborough—			
A Friend	0	10	0
Bar Church	7	4	6
Eastborough Ch.	2	1	0
South Cliff Ch.	3	4	0
Sevenoaks	5	16	1
Sheerness-on-Sea, Alma Road Ch.	2	10	0
Sheffield—			
Broom Park Ch.	4	18	6
Cemetery Road	5	0	0
Shepton Mallet, Iron Ch.	1	9	0
Shrewsbury—			
Castle Gate Ch.	0	15	6
Swan Hill Ch.	3	3	3
Sittingbourne	1	9	0
Skipton	4	2	0
Southampton, Kingsfield Ch.	1	1	0
Southport, Chapel Street	10	0	0
" Upper Portland Street	5	0	0
Southsea	7	13	5
Stalbridge	0	12	6
Stamford, Star Lane Ch.	2	6	0
Stand Independent Ch.	1	10	0
Stalybridge	1	9	9
Stockport—			
Hanover Ch.	4	4	8
Wellington Road South	3	18	8
Wycliffe Ch.	2	15	5
Stoke-sub-Hamdon (moiety)	1	1	0
Stony Stratford	0	13	9
Stowmarket	2	0	0
Stroud, Bedford Street	5	0	0
Stubbins Congregational Ch.	2	5	0
Sunderland—			
Bethel Ch.	2	7	8
Fawcett Street	7	1	5

Sutton Coldfield	1	7	10
Sutton Valence (moiety)	0	17	0
Takeley	1	11	0
Taunton—			
Mrs. Haydon	2	0	0
North Street	20	1	9
Tetsworth	1	1	0
Thame	1	10	3
The Quinta	3	15	6
Tisbury	2	11	6
Titchfield	0	11	6
Todmorden	0	10	0
Totton	0	18	4
Tunbridge Wells—			
Mount Pleasant Ch.	12	2	0
Emmanuel Ch.	6	2	6
Uckfield	1	0	0
Ulleathorpe	0	10	6
Uppermill	1	0	0
Upton Congregational Ch.	2	7	0
Ventnor	6	18	0
Wakefield, Zion Ch.	5	3	6
Wareham	2	0	0
Walsall—			
Wednesbury Road	5	0	0
M. T. B.	1	0	0
Ware, High Street Ch. (1882)	1	1	6
" " (1883)	1	8	1
Warwick, Brook Street	1	10	0
Wellingborough	7	12	9
Wells, Norfolk	0	10	0
West Melton	1	0	1
Wiltshire—			
Per Rev. Thomas Mann.			
Bradford-on-Avon	1	0	0
Horningsham	0	8	0
Trowbridge Tabernacle	10	0	0
Wincanton	1	0	8
Windsor	3	0	0
Winsham	0	6	0
Wisbech	2	5	0
Witheridge and Puddington	1	5	0
Worthing	2	5	0
Wymondham	1	10	0
Yardley Hastings	1	6	0
Yarmouth, Great	7	4	0

XIII.—Contributions.

From January 14th to February 10th, 1883.

LONDON.

John Cunliffe, Esq.	100	0	0
G. F. White, Esq.	50	0	0
C. R. Mudie, Esq.	21	0	0
Legacy of the late Susa Bongard, Myrtle Place, Blackheath	17	19	0
Rev. Prof. Cave, B.A.	2	2	0
Sir R. J. Meade	2	2	0
Rev. J. Kennedy, M.A.	1	0	0
Mrs. Kennedy, for Mrs. Hewlitt's School	1	0	0
R. P. Cust, Esq.	1	1	0
F. Young, Esq.	1	1	0
Rev. D. Martin	1	1	0
Miss Alexa Hankey	1	1	0
C. R. Boyland, Esq.	1	1	0
J. Tompkins, Esq.	1	1	0
T. H. Gill, Esq.	1	1	0
"B."	1	1	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Bacon, for Central Africa	1	0	0
Anerley. Miss Barwell	1	1	0
Camden Town—			
Park Chapel	60	16	5
Do., for Madras Sch.	17	6	9
Do., for Ujiji Miss.	0	10	6
Christ Church, Westminster Rd.	76	8	4
Croydon, West. Aux.	4	15	3
Ealing. Aux.	56	19	10
Greenwich. Mazo Hill	8	13	9
Hare Court Chapel	1	18	0
Highgate. Aux.	5	5	0
Islington. Union Chapel	5	0	0
John Street Chapel	5	19	6
Kensington. Aux.	15	15	0
New Hampton	16	0	0
Richmond	13	17	9
R. Innes, Esq.	1	0	0
St. Mary Cray	19	1	0
Totteridge	6	7	4
Woodford. Miss Button	25	0	0
Wood Green	21	18	10
York Road	5	0	0
COUNTRY.			
Atherstone	21	9	8
Axminster	6	7	0
Aylesbury	6	0	1
Bakewell	4	6	0
Bath. Aux.	8	2	5
Bedford. Aux., United Zenana Working Soc., for Female Missions	15	0	0
Bedworth. Old Meeting House	8	10	8
Birmingham. Aux.	36	16	4
Bottisham	10	6	2
Bradford. Aux.	103	13	0
Braughing and Puckeridge	2	10	0
Brighton. Legacy of the late Miss Mary Musgrove	100	0	0
Bristol—			
Aux.	42	17	7
Ladies' Committee, for Female Missions	6	14	0
Bridgnorth	10	10	6
Burslem. Queen St.	3	11	8
Chalford, Stroud	3	0	0
Cheadle Hulme	7	17	2
Chertsey	8	1	6
Chichill	2	18	0
Clockheaton. Providence Place Ch.	18	4	9
Colsford. Mr. R. D. Provis, for Orphanage at Berhampore	1	0	0
Coverack. W. Barker, sen.	0	10	6
Crondall	12	9	11
Cumberland. Aux.	29	17	10
Dawlish	13	2	2
Dedham	7	4	11
Derby. Aux.	21	9	6
Dittisham and Galmpton	1	14	2
Douglas. Finch Hill Ch.	27	7	11
Exeter. A Friend, for Female Missions	0	5	0
Farnham. The late Rev. Jesse Hopwood	2	2	0
Farnworth. A. Barnes, Esq.	30	0	0
Faversham. Collected by Miss Hill	1	16	11
Fleetwood.	15	14	6
Frome. Aux.	112	10	2
Gomersal. Grove Ch. additional	10	2	4
Gravesend. Mr. and Mrs. H. Williams	1	11	6
Guildford. Aux.	28	11	2

Halesworth. Cong. Ch.	15	11	5
Halifax. Aux.	22	11	7
Harleston. A Friend	0	2	6
Harwich—			
C. F. Bevan, Esq., for Neyoor and Vizianagram	1	1	0
A Friend, for do.	0	10	6
Hastings. Robertson St	68	12	3
Haverhill	2	15	5
Henstridge	0	10	0
High Easter	4	6	2
Howdon-on-Tyne. Aux.	5	8	0
Huddersfield. Victoria Hall New Church	45	18	6
Kettering. Toller Ch.	35	0	0
Lancashire (West). Aux.	189	1	9
Lancaster. Aux.	14	3	8
Leamington. Holly Walk Ch.	8	12	0
Leeds. Aux.	80	0	0
Leicestershire. Aux., for Zenana Work at Mirzapore	15	0	0
Liverpool. Crescent Ch., Miss Kelly, per Mrs. Bradbury, for Berhampore Female Sch.	3	10	0
Lostwithiel	3	6	1
Ludlow. Aux.	10	9	10
Lymington	31	6	6
Lynn	23	10	11
Manchester and Salford. Aux.—			
General Fund	90	0	0
Stretford Cong. Ch., for Native Teacher, John Simson	10	0	0
Broughton Pk. Children's boxes, for Ships	5	1	0
Widows' Fund (see Special List)	110	2	11
Market Harborough. Aux.	33	17	7
Market Lavington	4	3	5
Matlock Bank	8	0	0
Matlock Bath	4	1	6
Norbury Common	7	11	6
Northampton. Mr. J. A. Berry	0	10	6
Nuneaton. Coton Road Ch.	2	8	8
Okehampton. Mr. W. H. I. Fryer	0	10	0
Olney	2	8	10
Oundle	7	0	0
Penzance. Aux.	0	10	5
Petworth	11	7	8
Preston. Aux.	15	5	2
Reading—			
"P." for China	1	0	0
Mrs. Hammond, for Mrs. Frank Lawes, S. Seas	5	0	0
Rotherham District. Aux.	120	14	4
Runcorn	18	10	6
Rayleigh XI. Towns	0	10	0
Ryde. Cong. Church	50	11	3
St. Helens. District Aux.	73	7	8
Sandon	2	11	6
Sawston	9	13	6
Scarborough. South Cliff Ch.	20	8	0
Sheffield—			
Brightside Ch., for N. T., care of Mr. Peake, Madagascar	2	1	0
Burngreave Cong. Ch.	1	0	0
Shepton Mallet. Aux.	12	13	3
Stafford	5	12	4
Southampton. Rev. R. Wearmouth	0	10	0
Southborough. Rev. T. Lessel	1	0	0
Southend-on-Sea	14	0	6
Stalbridge	0	12	6
Stockport. Wycliffe Ch.	17	12	7
Stone	3	1	4
Stony Stratford	1	16	0
Taunton—			
Mrs. Haydon	3	0	0
North St. Cong. Ch.	35	10	0
Tunbridge Wells. Aux.	21	6	6
Tutbury. A Vow for the L. M. S.	5	0	0
Uley. A Friend	5	0	0
Ventnor. Aux.	63	15	11
Walsall. M. T. B., for Evangelist, care of Rev. G. Cousins, Madagascar	2	10	0
Wells (Norfolk)	10	2	6
West Milton. Independent Ch.	11	8	6
Weston-super-Mare. Messrs. Phillips and Perry, for Native Preacher, care of Rev. M. Phillips, Salem (half-year)	18	0	0
Weybridge. Aux.	16	14	4
Wiltshire, &c.—			
Per Rev. Thomas Mann.			
Bishops Hull	4	13	5
Bradford-on-Avon	13	16	0
Broadchalk	3	3	4
Castle Cary	0	6	0
Codford	6	7	0
Combe Down	0	13	0
Highworth	5	1	4
Holt	18	4	0
Horningham	0	4	5
Lapford	1	5	0
Lee, Rev. J. Millard, Malmesbury	1	4	0
New Swindon (for 1880 omitted)	4	14	0
Do. (for 1882)	7	0	0
Ramsbury	4	0	3
Swindon, Victoria St.	2	10	0
Tisbury	3	17	8
Trowbridge Tabernacle	22	10	0
Winslow. Mr. Edward Parrett	1	1	0
WALES.			
Aberdare Tabernacle. English Cong. Ch.	3	15	4
Harmon. Ystradfellte	0	18	4
SCOTLAND.			
Aberdeen. Mr. Shiref's Sabbath Morning Bible Class, for Rev. T. T. Matthews, Madagascar	1	5	0
Cove	6	13	6
Dundee. Ladies' Aux., for Female Missions	12	3	2
Edinburgh—			
Mrs. E. Baxter	100	0	0
E. G. Baxter, Esq.	5	0	0
Elgin. Collected by Miss Ann Gordon	9	15	3
Forfar. Cong. Ch.	5	3	0
Greenock. George Sq. Ch.	20	5	0
Montrose. Aux.	103	1	2

(*Further contributions unavoidably postponed.*)

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

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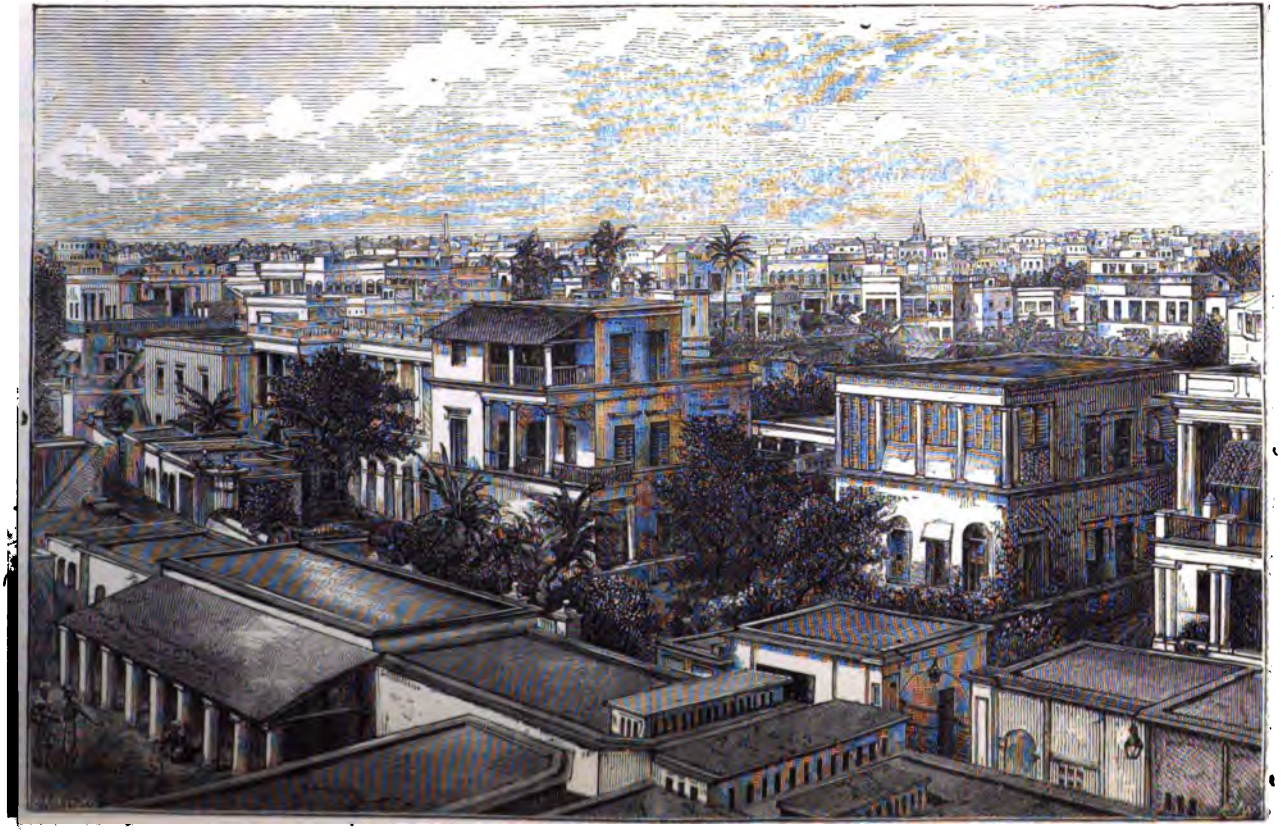

CALCUTTA.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—Missionary Conference at Calcutta.

TEN years ago the first General Missionary Conference in India took place at Allahabad. The second of the series, which it is intended shall be decennial, was held at Calcutta in January last. All who were privileged to take part in the various gatherings agree in testifying to their interest and success. The locality chosen being that of one of the strongest missions in India of the London Missionary Society, it could scarcely fail to be largely and effectively represented by its missionaries. Apart from this fact, however, many of our brethren from the nearer and more distant provinces availed themselves of the facilities which were afforded for being present and sharing in the proceedings. The subjects discussed were—Preaching to the Heathen, Sunday Schools, Native Agency, Spiritual Life and Enthusiasm, Higher Education, Primary Education, Work among English-Speaking Hindus, Woman's Work, Work among Mohammedans, Self-Support of Native Churches, Aboriginal Tribes, the Press, Vernacular Literature, Medical Missions.

We are indebted to the *Free Church Monthly* for the following letter from Dr. Murray Mitchell :—

"The Conference," says Dr. M. Mitchell, "was much larger than its predecessor (as its successor will probably be much larger still). More especially, the number of female and native missionaries was very considerably greater than we counted at Allahabad. The total number of members was four hundred and sixty, representing twenty-four churches and societies.

"In the six days during which the Conference sat, very important matters, as the programme will show you, were brought under review. The written papers were first read, and then there was free discussion. The speaking was fuller and generally more animated than we had at Allahabad. The

bell had to be brought into requisition; and many a speaker complained that he could not possibly crush his ideas into the tiny modicum of time allowed him. It was a pity, but it was unavoidable, to *knell* such men down.

"Animation, then, was one mark of the Conference. But there was a still more noteworthy characteristic. The discussions were conducted in a most friendly and, indeed, brotherly spirit. There was nothing at all approaching bitterness. I do not remember that a harsh word was uttered during the meetings. On some of the great topics discussed, men differed—differed greatly; but they found it possible to do so without acrimony, and with much mutual respect.

"Further, there was, all through, a tone of deep solemnity. Many had prayed for this, and they had not prayed in vain. Very touching were the closing addresses and prayers. But, indeed, in all the sittings there was great earnestness—an all-pervading sense of the sacredness of the work which occupied us; and frequently, if I mistake not, a deep and general feeling of the presence of the Spirit of God.

"I have thus far spoken of the regular meetings of the Conference. There were several other meetings held in connection with it, though not formally parts of it. Thus, we had a great public meeting on missions; another on temperance; a third on higher education; a fourth on woman's work; a fifth, called at the request of native brethren, to consider the obstacles to union in the native churches of India; and a sixth on the very grave question of child-marriage in this country. I might add a seventh, held in connection with the Anglo-Indian Evangelisation Society. It was a busy week, and it left some of us rather spent; but it was a truly happy week.

"I can hardly expect to see a third Decennial Conference, but I thank God that I was present at the first and have now seen the second. The fragrant memory of both these Conferences, and especially that of the second, will, to my dying day, be treasured in my heart of hearts."

The following lines, written by Dr. M. Mitchell, were read at the close of the Conference:—

"From various lands of various tongues we came,
But linked in bonds of holiest brotherhood;
One Lord, one faith, one baptism were ours,
One God and Father, and one Spirit of grace
Dove-like sat brooding on each waiting heart;
Love, meeting Love, burned with a brighter flame,
And Truth shone clearer in the light of Love;—
Sweet was our mutual counsel as we spoke
Of things pertaining to the Kingdom of God
And the long-promised triumph of His Christ.

"But now we part: we part, to meet again
When the Archangel's trump shall summon us
To see the restitution of all things,
To see the finished mystery of Heaven
And the manifestation of the sons of God.

"We part—not *as* we met. Partakers all
Of a fresh baptism of faith and love,
The sacramental host can with new hope
Grasp its war-weapons of high victory—
Tempered in heaven, whose edge was never turned—
And hasten to the work which pauses not
Until this land, so dear, so sorrowed o'er,
With all its load of misery and of sin,
After long ages of transgression, turn
And, pierced in heart with love-shafts of the King,
Fall down and bathe His blessed feet with tears;—
Then rise, and to the listening world tell out
Her deep repentance and her new-found joy.
Yea, wide and wider shall the battle spread,
Till the round world is subject unto Christ,
And, blest in Him, all nations call Him blessed.

"Then loud and sweet the hallelujahs peal
From numbers without number, gathered all
Before the Throne—gathered from east and west
And north and south—till all creation rings.
Oh then the prayer we daily offer now
Ceases, because transfigured into praise,
When, like the thunder of many waters, swells
The victor's shout: 'Our Father in the heavens,
Thy name *is* hallowed, and Thy Kingdom come;
Thy will *is* done in earth even as in heaven.'

"O day of days! far off its coming shone;
The hope of ages past, O joy of joys,
To see it come at length! O double joy
If we have watched, and wept, and prayed, and toiled,
'Mid the deep darkness of the Night of Tears,
To speed the advent of that Morn of Joy
Whose sun, once risen, shall never more go down
While the Lord God omnipotent doth reign,
And the great ages roll in golden calm
Through the high Sabbath of Eternity.

"Come, then, Thou King of kings and Lord of lords!
Sun-like, from out Thy secret chambers come!
The robes of Thine imperial majesty
Haste to put on, and in Thy right hand grasp
That sceptre of unlimited dominion
Which Thine Almighty Father hath bestowed.
Even so, Lord Jesus, come! yea, quickly come!
For 'tis the voice of Thine own bride that calls,
And all creation sighs to be renewed." *

* The concluding lines are a close imitation of a passage in Milton's treatise on "Reformation in England."

II.—Statistics of Protestant Missions

IN INDIA, BURMA, AND CEYLON, 1881.

BY a convenient arrangement, the Statistical Tables of Indian Missions for the past decade appear simultaneously with the meetings of the General Conference referred to on another page. The tables have been published, in a large royal 8vo volume, by Messrs. Thacker, Spink, & Co., of Calcutta, which contains the following prefatory note:—"The CALCUTTA MISSIONARY CONFERENCE appointed the Rev. J. HECTOR, missionary of the Church of Scotland; the Rev. H. P. PARKER, missionary of the Church Missionary Society; and the Rev. J. E. PAYNE, missionary of the London Missionary Society, to be a Committee to prepare the Fourth Decennial Statistical Tables of Protestant Missions in India, Burma, and Ceylon. The work of collecting the Statistics and compiling the Tables has, of necessity, been divided among the members of the Committee; all, however, hold themselves responsible for their accuracy." A few paragraphs from the introduction to the volume above referred to will serve to indicate the scope and results of the inquiry:—

"*Native Christians: Ratio of Increase.*—The general summary of results shows an advance all along the line, and, in some of the most important items, on a progressing *ratio* of increase. The number of native Christians in India, Burma, and Ceylon was, in 1851, 102,951; in 1861, 213,370; in 1871, 318,363; and in 1881, 528,590. In India alone there were, in 1851, 91,092; in 1861, 138,731; in 1871, 224,258; and in 1881, 417,372. The rate of increase in India from 1851 to 1861 was about 53 per cent.; that from 1861 to 1871 was 61 per cent.; that from 1871 to 1881 has been 86 per cent.

"*The Communicants.*—The number of communicants is, perhaps, the best test of progress. In India, Burma, and Ceylon the numbers stand thus: for 1851, 17,306; for 1861, 47,274; for 1871, 78,494; and for 1881, 145,097. In India alone the numbers are, for 1851, 14,661; for 1861, 24,976; for 1871, 52,816; and for 1881, 113,325. Thus the number nearly doubled between 1851 and 1861; it more than doubled between 1861 and 1871; and again it has more than doubled between 1871 and 1881.

"*The Provinces of India; also Burma and Ceylon.*—The largest actual increase has been in the older missions of the Madras Presidency, where from 160,955 in 1871 the number of Christians has risen to 299,742 in 1881. The highest rate of increase has been in the Panjab, where from 1,870 Christians in the year 1871, the number has risen to 4,762 in 1881. In Bengal, the Central Provinces, and Bombay, the numbers of Christians have

more than doubled in the decade. In the N. W. Provinces and Oudh there are half as many more Christians in 1881 than in 1871.

"In Burma the numbers of communicants alone were given in the returns; the numbers of Christians are estimated numbers. The communicants in Burma returned are 24,929, and the estimated number of Christians is 75,510. If the proportion of Christians to communicants were the same in Burma as in India, then the total Christians in Burma would be over 90,000; but the lower figure of 71,510 in 1881 is an increase from 62,729 in 1871.

"In Ceylon, the Baptist Mission has, in 1881, 553 communicants, and 1,425 native Christians, against 645 and 2,908 in 1871; the Church Mission has 1,172 communicants and 4,783 Christians in 1881, against 992 and 4,753 in 1871; and the American Board has 1,012 communicants and 2,084 Christians in 1881, against 559 and 1,157 in 1871.

"*Stations and Missionaries.*—The number of central stations in India has increased in the decade from 423 to 569, the foreign ordained agents from 488 to 586, and the native ordained agents from 225 to 461. This increase of foreign missionaries is worthy of more special notice, because in the previous decade their number was almost stationary, and the com ilers of the 1871 tables regarded this fact as 'a sign of diminishing interest in Indian missions.' They instanced the five societies that had the largest number of Indian missionaries, and showed that those societies had 27 fewer foreign missionaries in 1871 than in 1861, and but for the new societies the number of foreign missionaries in India would have diminished in that decade. In this decade no such ground exists for apprehending 'diminished interest in Indian missions' on the part of those five societies: their foreign missionaries number 23 more in 1881 than in 1871, and their native missionaries are 279 in 1881, against 140 in 1871—that is, the number of their native missionaries has about doubled in the decade. The following table shows the foreign and native ordained agents of these five societies:—

	1851.		1861.		1871.		1881.	
	For.	Nat.	For.	Nat.	For.	Nat.	For.	Nat.
Church Missionary Society	64	7	103	28	102	67	95	110
Society for Propagation of the Gospel	35	4	43	16	41	37	41	57
London Missionary Society	49	2	46	7	44	27	46	37
Baptist Missionary Society	30	...	39	4	26	3	38	49
Wesleyan Missionary Society ...	13	...	31	4	22	6	38	26
TOTAL	191	13	262	59	235	140	258	279

"The Scotch societies also, that take the lead in higher educational work, have, in this decade, increased their numbers of both foreign and native ordained agents. The Church of Scotland has, in 1881, 10 foreign and 5 native missionaries, against 4 foreign and 4 native missionaries in 1871.

The Free Church of Scotland has, in 1881, 23 foreign and 13 native missionaries, against 19 foreign and 9 native missionaries in 1871. The American societies have increased numbers of both foreign and native missionaries. The American Baptist Missionary Union has 20 foreign missionaries in 1881, against 11 in 1871; the American Board has 24, against 19; the American Episcopal Methodists have 32, against 21. So far as the number of missionaries is a sign of interest in Indian missions, the general increase in the numbers of both foreign and native ordained agents evinces revived missionary zeal in the home churches.

"*Native Christian Contributions.*—Nearly two rupees a-year is shown to have been contributed for church purposes by every communicant in the native churches.

"*Male Education.*—The number of native Christian teachers in the educational work of missions has almost doubled in the decade, it being 4,345 in 1881, against 2,294 in 1871. The number of non-Christian teachers employed in mission schools has not yet commenced to decrease; the increase, however, is but slight, there being 2,539 in 1881, against 2,227 in 1871. Some missions have substituted Christian for non-Christian teachers in mission schools; in this matter the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has taken the lead. In 1871 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had 218 Christian and 204 non-Christian teachers; in 1881, 645 Christian and 98 non-Christian teachers. The societies that do most in higher education have made some progress in substituting Christian for non-Christian teachers. So far as the university examinations certify to the quality of higher education, last decade Bengal held the lead; but this decade Madras has matriculated 1,185 students against 768 in Bengal; in the B.A. examination, Madras is close upon Bengal, with 148 graduates against 166; Bengal, however, stands to the front still at the First Arts and M.A. examinations. Primary education has made a good stride forward this decade, from 66,239 in 1871 to 117,418 in 1881. The number of male pupils has steadily increased decade by decade—in 1851 there were 63,855; in 1861, 74,875; in 1871, 111,372; and in 1881, 168,998.

"*Woman's Work.*—These statistical tables show that in the decade the Foreign and Eurasian Female Mission agents have increased in number from 423 in 1871 to 541 in 1881; native Christian female agents, from 947 to 1,944; Zenana pupils, from 1,997 to 9,228; and the total number of female pupils, from 31,580 to 65,761—that is, more than twice as many girls and women were getting regular Christian instruction in 1881 than was the case in 1871. Four new ladies' missionary societies appear this decade in the list of Indian missionary agencies. There are ladies' committees connected with several of the larger societies, whose work appears under the names of their respective societies. About one-fifth of the woman's work in India is in connection with the ladies' societies, and over four-fifths is connected with the ordinary missionary agencies. The actual number of foreign workers is greater than that shown in the tables; missionaries' wives, who work among native girls and women, have generally

not been returned in the lists of mission agents. Madras has a larger number of girls in schools than is the case in either of the other provinces. The North-West Provinces have the largest number of Zenana pupils. Ten years ago Bengal had more Zenana pupils than the other six provinces of India put together. The total number of female pupils in 1851 was 13,995; in 1861, 21,024; in 1871, 31,580; and in 1881, 65,761."

The following statistics, having reference exclusively to the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY's operations for the four decades under review, have been eliminated from the general tables, and will, we feel sure, prove of exceptional interest to the readers of the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE:—

INDIA. [Mission commenced 1805.]	1851.	1861.	1871.	1881.
Stations	27	25	29	33
Foreign Ordained Agents	49	46	44	46
Native Ordained Agents	2	7	27	37
Native Lay Preachers	136	275	295	261
Churches or Congregations	29	82	351	440
Native Christians	20,077	27,218	39,879	55,138
Communicants	1,328	2,045	3,900	5,480
MALE EDUCATION.				
Teachers—				
Foreign and Eurasian	...	...	4	...
Native Christian	...	...	179	360
Non-Christian...	...	...	218	240
Colleges and Schools—				
Anglo-Vernacular	22	26	31	29
Vernacular Day	284	210	172	264
Boarding	16	17	...	...
Theological and Training	...	...	3	3
Pupils—				
Anglo-Vernacular	1,701	2,717	4,815	4,939
Vernacular Day	10,332	7,999	5,814	10,667
Boarding	263	352	...	...
Theological and Training	...	...	124	225
WOMAN'S WORK.				
Female Agents—				
Foreign and Eurasian	...	...	11	18
Native Christian	...	...	72	119
Non-Christian...	...	...	...	18
Colleges and Schools—				
Day	63	70	68	66
Boarding	18	15	...	14
Zenana Houses	...	...	49	852
Pupils—				
Day	1,629	2,307	2,840	4,759
Boarding	514	604	...	435
Zenana	...	...	97	610

III.—Trades of North China.

THE ITINERANT TOY-SELLER.

By the Rev. James Gilmour, M.A.

"BONG—Bong—Bong!" nearer and nearer it slowly comes, while children run shouting to their nurses and try to drag them off to the gate, hurrying and excited, lest they should be too late, and the toy-seller should go past. Should he go past, the little ones have not very long to wait till "Bong—Bong—Bong!" another toyman is heard coming slowly along the lane, his gong sounding nearer and nearer, till he sets his burden down opposite the gate. What follows is well represented in the picture. The children gather

eagerly round the tempting display of toys that cover the portable stall; parents and nurses look on with seeming indifference, but really a good deal interested in the proceedings; and the toy-seller stands by, watching his customers as they handle his goods, and ready to make a sale.

His wares are numerous and cheap. Carts fitted with a drum to make them rattle as they run, statues, idols, figures of animals, baskets of doves, vases of flowers, miniature cages with miniature birds, stone balls for kicking with the feet, and a bewildering profusion of all sorts of toys, gaudy with colours, dazzle the eyes of the children, and make them uncertain as to what to buy, from the very

multitude of things offered for their choice. Then, too, there is another distraction, for not only are there toys, but also sweets of many kinds, all wonderfully cheap; and sometimes a child, after buying a toy and possessing it for a minute or two, hands it back, saying he wants to change it for eatables. The toy-seller knows his customers and his business, and consents to the exchange; and after effecting one or two sales, amounting in value to the twelfth or the sixth of a penny each, shoulders his travelling shop and stock-in-trade, and goes slowly along the street, "Bong—Bong—Bonging" at his gong, till, meeting with more customers, he makes a few more sales at the same low rates.

The number of itinerant toy-sellers on the streets of Peking is great. It is almost impossible to go along any lane of the city and not meet one such dealer, and, in some of the lanes, several may be met. This proves one thing, that *the Chinese are fond of children and indulgent to them.* Were it not so, an army of men would not find it possible to support themselves by selling toys and sweets. Peking fathers, too, may often be seen carrying about and caring for their children; so that there is no lack of proof that the Chinese have natural affection. And yet, *when a child dies, no one cares to know where it is buried.* The body is made up as a bundle and placed in the dead-cart, which, drawn by a great and slow-moving ox, may be seen making its daily progress along the great street, taking away the bodies of infants to indiscriminate and unknown sepulture somewhere outside the city. Sometimes, too, when a child dies, it is placed in a rude coffin, which is *given to a beggar*, who slings it from his shoulder by a cord, and, carrying it under his arm, takes it outside the city and buries it wherever it may suit him. To children alive and well the Chinese are kind enough: why is it that they are so callous to the dead? It is simply that they *know nothing of a future life, where they may hope to meet them.* When a Chinaman's child dies he does not say he has buried it; he says he has "*thrown it away.*" To his idea, it is not "*gone before,*" but "*lost;*" his connection with it is severed for ever, and no ray of hope lightens his thoughts of the little one.

Compare, with this, *the love expended by Christians* on the body of a dead child: the careful dressing of the little limbs, the neatly furnished coffin, the sympathy of friends, the funeral, the little tombstone

with its touching inscription, the belief that the little spirit has left us to go to a better place, where it has even more loving care than we could bestow on it; and that, nourished amid every circumstance of good, our loved one is "*gone before*," and will welcome us when we come to the land where suffering and parting are no more. Compare all this faith and hope with the darkness and despair of the Chinaman over his dead children, and you will have one view of the difference between Christianity and heathenism.

Naturally the Chinese are very fond of children, and they bestow on them much kindly attention, which is often remarked by foreigners. What a pity that heathenism should throw such gloom over infant graves, and bring despair and hardness into the hearts of parents in those afflictions which, when looked at in the light of the Gospel, shine with a bright hope, and are often the means of bringing to gentleness and love hearts which seem impossible to be softened by anything else.

Looking at the difference between the heathen and Christian ideas of children, it is possible to realise the importance of the doctrine which Christ taught when, interrupting His work, He gave audience to mothers, laid His hands on their little ones, blessed them, and said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

BASUTO LAND.

"LAST Sunday we had a capital meeting near the village of Letsie, at the house of the chief Panega, for the baptism of an old councillor of Letsie, named Sepepane, who has given clear evidence of his faith. He is a man of at least eighty years of age, if not more. Next Sunday we shall have the *fête* of the Bible; we have one at every station, in order to celebrate the arrival of this precious volume among the churches. This gives general pleasure. The following Sunday, God willing, we shall baptize another old man, the chief of a village; and after that, on a Sunday in September, we shall hold a service on the occasion of several baptisms in the territory of Tupa-Likaka. Altogether, since Whitsuntide, I shall have admitted into communion with the church, by baptism and confirmation, 124 persons. This is a most convincing proof that the war, with all the sorrow, vexation, and confusion, has not swept everything away. The number of conversions is not in the same proportion—far from it; yet, one by one, sinners are entering the Kingdom of God."

[Letter from M. Mabille, dated August 30th, 1882.]

IV.—Madagascar—The Betsimisaraka Country.

By Mr. G. A. Shaw.

HARBOUR MASTER'S HOUSE, TAMATAVE.
(*By the kind permission of John Murray, Esq.*)

(*Continued.*)

MONDAY, *August* 15*th*, we had rather a long run to Manompana before breakfast, arriving about 12 o'clock. This is a small village of about twenty houses, and a church of twelve members, three of whom are deacons and one the pastor. The latter, in this case, is not, as seems usual in these small villages, the headman of the place. He (the headman) gave me the impression that he is of superior intelligence to the majority; but the choice of this small community in selecting a pastor has fallen on a man of inferior rank, whom I was unfortunate enough to miss, as he had left early in the morning to visit a village to the north-west. There is no school here; but after a talk with the church members, who were called together, it was agreed that one should be formed; but it

cannot be a very flourishing one so far as numbers are concerned, the town being remarkable for the few children I saw in it.

This afternoon the road was very rough and difficult. Great rocks, forming promontories impossible to scale, obstruct the path. When the tide was up, the men had to wade through the water, round the boulders, all f us getting wet through with the water dashing against the rocks and covering us with spray, and sometimes a sheet of water. This lively experience was varied during the afternoon by long, weary tramps through nauseous salt marshes full of mangroves. The first step the men took into these raised an effluvium we are none of us likely to forget. This continued until after twenty minutes or half-an-hour we were out of the marsh, soon to meet with others of an equally agreeable nature, full of crabs, toads, and creeping things innumerable. Just at sunset we reached a beautiful broad river called Onibe, or Onive, on the opposite bank of which is a small village, where we proposed to sleep. After standing and shouting lustily all together for some time, varied occasionally by discharges from the gun, we succeeded in making the people on the other side hear, and we were glad to see them coming across in a canoe to paddle us over. Arrived, we find it is only a small cranky craft, that will at best carry but three; so we have to divide, and it is an hour before the last man with his load is safely ferried over. The village, a most miserable one, pleasantly situated on a low hill on the north side of the river and overlooking the sea, consists of eight houses of the poorest description, but only three inhabited. On inquiry I found that all the other houses were empty because a child had died there, and that it is a custom with the Betsimisaraka to remove *en masse* and build another village when one of their number dies, especially if from a disease with which they are unacquainted.

The few people here are in the densest heathenism; they have heard of the "praying," but what it means, or to whom the prayers are offered, they had not the faintest idea, and, when told, seemed to think it had nothing to do with them.

Here I saw, for the first time, one of the Betsimisaraka musical instruments, not used, I believe, in any other part of the country. It is something like a single-stringed harp. A stick about four feet in length has the half of a large gourd shell fixed near one end, and a string attached to the other end is passed over a kind of bridge near

the gourd and fixed securely to the lower end of the stick. The gourd is pressed against the chest of the player by his left hand, the fingers of which shorten the string by pressing it against the long stick. In his right hand he holds a piece of dried pandanus leaf, folded into the shape of a tall square bottle, and containing a few grains of rice. In the same hand he holds a short piece of thin elastic wood or bamboo, with which he strikes the string between the left hand and the bridge, producing a curious combination of sounds; the rattling of the rice in the pandanus leaf imitating the side drum played *pianissimo*, while the click and sound of the string resembles, to a certain extent, the sharp snapping sound of an old harpsichord.

Tuesday, August 16th.—If the road yesterday was difficult, to-day's run requires a far stronger word to describe it. Although but a short distance on the map, it took us six hours to reach Antanambe; the numberless small promontories flanked by great boulders and precipices, along which we had to scramble, with the sea roaring away below, and breaking in foam in the fissures across which we had to jump, made the work very hard and the time taken long.

Antanambe, a place of twenty-six houses, has a church with thirteen communicants, and a school with a roll of eighty-eight names, of whom from ten to twenty attend school. Two young men were introduced to me as the teachers; but their teaching has been of little value, even if it is not an imaginary quantity altogether; for, when I came to the examination of the school, none could read or write, and only a few knew their letters.

We slept in a small village called Vaibe, occupied by a half-caste Arab, with his family and slaves. The man, who seems fairly well-off, made us as comfortable as he could, and gave me a corner of his house in which to rig up my bedstead; but I was afterwards somewhat dismayed to find that the apartment was also to be shared by eight or ten of his household, who arranged themselves along the opposite side of the room. However, I managed to sleep tolerably well notwithstanding.

Wednesday, August 17th.—To-day we seemed to be travelling through an uninhabited country. Each place where we expected to find a village of people, we found houses only—the people were all gone. At Isahasoa, where we proposed to breakfast, we arrived at about 10.30, but there was no appearance of life in the place, and all

articles had been taken from the houses. But we had been cautioned at Vaibè that on account of the famine we might find a difficulty in procuring food, so we had carried sufficient for the day, and were able to make our breakfast notwithstanding there were no people or any utensils for the men to cook with and eat from. Some went off and found wood, others fetched water in every available receptacle—the bamboos used in carrying the baggage answering very well—and, with stumps of wood as trivet, we soon had our meal cooked and discussed. There being nothing to detain us here we were soon on the road again, which became increasingly difficult as we proceeded northward until we arrived at Seràuambè, which may have corresponded to its name (the great port) at one time, but it must have been in time past, for now there are two houses, and two hovels—the former having for walls the travellers' tree leaf, and the latter being only a roof stood on the ground. I secured the larger of the two houses, some other travellers going north being accommodated with the other. Some of my men slept in my house, and some in the better of the two roofs outside. There are some cocoa-nut palms growing near, so it looks as if Vazaha had at some time or other either lived here or kept an agency in the place, as it is not likely that the Betsimisaraka ever took the trouble to carry the nuts and plant them.

Sunday, August 21st.—Six of the men started off as soon as it was light to walk to Isoanerana (the Government town in Maroantsetra), and the remainder helped the boatmen put the baggage into the canoe that had been got all ready to start the previous evening. The canoe, cut from a single tree, was about twenty feet long, and four feet in the broadest part between the gunwales, which were added to the tree-trunk to give sufficient depth. It was crossed by six or seven thwarts, had a mast stepped far forward, with a square sail fastened to the yard with bits of wire. The cargo consisted of about thirty or forty planks and thirty or forty pounds of indiarubber, and my luggage. It was some time before we could get off, on account of the lightness of the wind; but, at about half-past seven, a slight breeze sprang up from the south, and we embarked in the uninviting craft. She behaved very well in going through the breakers, and we did not get wetter than we expected. The men now put in their oars and hoisted the sail—a rather ticklish job, it seemed to me, as the narrowness of the canoe, and the absence of all keel, made it

swing about in anything but a pleasant fashion. The sail was, however, spread without accident; and we began to make a straight course for Milomba, the small island lying in a direct line with the entrance to the river on which Isoanerana stands. All went well till we were under the lee of Ambongo, the high land on the east side of Antongil Bay. We were eleven miles from land when a squall—which we had been anxiously watching, as it gathered on the summits of the mountains to the east—suddenly broke upon us, nearly capsizing us, although we had prepared, and were ready to bring the canoe up into the wind. In a few minutes the sea was foaming round us, and dashing over us, in a style to test the sailing qualities of the canoe and the steadiness of the men. Shouting and signing to the men to each take a position at the tack and halyards, to let go in case of necessity, I was only anxious lest the sail should be blown from the yard, or that the rent which the wind at the first burst had made in it should extend so far as to render the sail useless: in either of which cases the canoe would not have lived two minutes in such a sea, that every minute rose higher. The rain began to descend in torrents, so that, even when on the summit of a wave, we could not see far ahead; and my men, who had never been on the sea before, finding they were out of sight of land, with so much rocking and jolting, lay down on the planks, and, calling upon their father and mother, gave themselves up for lost. The sail being badly shaped, and having scarcely anything by way of jib, it required all the strength of the steersman and myself, applied to the long steering-oar, to prevent the canoe from coming up into the wind, and getting aback. The wind was so high that it took the tops off the waves and drove them over the canoe, cutting into our eyes and almost blinding us. But we shipped no more water than could be kept under by constant baling, as most of it, which came over the windward side, was driven over us into the sea again. We could not make ourselves heard even by shouting close to the ear, and had to direct the men by signs. The mast bent into a bow, but fortunately stood the strain. After half an hour's close proximity to a watery grave, the wind abated as suddenly as it rose, and then succeeded a perfect calm, so far as the wind was concerned. But the sea was high and lumpy; and imparted a most unpleasant motion to the long, narrow, round-bottomed canoe. The men now had to take to the oars to make even a little headway.

After about an hour, a second squall, almost as violent as the first, and lasting as long, came down upon us in bitter fury from the same direction. Soon after its commencement, the steersman was so benumbed with the beating spray, and the strain of holding on to the steering-oar against the heavy sea, that he had to be relieved; and I, as I sat behind the steersman, was able to render a little assistance. How thankful we were when this abated, and we found ourselves well up the bay and about five miles from Marcantsetra! The remainder of this tedious and dangerous voyage was performed in tolerably smooth water. After entering the river at the custom-house, we felt ourselves secure, and were truly thankful to the Master of the sea that He had taken us in safety. The facts of our faces smarting, and of our eyes being bloodshot with the fierceness of the wind and spray, and that we were wet to the skin, seemed, by comparison, to be mere trifles after what we had escaped. When we landed up the river, near Isoanerana, we were not long in finding our dry clothes in one of the waterproof tin boxes; and, converting the bush into a dressing-room, felt wonderfully better in a remarkably short time.

It was half-past four before we found ourselves at the Governor's house. The church had dismissed, but we met a number of the congregation collected in the "*lapa*," or Government house, practising some new tunes. After saying a few words to those assembled there, I agreed to hold a school examination next day (Monday), and a service, to be followed by a church-meeting, the day after.

The school examination proved highly satisfactory, and surpassed my expectations; for, although so far from any missionary, and so long an interval having elapsed since the last visit, I found a school of 280, of whom eighty-one could read from the New Testament and write fairly well, others being able to spell through a verse or two and make their letters. They had 100 Testaments and Bibles amongst them, and the members of the congregation had contributed seventy-two dollars towards the teacher's support. Considering their isolated position and the little opportunity they have had, they compare very favourably with any town along the coast between here and Ivatomandry, even including Tamatave.

At the service we had about 350 present. The chapel is large, built in the shape of a T, with the pulpit opposite the nave and com-

manding a view of the whole. The singing was hearty, though rough, and the congregation has a great deal to learn in the matter of proper conduct in a place of worship. It seems to have been quite customary to talk aloud between the various parts of the service, and I was amazed at the noise made between prayer and singing, &c. Nevertheless, the service was enjoyable, from the hearty way everything was done. The people are asking the Imerina Missionary Society to help them get an evangelist, and, if they get one, I hope he will be one who will not allow them to sink into the dull, inert style of things existing in some parts of this district.

Wednesday, August 24th.—Leaving here after breakfast, the men, who last Sunday had gone north by the road, said the track was so bad that they intended going the longer way, by the sea-beach. For the first mile or two, all went well; then we came to a part of the coast where the promontory is flanked by precipitous rocks. One after another of such promontories we passed, and found ourselves at dusk at the foot of an immense rock jutting out into the sea, and flanked on the land side by an almost impenetrable barrier of thorns and brambles. We went in single file, one man in front, then myself, and the other bearer following. Wherever we got a glimpse of the sky overhead, we took our bearings by a star, and steered as straight a course as the holes into which we fell, the fallen trees over which we stumbled, and the rocks round which we had to pass would allow. At last, pretty well tired out, and wet through both with salt and fresh water, for we had a heavy storm of rain in the midst of our journey, we arrived opposite Rantabe. The lagoon is so wide that no town was to be seen from the opposite side, but we recognised the adjacent headland. We took it in turns to shout and whistle, and, as a last resource, fired the gun which we had fortunately brought with us, but with only the one charge. This woke up some of the people, who came out and answered, and soon we were cheered by hearing a canoe being paddled across. We were soon in a house with a fire, drying our clothes, and cooking some rice with which the headman had supplied us, together with cooking utensils, plate, and spoon. Near midnight we had got tolerably dry, and went to sleep on a mat lent by the headman, as there was no chance of our seeing the other bearers that night.

Next morning they arrived at about eight o'clock, and looking the

picture of misery. We fared badly, but their experience was infinitely worse. We got them something to eat as quickly as we could, and, after they were dry and had eaten, we went on our journey southward.

We spent the Sunday at *Antanambe*, preaching to a very fair congregation and examining the school. The people whom I questioned, too, were very attentive, but very ignorant, and I found that, although there had been a church here for many years, I had to teach the simplest rudiments of the Christian faith. At the close of the day, I could not help feeling how little one is able to do for these distant places. What can be hoped for from such a visit, even supposing I can pay one each year? Until we can place teachers whose hearts are in the work, and who are, in reality, servants of the Head of the Church, we can expect but little true spiritual life among these people.

The remainder of our journey to Tamatave was unmarked by any incidents worth recording. We held church-meetings and school examinations at those places in which our visit, on proceeding northward, had been too short; in some places finding real work being done, in others that the *name* of a church and school was all that existed. We spent the Sunday at Imahavelona (Foule Point), when I preached to a congregation of over 200, many of whom are intelligent, and, I think, have the "root of the matter" in them. After service, over fifty sat down to the table of our Lord; and I pray that the exhortations they then received to a holier life and a more earnest endeavour to work for the extension of Christ's Kingdom may bear fruit to His honour.

At each village in which I stayed coming south, I was besieged by those seeking medicine and advice. The benefits which some had received as we passed to the northward had awakened the confidence of many others, who determined not to let the opportunity slip when they saw me again. This is a tangible benefit, and it opens their hearts and prepares the way for those higher blessings which we are more anxious to bestow, but which, by their darkened minds, are not so easily comprehended. In this way, at Fenoarivo alone, I saw and administered medicine to over seventy sick people, and, on the Sunday evening, to thirty or forty at Imahavelona.

I arrived in Tamatave in about a month from the time we left,

and a day before the annual native feast, a time of rejoicing with all the Malagasy.

As soon after the feasting as I could obtain the necessary men, we started for the southern portion of this district, following the same route as that taken by all travellers from Tamatave to the capital, as far as *Andovoranto*. Each church and school received its share of attention according to its condition, but the journey was, on the whole, uneventful.

There are signs of progress, civilization is working its way, but the people are still very dark-minded and ignorant, and Christianity has but touched the edge of this province. Still there is much to lead one to hope. May the example set by some soon spread to others, and stir them up to seek after the truth.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

EDUCATION in China is left almost entirely to private enterprise. The grand stimulus is the hope of employment in the public service, which in theory is open only to persons who have passed certain examinations.

A child is usually sent to school when about seven years of age. The almanac is consulted for a lucky day, and, clad in his best, the boy leaves home happy in the assurance of the kindly influence of the stars and amid the predictions of his family that he will end his career as a mandarin high in office. On entering the school the new pupil first prostrates himself before a picture of Confucius, worshipped as the fountain of wisdom, and then salutes the teacher with almost equal reverence.

The Chinese language is peculiar. It has no alphabet. The written language was originally hieroglyphic; strokes were added and characters were combined to represent other symbols. It is addressed to the *eye* rather than to the *ear*. The same sound may have fifty different meanings, represented by as many characters. "Let me see it," says a Chinese when asked about the meaning of a word. The language is monosyllabic, though words may be combined as in black-board. The mode of writing may be illustrated by an example :—

two	change.	to	the	written	ours	Chinese
dog;	The	left.	page	in	end.	books
he	Chinese	Words	from	columns	Words	begin
run.	say	never	right	down	are	where

For four or five years the scholar is occupied in committing to memory the Chinese classics, which are as unintelligible to him as the Latin classics to an English child. Not a single explanation is given by the teacher. The pupil has only to repeat them with perfect accuracy. He recites with

his back to the teacher, to prevent his peeping at the book. Hence "to back a book" is the Chinese equivalent for to repeat from memory. There is not even the incentive of emulation. Each boy learns by himself. One of his books tells him that he is a rough gem that requires grinding. Severity is considered one of the chief virtues in a teacher. The fear of punishment is the first and last and only motive which is employed. During the second stage the teacher begins by explaining a character here and there. After a year or two he proceeds to give the meaning of entire sentences. Composition forms the third stage. The teacher writes, "Gold is heavy;" the pupils adds, "Feathers are light." The sentences by degrees become more complex. Complete symmetry is required in the parallels: noun, adjective, verb, and particle must all correspond exactly. Next, sentences are expanded; themes are written on prescribed subjects; letters are addressed to imaginary persons; short poems are attempted.

When the pupil thinks he has made sufficient progress, he becomes a candidate for the first grade of scholarship, called "Budding Genius," or as it is also rendered "Flowering Talent." About 2,000 candidates assemble at the county town, their ages varying from thirteen to three-score years. Each is shut up in a stone cell, six feet by four, for a day and a night, where he produces a poem, and one or two essays on specified themes. He then goes home, and awaits with anxiety the result. Only one in a hundred is successful. He receives the title already mentioned, and is allowed to wear the decoration of the lowest rank of mandarins. In the hope of succeeding at last, some compete from youth to old age.

Once in three years the "Budding Geniuses" proceed to the provincial capital to pass for the second degree, that of "Promoted Scholars." Sometimes there are ten thousand candidates. The examination is much more severe, lasting for nine days. Here again only one per cent. gain the coveted honour.

The "Promoted Scholars," after a certain time, proceed to Peking for the third examination. The few who pass are considered "Ready for Office," and vacant posts are distributed among them by lot.

The highest grade of scholarship is to become a member of the Imperial Academy, called the "Forest of Pencils."

The Chinese language contains about 40,000 characters, of which about 6,000 are more or less in common use. It is estimated that not more than one in twenty of the male sex, and one in ten thousand of the female sex, can read intelligently. The books studied for examinations were written before the Christian era, and even a member of the "Forest of Pencils" may be totally ignorant of modern geography, history, and science. The Chinese Government, however, is beginning to feel the want of officers able to communicate with "outside barbarians," and a University, with several foreign professors, has been established at Peking.

Education occupies a much less prominent place in mission work in China than in India. Advantage, however, has been taken of the examinations to distribute Scriptures and tracts among the candidates, who take them to all parts of the empire.—*From "Light for India."*

V.—South Seas—Out-stations of Samoa.

By the Rev. Charles Phillips, of Tutuila.

IN regard to progress made and work done, my annual report will, I think, be the most interesting it has been my privilege to send home. I can only add now that, though it has been a year of the deepest commercial depression known for a long time, and though money in this island has been well-nigh unknown for many months, we have realised some 170 dols. (£35 8s. 4d.) more than last year, reaching a total of 1,603 dols. (£333 19s. 2d.) for my district alone.

LEONE BAY AND VILLAGE, TUTUILA.

In the Society's Annual Report extracts from my journal are given concerning the condition of our work at Atafu (Duke of York's Island). The following translation of a letter recently received from the teacher at Atafu will show that my report was in no wise exaggerated. The island had been without a teacher for two years at the time of our arrival last September. We thus expected to find the work in a very backward condition, and it was with a feeling of glad surprise that we found things in such a prosperous condition as we were able to report. We left with them Lemuelu—a

man in every way adapted for such a work. On the 12th of May, he wrote me a letter—not eight months after his settlement there—and the progress made has been such as to incline me to call it "Millennium Island," and to accept this little sea-girt coral isle as a prophecy of what the world will be when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea; and also as an earnest and pledge of the Gospel's final and complete triumph.

"I wish," he says, "to give you some account of our work, to which we were appointed on the last voyage of the vessel. The work has grown greatly since then, and no hindrances have arisen to trouble us. Laws have been made for the government of the people, and they are respected and obeyed by all. Very great joy is manifested in all the ordinances of worship, for which we assemble day by day. The church now numbers eighty-five, and the candidates twenty. *These include all the adults of the island. Not one remains in the service of Satan.* They have already finished a new coral plastered house—fifty-four feet long—for me to live in. They care for us in all temporal things, and bring, every day, cocoa-nuts for our food, both young and full-grown. The king continues in his position as king, and retains, also, his appointment as deacon. He is very earnest indeed in the work of God. But let me tell you how very much hampered we are in our schools; for, though the children make great progress, we are very short indeed of Bibles, for you know you left very few for our island. The children are thus continually quarrelling which one of the family shall have the Bible at school. The same is the case with the slates, of which, also, you left us so few. These are great obstacles to our work, for how can *five* children manage with but one Bible? But we hope the Mission will be able to supply speedily sufficient for all islands, that there may be no lack of God's Word. We have also the same difficulty with regard to hymn-books. Only those sing who have got books, but the majority, being without, do not sing at all."

I think I am not mistaken in believing that the above extracts from Lemuelu's letter will be deeply interesting to the Directors and constituents of the Society, and will justify the reference to the happy little island of Atafu in the last Annual Report.

It is not often that captains of trading vessels volunteer independent testimony as to the good work our Mission is accom-

plishing. Their statements may at least be accepted as impartial, if not also, from imperfect knowledge, as below the truth. Since we were there, I have, however, met with *two*, who, for many years, have gone about a great deal in the Ellice and Gilbert groups. Neither of them makes the least profession of religion, as far as I am aware, yet both alike were struck with the remarkable spiritual condition of TAMANA (Rotch's Island). "I consider," said the first, "the people there the most advanced, and the teacher the best, of any island I have ever visited." He spoke of the righteousness of their dealings, of the uprightness of their conduct, of their freedom from immorality, and of the garden-like aspect they have given to their island, in an almost enthusiastic way.

The second called upon us only a few weeks ago, and without even, I think, personal knowledge of the previous visitor; and, quite unsolicited by me, spoke in the same way of the wonderful progress which the people there had made, and of the uprightness and sincerity of our teachers labouring amongst them. When we consider the fearfully degraded condition of this island before Christianity was introduced, only twelve years ago, I feel that no language can be too strong in describing the change. Here is reason for our loudest hymn of grateful thanksgiving to God; here is food for hope, for encouragement, for renewed and redoubled earnestness in the prosecution of our holy enterprise. For we know that Atafu and Tamana are but the world in miniature: that the Gospel that has triumphed there can triumph as gloriously at Tanganyika and Hope Fountain; can triumph, too, over the castes of India, the hoary creeds of China, and the cruel superstitions of New Guinea. Yet, "not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory."

MATABELE COUNTRY.

TOKENS of encouragement from this dark portion of Africa are few and rare. We quote, therefore, with pleasure, the following incident from a letter from the Rev. W. A. ELLIOTT, of INYATI. "We spent a Sunday at Ojinene, a town about a day and a-half's journey from here. I held two services, one in the morning at the Kraal, and one in the afternoon at the waggon; both well attended by listeners. I was occupied till dark in distributing eye-water and other medicines, and in extracting teeth. The people were anxious for a second visit."

VI.—Prayer for Madagascar.

THE history of Madagascar during the last sixty years presents, to those who thoughtfully study it, numerous instances of Divine providential intervention in the cause of truth and progress. In the darkest days the hand of the Lord has wrought wondrously in that land, and made even cursing a means of blessing. But the old days of darkness, threatening, and bloodshed for Christ's sake have long passed away.

Of late, as is well known, the claims and threats of the French Government have brought a shade over the island and its prospects; and recent telegrams show that those threats have been followed by aggressive movements, but, as yet, by no hostile attack. The consequences, at the present stage, are much disturbance of feeling among the people, anxiety among missionaries and other foreign residents, apprehension among native Christians, and indications of the revival of the old hostility to Christianity and to true political and social improvement, which, for some years, has been kept in restraint. Thus the best interests of the Malagasy are being imperilled.

In past days of darkness, when the missionaries were excluded and a reign of terror prevailed, there were many appeals to God for Madagascar; and His help came, and was seen to have come, and He was glorified. Now a cloud of threatening and danger is again spreading over the island, which may be the beginning of greater trouble. Under these circumstances, is there not a call to the Christian Church to look to the same Divine Deliverer for His aid? He who prepared the way, and led the first missionaries to Madagascar, and protected and guided Christian effort through dark days into the brightness of a long sunshine of progress, is surely now expecting the Church of Christ to do its duty, and gladly and thankfully to avail itself of its privilege of spreading this important matter before Him in humble, earnest prayer, and with that confident expectation of His help which past experience should inspire.

The history of Christian missions in Madagascar is well known to a large circle of those who practically recognise the duty and value of prayer; it is only needful to indicate to such the urgent need for prayer, to secure their earnest pleadings with their Divine Head, who will, in His own time and way, bring deliverance.

VII.—Notes of the Month.

1. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. T. BRYSON, Mrs. BRYSON, and family, from WUCHANG, North China, per steamer *Mirzapore*, February 28th.

2. BIRTHS.

HARRIS.—November 17th, at Mangaia, Hervey Islands, South Seas, the wife of the Rev. G. A. Harris, of a son.

HARPER.—November 21st, at King William's Town, South Africa, the wife of the Rev. John Harper, of a son.

HUTCHISON.—January 22nd, at Coimbatore, South India, the wife of the Rev. H. A. Hutchison, B.Sc., of a son.

3. MARRIAGE.

KNOWLES—ELLIOTT.—January 12th, at the Baptist Chapel, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, by the Rev. F. D. Waldock, the Rev. Joshua Knowles, of Travancore, to Minnie Elliott, of Burnley, Lancashire.

4. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES, 15TH FEB. TO 12TH MARCH.

CHINA.—T. Bryson (Red Sea), February 12th; G. John, Hankow, January 3rd; A. Foster, Hankow, January 6th; W. Muirhead, Shanghai, January 17th; J. Macgowan, Amoy, January 11th, 18th; J. Sadler, Amoy, Dec. 9th, Jan. 17th; C. Budd, Amoy, Jan. 13th; J. C. Edge, Hong Kong, Jan. 26th, 29th.

INDIA.—W. J. Wilkins, Calcutta, January 30th, February 6th, 13th; Miss A. J. Marris, Calcutta, January 23rd; J. Hewlett, Benares, February 7th, 14th; G. M. Bulloch, Bombay, February 9th; J. A. Lambert, Mirzapore, February 13th; H. Coley, Almora, January 31st; F. Wilkinson, Madras, February 7th; B. Rice, Bangalore, January 30th, February 6th; E. Lewis, Bellary, January 30th, February 13th, 14th; J. R. Bacon, Cuddapah, ——; W. W. Stephenson, Gooty, February 7th; J. Knowles, Trevandrum, January 27th; R. W. Thompson, January 24th, Berhampore, February 6th.

MADAGASCAR.—A. S. Huckett, Dec. 4th; G. A. Shaw, Jan. 13th.

AFRICA.—W. Thompson, Cape Town, February 13th; B. E. Anderson, Oudtshoorn, January 27th; J. Harper, King William's Town, January 24th; W. Ashton, Barkly, January 24th; Mrs. Cockin, Kuruman, January 16th J. Brown, Kuruman, February 2nd; A. J. Wookey, Kuruman, February 3rd; Roger Price, Molepolole, December 28th; W. A. Elliott, Inyati, Dec. 28th, Jan 8th; W. Sykes, Inyati, Jan. 4th; W. Griffith, Uguha, Nov. 3rd; W. C. Willoughby, Urambo, Nov. 27th; James Roxburgh, Aden, Feb. 15th.

SOUTH SEAS.—W. W. Gill, Rarotonga, December 13th; G. A. Harris, Mangaia, November 23rd; W. E. Clarke, Sydney, January 18th; S. M. Creagh, Sydney, January 15th; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, Jan. 6th, 15th.

5. CORRECTED ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The thanks of the Directors are respectfully presented to the following:—

For Rev. J. P. Ashton, Calcutta, and Miss Brown, Madras.—To the Stamford Hill Working Party, per Mrs. Reed, for Two Boxes of Dolls, &c.

VIII.—Anniversary Services in May, 1883.

THE Directors invite the attention of the friends of the Society to the following arrangements for the ensuing Anniversary :—

MONDAY, MAY 7TH.

Morning.—PRAYER MEETING, for one hour in the BOARD ROOM of the MISSION HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, especially to implore the Divine blessing on the several Services of the Anniversary, at TEN o'CLOCK.

Afternoon.—THE ANNUAL MEETING OF DIRECTORS will be held at the MISSION HOUSE, BLOMFIELD STREET, at THREE o'CLOCK.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9TH.

Morning.—In THE CITY TEMPLE, HOLBORN VIADUCT (Dr. PARKER's). The ANNUAL SERMON will be preached by the Rev. EBENEZER E. JENKINS, M.A., ex-President of Wesleyan Conference. Service to commence at ELEVEN o'CLOCK.

Evening.—In WESTMINSTER CHAPEL the SERMON to YOUNG MEN and OTHERS will be preached by the Rev. LL. D. BEVAN, D.D., of Highbury Quadrant Church. Service to commence at SEVEN o'CLOCK.

No Tickets required for the Sermons.

THURSDAY, MAY 10TH.

Morning.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the Society will be held in EXETER HALL, to appoint a Treasurer, Secretaries, and Directors ; and to receive the ANNUAL REPORT, with Audited Accounts. The Chair will be taken, at TEN o'CLOCK, by

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

Revs. Canon GIRDLESTONE, C. H. SPURGEON, and other Gentlemen have promised to take part in the Meeting.

LORD'S DAY, MAY 13TH.

MISSIONARY SERMONS will be preached on behalf of this Society at various chapels in London and its vicinity ; particulars will be given next month.

IX.—New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 10th March, 1883.

London.

"N. C. M."	15	0	0
Robert Smith, Esq., of Melbourne	1	0	0
Arundel Square	2	2	0
Brixton, Trinity Ch.	12	0	0
Bromley, Kent	10	0	0
Buckhurst Hill	5	18	9
Cheshunt, Crossbrook Street	2	0	2
Claremont Church	2	0	0
Croydon, Trinity Ch.	7	15	2
Finchley, North	10	7	6
Hampstead Congregational Ch.	6	8	9
Haverstock Chapel	15	0	0
Highbury Quadrant	15	2	9
Holloway	7	0	0
Hounslow	1	1	7
Jamaica Row	4	4	0
Kingsland Congregational Ch.	11	2	6
Marlborough Chapel (additional)	0	10	0
Mile End New Town, Trinity Ch.	5	0	0
Mill Hill (additional)	0	10	0
New Malden	1	4	10
Paddington Chapel	7	8	0
Poplar, Trinity Ch.	8	5	6
Stamford Hill	19	13	9
Walthamstow, Marsh Street	1	18	6
,, Trinity Ch.	4	2	7
Wanstead	5	5	0
Westminster Chapel	10	0	0
Woodford, Jas. Spicer, Esq.	5	0	0
York Street	7	0	0

Country.

Abbots Roothing	0	10	0
Ash, near Sandwich	1	8	7
Bamford	1	16	0
Bath, Percy Congregational Ch.	10	10	0
Bedford, Bunyan Meeting	6	0	0
Belper	2	0	0
Billericay	1	1	0
Birkenhead and Wirral Auxiliary, Hoylake Ch.	1	0	0
Birmingham Auxiliary	9	8	8
Bournemouth, Richmond Hill	7	14	7
,, Winton	1	0	0
Braunton	1	1	0
Brill	0	10	0
Bristol, Highbury Ch. (additional)	1	1	0
Bruton	0	10	0
Bury St. Edmunds, Whiting Street	1	1	0
,, Northgate St. Ch.	2	2	6
Cambridge, Emmanuel Ch.	5	6	6
Carlisle, Charlotte Street	2	2	0
Castle Hedingham	2	0	0
Caterham	7	8	0
Cavendish	0	10	0
Chester-le-Street	2	14	0
Chorley, St. George's St. (add'l)	3	0	0
Clitheroe	1	1	0
Congleton	1	7	5
Coventry, Vicar Lane Ch.	4	10	0
Cowes, West	4	13	6
Deal, Mr. D. Betteridge	1	0	0
Dedham	1	1	0
Derby, London Road	2	0	0
Dewsbury, Trinity Ch.	5	0	0
Dorking, West Street	4	1	9
Dundee, Newport Ch.	1	10	0
,, Panmure Street	15	0	0
Durham	2	15	6
East Boldon	1	10	0
Falmouth	1	0	0
Fareham	2	0	0
Frome, Rook Lane	2	2	0
Guernsey Auxiliary	1	10	0
Guestwick	1	15	7
Halifax Auxiliary—			
Brighouse	16	2	0
Square Ch.	16	2	9
Sion Ch.	6	0	0
Harrison Road	3	3	0
Park Ch.	10	0	0
Wyke	1	10	0
Stannary Ch.	3	8	4
Hallfold Whitworth	2	4	6
Harleston Congregational Ch.	1	18	1
Helensburgh, Mr. McMicking	1	0	0
Hexham	1	7	6
Heywood	1	10	6
Holt	1	1	0
Holy Moor Side	1	2	9
Horwich, Lee Ch.	2	0	0
Hull, Cottingham	7	3	8
,, Hope Street	2	11	6
Ilkley	4	6	10
Jersey, Halkett Place Ch.	1	13	2
,, St. Aubin's	0	17	0
,, St. John's	2	1	0
Lancaster, High Street	1	3	3
Layer Breton	1	5	0
Leicester, Emanuel Ch.	1	1	0
Lincoln, Newland Ch.	8	2	6
Littleborough	0	3	0
Little Waltham	1	0	0
Luton Congregational Ch.	4	4	0
,, Union Ch. (moiety)	1	10	0
Macclesfield, Roe Street	2	2	0
Manchester, Oldham Road	4	0	0
Manningtree	0	10	0
New Barnet	3	0	0
Newcastle (Staffordshire)	2	2	0
North Wraxall	1	0	0
Norwich, Princes Street (add'l)	4	0	0
Ormskirk	1	15	0
Pembury	2	5	0
Petersfield	1	0	0
Point-in-View	0	10	0
Pontefract	1	10	0
Radcliffe Congregational Ch.	2	2	0
Reading, Broad Street	3	16	3
Rye	0	15	5
Sandbach	0	18	4
Sheffield Auxiliary—			
Nether Ch.	8	17	5
Howard Street	1	3	1
Mount Zion Ch.	4	3	9
Tabernacle Ch.	1	13	8
Wicker Ch.	2	12	8
Queen Street	10	10	0
Garden Street	1	17	0
Stocksbridge Ch.	1	0	0
Sidmouth, T. Grundy, Esq.	5	0	0
Soham	1	10	0
Smethwick	2	2	0
South Petherton	1	5	0
Southport, West End Ch.	10	0	0
Stansfield	1	0	0
Stoke-on-Trent, Copeland Street	1	8	8
Stretford District Ch.	2	10	0
Sudbury, Trinity Ch.	0	15	6

Sunderland, Royalty Ch.	0	15	7
Tadley	0	10	0
Throop	1	3	0
Tintwistle	2	0	0
Tiptree	1	0	7
Torquay, Abbey Road Ch.	3	7	4
„ Belgrave Ch.	8	6	0
Totnes	2	0	0
Turvey	0	11	0
Upwey	0	10	0
Uxbridge, Providence Ch.	6	8	4
Warminster	3	9	0
Weldon	0	5	0
Winslow	0	16	7
Wisbech	2	5	0
Wolverhampton—			
Heath Town	0	7	2
Queen Street	5	0	0
Tettenhall Wood Ch.	0	10	6
Worcester Auxiliary	10	0	0
Wotton-under-Edge, Old Town Chs.	0	12	9

X.—Contributions.

From January 14th to February 10th, 1883.

Renfrew. The late Mr. James Cuthbertson, per Mrs. Cuthbertson	2	0	0
Saltcoats. Albert Hall, Sabbath Forenoon Meeting	1	0	0
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.			
Aberfeldy	3	12	6
Ancrum	1	3	4
Corawath	4	10	9
Cupar Fife	4	0	5
Dalmeny	0	10	0
Dunfermline	9	15	4
Edinburgh	2	16	4
Hamilton	6	13	5
Jedburgh	7	5	3
Kilsyth	2	4	0
Kirkcaldy	6	1	10
Lanark	6	5	8
Selkirk	1	0	0
IRELAND.			
Ballymena. Per Rev. E. A. Wareham	5	15	6
FOREIGN.			
Australia. South Aux.	30	0	0
Canada. W. T. S., for China	1	0	0
Listowel (Canada). H. W. Barker	0	8	2
MISSION STATIONS.			
Mengaian Contributions, per Rev. G. A. Harris	218	19	0
Montreal. Emmanuel Ch.	23	10	0
Samoan Contributions, per Rev. J. Marriott	250	0	0

From February 11th to March 10th, 1883.

LONDON.			
Ladies of Beulah Hill Working Party, per Miss E. Scott, for Female Missions	15	14	0
Sale of Articles from box, per Mrs. S. R. Scott, for Female Missions	1	5	8
"N. C. M."	15	0	0
Collected by Miss M. S. MacLean, for Female Missions	5	9	6
Mrs. Campbell	5	0	0
"R. P. C."	5	0	0
Young Men's Missionary Association at J. & R. Morley's	5	0	0
Arthur King, Esq.	3	3	0
Thomas Fenerty, Esq.	3	0	0
"N. O."	3	0	0
T. H. Beard, Esq. (box)	3	0	0
Miss L. Lees, per Mrs. C. B. Reed, for Female Missions	2	0	0
"P. S. E."	2	0	0
Mr. Baker (2 years)	2	0	0
F. Lefevre, Esq.	1	1	0
Geo. Hardy, Esq.	0	10	6
"L. Y."	0	10	0
Mrs. Knight (box)	0	7	6
Abney Chapel. Collected by Miss Whincop, for Female Missions	2	6	8
Adelphi Chapel	10	10	0
Anerley—			
Mrs. Bunnell	1	1	0
Isaac Sheffield, Esq.	2	2	0
Barbican Chapel. For N. T., Vizianagram	15	0	0
Brixton. For Native Teacher (care of Rev. H. J. Goffin), Vizianagram	20	0	0
Clapton, Upper—			
W. H. Ropes, Esq.	3	0	0
Do., for Children in India	18	0	0
Clapton Park	141	19	3
Claremont Chapel	4	8	0
Croydon. Per Mrs. Gray	4	0	0
Dalston. Middleton Rd., Mr. Minto	1	1	0
Finchley Chapel. East End	29	3	9
Hampstead. Albert Wyon, Esq.	10	10	0
Highgate. Aux.	32	5	9
Holloway—			
Cong. Church	43	1	5
Collected by Miss A. P. Cuff, for Girl at Neyoor	3	10	0
Horbury Chapel. Boxes	7	14	0
Islesworth	4	13	0
Kensington	48	2	3
Kentish Town. Hawley Road	7	2	0
Kingston-on-Thames. Sale of Work, for Female Missions	15	15	0
Marlborough Chapel	2	16	5
Mile End New Town	9	16	3
Norwood, South	9	14	7
Paddington Chapel	22	13	5
Stamford Hill	73	7	10
Surbiton Park. Aux.	5	0	0

Tottenham (Court Road	4	6	10

COUNTRY.

Appledore	4	12	0
Armitage	1	19	8
Ash, near Sandwich	21	13	6
Ashurst Wood, East Grinstead—			
Mrs. Buckley	2	2	0
Rev. B. Slight	1	1	0
Aston Clinton. Legacy of the late W. Nicholson, Esq.	234	7	6
Baldock	6	8	10
Banford	19	9	3
Banbury. Aux.	6	15	7
Barley, near Royston. J. Pearce, Esq.	1	0	0
Bath—			
Percy Church	10	10	0
Rev. W. Martin	3	0	0
Mrs. Martin, for Zenana Mission	2	0	0
Do., for China	1	0	0
Do., for Moffat Inst.	1	0	0
Bedford. Bunyan Meeting	17	10	0
Belper. Aux.	23	5	7
Bewdley. G. Shaw, Esq.	3	3	0
Birkenhead and Wirral. Aux.	42	12	4
Bodmin. Aux.	11	0	2
Bournemouth—			
Aux.	43	14	7
Major Freeman	1	1	0
Bradford (Yorks). Aux.	30	0	0
Bradford-on-Avon. Aux.	4	0	0
Braunton	13	0	0
Braintree. Mr. G. Tabor	0	10	0
Bridport	5	14	11
Brighton—			
J. O. N. Rutter, Esq.	1	1	0
Do., In Memoriam.	2	2	0
Brill	6	4	5
Bristol. Mr. A. Mackenzie, jun.	2	2	0
Burley	3	5	0
Bury St. Edmunds. District Auxiliary	20	10	0
Caine and Gosforth	9	8	2
Cam	12	17	9
Cambridge—			
Aux.	68	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0
Miss Marshall	1	0	0
Canterbury. Watling St.	10	3	2
Chester. Queen Street, Miss Edwards, for Zenana Mission	1	5	0
Chesterfield. Mr. A. C. Locke, for Mr. T. Lord, Madagascar	10	0	0
Chester-le-Street	20	7	6
Chorley. St. George's Street	6	0	0
Clevedon—			
J. Nunneley, Esq.	2	2	0
United Zenana Missionary Working Party, for Female Missions	14	0	0
Congleton	17	17	3
Cowes (West)	4	13	6
Crick	2	10	6
Dent	2	10	0
Dorking. West Street	6	16	3
Durham. Aux.	16	10	0
East Boldon	5	12	3
Eggington	1	10	0
Essex. Aux.	89	15	11
Falmouth. Aux.	25	16	7
Faversham. Aux.	17	3	5
Fordingbridge	14	16	0
Fulbourn	16	5	6
Great Harwood	6	10	6
Guernsey. Aux.	52	18	2
Halifax. Aux.	113	13	6
Halstead	18	13	0
Harleston	10	5	10
Heathfield. Hawkhurst	5	2	0
Hollingsworth	4	0	0
Holy Moorside	12	13	6
Horbury	3	5	0
Horncastle. Cong. Ch.	1	15	6
Huddersfield. District Aux.	52	13	0
Hull. Aux., Elloughton, Mrs. S. Lambert, for Mrs. Bacon, Cuddapah	2	0	0
Hurstbourne Tarrant	3	10	0
Ipswich. St. Clement's Ch.	9	0	6
Kingswood	6	15	0
Kington St. Michael	2	2	7
Lavenham	2	0	6
Lindfield. Mr. R. F. Durrant	1	0	0
Little Waltham	8	18	8
Long Eaton, Repton, and Barrow	5	11	5
Lye, near Stourbridge	4	16	0
Marsh Gibbon. Cong. Ch.	4	8	7
Melbourn	1	7	7
Milborne Port	10	5	4
Newton Abbot	12	1	1
Northampton. Commercial Street	46	10	2
Odiham	10	4	4
Ombersley. Mrs. Greaves	0	3	0
Oswestry. Mrs. J. F. Rogers, for Central African Steam Yacht	50	0	0
Oundle. Sale of Work, for Oundle Teacher	6	0	0
Overton. Cong. Ch.	0	19	6
Parkstone	6	3	2
Ladies' Working Party, for Female Missions	18	0	0
Pembury, near Tunbridge Wells	4	9	10
Penistone. Netherfield Ch.	8	3	6
Peterhead. Cong. Ch.	3	0	0
Plymouth. Legacy of the late Miss Elizabeth Harris, per P. P. Parker, Esq.	5	0	0
Point-in-View	7	16	10
Pokesdown. Cong. Ch.	9	5	4
Pontefract	5	13	3
Portsmouth. Buckland Ch.	20	6	2
Prescot. Cong. Ch.	0	7	8
Preston. Lancaster Rd. Ch.	31	6	11
Radcliffe, nr. Manchester	21	2	6
Ripley, near Ringwood	7	15	8
Rye. Cong. Ch.	5	14	6
Sandbach	5	9	0
Sandown	15	6	6
Sandwich	8	5	10
Sheffield. Aux.	141	13	9
Sherborne. Aux.	14	1	6
Smethwick	16	15	9

South Ockendon	4	7	10
Southport—			
Aux.	225	1	8
Mrs. Haslam	40	0	0
Stafford. Aux.	43	9	6
Stoke-under-Ham	11	10	2
Stratford. District Ch.	15	16	3
Stroud. Bedford Street Chapel	24	14	0
Sunderland. Fawcett St. Ch., A Friend	3	0	0
Swanage. Mission Ch., for Central Africa	5	3	10
Tamworth. Mrs. Dyer	1	1	0
The Quinta. T. Barnes, Esq.	105	0	0
Throop. Aux.	14	10	10
Tiptree	2	2	4
Tunbridge Wells. Aux	12	17	7
Turvey	3	6	6
Upwey	6	12	9
Uttoxeter. Aux.	16	4	2
Warminster	22	3	7
Warwick. Aux.	6	9	6
Weldon. Cong. Ch.	4	9	4
Welwyn. Col. B. Smyth, for Rev. H. J. Budden (2 years' subs.)	6	13	4
Wiltshire, &c.—			
Per Rev. Thomas Mann.			
Codford	0	5	9
Corsham	12	6	8
Malmesbury	0	12	7
Marlborough	3	2	3
Swindon, Mr. Halliday's box	2	5	9
Trowbridge Tabernacle	15	15	8
Windsor. Miss Nock	10	0	0
Wingrave	7	19	6
Winslow	7	2	6
Wisbech	9	3	1
Witney. Mrs. Strickland, for Medical Missions in Travancore	1	0	0
Worcester. Aux.	18	12	6
Wotton-under-Edge—			
District	22	9	1
Wickwar	2	3	0
Old Town Chapel	3	14	4
T. S. Child, Esq.	10	0	0
Wycombe. Miss Mabel Vernon	0	2	6

WALES.

Coity, near Bridgend	2	6	7
Cwmrhos and Tretower	2	18	3
Ferndale, near Pontypridd. Tre Rhondda Ch.	4	17	3
Nantymoel	1	0	0
Narberth. Tabernacle	28	14	8
Saundersfoot, Bethel, and Sardis	1	10	0
Templeton, Narberth	1	6	0
Treorchy. Bethania Ch.	2	13	4
Tynewydd, Treherbert	12	6	6
Waunarlwydd. English Ch.	0	7	4

SCOTLAND.

Dundee. Aux., per G. Rough, Esq.	117	3	3
Edinburgh. Mrs. Edmond	1	0	0
Fraserburgh. Cong. Ch.	3	9	6
Insch. Aux.	4	16	1
Lanark. Rev. J. Manson, The Hut-on-Clyde	2	0	0
Laurencekirk. Cong. Ch.	2	9	0
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.			
Airdrie	1	15	6
Ayr	16	6	1
Ayton	5	2	11
Cornwath	6	1	6
Cupar Fife	5	5	0
Eyemouth	5	6	5
Hamilton	2	0	0
Helensburgh	15	15	0
Kirkcaldy	3	10	0
Kirkwall	1	0	0

IRELAND.

Belfast. Miss Gordon	5	0	0
Dublin—			
Miss Sophia Butler (box)	0	13	2
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham	18	9	0
Dungarvan. Collected by Miss Baker	2	7	6
Londonderry—			
Aux.	31	13	4
"T. W."	1	0	0

MISSION STATIONS.

Samoan Contributions, per Rev. J. Marriott	249	2	6

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the Rev. Robert Robinson, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

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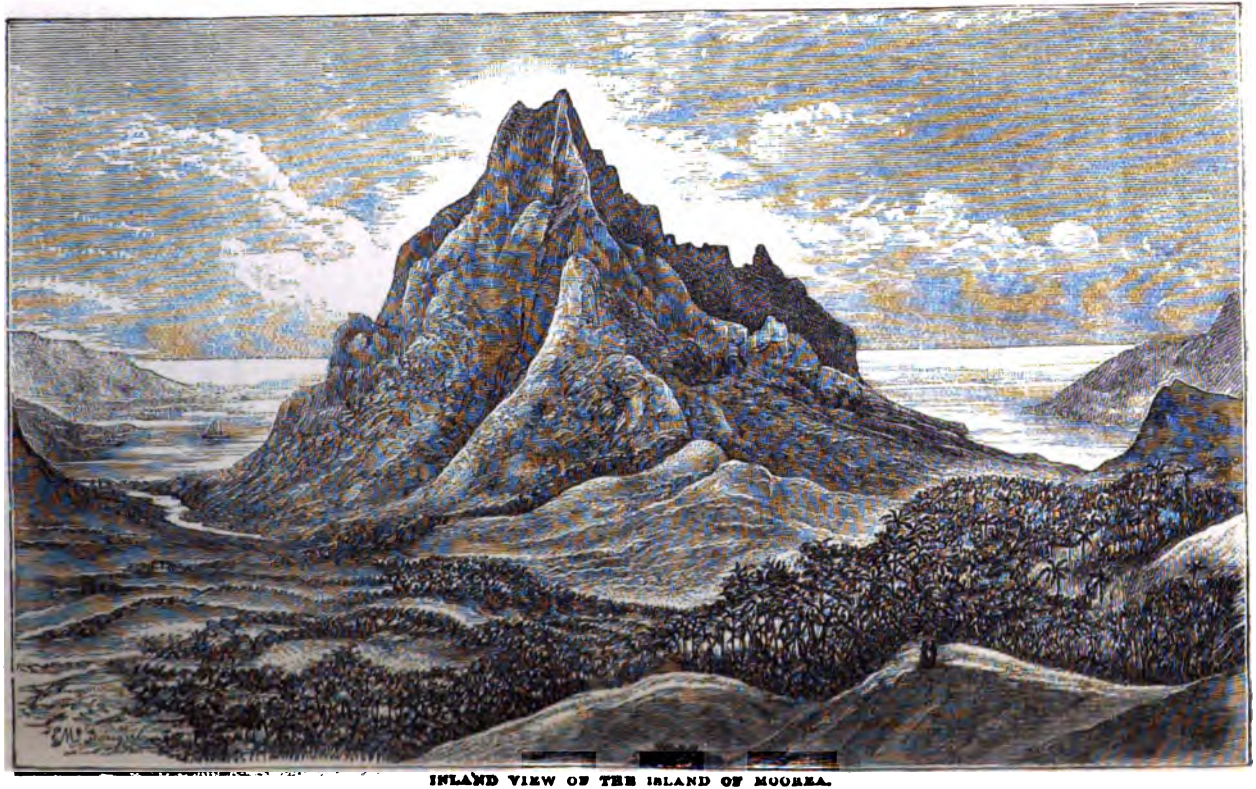


INLAND VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF MOOREA.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—Moorea, or Eimeo.

By the Rev. J. L. Green.

THE Island of Moorea, formerly called Eimeo, a dependency of Tahiti, is situated about fifteen miles distant from it in a westerly direction, and contains a population of 1,200 souls. The Islands of Tahiti and Moorea are divided by a deep-sea channel of about twelve miles in width, the barrier reef of each island stretching out a long distance from the land.

The lagoons formed by these reefs serve as rich and valuable fishing grounds for the natives, from which preserves the market of Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, is supplied, and to which about five hundred francs' worth comes in daily. A considerable proportion of this supply is brought in boats across the channel from the preserves of Moorea.

Miss Gordon-Cumming, in her "Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," thus graphically describes the general aspect of the island:—"As we rowed along inside the reef, each turn revealed new marvels of that most lovely coast, which combines the softest beauties of rich foliage with the most weird grandeur of mountain gloom. The island is by far the most wonderful I have ever seen—just one confused mass of basaltic crags and pinnacles, lofty ridges so narrow that here and there, where some part has broken away, you can see the sky through an opening like the eye of a needle. Nature seems here to have built up gigantic rock-fortresses, mighty bastions, and towers which reach up into heaven; pyramids before which those of Gizeh would appear as pigmies, and minarets such as the builders of Kootub never dreamt of. It is as though some huge mountain of

rock had been rent asunder, and its fragments left standing upright in stupendous splinters."

The mountain represented in the accompanying sketch stands about midway between the north and south ends of the island facing west, and is taken from a photograph of one of Miss Gordon-Cumming's numerous excellent sketches of island scenery. It divides the Bay of Opunuhu from the Bay Paopao, or Cook's Bay; the latter is that in which Captain Cook anchored on the occasion of his visits to the island, from which circumstance its name is permanently associated with England's great navigator.

Paopao is situated on the right-hand side of the sketch, and Opunuhu on the left. The semi-detached position of the mountain from the mainland, as represented in the sketch, is traditionally accounted for by the following circumstance:—At some early period of the history of the islands, a company of warriors from Raiatea undertook to sever the mountain and remove it by stealth to Raiatea, a distance of more than one hundred miles, under cover of the darkness of the night. They, however, failed to effect their purpose; the dawn of day appeared, and, moreover, the Tahitians had received intimation of the attack of these Raiatean thieves on the land of their neighbours and fellow-subjects of Moorea, and one of them aimed an arrow at the enemy from the south coast of Tahiti, a distance of about forty miles; the arrow pierced the top of one of the mountains of Moorea, near to the one attacked by the thieves, and so disquieted them that they abandoned their project and, taking to their canoes, returned to their homes, and have never renewed the attack.

The mountain is of basaltic formation, with numerous depressions or gullies, in which, besides a dense vegetation, *feiis*, or mountain plantains, grow in great profusion.

The natives scale the sides of this mountain, along lines which would be unapproachable by the most daring Europeans, in quest of these *feiis*, on which they depend, at certain seasons of the year, for food for themselves and their families; accidents are wonderfully rare in these dangerous mountain adventures, although it does sometimes happen that the mountaineer loses his hold on some semi-decayed shrub or dry tuft of grass, or, by making a false step, he drops helplessly into some secluded ravine, and is lost. One such case occurred

only three or four years ago on this mountain, and some three days elapsed before the body was recovered by mourning friends and neighbours.

The Bay of Opunuhu, or rather the point of low land which faces the mountain at the entrance into the bay, has its sacred associations, inasmuch as it is the place where the first missionaries found refuge when they were driven by civil war and want of success from the neighbouring island of Tahiti.* In their flight, they determined to seek shelter in some spot near to the scene of their long and anxious past labours; they found this shelter among the less-excited people of Moorea, in this district of Papetoai, situated on the south side of the entrance into the Bay of Opunuhu. The missionaries were accompanied in their flight by the King, Pomare, who, although refusing as yet to give in his adhesion to the new religion, proved himself always faithful to his early promise to protect and defend the missionaries. In this peaceful spot these faithful, but desponding and heart-stricken, pioneers of modern missions, and messengers of the churches of Britain, found time to ponder, reflect, and pray; and doubtless as they looked across the mouth of the bay on that magnificent mountain-rock, they thought of the "everlasting hills," and of Him who created them, and doubtless took fresh courage as they remembered that precious, inspiring utterance contained in the forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength." And then, as their troubled spirits were overpowering them, they would hear the sound of their loving Master's voice whispering to their hearts, "Be still, and know that I am God: I *will* be exalted among the heathen, I *will* be exalted in the earth."

It was about this time that the King's party were gaining victories over their enemies; a special messenger was one day sent to Papetoai to request the King to return to Tahiti to encourage his army to a final and complete victory. The King petitioned that some of the missionaries be delegated to accompany him, and, accordingly, two of their number were appointed to do so, and it was on this occasion that the first ray of light appeared to the mission band through the dark cloud which had so long overshadowed them. As these delegates landed on Tahiti and

* See February number of the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

retired separately into the woods to pray for Divine guidance, one of the two was attracted by the sounds of a human voice, which proved to be the first known utterance of a Tahitian in prayer to Jehovah. This man had been formerly in the service of the missionaries at Point Venus; but, whilst there, showed no signs of favour to the new religion. Now, however, "Behold! he prays"—and that not to "Oro," the god of war, that *he* would grant success to their arms; but here, in the retirement and seclusion of the forest, he lifts up his heart to the God of the missionaries, the God of heaven, whose love had been so often and so long apparently fruitlessly proclaimed by those messengers of the Cross who yearned after the deliverance of the bodies and souls of those priest-ridden, oppressed heathen, who, by the very principles of their religion, were compelled by fear to "bow down to blocks of wood and stone." The seed which had been "cast upon the waters" was now "to be gathered up" in its fruits "after many days." It is not easy for us to realise the weight which was lifted from the hearts of those waiting servants of God as they listened to the report of their delegates on their return from their mission to Tahiti of the dawn of day, of the first visible ray of light which had actually pierced the dark cloud, and lighted on the land of their adoption. They had been "with one accord in prayer daily" to the Lord for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and now they hear that at least one native has begun to pray, that at least one heart has been touched by the power of truth; this inspires the mission band with hope for the future. The war terminates, and some of the missionaries return to Tahiti; but the conflict is not over; Satan struggles desperately ere he relinquishes his hold or acknowledges defeat; but, where God works, even Satan cannot stand. At length the final blow is struck; the last struggle between Christianity and heathenism takes place. The latter yields; and its defenders, utterly overcome by the leniency and favour shown by the former in their kindly treatment of their vanquished foes, for ever abandon their cause, and give in a complete adhesion to the new religion. So the way is paved for the speedy dissemination of the Gospel of Christ, east and west, north and south, on the islands of the great Pacific. The Tahitians, rejoicing in the freedom secured to them by the reception of the Gospel, became very anxious to communicate the blessings

thereof to others, so that ere long they in their turn became "messengers of the Cross" to yet heathen peoples near and far, whose cruel practices under the garb of religion were the one dark blot on Nature's emerald gems studding that mighty sea.

In the year 1817 the mission was strengthened by the arrival of a large supplementary force of missionaries from England, including, among others whose names, though less known amongst us now, are fragrant in the memory of the natives, Williams and Barff and Pritchard and Platt. These all, with one exception, "having served their generation, have fallen asleep;" but, "their works" do indeed "follow them." It was the true English Christian courage fresh from the midst of warm and sympathising brethren at home which enabled these newly arrived missionaries to infuse new life and energy into the work of the mission, and to carry forward the warfare, supplemented by the aid of many new converts from among the natives themselves. Williams's "Missionary Enterprises" and Ellis's "Polynesian Researches" tell us of the rapid spread of the influences of the Gospel of Peace, east and west, north and south, extending from Tahiti and Raiatea to the Sandwich Islands in the north, to the Austral group in the south, from the Paumotus in the east to the Hervey Islands and Samoa in the west, including *en route* the Fijis and Tongatabu; and for the subsequent progress of the work of the Lord in all these groups I know of no better independent testimony than the charming works recently written by that observant lady traveller, Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming.

In the history of the South Sea Mission, "truth is stranger than fiction." The marvellous power of the Gospel has been such as to fulfil the prediction of old literally, that a "nation shall be born in a day." Not the half has ever been told of the debasing influence of those horrid systems which kept the people in the most abject slavery for so many ages; and it was the joy experienced in their deliverance from that slavery to the full liberty of the blessings of the Gospel which inspired our converts to devote themselves to the work of emancipating their fellow-men by preaching Christ unto them. This "first love" has not died out with the generation, but now, as of old, we have no difficulty in finding men moved by the Spirit of God who are willing to "forsake father and mother," and children too, for Christ's sake, and for men to carry to the regions beyond the Word

of Everlasting Life. Oftentimes our difficulty lies in selecting from candidates those whom we judge best adapted to the work. It is by the aid of these native brethren that the rapid spread of the Gospel along the shores of New Guinea has been accomplished.

As this wonderful progress of the Gospel was enjoyed, the missionaries were not unmindful of the kindness they had received from the people in the district of Papetoai, Moorea; and, ere they finally dispersed from that centre of refuge, they applied themselves to the work of erecting on the spot of their resort from danger the first stone chapel ever built on any island in the Pacific. The mission having been very closely and largely associated with the late Surrey Chapel, London, and with the church worshipping there, the missionaries determined to erect this memorial chapel on the model of that with which they—at least many of them—had such hallowed and inseparable associations, and so, under the superintendence and mainly by the actual labour and energy of the mission staff, was erected the "Pacific Surrey Chapel," which has resounded until within the last three or four years with praises to God sung by true worshippers redeemed from among the heathen. It is remarkable that, just about the time when "Old Surrey Chapel" passed from the hands of those who had held it in sacred trust for so many years past, its model and memorial in Moorea should have been pronounced by the Government to be unsafe to worship in. Therefore the church and people were compelled to seek refuge in a temporary building. They have, however, determined not to relinquish the stones of the old building, but are holding them sacred till means are available which will enable them to re-construct it after the same model on a securer foundation than before; for, strange to relate, the first builders, though wise master-builders spiritually, were induced by some mysterious fancy to erect their chapel on a living spring of water instead of an ever-abiding rock; hence the gradual sinking of the foundation, which led to the fall of the building. The district is the least populous on the island, but, as the centre of administration, is important. The mission there has been conducted by the Rev. P. Brun, of the Paris Missionary Society, who has been labouring among the people most faithfully for the Master for twelve years past, but who is now obliged for a time to retire, having suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his

most exemplary and devoted wife, a true Christian missionary, who overwrought herself in the service of the Lord. A real heroine in the cause of the Redeemer, she has left behind her a disconsolate husband, affectionate children, and a mourning people who will long cherish her in their memories. Her death adds one more name to those who have so largely swelled the list of those that have fallen in the battle-field of the world against sin. The ranks are from time to time thinned by death, but the army marches on to victory, and, relying on the inspiring power of the Spirit of God to encourage others to enter upon and carry on the work to completion, pursues its course, and will not rest satisfied till the heathen be converted to the Lord.

II.—The Claims of India.

AMONG the resolutions adopted by the Calcutta Decennial Missionary Conference was one specially urging the claims of India upon the Churches of Europe and America. It has been officially communicated to us by the Secretaries to the Conference —the Revs. Dr. MURRAY MITCHELL and G. H. ROUSE—and we commend it to the serious consideration of our readers. It is as follows:—

"That this Conference is deeply impressed with the vastness of the work which remains to be performed before India can be won for Christ. Even in the great centres of population, where there is the largest number of missionaries, there are far fewer labourers than are imperatively required; while many districts, with more than a million of inhabitants, are left to the care of but one or two; and other tracts of country, equally populous and yearly becoming more accessible, have not a single Christian missionary resident among them. From all parts of the Indian Empire the cry is heard that there are abundant openings for labour, but no labourers ready to take it up; and the numerous representatives from all parts of the mission-field in India, Burmah, and Ceylon, who are here present, feel that an earnest appeal must be made to the Churches in Europe and America for far more missionaries, both men and women. They, therefore, earnestly commend this subject to the prayerful attention of all the home Churches and societies; and, in the great Master's name, they urge, with all the emphasis in their power, the necessity of every effort being made to send forth a largely increased number of labourers into this vast and most important field, which is 'already white unto the harvest.'"

In connection with this resolution, the Conference direct attention to the following facts:—

The population of India is fully 250,000,000—seven times as large a

that of the United Kingdom, and five times as large as that of the United States.

Of this number nearly 190,000,000 may be considered as Hindoos in religion, worshipping lords many and gods many—deities who, in many cases, are incarnations of lust and wickedness. Hindooism has its philosophy for the thoughtful, and its popular religion for the masses; it is cemented by the system of caste into a compact whole, and it thus presents a most formidable obstacle to the spread of the Gospel.

About 50,000,000 of the people of India are Mohammedans—a far larger number than own the sway of the Sultan or any other Mohammedan potentate. In all lands the Mohammedans are amongst the most bigoted religionists with whom we have to deal, and in India the converts from Islam have been fewer than from other religions. Yet there have been many Moslems who have felt the converting power of God's grace, and in a country like India, under Christian rule, missionaries have special advantages which are not enjoyed in Mohammedan countries. The Mohammedans, having so many points in common with Christians, appear to have a special claim on us, and yet but few missionaries in India prepare themselves specially for labour among them. It is very desirable that more men should be sent out for this special work.

In Burmah and Ceylon the missionaries have special difficulties in he Buddhism which prevails in those countries. It is a system of religion which, perhaps more than any other, deadens the religious sensibilities of the people, and renders them very slow to appreciate the blessings of the Gospel. On the other hand, the Karens and other non-Buddhistic tribes in Burmah have been amongst the most ready to welcome the message of salvation.

In the name of the great Conference which has recently met, we urge upon the Churches of Europe and America to do far more than they have yet done for India. We appeal especially to Britain, into whose hands God has in so wondrous a way entrusted this great Indian Empire; and to America, with its energy and wealth, the land of such marvellous growth; and we ask them to come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty,"—those mighty giants, Hindooism, Mohammedanism, and Buddhism. We appeal to young men and women, who "are strong, and have overcome the wicked one," and ask if they will not devote themselves to this great work. They will meet, it is true, with many discouragements and trials, and they will find the reality of mission life different from the romance of it; but we believe we may confidently assert that among the hundreds of men and women engaged in missionary labour who were gathered together in the Conference there were none who regretted that they had given themselves to this cause, or who believed that there was any nobler work to which they could have consecrated their lives.

III.—How Buddhists Pray.

By the Rev. James Gilmour, M.A.

ALMOST nine out of every ten Mongols you meet will have rosaries in their hands, and be rapidly repeating prayers, keeping count of them by passing the beads through their fingers. Some few are met with having a rosary in each hand, the one being used to count individual prayers, the other to keep record of each complete set of prayers that have run round the whole rosary. In this way, by the time the worshipper has got round both strings of beads, he has said one hundred and eight times one hundred and eight prayers.

They Don't Know the Meaning of Their Prayers.—One of the prayers most commonly used consists of six syllables. Ask one man what these six syllables mean, and he will tell you one thing; ask another, and he will have another version of the meaning; ask a third, and he will most likely give an answer which all will agree in, namely, that it does not matter what they mean, the efficacy depends not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer. Acting on this belief, the Mongols rattle away at their prayers; most of them ignorant of what they mean, and all of them paying no attention to the meaning, whether they know it or not. It is not, properly speaking, praying at all, but "*repeating charms.*" Each repetition is believed to have a certain efficacy; the more repetitions, therefore, the more efficacy; and so men and women spend much time and energy in this so-called praying, hoping thereby to make merit which will, among other things, cancel their sins.

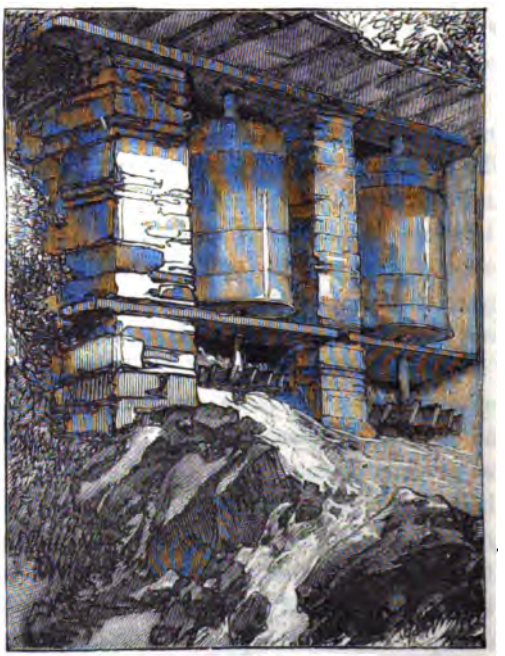
The Hand-Praying Wheel.—But mouth repetition is a slow process, and to expedite matters, a praying-wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed prayers, the wheel is turned round, and, by this simple act, all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated. This is a wonderful acceleration. The wheel is fitted on to a handle, which a man can easily hold as he walks about; and thus it comes that men may be met with examining their cattle, or going from one place to another, whirling their prayer-wheels all the time.

Family Praying-wheel.—In some tents there is a stand in which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand-wheel as a family Bible bears to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed

to a crank, the inmates take their turn in pulling it; but the aged grandmother, as having most leisure, usually spends most time over it, and the grandchildren keep a sharp look-out, and raise an outcry when, from inadvertence, a wrongly-timed pull sends the cylinder turning backwards, and, according to the Mongol idea, makes sin in place of merit.

Roasting-jack Praying-wheel.—In one house I saw a wheel placed over the fire and driven by the upward current of hot air, after the manner of a roasting-jack.

Windmill Praying-wheel.—A common form of the praying-wheel is a windmill set on a lofty pole high above the tent. When a strong north-west gale springs up, the machine goes whirring round; and the poor Mongol, as he shudders at the tempest, in his tent below, is comforted, so far, at least, by the thought that the blast is performing a lot of prayers for him.



WATER PRAYING-WHEEL.

Water Praying-wheel.—The accompanying cut represents a form of the praying-wheel, common where water is available as the motive power.

Clockwork Praying-wheel.—Sitting in a tent once, I heard behind me a curious clicking noise, and looking round, found a praying-wheel going by machinery. The master of the house, being a mechanical genius, had bought an old clock in a Chinese town, taken out and re-arranged the spring and wheels, and made them drive a cylinder filled with prayers. When he got in up the morning, he

simply took the key, wound up the clockwork, and then the thing made prayers for the whole establishment.

Praying Flag.—He that is too poor to buy a hand-wheel or a windmill gets a prayer flag—a piece of common Chinese cotton cloth printed over with Tibetan characters—fastens it to a pole, and sets it up near his tent, believing that every time it flutters in the wind all the prayers on it are repeated. Not only at tents, but over stone cairns on hill-tops, these flags abound. The cloth is coarse, the printing rude, wind and rain soon make havoc of its appearance; but there it is and there it flutters, bleached and ragged, long after the weather has removed every trace of letters.

Mammoth Praying-wheels.—Large temples have sometimes large praying-wheels, broad and high, filled with sacred books, shrines, and idols. Pilgrims come from long distances, assemble round the wheel, lay hold of its handles, and, with "*A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,*" by their united strength, drag the creaking fabric round, and believe that each one who has helped has acquired as much merit as if he had read all the books, repeated all the charms, and worshipped at all the shrines contained in the wheel. The thing would be laughable were it not too serious a matter by far for laughter. The *deluded worshippers really believe* that this charm-repeating, and wheel-turning, and flag-fluttering *makes merit which cancels sin.* They live in this belief, and they die with this lie in their right hand. This idea, too, is the cause of much sin. Believing, as he does, that this merit cancels sin, a Mongol aims not at leaving sin and being holy, but at providing for plenty of merit to counterbalance his sin, and thinks that the more religious he is he can afford to sin the more, just as the man who has most money can afford to spend the most.

"When ye pray ye shall not be as the heathen." Are we not sometimes a little like them? During prayer do not our thoughts sometimes wander so much that when the prayer is over we could, if asked, hardly tell what we had been praying for? Again, is it not sometimes the case that so-called Christians, when asked what they do for Christ, say they attend church or chapel, and all that, evidently implying that they think such service has in itself a *meritorious value*—an idea that comes somewhat near the Buddhist's notion of his temple services?

IV.—New Guinea—First Weeks at South Cape.

By the Rev. James Chalmers.

I HAD been twelve years away from England when, for the first time, I found myself with my beloved wife settled among cannibals. The chief, Manuegu, gave us one end of his house until we could get a house of our own. Hanging round outside were skulls of men the Suauans had killed and eaten, and inside, to adorn the house and make it look a little more showy, were bones—fish-bones, pig-bones, and bird-bones.

In his end of the house were spears, clubs, and shields. The teachers and their wives were in a tent made out of old sails. After the vessel left us and we had only the *Mayri*, a boat of seven tons, to attend on us, it felt somewhat eerie; but, having plenty to do, no one had time for repining.

Tamate Vaine (Mrs. Chalmers) got along well with the natives, who were much interested in her crochet and tatting work, especially one man, who used to sit many hours and watch her, go away and return with a present of food or fish. He was the finest-looking man we had seen at the east end, and there was no mistaking his being a fighter. He always appeared in our presence with the mark of peace—a number of small white shells, fastened on hair and tied round his leg. We were getting on well with the house, and picking up a good deal of the dialect, and thinking all was well, when one afternoon a large armed party came out of the bush and surrounded the house. I was down close to the sea and cut off from our people. Anxious to be near, I hurried back and got in through the party, and close to the platform in front of the house. They would rush up with their spears, then some with their clubs, and demand tomahawks and hoop-iron, giving us plainly to understand that unless these were given we should be murdered. They certainly looked hideous in their paints and dresses and armed as they were, but not hideous enough to make us give in to their demands. I tried to make them understand they might murder us, but I would never give in to demands made in such a way. At one time things looked serious, and the teachers begged of me to accede to their demands. No, never! we shall have no peace day or night from other natives, and in the end will be murdered, so let them do it now. The people

VILLAGE IN WILD ISLAND, ADMIRALTY ISLANDS, N. E. OF NEW GUINEA.

we were living with sided with us, and, through the influence of one old friend (to be known in another paper), they retired to the bush, sending us word to send them presents there. No; any real chief coming to me unarmed and as a friend I should know him, but people threatening I know them not, and they are not chiefs. They eventually retired, the chief returning afterwards apparently sorry, unarmed, and washed. I gave him a present.

When the teachers were at breakfast, we generally went over to the new house. One morning, when sitting there, we heard a great noise, and, on looking towards our lodgings, we saw the natives rushing armed in that direction. I hastened over, and found one of our *Mayri* men with a musket pointed at a young man, who held a spear poised and about to throw. I caught the native and, after a little struggle, got the spear from him. I then shouted to the natives to retire and to our people to put down muskets, and never again use them, as they were for birds, not for men. I found the trouble arose out of a very little matter. A butcher's knife had been stolen, and this young fellow was accused. He nursed his wrath all day, sitting under a tree, and would meet no advances to friendship. In aftertime the same youth became one of our best friends, and his younger brother a most affectionate servant, travelling with me in many parts of New Guinea, and the mother a very great help about the mission house.

We entered our new house when still unfinished, half flooring down and one door up; but anxious to be in our own house, we preferred it as it was, to staying longer with the natives. The day of the flitting was a day of trouble, and it was only by giving presents we were allowed to move our things. Many things were stolen, but none troubled us so much as the loss of our camp oven, which was not heard of until two years after, when I saw the thief—one of the most attentive friends, with his wife, of the teachers, constantly bringing them food and helping them in work about the place.

Clearing and planting were begun, fences were put up, and small out-houses erected close by; trees were brought in by the natives, were shaped, and soon sawn into planks to finish flooring. We were hurrying on with our work, so as to be ready by the beginning of the year to begin two more stations. We were becoming acquainted on every hand, and we fancied confidence was being gained. Many

natives were very kind, bringing us vegetables and fish; invitations to feasts were numerous, and to cannibal feasts. One chief, a great friend of Tamate Vaine's (Mrs. Chalmers), returned from one of these last feasts, and calling at our house begged her to accept a very delicate bit—the breast of a man, par-cooked.

We were well watched day and night. We found them very friendly and trustworthy, that is, trusting us—we certainly could not trust them much. Getting on thus well with them, it was to us a terrible blow when a canoe returned from Teste with the news of the Brooker Island murders and loot: and it was arranged that the same should be tried on at our place; first, take the *Mayri*, and then the whole mission party. They attacked the vessel when two of the crew were ashore getting firewood, nearly killed the captain, wounding him severely on the side and foot, laming him for life. Through the pluck of the captain the vessel was saved, and so saving the whole mission party. One man was shot dead (Tamate Vaine's friend) and several wounded. Canoes came pouring in from all round, and for several days the people assumed a threatening appearance, many wishing to attack.

We were advised to leave in the night by the *Mayri*, as in the morning an attack would be made on the vessel and house. My wife said: "No, we must not run away; God will care for us; but let the teachers and their wives do as they like." They were asked, and, on knowing her decision, at once said: "Together we live, together we die; we have no wish to leave you here." That night the *Mayri* left. A very few were friendly, and warned us to keep a good-look out, and on no account to go far away from the place. Several days and nights we watched in turn, until at last it became unbearable.

The next morning, just after daybreak, I was in bed, having had the first watch, when a great crowd surrounded the fence, and soon broke through, demanding more compensation. I sprung to the door, and in wrath shouted, "No, no more." One chief remained close by the door outside, saying they must have compensation. They finally retired, leaving us alone with Him who ever cares for His own. It was evident confusion was amongst them; one party for cheating us, another for leaving us alone; the latter prevailed, and soon we saw many of the canoes leaving. One of the two who had left

us returned, and, when near the fence, I challenged him, fearing treachery, and trusting no one. He told me it was peace, and that the strangers were leaving. I told him to advance, but would allow no others near the house, and warned the crowd coming up behind him to keep back. Three weeks after, the *Ellengowan*, our mission steamer, arrived, and we were all right.

We had a good deal of sickness, and many died. These troubles and sickness, nursing sick teachers and their wives, undermined my wife's not over-strong health, and ended in her death in Sydney, with kind and loving friends, on 20th February, 1879. The natives learned to love her, and would have done anything possible for her. When they heard of her death, they showed much sorrow, and said she ought to have remained with them, and, if death came, let her lie near to them. I left her once for six weeks, and during all that time they treated her well, many coming daily to see her, some with vegetables, some with fish, putting them down and going away, not waiting for payment, only saying, "You must eat plenty; and, when Tamate returns, be strong and fat."

V.—Madagascar—Native Prayer-meeting.

IN connection with the Franco-Malagasy political crisis, a special prayer-meeting to ask God's blessing on the island was held on Thursday, January 11th, in the Ampamarinana Memorial Church. The idea originated with the native pastors in and around the capital, by whom also all arrangements were carried out. The result was a large and successful gathering, and one which will long be remembered by those who took part in its proceedings. Already its salutary influence on the minds of the people is seen and felt. The following translation of an article in the February number of the monthly magazine, *Teny Soa*, has been kindly furnished by the Rev. Jas. Sibree, jun.:—

"*Prayer for our Native Land* [lit. 'Land of Ancestors'], at above Ampamarinana,* on Thursday, January 11th, 1883.'

"The pastors here in Antananarivo have been much exercised in mind about the events of the present time, and, after consulting together, they agreed to call a meeting to offer prayer for our native land.

"So on the Sunday, January 7th, a notice paper was forwarded to each congregation, giving the time of meeting and the order of service. It was not at all expected that very many people would meet together; but when the

* The Memorial Church upon the Rock of Hurling, or Ampamarinana.

people heard the object of the meeting, 'prayer for one's country,' and saw the order of proceedings as given in the little notice paper, there was much talk on the subject, every one saying that it was the most proper thing to be done; so that they waited with great impatience for the coming of the appointed time on the Thursday.

"And so, Thursday having arrived, many assembled before the time of meeting. Two o'clock was the hour fixed; but by eight o'clock many had already come, so that at nine the church doors were opened and they went in. Every part of the building was soon crowded to excess, north, south, east, and west; the aisles, the Communion enclosure, and the pulpit. The people were closely packed together, numbers not being able to sit at all for the crowd; still, no one went out, but remained standing. At every door the people were crowded; and all round the building were numbers unable to get near, so they began to ask, 'Pray open the school-house to the east so that we may go in there, and let those who lead the prayers and speak in the stone house come and speak and pray with us.' So the school-house was opened and immediately filled; yet still there were a great many people outside.

"At about half-past twelve the singers began to sing until the time of service; and as soon as it was two o'clock, Rajaonary [native pastor of the Ambatonakanga Memorial Church] rose and made a short speech announcing the object of the meeting, and read the order of proceedings (as is customary for a chairman to do), and then went and spoke to the assembly in the school-house and prayed with them."

(Here follows the order of proceedings.)

"There were two chief points worthy of remark evident in this 'Prayer for our Native Land':—

"1. *The large concourse of people.*—There was hardly ever any meeting like it for numbers, either at a church opening, or at the monthly prayer-meeting, or at the six-monthly meeting [the Congregational Union].

"2. *The very deep feeling shown by the people.*—They sang together most heartily. They prayed with much earnestness of heart. They listened with hearts deeply moved; and this, not with the many merely, but with the whole assembly. Every one *nitsetra** as they heard the addresses. Every one's face lighted up when any cheering word was spoken. And every one warmed with emotion when exciting words were uttered. How astonishing was the clapping of hands; for the women and children even all held their hands up and applauded loudly! Every one's pulse beat faster and fuller.

"It was evident in this prayer for our country how large is the number of those who love their native land. Would that they loved it indeed, and loved it at all times, and not merely in times of trouble!

"May God look upon this land and its people, and save them by His almighty power!"

* A clicking sound made by the Malagasy when they are deeply interested or excited.

VI.—The Deputation.

WELCOME TO ALBERT SPICER, ESQ., THE CHAIRMAN.

THE members of the Deputation, of whose visit to Nagercoil a full account was given in THE CHRONICLE for March, proceeded thence northward to Madras and onward to Calcutta and Berhampore, by way of the North Telugu stations of Vizagapatam and Vizianagram. Leaving Calcutta, they next directed their course to Benares and Mirzapore, and thence to the hill stations of Almora and Ranee Khet in Kumaon, within sight of the grand range of the Himalayas.

They had now seen all the Society's stations in India, and at every station had met with a very cordial welcome from both missionaries and native Christians, while, to those who welcomed them, their visit had been a source of much pleasure and encouragement.

The work which Mr. Spicer, the Chairman of the Board, had kindly undertaken had now been completed, and, the members of the deputation returning to the plains, their pleasant and daily personal intercourse of the past five months had to be brought to a close, Mr. Thompson retracing his steps to Calcutta, where, on March 15th, he embarked for China, and Mr. Spicer returning to Bombay on his way to England.

He reached this country on April 13th, and on the 17th a special meeting of the Directors was held at the Mission House to welcome him on his return. The meeting was very numerously attended by the Directors and their friends, desirous of signifying their high appreciation of the important service which, at a considerable sacrifice, he has rendered to the Society.

During the proceedings of the meeting an illuminated address was presented to Mr. Spicer. The address was as follows :—

"DEAR SIR AND HONOURED COLLEAGUE.—We need scarcely assure you that you went forth to India with our warmest sympathy, and that we have followed you with our earnest prayers, and now that in the good providence of God you return to us in peace and safety, we hail you with joyous greeting and devout thankfulness.

"You accepted the mission to visit the stations of the Society with our esteemed Foreign Secretary, not merely because we urgently requested you to do so, but because you believed that such was the will of the loving Lord and Master we are all striving to serve, and therefore you would not allow your endearing domestic relationships, nor your important business requirements, to stand in the way.

"We desire to recognise with gratitude the Christian willingness of your family circle generally, and of your beloved wife in particular, to part with you for a season for Christ's sake; and now that you have so ably accomplished the object of your visit, gathering important practical information concerning the work, encouraging the devoted Missionaries in their spheres of labour, instructing, stimulating, and gladdening the Native Pastors, Teachers, and Churches, and winning everywhere golden opinions for your self, you come into our midst once more as a brother beloved, to receive our hearty welcome, and to preside over us again as Chairman of the Board.

"Accept, then, our Christian congratulations, and be assured of our fervent desire that you may long be spared to render yet further distinguished service in the advancement of the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Signed on behalf of the Directors,

"THOMAS GILFILLAN, Deputy Chairman,

"ROBERT ROBINSON, "EDWD. H. JONES, "J. O. WHITEHOUSE, } Secretaries.

"Mission House, *April 17th, 1883.*"

The Chairman has now resumed his duties at the Board, but with qualifications for that important post greatly increased by the knowledge of India and Indian missions, both of the London and other Societies, which he has gained by his visit to that land.

VII.—Books on Missions and Mission Lands.

AMONG THE MONGOLS. By the Rev. James Gilmour, M.A., London Mission, Peking. With Illustrations. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row; 65, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 164, Piccadilly. Price 6s.

THIS book, true to its title, takes its readers into the midst of the Mongols, and, in a clear, simple, and attractive style, gives a very large amount of interesting detail about them.

In 1870, Mr. Gilmour was appointed by the Directors to re-open the Society's mission in Mongolia, which was commenced in 1819 by the Rev. Edward Stallybrass, and carried on by him and by the Rev. William Swan until 1841, when it was suppressed by the Russian Government. Arriving in Peking, Mr. Gilmour soon set out to explore his new and difficult field, and, year by year, made long tours among the people, making good use of his medical knowledge to attract them to Him who is the Great Physician. In these tours he mixed freely with all classes, availing himself of every opportunity for noting their circumstances, habits, and beliefs, and for collecting their legends and fables, which he has condensed into a volume of moderate size and price, which cannot fail to prove both instructive and interesting. A map, numerous sketches by natives and others, and a full table of contents and index are also given for the aid of readers. The book, altogether, has our hearty commendation.

OUTLINE MISSIONARY SERIES. London: John Snow & Co. Sixpence each. *India.* Part I.—Country, People, History, Manners and Customs, Hinduism. Part II.—History of Christianity, Obstacles and Hindrances, Forms of Labour, Results. By the Rev. Edward Storrow.

A RESIDENCE of twenty years in India, with a deep interest in the country and an eye ever ready to note that which relates to it, have done much to qualify Mr. Storrow for the preparation of these useful additions to Messrs. Snow's "Outline Missionary Series."

In these two parts, containing forty-eight pages each, there is ample evidence of very wide research, and also of a rigorous condensation of an abundance and variety of materials.

The reader who carefully masters these very full pages will gain much general knowledge on a very wide range of subjects connected with India, and will thereby be well fitted for the study of larger works which give full details respecting what is here often, and unavoidably, compressed into a paragraph. The proper effect of the perusal of these pages will be to awaken a desire to know more, and to lead on to a wide acquaintance with the very large and varied subject—India. We strongly recommend this contribution to the "Missionary Series," the value of which is enhanced by the introduction of several useful statistical tables.

VIII.—Notes of the Month.

1. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

Mrs. JOHN, wife of the Rev. GRIFFITH JOHN, from HANKOW, China, via California and New York, per steamer *Bothnia*, February 10th.

The Rev. G. M. BULLOCH, Mrs. BULLOCH, and family, from Benares, North India, per steamer *Belgravia*, March 30th.

ALBERT SPICER, Esq., Chairman of the Board, from Bombay, per overland route, April 13th.

2. BIRTHS.

TAYLOR.—December 18th, at Antananarivo, Madagascar, the wife of the Rev. James Taylor, of a son.

BENNETT.—December 29th, at Antananarivo, Madagascar, the wife of the Rev. J. R. Bennett, of a daughter.

PEARCE.—February 19th, at Canton, China, the wife of the Rev. T. W. Pearce, of a son.

3. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES, 13TH MARCH TO 14TH APRIL.

CHINA.—G. Owen, Peking, Jan. 30th; S. E. Meech, Peking, Dec. 31st, Feb. 5; Jon. Lees, Tientsin, Jan. 24th; G. John, Hankow, Feb. 15th, 17th; W. Owen, Hankow, Jan. 31st; A. Bonsey, Hankow, Jan. 27th; A. Foster, Hankow, Feb. 3rd; W. Muirhead, Shanghai, Jan. 23rd, 29th, Feb. 21st; J. Stonehouse, Shanghai, Feb. 14th; J. Macgowan, Amoy, Feb. 3rd, 22nd; J. Sadler, Amoy, Feb. 6th; Dr. Palmer, Amoy, Jan. 22nd; Dr. Chalmers, Aden, March 8th; J. C. Edge, Hong Kong, Feb. 5th, 11th, 20th; T. W. Pearce, Canton, Feb. 12th, 17th, 19th; E. R. Eichler, Canton, Feb. 17th.

INDIA.—W. Johnson, Calcutta, March 13th, 20th; W. J. Wilkins, Cal-

cutta, Feb. 20th, 27th, March 6th, 13th, 20th; J. Hewlett, Benares, Feb. 21st, 28th, March 7th, 14th, 21st; J. H. Budden, Almora, Feb. 16th, 26th; H. Coley, Almora, Feb. 10th, March 3rd; G. O. Newport, Colombo, Feb. 15th; F. Wilkinson, Madras, Feb. 28th; M. Phillips, Salem, March, 6th, 13th; H. A. Hutchison, Coimbatore, March 2nd, 17th; W. Monk Jones, Coimbatore, March 13th; B. Rice, Bangalore, Feb. 20th, 27th; J. B. Coles, Bellary, Feb. 27th; J. G. Hawker, Belgaum, Feb. 21st, ——; J. R. Bacon, Cuddapah, Feb. 28th; W. W. Stephenson, Gooty, March 7th; A. A. Dignum, Gooty, March 7th; H. J. Goffin, Vizianagram, Feb. 26th, March 13th; W. Lee, Nagercoil, ——, March 10th; J. Duthie, Nagercoil, March 3rd, 8th, 10th; Dr. Thomson, Neyoor, Feb. 17th, March 9th, 14th; I. H. Hacker, Neyoor, Feb. 22nd (two letters); J. Knowles, Trevandrum, ——; R. W. Thompson, Mirzapore, Feb. 18th, Calcutta, March 13th, Hong Kong, April 6th.

MADAGASCAR.—Geo. Cousins, Antananarivo, Jan. 8th; T. Lord, Antananarivo, Jan. 9th, Feb. 6th, 9th; J. Richardson, Antananarivo, Jan. 9th; B. Briggs, Antananarivo, Jan. 9th, Feb. 6th; James Wills, Antananarivo, Feb. 6th; T. T. Matthews, Antananarivo, Feb. 6th; R. Baron, Antananarivo, Jan. 9th; P. G. Peake, Isoavina, Jan. 8th; James Taylor, Antananarivo, Jan. 8th; J. Pearse, Fianarantsoa, Dec. 29th; A. S. Huckett, Fianarantsoa, Dec. 27th, Jan. 26th; H. T. Johnson, Fianarantsoa, Jan. 1; T. Rowlands, Ambohimandroso, Jan. 27th.

AFRICA.—W. Thompson, Cape Town, Feb. 20th, March 13th; T. S. Merrington, Port Elizabeth, Feb. 16th; John Harper, King William's Town, Feb. 7th, ——; W. Ashton, Barkly, Feb. 15th; A. J. Wookey, Kuruman, March 7th; C. D. Helm, Hope Fountain, Jan. 9th; W. Sykes, Inyati, Dec. —; W. Griffith, Urambo, Dec. 10th; Captain Hore, Jan. 2nd, Urambo, Jan. 22nd; D. P. Jones, Urambo, Dec. 17th; J. H. Dineen, Urambo, Dec. 17th; T. F. Shaw, Urambo, Dec. 25th, Jan. 23rd; J. W. Dunn, Urambo, Dec. 14th (two letters); J. Roxburgh, Zanzibar, Feb. 23rd.

WEST INDIES.—J. Foreman, Demerara, March 3rd; J. Dalgliesh, New Amsterdam, Feb. 16th, March 3rd, 22nd; Alex. Hubbard, ss. *Medway* Feb. 28th, Demerara, March 6th, George Town, March 24th; T. H. Clark, Kingston, Feb. 23rd, March 21st.

SOUTH SEAS.—A. Pearse, Raiatea, Jan. 11th, 19th, 23rd; E. V. Cooper, Raiatea, Jan. 22nd, 25th, Huahine, Jan. 29th; C. Phillips, Tutuila, Dec. 12th; J. Marriott, Malua, Nov. 9th, Dec. 25th, Jan. 30th; T. Powell, Malua, Jan. 27th; S. H. Davies, Savaii, Jan. 3rd, 25th; F. E. Lawes, Niue, Jan. 9th, 15th; J. Jones, Mare, Jan. 5th; J. Hadfield, Uvea, Jan. 22nd; S. Macfarlane, Murray Island, Jan. 23rd; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, Jan. 30th (two letters), Feb. 26th, 27th.

4. CENTRAL AFRICA.—ARRIVAL OF LIFEBOAT AT UJIJI.

By a telegram from Zanzibar, dated April 13th, the Directors learn with much satisfaction that Captain Hore and his companions have successfully accomplished the arduous undertaking of conveying to Ujiji, in sections, the steel lifeboat which was despatched from England in July last. The caravan reached its destination on the 23rd of February.

5. SCHOOL FOR DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES.

We are requested to state that the Meeting and Breakfast of the Institution for the Education of the Daughters of Missionaries, Sevenoaks, will be held on Saturday, May 12th, at the Cannon Street Hotel, at 10 a.m., and be presided over by George F. White, Esq.

IX.—Anniversary Services in May, 1883.

The Directors invite the attention of the friends of the Society to the following arrangements for the ensuing Anniversary :—

MONDAY, May 7th.

Morning.—Prayer Meeting, for one hour in the Board Room of the Mission House, Blomfield Street, especially to implore the Divine blessing on the several Services of the Anniversary, at Ten o'Clock, when a brief address will be given by the Rev. Thomas Brockway, of Madagascar.

Afternoon.—The Annual Meeting of Directors will be held at the Mission House, Blomfield Street, at Three o'Clock, when brief addresses will be delivered by the recently returned Missionaries, Revs. T. Bryson, from China; G. M. Bullock, from India; and J. Hepburn, S. Africa.

WEDNESDAY, May 9th.

Morning.—In The City Temple, Holborn Viaduct (Dr. Parker's). The Annual Sermon will be preached by the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, M.A., ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference. Service to commence at Eleven o'Clock.

Evening.—In Westminster Chapel the Sermon to Young Men and Others will be preached by the Rev. Ll. D. Bevan, D.D., of Highbury Quadrant Church. Service to commence at Seven o'Clock.

No Tickets required for the Sermons.

THURSDAY, May 10th.

Morning.—The Annual General Meeting of the Members of the Society will be held in Exeter Hall, to receive the Annual Report. The Chair will be taken, at Ten o'Clock, by

The Right Hon. The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

Revs. Canon Girdlestone, J. Gilmour, M.A. (from Peking), Albert Spicer, Esq. (recently returned from India), C. H. Spurgeon, Edward White, and other Gentlemen have promised to take part in the Meeting.

Tickets for the Meeting at Exeter Hall may be obtained at the Mission House, Blomfield Street, London Wall.

SERMONS TO BE PREACHED ON LORD'S-DAY, MAY 13th.

PLACE.	MORNING.	EVENING.
Acton	Rev. J. B. Walton, LL.B.	Rev. D. Thomas.
Anerley	,, J. P. Wilson.	,, A. Thomson, M.A., D.D.
Balham & Upper Tooting.	,, F. Fox Thomas.	,, F. Fox Thomas.
Barking, Broadway (May 20)	,, Evan Bryant.	,, Evan Bryant.
Barnet	,, W. H. Jellie.	,, E. T. Davies.
Barnet (New)	,, E. T. Davies.	,, W. H. Jellie.
Battersea Bridge-road .	,, T. H. Blackshaw.	,, T. H. Blackshaw.
Bayswater, Craven-hill . .	,, J. Rutty.	,, T. G. Horton.
Beckenham (May 20) . . .	,, J. B. French.	,, J. B. French.

Beckenham Road	Rev. G. O. Frost.	Rev. R. Laver.
Belvedere	,, J. G. Jukes.	,, J. Thomas, B.A.
Bermondsey, Jamaica-row	,, H. W. Grainge.	,, W. Courtnall.
Bethnal Green-road	,, S. B. Handley.	,, W. J. Andrew.
Blackheath	,, C. Wilson, M.A.	,, C. Wilson, M.A.
Borough-road	,, G. M. Murphy.	,, G. M. Murphy.
Bow, Harley-street (May 27)	,, W.E.Hurndall,M.A.	,, T. Bryson.
Brentford	,, G. C. Postans.	,, G. C. Postans.
Brighton, Union Church	,, Prof.Whitehouse	,, Prof.Whitehouse
Brixton	,, H. Batchelor.	,, A. H. Byles, B.A.
Brixton,Lough.Pk.(May 20)	,, J. D. Hepburn.	,,J.K.Mackenzie,MRCS
Brixton, Trinity, Church-rd.	,, W. Herbert.	,, W. Herbert.
Bromley, Kent	,, L. H. Byrnes, B.A.	,, L. H. Byrnes, B.A.
Brompton, Trevor Ch.	,, T. Poole.	,, T. Poole.
Brompton, Edith-grove	,, J. Morgan.	,, J. Morgan.
Buckhurst Hill	,, S. B. Driver.	,, W. P. Irving, B.SC.
Camberwell Green(May20)	,, J. Peill.	,, J. Peill.
Camberwell New Road.	,, T. Batty.	,, E. Armitage, M.A.
Ditto (Afternoon S.)	,, Eben. LeMare.	
Camberwell, Albany Road	,, A. C. Gill.	,, A. C. Gill.
Camden Town, Bedford Ch.	,, J. C. Cottingham.	,, J. C. Cottingham.
Camden Town, Park Chapel.	,, J. C. Harrison.	,, W.F.Clarkson,B.A
Canning Town, Barking-rd.	,, T. R. Webster.	,, T. R. Webster.
Catford Bridge, Stanstead-road	,, S. T. Williams.	,, S. A. Tipple.
Chelmsford	,, J. Peill.	,, J. Peill.
Chelsea, Ashburnham.	,, C. Knibbs.	,, C. Knibbs.
Caterham	,, J.Williamson,M.A.	,, J.Williamson,M.A.
City-road	,, W. A. Blake.	,, G. B. Johnson.
City of London—		
,, Bishopsgate-street	,, E. A. Wareham.	,, J. A. Houlder.
,, City Temple	,, R. Balgarnie.	,, J. Hunter.
,, ,, Afternoon (20th)	,, Rev. E. Le Mare	
,, Fetter-lane.	,, J. Rees.	,, G. O. Frost.
,, Silver-st., Falcon-sq.	,, E. Paxton Hood.	,, E. Paxton Hood.
,, New Tabernacle	,, S. C. Gordon, M.A., [B.D.	,, T. Rees, D.D.
,, Whitefield Tabernacle (May 20th)	,, E. LeMare.	,, H. W. Grainge.
,, Afternooon	,, H. W. Grainge	
Clapham, Grafton-sq. (6th)	,, R.W.Dale,M.A.,LL.D.	,, J. G. Rogers, B.A.
Clapham,Lavender-hill(27th)	,, T. Brockway.	,, T. Brockway.
Clapham, Park-crescent	,, T. Ray, LL.D.	,, S. C. Gordon, M.A.,
Clapham-road, Claylands	,, E. Armitage, M.A	,, T. Batty. [B.D.
Clapton, Lower	,, A. J. Palmer.	,, T. Nicholson.
Clapton, Upper	,, T. Nicholson.	,, A. J. Palmer.
Clapton Park	,, Evan Bryant.	,, A. Holborn, M.A.
Collier'sRents,NewKent-rd	,, J. H. Wilson, D.D.	,, J. H. Wilson, D.D.
Craven, Marshall-street	,, J. M. Gibbon.	,, J. Wayman.
Crouch End, Park Ch.,	,, W.F.Clarkson,B.A.	,, J.Williamson,M.A.
Croydon, Addiscombe	,, Henry Quick.	,, Henry Quick.
Croydon, George Street	,, E. A. Lawrence.	,, E. A. Lawrence.
Croydon, South	,, A.Mackennal,B.A.	,, T. Gasquoine, B.A.
Croydon, Thornton Heath	,, T. Gasquoine, B.A.	,, J. Johns, B.A.
Croydon, Trinity Church	,, Herbert Arnold	,, Herbert Arnold
Croydon, West	,, J. Legge, M.A.	,, J. Legge, M.A.
Dalston, Middleton-road.	,, H. E. Arkell.	,, J. Sellicks.
Dalston, Pownall-road	,, F. Tarras.	,, F. Tarras.
Deptford, High-street	,, W. Courtnall.	,, W. A. Wrigley.

DULWICH, East Barry-road	REV. F. E. ANTHONY, M.A	REV. F. E. ANTHONY, M.A.
DULWICH, WEST	„ C. R. GARDNER.	„ M. LUCAS.
DULWICH-GROVE	„ R. LAVER.	„ T. W. PINN, M.A.
EALING (May 20)	„ T. BRYSON.	„ T. BRYSON.
EDMONTON AND TOTTENHAM	„ A. HALL.	„ A. HALL.
EDMONTON, Lower	„ G. S. CURRYER.	„ G. S. CURRYER.
EGHAM	„ J. T. SHAWCROSS.	„ J. T. SHAWCROSS.
ELTHAM	„ J. YONGE.	„ J. YONGE.
ENFIELD, Baker-st. (May 20)	„ J. L. GREEN.	„ J L. GREEN.
ENFIELD, Christ Church	„ D. ANTHONY, B.A.	„ D. ANTHONY, B.A.
ERITH	„ J. SIBREE.	„ J. SIBREE.
FINCHLEY, East (May 20)	„ E. A. LAWRENCE.	„ E. A. LAWRENCE.
FINCHLEY, North	„ R. BRUCE, M.A., D.D.	„ T. HILL.
FINSBURY PARK, Seven Sisters'-road	„ T. GREEN, M.A.	„ J. BAINTON.
FOREST GATE	„ M. LUCAS.	„ F. KNOWLES.
FOREST HILL	„ S. HESTER.	„ S. HESTER.
GOSPEL OAK	„ J. A. HOULDER.	„ T. GREEN, M.A.
GRAVESEND, Princes-street	„ T. MANN.	„ H. HARRIES, M.A.
GRAVESEND, United Children's Service (Afternoon)	„ T. MANN.	
GRAVESEND, Milton Mount	„ H. HARRIES, M.A.	„ T. MANN.
GREENWICH, Maize-hill	„ J. LEWIS.	„ M. E. SMIT.
GREENWICH-ROAD Tabernacle	„ M. E. SMIT.	„ J. LEWIS.
HACKNEY, Old Gravel Pit	„ J. DE K. WILLIAMS	„ J. DE K. WILLIAMS.
HACKNEY, Cambridge Heath	„ T. REES, D.D.	„ S. B. HANDLEY.
HACKNEY, Morley Hall (Aft. S.)	„ EVAN BRYANT.	
HACKNEY-ROAD, Adelphi	„ J. H. SNELL.	„ J. H. SNELL.
HAMMERSMITH, Broadway	„ A. F. JOSCELYNE, B.A.	„ J. D. HEPBURN.
HAMMERSMITH, Albion, Dalling-road	„ J. D. HEPBURN.	„ A. F. JOSCELYNE, B.A
HAMPSTEAD, Willoughby-rd	„ J. KENNEDY, D.D.	„ J. KENNEDY, D.D.
HAMPTON, NEW	„ F. BECKLEY.	„ F. BECKLEY.
HANWELL UNION	„ W. M. ARTHUR, M A	„ W. M. ARTHUR, M.A.
HAVERSTOCK HILL (May 20th)	„ T. BROCKWAY.	„ J. NUNN.
HENLEY-ON-THAMES (20th)	„ S. MATEER.	„ S. MATEER.
HERTFORD	„ P. WARD.	„ P. WARD.
HERSHAM	„ T. LORD.	„ T. LORD.
HIGHBURY QUADRANT	„ LL. D. BEVAN, D.D.	„ LL. D. BEVAN, D.D.
HIGHGATE, South-grove	„ E. R. CONDER, M.A., [D.D.	„ R. BRUCE, M.A. D.D.
HOLLOWAY, Camden-road (May 20th)	„ MARK WILKS.	„ MARK WILKS.
HOLLOWAY, Upper, Junction-road	„ W. J. CRAIG.	„ E. R. CONDER, D.D.
HOUNSLOW	„ E. PRICE.	„ E. PRICE.
INGRESS VALE (May 20th)	„ G. SHREWSBURY.	„ G. SHREWSBURY.
ISLINGTON, Arundel-square	„ E. J. DUKES.	„ E. J. DUKES.
ISLINGTON, Barnsbury	„ J. ELLIS.	„ J. ELLIS.
ISLINGTON, Caledonian-road (27th)	„ R. RICARDS.	„ R. RICARDS.
ISLINGTON, Britannia-row	„ M. SMITH.	„ M. SMITH.
ISLINGTON, Hare-court	„ J. HUNTER.	„ D. BLOOMFIELD JAMES
ISLINGTON, Offord-road	„ C. N. BARHAM.	„ J. BROWNE, B.A.
ISLINGTON, River-street	„ JOSEPH SHAW.	„ W. ROSEMAN.
ISLINGTON, Union Church	„ R. W. DALE, M.A. LL.D.	„ J. M. GIBSON, M.A., DD.
ISLINGTON, Upper-street	„ G. B. JOHNSON.	„ W. A. BLAKE.
KENNINGTON, Esher-street	„ R. BEST.	„ J. BEDELL.
KENSINGTON (May 6th)	„ C. B. SYMES, B.A.	„ G. S. BARRETT, B.A.

Kensington North, Golbourne-road	Rev. H. R. Davis.	Rev. S. E. Dodge.
Kent-road, Old, Marlborough (May 20th)	,, W. A. Essery.	,, T. Brockway.
Kentish Town	,, James Thomas.	,, James Thomas.
Kentish Town, St. Paul's, Hawley-road (May 20th)	,, E. White.	,, E. White.
Kilburn, Greville-place	,, P. W. Darnton, B.A.	,, J. B. Walton, LL.B.
Kingsland	,, W. Tritton.	,, S. W. McAll, M.A.
Kingston	,, W. Clarkson, B.A.	,, W. Clarkson, B.A.
Kingston (After'n, May 20th)	,, G. Drummond.	
Lambeth, York-road	,, J. Wayman.	,, J. M. Gibbon.
Lambeth, York-rd. (after'n).	,, G. Drummond.	
Lee, Burnt Ash	,, J. A. Mitchell, BA	,, J. A. Mitchell, BA.
Lewisham	,, J. Morlais Jones	,, J. Morlais Jones.
Lewisham High-road	,, A. Thomson, D.D.	,, R. Balgarnie.
Leyton	,, J. Hoatson.	,, J. Hoatson.
Leytonstone	,, H. Tarrant.	,, G. J. Allen, B.A.
Limehouse, Coverdale	,, G. J. Allen, B A.	,, F. Hall.
Maldon, New (May 6th).	,, C. F. W. Wood, M.A	,, C. F. W. Wood, M.A.
Merton, Morden-road (20th)	,, B. Crowther.	,, B. Crowther.
Mile End New Town, Trinity	,, W. Tyler	,, R. T. Thomas.
Mill Hill	,, R. A. Johnson, B.A.	,, R. A. Johnson, B.A
Mitcham	,, B. Tonkin.	,, B. Tonkin.
New North Road, Barbican	,, J. Sellicks.	,, J. Gregory.
Northfleet	,, T. Davey.	,, T. Davey.
Norwood, Lower	,, J. Johns, B.A.	,, G. Colborne, PH.D
Norwood, Selhurst-rd.	,, T. Bryson.	,, T. Bryson.
Norwood, South	,, M. Timson.	,, J. Gilmour, M.A.
Norwood, Upper	,, J. Gilmour, M.A.	,, A. Mackennal, B.A.
Notting Hill, Horbury	,, J. Williamson, M.A.	,, P. W. Darnton, B.A.
Notting Hill, Lancaster-rd.	,, J. S. Russell, M.A.	,, J. Kennedy, M.A.
Paddington Chapel	,, T. G. Horton.	,, J. Rutty.
Peckham, Hanover Ch. (20th)	,, E. A. Wareham.	,, E. A. Wareham.
Peckham ,, (Afternoon)	,, E. A. Wareham.	
Peckham, Asylum-road	,, H. J. Perkins.	,, H. J. Perkins.
Peckham Rye, Linden-grove	,, J. Bedell.	,, R. Best.
Pentonville, Claremont	,, S. W. McAll, M.A.	,, W. Tritton.
Pentonville Road Ch.	,, W. Le Pla.	,, W. Le Pla.
Pimlico, Eccleston-square	,, J. M. Blackie, LL B.	,, H. Batchelor.
Pimlico, ,, (Afternoon)	,, J. L. Green.	
Plaistow	,, R. Partner.	,, R. Partner.
Ponders End	,, J. W. Marshall.	,, J. W. Marshall.
Poplar, Trinity	,, Stanley Rogers.	,, E. A. Wareham.
Putney, Oxford Road	,, Stephen Todd.	,, Stephen Todd.
Redhill	,, J. Menzies.	,, J. Menzies.
Reigate	,, J. W. Paull, M.A.	,, J. W. Paull, M.A.
Richmond	,, G. S. Ingram.	,, G. S. Ingram.
Romford	,, J. Dickerson Davies, M.A.	,, J. Dickerson Davies, M.A.
St. George's-in-the-East	,, B. Sackett.	,, B. Sackett.
St. John's Wood-terrace	,, J. Browne, B.A.	,, J. Chater.
St. John's Wood, New Col. Ch.	,, J. Chater.	,, J. Bartlett.
St. Mary Cray	,, Robert Robinson.	,, Robert Robinson.
Sevenoaks (May 20th)	,, J. McKenzie.	,, J. McKenzie.
Sheen Vale, Mortlake	,, C. Williams.	,, C. Williams.
Sidcup	,, W. Edmondson.	,, W. Edmondson.

SOUTHGATE ROAD	REV. W. ROSEMAN.	REV. JOSEPH SHAW.
SOUTHGATE	,, E. WALKER.	,, E. WALKER.
SOUTHWARK, Pilgrim Fathers	,, LLOYD HARRIS.	,, C. N. BARHAM.
STAINES	,, H. DEVEREGOOKEY.	,, H. DEVEREGOOKEY.
STAMFORD HILL	,, A. HOLBORN, M.A.	,, H. TARRANT.
STEPNEY MEETING HOUSE .	,, THOMAS ROGERS.	,, J. SIBREE, F.R. G.S.
,, Burdett-road . .	,, J. GREGORY.	,, THOMAS ROGERS.
,, Latimer	,, T. TOWNSEND.	,, E. STORROW.
,, Wycliffe	,, J. SAUNDERS, B.A.	,, J. SAUNDERS, B.A.
STOCKWELL ROAD	,, C. TAYLOR.	,, C. TAYLOR.
STOKE NEWINGTON, Abney .	,, T. HAINES.	,, W. LEWIS.
STOKE NEWINGTON, Raleigh Memorial	,, W. LEWIS.	,, J. JOHNSTON.
STOKE NEWINGTON, Rectory Road	,, E. STORROW.	,, T. TOWNSEND.
STRATFORD	,, J. SIBREE, F.R G.S.	,, STANLEY ROGERS.
STREATHAM HILL (May 20th)	,, J. K. MACKENZIE, [M.R C.S.	,, J. D. HEPBURN.
SURBITON PARK CHURCH (April 29th).	,, J. D. HEPBURN.	,, J. D. HEPBURN.
SUTTON	,, R. M. DAVIES.	,, R. M. DAVIES.
SYDENHAM.	,, J. BARTLETT.	,, J. P. WILSON.
THAMES DITTON (May 20th)		,, G. DRUMMOND.
TOLLINGTON PARK, New Court	,, J. OSSIAN DAVIES.	,, J. OSSIAN DAVIES.
TOLMER'S SQUARE, Hampstead-road (May 20th) . .	,, J. GILMOUR, M.A.	,, J. GILMOUR, M.A.
TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD .	,, J. JACKSON WRAY.	,, J. JACKSON WRAY.
TOTTENHAM HIGH CROSS .	,, T. W. PINN, M.A.	,, S. PARKINSON.
TOTTERIDGE	,, A. T. SAVILLE.	,, A. T. SAVILLE.
TURNHAM GREEN	,, T. MIRAMS.	,, T. MIRAMS.
TWICKENHAM.	,, T. E. M. EDWARDS.	,, T. E. M. EDWARDS.
UPTON, Romford Road . .	,, W. J. COX.	,, W. J. COX.
UXBRIDGE, Providence Ch. .	,, T. MCDOUGALL MUNDLE.	,, T. MCDOUGALL MUNDLE.
VICTORIA PARK, Approach-rd.	,, A. MCAUSLANE, D.D.	,, A. MCAUSLANE, D.D.
WALTHAMSTOW, Marsh-street	,, F. HALL.	,, A. W. JOHNSON.
WALTHAMSTOW, Trinity . .	,, J. W. ELLIS.	,, J. W. ELLIS.
WALTHAMSTOW, Wood-street	,, G. S. SMITH.	,, H. PEPPER.
WALWORTH, Sutherland . .	,, W. J. ANDREW.	,, W. MOODY BLAKE.
WALWORTH, York-street (20th)	,, P. J. TURQUAND.	,, T. HAINES.
WALWORTH, ditto, Afternoon (20th)	,, T. HAINES.	
WANDSWORTH, East-hill . .	,, D. BLOOMFIELD JAMES.	,, W. GRIFFITHS.
WANSTEAD.	,, J. WAITE, B.A.	,, J. WAITE, B.A.
WARDOUR-STREET, Soho . .	,, J. FISHER.	,, J. FISHER.
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE-ROAD, Christ Church (May 20th).	,, NEWMAN HALL LL.B.	,, NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.
WESTMINSTER, James-street	,, A. H. BYLES, B.A.	,, J. M. BLACKIE, LL.B.
WESTMINSTER, do, Afternoon	,, T. HAINES.	
WHITECHAPEL-ROAD, Sion .	,, J. THOMAS, B.A.	,, J. G. JUKES.
WIMBLEDON	,, F. CARTER.	,, F. CARTER.
WINCHMORE HILL	,, J. A. T. SKINNER, B.A.	,, J. A. T. SKINNER, B.A.
WOODFORD	,, T. BROCKWAY.	,, T. BROCKWAY.
WOODFORD, George-lane . .	,, W. P. IRVING, B.SC.	,, S. B. DRIVER.
WOODFORD, Union Church .	,, H. PEPPER.	,, G. S. SMITH.
WOOD GREEN	,, R. RICARDS.	,, R. RICARDS.
WOOLWICH, Rectory-place .	,, W. MOODY BLAKE.	,, H. W. GRAINGE.

X.—New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 14th April, 1883.

London.

T. R. Allan, Esq.	1	0	0
Anerley, Congregational Ch.	6	17	6
Barnsbury Chapel	3	16	2
Clapham Auxiliary	32	3	4
Crouch End Auxiliary	20	12	9
Croydon, Selhurst Road	2	14	10
Greville Place Ch.	2	0	0
Hammersmith, Broadway	1	9	4
Harley Street, Bow	11	10	6
Hendon Auxiliary	3	1	2
Kensington (additional)	3	3	0
Lancaster Road	3	6	0
Orange Street	1	1	0
Rectory Road	2	10	0
Surbiton Park	6	4	5
Tottenham, High Cross Ch.	3	7	0
Trevor Church	4	12	6
Weigh House Chapel	10	12	1
York Road Ch.	3	17	10

Country.

Abergavenny	2	2	10
Alresford	2	2	3
Annan	3	7	8
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	0	15	6
Ashford	2	15	0
Ashwell	3	12	9
Auckland, N. Z., Beresford Street	5	8	3
Bideford	2	2	0
Bolton, St. George's Road	5	13	1
" Mawdsley Street	4	0	0
Brampton	1	13	2
Brigg	1	6	1
Brisbane, Wharf Street Ch.	5	2	6
Bristol Auxiliary—			
Tabernacle	2	4	0
Stapleton Road	5	3	3
Hope Ch.	3	0	0
Weston-super-Mare	4	1	11
Buntingford	1	3	7
Buxton	0	18	6
Cannington	0	12	0
Canterbury, Guildhall Street	2	2	0
" Watling Street	5	5	0
Castle Comer	6	0	0
Chard	2	14	7
Chinley	1	4	3
Christchurch Auxiliary	3	0	0
Burton Green	0	6	6
Cranemoor	0	5	0
Crediton	1	0	0
Dartmouth	1	1	0
Devizes Auxiliary	1	15	0
Devonport, Princes Street	3	10	0
" Mrs. Bourne	0	10	0
Dover, Russell St., Miss Woodruff	0	5	0
Driffield	2	13	7
Dublin, York Street	5	0	0
Eastbourne, S. Hall, Esq.	0	10	6
Fakenham	1	0	0
Falfield	0	10	6
Faringdon	1	4	0
Finchingfield	2	0	0
Foulmere and Thriplow	1	1	0
Gravesend, Princes Street	5	0	0
Halifax Auxiliary—			
Eastwood	0	10	0
Holywell Green	2	10	0
Halstead	2	16	0
Herne Bay	2	0	0
Hinckley	2	10	0
Horsham	2	0	0
Hull, Wycliffe Ch.	10	0	0
Huntingdonshire Auxiliary—			
Moieties of			
Bluntisham	2	8	6
Dean	1	0	0
Godmanchester	0	16	6
Huntingdon	3	16	8
Brampton	0	5	0
Buckden	0	12	0
Stukeley	0	4	0
Kimbolton	0	15	6
Offord	0	8	6
Ramsey, Gt. Whyte	1	1	0
St. Ives	2	0	0
St. Neots	0	7	6
Woodhurst	0	7	0
Yelling	0	11	10
Hyde, Zion Ch.	2	0	0
Ilfracombe	1	0	0
Ingress Vale	0	17	0
Kimberworth	0	7	6
Knowle Green	0	13	3
Leatherhead—1882	2	4	6
" 1883	1	16	3
Leeds Auxiliary—			
United Communion	13	19	1
Beeston Hill	2	0	0
Belgrave Church	3	3	0
Bethel Ch., Wortley	0	16	0
East Parade	25	0	0
Headingley Hill	6	3	8
" Kirkstall	0	6	3
" Nother Green	0	7	2
Marshall Street	1	1	0
Queen Street	14	12	0
Salem Chapel	3	13	0
Morley, Rehoboth Ch.	4	18	2
Leicestershire and Rutland Aux.—			
Hallaton	3	0	0
Oakham	1	0	0
Theddingworth	4	9	1
Leicester—			
Bond Street	7	10	0
Gallowtreegate	8	0	0
London Road	4	3	10
Oxford Street	3	3	0
Wycliffe Ch.	3	3	0
Lenham	0	10	0
Liverpool—			
Crescent Ch.	7	4	3
Brownlow Hill Ch.	1	10	7
Toxteth Ch.	1	18	0
Wavertree Ch.	10	8	7
Bootle, Emmanuel Ch.	10	0	0
Long Ashton	1	0	0
Maidenhead Auxiliary	5	17	0
Maidstone, Week Street	2	0	0
Maldon	9	7	8
Manchester, Park Ch., Cheetham	1	14	4
Manchester and Salford Auxiliary—			
Swinton, Trinity Ch.	1	10	0
Broughton Ch.	2	10	0
Wilmslow	6	8	1
Marden	0	14	1
Margate Auxiliary	3	7	9
Marlborough	1	10	0
Melbourn	1	12	0
Middlesborough, Queen's Ter. Ch.	2	0	0
Middlewich	2	0	0
Minshull Vernon, Cross Lanes Ch.	1	5	0
Newbury	6	6	0
Newport (Essex)	1	16	0
Newport (Salop)	2	0	0
Newton-le-Willows	3	3	0

Nottinghamshire Auxiliary—			
J. Langham, Esq.	3	3	0
Friar Lane Ch.	4	0	0
Albion Church	1	0	0
Addison Street	2	8	1
Park Hill Church	1	18	6
St. Ann's Well Road	1	9	10
Castle Gate Church	10	9	4
Okehampton	1	14	0
Oldham Auxiliary—			
Greenacres	3	0	0
Waterhead	2	10	0
Over	1	1	0
Peterborough, Trinity Ch.	4	18	9
Portland	1	0	0
Ringwood	1	10	0
Romsey	5	12	9
Rotherham Auxiliary—			
Masbro' Ch.	6	8	5
Royston, Kneesworth Street	1	13	2
Runcorn, Bethesda Church	2	0	0
Ryton-on-Tyne	3	8	0
Saffron Walden	2	10	0
Sawbridgeworth	2	4	9
Selby	1	0	0
Shanklin	0	18	9
Sheffield, Brightside Ch.	0	17	7
Shepton Mallet, Independent Ch.	2	0	0
Sherborne	2	2	0
Shrewsbury, Abbey Foregate Ch.	7	7	0
Slough	4	6	0
Southampton, Albion Ch.	5	0	0
,, Above Bar	6	0	0
South Molton	1	0	0
Spalding (moiety)	3	2	0
Stanstead	1	9	9
Staplehurst	3	5	6
Stonehouse	1	11	6
Stratford-on-Avon	2	3	3
Sutton Valence	0	13	6
Tavistock	3	0	0
Thornbury	1	8	7
Tyne Dock	0	12	6
Ulverston	1	0	0
Uxbridge, Old Meeting House	3	0	0
Ware, Church Street	1	10	0
Widford Church	0	7	0
West Bromwich, Mayer's Green Ch.	6	5	3
Westbury-on-Severn	0	15	0
Whitby, Westcliff Ch.	3	14	6
Wigan, Hope Ch.	3	0	0
,, St. Paul's Ch.	2	10	0
Winchester	1	5	10
Wingham	1	10	3
Witham, R. W. Dixon, Esq.	0	10	0
Wooburn, Cores End Ch.	1	1	0
Yeovil	3	0	0

XI.—Contributions.

From February 11th to March 10th, 1883.

LONDON.

Legacy of the late Mrs. Mary Stuckey, of Camberwell	50	0	0
Readers of the *Christian*, per Messrs. Morgan & Scott	22	18	6
Do., for South Africa	0	10	0
Do., for Central Africa	1	0	0
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0
Isaac Braithwaite, Esq., for Madagascar	10	0	0
The late Mrs. H. Langton, Streatham, for N. T. John Stevenson, Bellary	10	0	0
Mrs. Sard	10	0	0
Collected in Norwood by Miss Scott for Female Missions	7	8	0
Henry Tubby, Esq.	5	0	0
T. R. Allan, Esq.	5	0	0
W. Peterson, Esq., for Female Missions	5	0	0
Miss Sarah C. Bennett	5	0	0
Mrs. Jonathan Gray, per do.	3	0	0
"X.Y.Z."	5	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Dyer	3	0	0
Mrs. B. W. Chandler (3 yrs.)	2	2	0
E. M. Weston, Esq.	2	2	0
Mrs. Robert Dawson, per Miss Stoughton, for Female Missions	2	0	0
Wm. Stobart, Esq.	2	0	0
Mary Stanley	2	0	0
Mrs. Maynard	1	1	0
Mr. Mackay	1	1	0
"E. R."	1	0	0
Mrs. Nash	1	0	0
Miss Adam	1	0	0
Miss Theobald	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Briggs	0	10	6
Mrs. Stronach	0	10	0
Asylum Road, Peckham	2	15	0
Bedford Chapel	1	5	0
Belvedere	3	10	0
Bethnal Green Road. Aux.	6	12	0
Blackheath. "B."	25	0	0
Borough Road	2	2	0
Brentford. Aux.	5	11	8
Buckhurst Hill. For Native Teacher	12	0	0
Buckingham Chapel	0	17	9
Camberwell. Aux.	73	4	0
Camberwell New Road	2	17	6
Christ Ch., Westminster—			
For Jas. Sherman	10	0	0
For Native Child, Pareychaley	2	10	0
Clapham. Aux.	51	13	9
Clapton, Upper. Ladies' Aux.	47	4	6
Claremont Chapel	5	16	6
Craven Chapel. Ladies' Aux.	20	6	0
Craven Hill Chapel	14	12	3
Crouch End—			
Aux.	134	16	9
Rev. N. Hurry	3	3	0
Mrs. Hurry, for Female Missions	2	2	0
Croydon—			
Mrs. Bilbrough	1	0	0
Friends, per Mrs. R. Gray	3	7	0
Croydon, West	26	0	0
Dalston. Middleton Road, collected by Miss Chapman	3	3	0
Ealing—			
Aux.	49	4	0
For Female Missions	1	10	0
Eccleston Square	70	0	0
Erith. Avenue Church Aux.	5	1	0
Finchley, East	13	9	7
Finchley, North	17	9	6
Forest Hill. Trinity Ch.	13	4	0
Hammersmith. Broadway	20	12	8
Hampstead. Heath St.	43	15	8
Hampton. Rev. R. P. Erlebach	2	0	0
Hanwell	1	4	0

Morley Street, Bow	17	6	8
Mendon	20	0	6
Mennerton. Busy Bee Band	3	11	3
Merbury Chapel	96	10	3
Horseldown. Union Chapel	11	7	10
Hounslow. Mrs. Frances Mismile	1	0	0
Islington. Britannia Row Ch., for N. T., care of Rev. A. S. Hucket	1	0	0
Jamaica Row	15	3	2
Kensington. Aux.	363	18	9
Kentish Town. St. Paul's Chapel	10	19	6
Lee	6	6	0
Lewisham High Road—			
Ladies' Aux.	41	8	0
Rev. R. Robinson	2	0	0
Miss Robinson	1	0	0
Maberly Chapel	2	10	0
Mile End New Town	13	8	9
Mill Hill. Mr. W. C. Warman	1	0	0
New College Chapel	43	3	6
Norwood. Newtown	2	6	6
Norwood, South	8	13	0
Norwood, Upper. Aux., for Zenana Missions	20	16	0
Oaklands Ch.	2	10	0
Orange Street	12	18	7
Paddington Chapel	84	3	3
Pondors End	11	1	6
Putney—			
Union Ch.	42	12	6
Miss Spicer	3	0	0
Richmond	6	5	0
St. Paul's Young Men's Aux.	8	4	6
Stamford Hill. Rev. R. W. Thompson	2	0	0
Stepney Meeting	30	11	2
Streatham Hill	28	2	6
Surbiton	23	13	8
Rev. J. R. Tunmer	5	5	0
Sutton—			
Mrs. J. H. Townend	2	2	0
Mrs. T. D. Collins	1	1	0
Sydenham. Church in the Grove	9	5	0
Thornton Heath. Rev. J. G. Stevenson	2	2	0
Tollington Park. New Court Ch.	20	5	4
Trevor Chapel. Collected by Mrs. Lessel, for Shewanipore School	7	9	6
Walthamstow—			
March Street	8	0	0
Wood Street	14	19	1
Wandsworth	36	7	2
Weigh House Chapel	23	10	7
West Brompton. Edith Grove	3	3	0
Westminster Chapel	99	6	10
York Road	15	0	0
Correction.			
Allan Wyon, Esq., F.R.G.S.	10	10	0
COUNTRY.			
Abertillery. Tabernacle	2	12	1
Abingdon	12	0	10
Alfriston	3	6	4
Alresford	25	7	7
Altrincham. Mrs. Ann Gandy	20	0	0
Ashbourne. Sion Ch.	3	3	9
Ashburton	10	18	10
Ashton-under-Lyne. G. W. Harrison, Esq., for Normal College, care of J. Richardson	8	8	0
Ashwell. Cong. Ch.	16	0	9
Aylesbury. Aux.	21	6	11
Barnard Castle. Aux.	11	17	2
Barnet, New—			
Mrs. Saddington	2	2	0
Mrs. Chapman	0	10	0
Barnstaple. Aux., for Zenana Missions	55	0	0
Barton-on-Humber	2	7	6
Basingbourn District	4	10	4
Bath. Aux.—			
Vineyards Ch.	10	9	5
Legacy of the late Dr. Bell	450	0	0
Batley	15	9	8
Beaminster	6	9	0
Beccles	25	10	3
Bell's Eaw Green	0	16	1
Bicester. Aux.	5	5	8
Bideford. Aux.	24	17	2
Bishop's Waltham	3	8	4
Blandford	9	1	8
Bolton and Farnworth. Aux.	9	15	10
Bournemouth—			
Aux.	41	15	2
East Cliff Ch.	17	14	0
Bradford—			
Aux.	341	11	6
Grassington, J. M. Calvert, Esq.	10	0	0
Brampton	4	13	1
Brandeston	5	3	0
Bridgwater. Aux.	33	18	9
Bridport	13	11	6
Brighton—			
Aux., Legacy of the late Mrs. Jane Davis Wallis	90	0	0
Clifton Road Ch.	102	4	8
Bristol—			
Aux.	93	16	0
W. Sommerville, Esq.	100	0	0
Mrs. Field	1	1	0
Broadway	2	15	9
Broughton. Per Rev. B. Le Mare	1	0	0
Burton. Cong. Ch.	3	13	0
Buntingford	10	5	6
Burgess Hill	20	18	5
Buxton	14	10	0
Cannington	3	15	4
Canterbury—			
Guildhall Street	20	17	6
Watling Street	31	6	9
Carlisle. Lowther St.	1	1	0
Corne Abbas and Castle Hill	3	10	8
Chard. Aux.	25	4	3
Chester. Aux.	17	16	0
Chesterfield. Soresby St.	5	1	7
Chinley	3	4	9
Chippenham. Tabernacle	15	4	0
Chorley. Aux.	20	10	0
Christchurch (Hants)	39	1	0
Cleveland—			
District Aux.	10	16	7
Great Ayton	1	18	6
Clitheroe	6	10	0
Colyton	0	10	0
Cotherstone	1	16	7
Crondall	0	8	0
Darlington. F. Raine, Esq.	2	2	0
Dartmouth. Aux.	17	13	0
Deal. Aux.	16	13	5
Denton	1	10	0
Derby. Aux.—			
Fritchley	3	11	6
Miss S. A. Challenor	3	0	0
Miss Helen Challenor	20	0	0
Devizes. Aux.	5	7	1
Diss. Mr. and Mrs. Humphries	0	12	6
Doncaster. Aux.	15	0	0
Dorchester	9	13	6
Dover. Russell Street	35	16	0
East Bergholt	2	17	0
Ebbw Vale. Saron Church	21	0	0

Eastbourne. Samuel Hall, Esq.	1	1	0
Ewell. Aux.	2	0	0
Fakenham	6	14	0
Falfield	11	1	3
Fareham	25	11	2
Faringdon. Aux.	22	19	7
Folkestone	31	9	6
Fordham	1	13	6
Foulmere and Thriplow	26	14	4
Fritwell—			
Collected by Mrs. Cox	0	7	0
Joshua Cox, Esq., Canterbury	1	1	0
Glastonbury	9	16	6
Gravesend. Rev. W. Ebbs, Perry Street	1	12	0
Great Marlow. Miss Patrickson (box)	1	6	0
Grimsby. Mr. J. R. Sawtell	0	2	6
Guernsey. Aux.	30	0	0
Hadnall and Clive	3	3	0
Halifax. Aux.	267	13	1
Halstead. New Cong. Ch.	7	7	7
Harrogate. The Misses Shutt	1	10	0
Hartlepool. Cong. Ch.	32	4	6
Hastings. Aux.—			
Croft Church	34	9	4
Robertson Street	122	11	6
St. Leonards	15	8	0
Miss M. W. Sylvester's Bible Class	10	0	0
Heaton Mersey. Per Rev. E. Le Mare	1	6	11
Henstridge	6	11	0
Hereford. Bignbrook Church	23	12	8
Herne Bay	20	7	8
Hitchin	24	10	9
Holybourne—			
Miss Tompkins	2	2	0
Do., for India	1	1	0
Horsham	17	11	4
Howden. T. B. Smith, Esq., for Hindoo Native Teacher	10	0	0
Huddersfield. District Aux.	91	8	3
Hull and East Riding. Aux.	449	12	0
Hungerford	1	14	6
Huntingdonshire. Aux.	57	4	9
Hyde. Zion Chapel	14	15	0
Ilfracombe	26	7	6
Ilminster	4	1	3
Ingress Vale. Aux.	5	9	7
Ipswich—			
Jeremiah Byles, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. Byles	25	0	0
Mrs. Reeve	50	0	0
Kenilworth. Abbey Hill Church	12	16	7
Keston	7	0	0
Keswick	5	3	2
Kettering	35	6	9
Kimberworth	1	10	0
Kingsbridge	26	2	5
Lancashire, West. Aux.	180	0	0
Langford and Filkins	1	18	0
Leamington. Clemens Street	2	11	0
Leatherhead	4	2	0
Leeds. Aux.	484	18	0
Ledbury	2	10	0
Leicestershire and Rutland. Aux.	45	5	1
Leintwardine	2	3	0
Leiston. Cong. Ch.	1	8	0
Lenham. Cong. Ch.	8	12	9
Lewes. Tabernacle	50	1	8
Lincoln. Aux.—			
Mr. Ruston	100	0	0
Miss Codd's Missionary Box	0	15	0
Liverpool—			
Park Road Welsh Ch.	13	12	4
Netherfield Road South Welsh Tabernacle	29	1	0
Ladies' Aux., for Female Missions	5	13	0
Longton. Caroline St.	4	13	2
Luton. Union Ch. (moiety)	16	18	7
Lytham. Aux.	18	17	6
Maidenhead. Aux.	33	18	9
Maidstone. Aux.	30	18	4
Maldon	26	12	2
Manchester and Salford. Aux.—			
General	130	0	0
Widows' Fund (see special list)	10	9	1
Lees Street Cong. Ch., Openshaw	0	15	0
Stockport Road Ch.	0	11	6
March	4	7	0
Marden	4	8	1
Margate. Aux.	36	6	7
Market Harboro'. Aux.	36	4	1
Marlborough. Aux.	10	1	10
Marlock	7	1	2
Melbourn (Cambs)	24	15	9
Middlewich	34	18	8
Milton-next-Gravesend	10	0	0
Minshull Vernon. Cross Lanes Ch.	13	13	1
Newbury. Aux.	62	15	9
Newcastle-on-Tyne. Aux.	136	1	6
Newport (Salop)	21	6	0
Newport (Mon.). Ladies' Aux., for Female Missions	45	0	0
New Shildon. Cong. Ch.	1	11	6
Newton Abbot	7	8	7
Normanton	2	15	0
Northam, near Bideford. R. Craigie, Esq.	1	10	0
Northfleet	3	16	2
Northwich	31	9	8
Nottingham. Aux.	86	15	3
Oakhill	30	19	8
Okehampton	13	8	0
Oldham. Aux.	186	17	2
Ollerton & Wistanswick	5	15	2
Olney. Salem Chapel	11	15	0
Oundle. Collected by Miss G. F. Dunning	5	14	0
Over	14	10	10

(*Remainder of List next month.*)

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the Rev. Robert Robinson, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

London: Alexander & Shepheard, Printers, Lonsdale Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE CHRONICLE
OF THE
London Missionary Society.

I.—Anniversary of the London Missionary Society.

IT is again our privilege to furnish a record of the public services connected with the completion of the Society's labours for another year—the EIGHTY-NINTH of its existence. To the expression of gratitude to God for the blessing which has attended those labours, the Directors would add their warmest acknowledgments for the continued support which has been accorded to the Society by its friends throughout the country, as shown not only in their liberal contributions, but in the prayerful interest evoked by the anniversary gatherings.

On the morning of MONDAY, May 7th, a prayer-meeting was held in the BOARD ROOM of the Mission House, Blomfield Street, when the Rev. T. Brockway, missionary from Madagascar, delivered an address. In the afternoon of the same day the annual meeting of Directors was held, at which there was a large attendance.

On the morning of WEDNESDAY, May 9th, a sermon was preached in the CITY TEMPLE, Holborn Viaduct, by the REV. EBENEZER E. JENKINS, M.A., ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, from John vi. 66-69. The Rev. John Williamson, M.A., of Lincoln, read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and the Rev. Robert Robinson, Home Secretary, announced the hymns. In the evening the REV. LL. D. BEVAN, D.D., of Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, preached in WESTMINSTER CHAPEL, to young men and others, from Col. i. 5, 6. The Rev. John Pate, of Leeds, read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and the Rev. Edward H. Jones, Deputation Secretary, announced the hymns.

On LORD'S DAY, May 13th, sermons on behalf of the Society were preached in most of the metropolitan and suburban chapels.

ANNUAL MEETING IN EXETER HALL.

The Annual Meeting of this Society was held on Thursday morning, May 10th, in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. There was a very large attendance, the hall being well filled in every part.

The proceedings were opened by the singing of the hymn—

Assembled at Thy great command,
Here, in Thy presence, Lord, we stand.

The Rev. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, B.A., of Bowdon, offered prayer.

The Rev. J. O. WHITEHOUSE read extracts from the

ANNUAL REPORT.

ANOTHER year of Christian service has closed, and the Directors present to their constituents a report of their stewardship. Causes for grave anxiety have arisen, as the months rolled on, and some of those causes still burden their hearts. But they have also much reason for profound thankfulness and joy. The field now occupied for Christ by this Society is growing; the old limits are being passed, and new ground is being taken in for Christian culture. The missionary band has been largely recruited during the year, the native agency in the field is steadily advancing in number and efficiency, and the plans of work are being watchfully adapted to the changing circumstances of the people.

Large gifts have been laid upon the altar, from which outlay, both usual and extraordinary, has been met. No lack of candidates for mission service has been found, and thus vacancies have been filled up, and additions to the staff made.

But, above all this, the Directors rejoice that the rich blessing of the Divine Spirit has been graciously bestowed, and that thus, while there is much cause for sorrow at what man still is, there is also ground for gladness in the spiritual progress which the year shows. In view of such facts the Directors thank God and take courage. But they look for far greater things than these, and greater and marvellous things will be seen when the promised influence of the Spirit is poured out from on high. The Head of the Church cannot be satisfied with the present results of the travail of His soul; nor can His servants, loyal to their Leader, be satisfied. The Gospel is not behind the age; it still possesses its old spiritual power. There is much yet to be accomplished by it in the occupied fields, and much land yet to be redeemed from waste. The Directors, in view of these

facts, desire to respond to the high claims of Christ upon them, and to the claims of the heathen world for His sake, and would invite their friends to join them in a more full consecration to His service.

A statement of the funds which have been placed at the disposal of the Directors during the past year, is contained in the following balance-sheet :—

RECEIPTS.

1. Contributions for General Purposes—			
a. Subscriptions, Donations, and Collections . . .	£53,272 7 11		
Ditto, Colonial and Foreign Auxiliaries	1,827 3 9		
		£55,099 11 8	
b. Fund for Widows and Orphans and Retired Missionaries . . .		4,415 19 9	
c. Dividends		2,555 11 1	
d. Legacies		33,552 8 2	
e. Mission Stations, English and Native Contributions, raised and appropriated		14,694 18 6	
f. Ditto, additional from the South Seas, &c., unappropriated . .		2,860 18 2	£113,179 7 4
2. Contributions and Dividends for Special Objects—			
For Missions in—			
a. China		430 5 7	
b. India		395 11 6	
c. Madagascar		704 17 8	
d. Central Africa		1,039 18 1	
e. South Seas, New Guinea, &c. .		701 11 3	
f. Missionary Ships (New Year's Offering)		5,249 18 7	
g. Female Missions		3,056 9 0	
			11,578 11 8
Total Income			124,757 19 0
3. Balance from last Year			1,095 1 10
4. Sale of Property at Hankey, South Africa .			539 3 7
5. Withdrawn from Investment on Account of—			
Steamer for Central Africa			1,235 12 2
			£127,627 16 7

EXPENDITURE.

1. Payments by Treasurer in London .	106,853 19 7	
2. Raised and appropriated at the Mission Stations	14,694 18 6	
		121,548 18 1
3. Investments on account of—		
a. South African objects . . .	539 3 7	
b. Reserve Legacy Fund . . .	5,000 0 0	
		5,539 3 7
4. Balance in favour of the Society		539 14 11
		£127,627 16 7

Two features in this statement of account will be noted—first, the large amount received in legacies, and, next, the very heavy demand on the Society's resources during the year. Had it not been for the former, the latter could not have been met without leaving a very serious deficit. There were good and sufficient reasons for this outlay much of which will not recur for some years to come.

AGENCY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Directors have for some time experienced much anxiety on account of the serious failure of health of Mr. J. KEMP-WELCH, the much-valued Treasurer of the Society, who for several months has been laid aside from his accustomed active co-operation. While hoping for his restoration, they desire for him in his days of weakness, an abundant experience of "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

During the year the hand of death has been laid on several of the missionary circle who were connected with the work of the Society, either in former or recent years. Of those who had retired from active service and have entered into eternal rest is the Rev. EDWARD PORTER, who for thirty-three years took a very earnest and useful part in the Telugu missions of the Society in Southern India. He died in June. In July, Mrs. HENRY passed away in her eighty-sixth year. She was the widow of one of the first band of missionaries, who sailed for the South Seas in the *Duff* in 1796. The month of September saw the close of the long life of eighty-five years of Mrs. HOWE, who had shared with her late husband in the anxieties, perils, and restrictions connected with the high-handed procedure of the French in Tahiti in 1840 and onward.

Of missionaries in actual work two have been early lost to the Society and to the Church. In July the Rev. J. N. HOOKER, B.A., died at Coimbatoor, after only eighteen months' service. He was a very devoted missionary of great promise. In the same month the Central African mission sustained a very serious loss in the death, through an accident, of Dr. EBENEZER SOUTHON. Intense in energy and abundant in resources, he had produced a broad and deep impression in the new and difficult field among the Wanyamwezi in and around Urambo. In his last hours of extreme suffering he had the satisfaction of believing that he had laid a solid foundation on which others might build to the honour of his Divine Master.

The Directors, deeply sympathising with those who have thus been bereaved, regret to have to record the death of the wives of five of their missionary brethren—Mrs. MAWBEY, after eighteen years' connection with the work of the Society, first at Cuddapah, in Southern India, and subsequently at Hankow, in China; and Mrs. EMLYN, after fifteen years' service, by whose removal the Travancore mission, and especially the work at Pareychaley, have lost a true missionary in heart and life. Three others have been early taken away from the fields on which they had but recently entered, and where their presence and influence were only beginning to be felt—Mrs. CAPSEY, at Antananarivo; Mrs. NEWELL, of Savaii, in Samoa; and Mrs. COOPER, of Huahine, in the Society Islands.

The Directors have much pleasure in reporting that during the year vacancies have been filled up, and additions made to the staff of labourers in various fields by twenty-four new missionaries, five of whom are ladies. The total number of missionaries connected with the Society has thus been increased since the last anniversary from 156 to 166, of which number fifteen are ladies.

DEPUTATION VISITS.

From the time of the Foreign Secretary's entering upon the duties of his office, the Directors have had in view his visiting some of the principal fields occupied by the Society; in order that, by personal intercourse with the missionaries at their stations, by detailed information respecting the several fields, gained upon the spot, and by inspection of the work which is being carried on, not only by this, but by other societies, he might, with broader and more intimate knowledge, discharge his important official duties and aid the Directors in their efforts to carry out the gracious plans of the Divine Head of the Church, for the evangelisation of the world.

As, during the past year, circumstances appeared to be specially favourable for carrying out such a scheme, it was decided that he should leave England in September, and proceed first to India, thence to go on to China, and to return to England by way of South Africa, visiting in his course all the stations of the Society in these important missions.

As it was deemed very desirable, on many grounds, that Mr. Thompson should not go forth on this mission without a suitable colleague, the Directors urgently requested Mr. Albert Spicer, the

Chairman of the Board for the year, to be one of the Deputation, at least through India. With this request he very kindly complied, but he was obliged to limit that compliance to the Indian portion of the tour.

The visit of the Deputation to India has been carried out as arranged, and the Directors have had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Spicer on his return to England, and of expressing to him their high appreciation of the service which he has rendered. The Foreign Secretary is now in China, and thence will proceed to South Africa, as has been planned. The Directors would seek for him the Divine protection and guidance, through what may prove the most arduous part of his tour, and will hail his safe return with much pleasure, and with gratitude to God.

At the close of last year it was deemed advisable, by the Directors, that a Deputation should visit the West Indies to inquire into the circumstances of the native churches in British Guiana and Jamaica, which were founded by missionaries of the Society, but from which the Society, on the ground of its object and fundamental principle, have been for several years gradually withdrawing. At the urgent request of the Board, Mr. Alexander Hubbard, one of the Directors, very promptly and kindly consented to undertake this important duty, and left England to execute his mission in February last, proceeding first to British Guiana and thence to Jamaica. He was accompanied by the Rev. Philip Colborne, who was appointed by the Congregational Union of England and Wales to prosecute, on behalf of that institution, an inquiry, in most points agreeing with that which the Directors of this Society desired to be made. The return of the Deputation is now daily expected.

China.

Forty years ago, the Directors, few of whom now survive, were rejoicing over the partial removal of the barriers which closed the empire of China against Christian aggression, and the missionaries of the Society were about to meet in conference at Hong Kong to consider the use which should be made of the measure of access then accorded to them. To-day, the Christian Church has far greater reasons for rejoicing and gratitude, for, with very few exceptions, the whole land is open to soldiers of the Cross; and godly men, with loyalty to their Divine Leader, and patience, tact, and kindly

bearing, may freely deliver their high message of life. Now wide openings exist, and now the men and the money are needed to use promptly and vigorously the great opportunity. The labours in the past forty years have been blessed, and in various districts ground has been successfully occupied; and the progress made has been so sound and satisfactory that extension of the field has been, from time to time, urged upon the Directors by the missionary brethren. Thus it was planned that the province of Sz Chuen, far to the west of Hankow, should be entered and a beginning made at Chung-King. The men for the work have been appointed and sent out, but, through ill-health and death among some of the members of the Hankow mission, the execution of the plan has been for a time delayed.

Another extension has not only been contemplated, but is now being carried out. This advance is the result of success in the AMOY mission, with which the new field to the north-west of that station is connected. In 1844, soon after China was opened to Christian effort, a mission was commenced at Amoy, and, through the Divine blessing, it has been a very fruitful field. Thus, having faithful native pastors and preachers in and around Amoy, with Churches anxious to maintain purity of communion, liberal in the support of worship, and aggressive in spirit, the missionaries, obedient to their Divine commission, have looked on regions beyond for land to be possessed for Christ, and selected Leng-Yong, in the North River district, as probably the new centre, and here the Rev. C. Budd and Dr. Palmer are making preliminary arrangements for carrying on evangelistic and medical work. With devout thanksgiving the Directors learn from the Rev. J. Macgowan's report of the Amoy mission that the native churches hail with much joy and enthusiasm this extension of the field of operation.

With a view to extension when the way is open, the Rev. G. John in January last, in company with Mr. Archibald of the National Bible Society of Scotland, again visited the province of Hunan, to the south-west of Hankow. This province is still pervaded by the old conservative spirit, which prompts to a firm and even violent resistance to the entrance of foreigners into its cities. In this tour these friends were exposed to some danger from an excited mob, but they sustained no bodily harm. The spirit of the people, and also of the authorities,

was evidently such, however, as to indicate that advance is not at present practicable.

In various fields the missionaries, with the valuable aid of native agents, have been earnestly conducting the several branches of Christian effort with different measures of success, but all finding encouragement. Numerous are the plans adopted for drawing the attention of the people to the Gospel. In carrying out these plans very efficient help is often rendered by native Christians, some of whom show themselves to be men of rare devotion in the service of Christ. Mr. Griffith John, whose annual reports are always encouraging and stimulating, refers with grateful joy to a very remarkable man who has been indefatigable in tract distribution.

Such instances of sincerity and devotion are to the earnest missionary refreshing as springs in the desert. He rejoices over them, but he looks also beyond them, hoping for the results of their example, the simple teaching of their lives and of their lips, These he often does not see, or sees them only after a long interval. But the interval is not barren of result. It is often a time of inward conflict between conviction and fear, between a sense of duty to Christ and dread of persecution as a consequence of Christian profession. In China and many other lands the fear of man makes only secret disciples. They lack the moral courage to brave all for Christ. The missionary who goes much among the people, and, in quiet conversation, wins the confidence of the thoughtful, often makes this discovery. The Rev. W. Owen, of Hankow, after referring in his report to one such Nicodemus, goes on to tell of another who had been brought to make a public acknowledgment of Christ as his Lord and Saviour. Well may Mr. Owen appeal to the readers of his report in the words, "Do pray for such."

Two other instances of secret discipleship are referred to by the Rev. George Owen in his report of his work in PEKING.

In the same report, Mr. Owen, while deeply mourning over the dissension and spiritual lifenessness of the native Church in the East City at Peking, is able to point out one bright and encouraging exception.

Respecting work in the West City in Peking, the Rev. S. E. Meech reports that "the daily attendance at the street chapels has been most encouraging. Many faces are well known, and it is believed that

not a few are convinced of the truth of Christianity, but are kept from an open confession of Christ by their official position or their connections.

The Rev. J. Sadler's health having been restored by a visit to England, he returned to Amoy at the close of 1882, and resumed his earnest labours, commenced there sixteen years ago. Recognising the importance of maintaining and increasing the life and interest of those who are most influential in the native Christian community, he, on entering again on his work, met in conference, as has been the practice at Hui-an, which is under his charge, the native agents and chief men. To this conference and its effects he refers in his report.

Other grounds for satisfaction and thankfulness are referred to by the missionary brethren. The Rev. J. C. Edge reports very favourably of the purity of life, the earnestness in Christian work, and the intelligent and harmonious procedure of the members of the native church at HONG KONG.

This testimony is especially gratifying, as Hong Kong abounds with seductive influences.

SHANGHAI, as being a busy and populous port, and a centre to which thousands, both natives and foreigners, come for business purposes, is another city in which the missionary has to prosecute his work in the face of many and great obstacles. Here, forty years ago, Dr. Medhurst and Dr. Lockhart commenced a mission, and here, after thirty-five years' service, the Rev. W. Muirhead is still young in evangelistic earnestness, though growing old in years; and still, though the field is a difficult one, believing in the power of the Gospel, and with unabated diligence embracing every opportunity of preaching it. Here many a native, from outlying districts, receives from him and other missionaries, and carries to his home, the good seed of the Word, which germinates and brings forth fruit seen by the eye of God, though the sower knows nothing of the blessed effect of his work.

Mr. Muirhead's report gives a saddening account of his hard field of labour, which, however, though widely overspread by idolatrous influences, has presented not a few instances of Christian fruitfulness.

The people of the city of CANTON, the scene of Dr. Morrison's difficult but still fruitful literary labours three-quarters of a century

ago, are to-day, as then, hard to be won for Christ. The old open and violent opposition to the Christian message, has, for the most part, subsided, but there remain a fatal deadness and stolid indifference to the high claims of the truth of the Gospel upon the intellect and heart, which deadness only the Spirit of God can remove. The Rev. T. W. Pearce whose station is Canton, confirms this representation in his report.

But all are not spiritually dead in Canton and its surrounding districts. There are instances of life and earnestness in the midst of widely prevailing indifference. A very gratifying illustration of this is referred to in the report of the Rev E. R. Eichler, who has charge of the POKLO mission, bordering on that of Canton.

The work of the Society in MONGOLIA was commenced in 1819 by the Rev. Edward Stallybrass, and was carried on by him and the Rev. William Swan until 1841, when it was suppressed by the Russian Synod. In 1870, the Directors having decided to re-open the mission, the Rev. J. Gilmour was appointed to this difficult duty. He, making his home at Peking, annually took long tours in Mongolia, where he gained access to the people in hamlets, Buddhist temples, and elsewhere; while, in the winter, he sought out and instructed Mongolians who, for trade and other purposes, visited Peking. As he has been spending a few months in England, this branch of work has been for a time interrupted. The mode in which that mission shall hereafter be carried on will be discussed by the Foreign Secretary with the brethren in Peking, when he visits that station, and subsequently with the Directors on his return to England.

INDIA.

The work in India, carried on in former years by Christian Societies, represented by men remarkable in resources, tact, and persistence, was not in vain. Success in many forms, of the highest and of a secondary kind, has attended their indefatigable labour. Thus the workers of to-day are truly building on foundations laid long ago in troublous times, and under circumstances much less favourable than their own. These, like their predecessors, obedient to their Divine Lord, animated by His Spirit, and sympathising with Him in a desire to bless mankind, are also earnest in effort, and are adapting their methods to the changed circumstances of the present

day, but still meeting the old foe—the resistance of the natural man to the supreme claims of Christ.

Activity, though varying with the circumstances of the field, is going on around every centre of the Society's work in India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and, through God's blessing, it is producing results growing in measure, decade after decade. An examination of the statistical tables of Protestant Missions in India, recently published, which have been drawn up from returns sent in in 1851, 1861, 1871, and 1881, or of the table relating to the work of this Society, abstracted from the same,* will show progress, both of an educational and a religious kind, which may well encourage the missionaries in the field, and with them the Christian Church in every land.

But while there is much reason to be thankful for what has been accomplished, it is a fact which should deeply move the heart of God's people, that only the edge of the great wilderness of heathenism and irreligion in India has been won and brought under Christian culture. The Report of the Bengal Auxiliary very urgently sets forth this fact in relation to the district in and around Calcutta and Berhampore.

Such statements may be greatly multiplied in reference to other districts in India. In view of such facts, and of the urgent need of an increased number of suitable agents to occupy the wide fields of heathendom in India open to missionary effort, the Directors, in the early part of last year, resolved to employ, as ordained Evangelists, native Christians of tried character, and qualified by education and experience to engage in the enlightenment of their fellow-countrymen. Acting on this resolution the South India District Committee of the Society, in January last, ordained to this branch of service three native brethren, whom they knew well, and approved, and who are now carrying on Evangelistic work in the districts of Bangalore, Bellary, and Tripatoor respectively.

But it may be confidently affirmed that the Statistical Tables by no means show all the religious results of Christian work in India. Under the surface of an idolatrous appearance there are often deep heart-workings, firm convictions of the truth of Christianity, and holy aspirations after a true Christian life, the existence of which is

* See "MISSIONARY CHRONICLE" for April, page 105.

often little suspected even by those who have been mainly instrumental in their production. Every missionary knows that there is a broad underlying stratum of Christian result in India which is prevented from coming to the light of public profession by the hard conditions of Hindoo society. A touching illustration of this is given in a letter from the Rev. I. H. Hacker, of NEYOOR, in Travancore.

The Rev. J. R. Bacon, the senior missionary in the large district of CUDDAPAH, in Southern India, refers, in his report, to a movement quietly and steadily going on among the Sudras in the villages visited by him and by the native agents under his superintendence. People of this class occupying a good position in Hindoo society there, and being surrounded by numerous family connections, find many obstacles standing in the way of their public profession of faith in Christ; but, in not a few cases, there is good ground for believing that the Divine life exists. The report of the district shows the circumstances, difficulty, and hopeful spiritual tendings of some of these people.

A similar movement, among people of the same caste, appears to be going on in the GOOTY district, which is to the north-west of Cuddapah. The Rev. W. W. Stephenson writes in hopeful terms of the work of the Spirit of God apparently going on in his field of labour.

By a wisely-arranged division of labour, which exists among the several missionaries in a district, some give much time to itinerating at fitting seasons. To this department the Rev. E. Lewis, of BELLARY, has long devoted himself, and been much blessed in his work. He is now well known and much respected in the large district which he periodically visits.

Itinerating by boat and otherwise is perseveringly carried on by the Rev. W. B. Phillips, of the BERHAMPORE mission. He, also, while finding much to encourage, has the disappointment of seeing many instances of the fear of man and of social difficulties preventing public Christian profession.

Bazaar preaching is a form of Christian work which has long been practised in the large cities in India, and is still carried on with useful results. It is a difficult kind of service, which needs special qualifications, both natural and acquired, for its successful discharge. The good seed is truly sown by the wayside, but it is committed to Divine care, and it is often, though after many days, found to have

been fruitful. The Rev. W. J. Wilkins, of CALCUTTA, has now for some years given himself to this work among other duties, and in carrying it on meets with a fair measure of encouragement.

The report of the BANGALORE district refers to much and varied work carried on at and around that centre. The Rev. J. Paul, the native pastor of the Canarese church, gives an interesting and hopeful account of meetings regularly held for evangelistic purposes in the town of Bangalore. He goes on to refer to the valuable and growing influence of the Bible upon the minds of many who, as yet, stand outside the circle of the native Christian community.

The work of the Rev. E. P. Rice is chiefly in the country around Bangalore, respecting which he supplies interesting details.

While, among the native Christians in India, there have been some very striking instances of aggressiveness for Christ, and many, in a more public manner, and others, by quiet and less visible means, have sought to lead their neighbours to forsake the paths of error and enter on the way of life in Christ, such action has been exceptional. A recognition of the duty of personal effort among others for Christ's sake has not generally shown itself in a practical form among native church members, and thus this Christian service has been too much left to an appointed and paid native agency. In such circumstances, it is very pleasing to find aggressive movements going on in some Christian circles in India. The Rev. B. Manasseh, the native pastor at one of the out-stations in the NEYOOR district in Travancore, in his report refers to earnest and prayerful evangelistic work carried on by Christian women of his congregation, with evident tokens of the Divine blessing.

While bearing testimony to the progress and spiritual life in the churches in the villages around CUDDAPAH, Mr. Bacon makes special reference to the Christian aggressiveness of godly women among the Church members.

These are very hopeful signs.

Much valuable preparatory Christian work is being carried on by missionary societies in high schools, though at present with but limited visible result. For many urgent social reasons, the spiritual effects of effort in this department are often carefully concealed, if not persistently repressed. But now and again the anxious troubled spirit of a pupil unburdens itself to his teacher in the private per-

sonal intercourse which the missionary seeks to maintain, and then the servant of Christ, who watches for souls, finds high encouragement, and goes on his way with refreshed spirit. The Rev. W. E. Richards has only recently entered on missionary life in MADRAS, where he is carrying on work in this department with a clear recognition of its chief object, and of the vantage-ground he is occupying for exerting a life-long influence over the minds and hearts of high-class youths, and for leading them to a higher discipleship under the Great Teacher.

The Rev. T. E. Slater, who returned to India at the close of last year with restored health, and has made Bangalore his new centre for special work among EDUCATED HINDOOS, has entered upon it with vigour and encouragement. He writes hopefully.

The Directors are anxiously awaiting the issue of the report of the "Commission of Inquiry on Education" appointed by the Government of India.

During several months of the past year the Commissioners, having as their president the Honourable Mr. Hunter, have, in a most thorough and impartial manner, collected evidence.

The report of the Commission is now being prepared and may be expected to be issued in a short time. The inquiry has been regarded in India with very deep interest, and the Commissioners on their visits to important centres have met with a very enthusiastic reception. Well may it be so, for the outcome of this inquiry may be of incalculable benefit to the entire native population, affecting the highest in the land, but also touching and blessing the lowest.

From what is known of the evidence given, there appears to be much ground for anticipating that the result of the inquiry will be emphatically in confirmation of the broad and just principles of the "Despatch on General Education in India," issued in 1854, and thus in favour of extending primary, vernacular, and popular education in the country, which was one great object in that Despatch.

The past history of this Society's work in India shows that, besides taking part in higher education, much has been done in extending education among the masses, and in some of its fields of operation, this has been attended with very marked social as well as religious effect. In any new departure in respect to education, which may arise out of the inquiry which has been lately carried on, the Directors,

and the Society which they represent, hope that the Government of India will adopt and keep to the lines laid down in the Despatch of 1854. They desire no favour in the form of grants-in-aid, because they are a *Missionary* Society, but they would ask that a fair field for educational work be accorded to them, and that, so far as they successfully carry on *secular* education, whether of a primary or of a higher order, they may be dealt with on the same principles as those applied to other institutions which are doing the same kind of work.

Another event, which cannot fail to exert an important influence on the various missions in India, took place at the close of the year, when the second Decennial Missionary Conference was held in Calcutta, presided over by the Hon. Sir H. Ramsay, K.C.S.I., C.B., who is the Chairman of the Almora District Committee of this Society. The meetings were attended by four hundred and sixty members, including numerous female and native missionaries, and representing twenty-four churches and societies; and, during its proceedings, which occupied six days, a wide range of subjects, closely related to the missionary enterprise, were discussed. A full report of the Conference is about to be published, which will be a valuable contribution to missionary literature.

The visit of the Deputation to India has been a source of much pleasure and encouragement alike to the missionaries, the native agents, and the Christian communities through the whole circuit of their tour. Numerous letters and reports make very gratifying reference to it, as having produced a decidedly beneficial effect on the circle of missionaries as well as on that of their people. A general report of their visit will shortly be received from the members of the Deputation, which the Directors will gladly welcome, and will study with the attention which it claims. This report, with those from other fields, will form the basis for a full discussion on the return of the Foreign Secretary from his tour among the stations in South Africa. Then the whole of the missions which have been visited will come under review by the Board, in personal conference with the Deputation, and with the valuable aid of the full information which they will be able to bring to bear upon the many questions, which will demand consideration.

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Female Education.

This department of Christian work is not only, year by year, gaining a firmer hold on the sympathies of the Christian Church, and its importance being more widely recognised, but the circle in which female educational work is being carried on is very rapidly increasing. In every part of the Society's field of operations, its agents regard this department as one which claims much attention; not merely, nor chiefly, for the sake of those who may in this generation derive benefit from the efforts put forth on their behalf, but also, looking into the future, with a view to the the far-reaching advantages which, in years to come, will certainly be secured as the result of work well done now.

Though during the year, through resignation, there have been changes in the list of female missionaries of the Society, their number is now one more than at the close of the last missionary year—viz., fifteen. But the Directors gladly recognise that, through the earnest co-operation of the wives and daughters of the missionaries, the efficient aid of other ladies, and the employment of a goodly band of native Bible-women and teachers, the field of female education stretches far beyond that which can be possibly occupied by those who are the missionaries of the Society.

In former years, not far distant, there was no country in which opposition to female education was more persistent than in India. The obstruction experienced by godly women, who had accompanied their husbands to India to win the people to Christ—obstruction to that which they regarded as their proper mission—burdened their hearts, and taxed their ingenuity to devise means for gaining access to those who were unjustly walled-in by hard custom, or were left to live and die in mental vacancy and ignorance. These early workers made beginnings, and died in faith that a brighter day would come for the daughters of India, and it has come to gladden and encourage the workers of to-day. The Directors rejoice in the earnest co-operation of numerous other societies in this great enterprise, for which the field is broad, and promises, to prayerful effort, an abundance of gratifying results.

The statistics of missions in India, recently published, show a very

decided progress in the Society's work in this department during the decade ending 1881. They give the following figures :—

London Missionary Society, India. Female Mission.

Pupils—	1851	1861	1871	1881
Day	1,629	2 307	2,840	4,759
Boarding.....	514	604	—	435
Zenana.....	—	—	97	610
	2,143	2,911	2,937	5,804

Thus, while the total number of pupils in 1871 was 2,937, of which 97 were in Zenanas, the total in 1881 was 5,804, including 610 Zenana pupils. Well may those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day of toil, and those in Britain and elsewhere who sympathise with and aid them, thank God and take courage.

An important addition to the means for carrying on the work in and around CALCUTTA has been made by the opening, in May last, of the new training and Zenana home, which, in the last Report, was referred to as near completion. The use for which the building is designed is threefold—to provide a residence for teachers of the Society's girls' schools, and for Zenana visitors; to secure accommodation for a normal class of girls in training for educational work; and to furnish a residence for the Society's lady missionaries. The maintenance of this commodious building, with the various forms of useful work connected with it, will involve a considerable increase of expenditure, in meeting which the Directors and the Ladies' Committee seek the aid of all friends of true Christian progress.

The Rev. E. Lewis, whose wide itineration, carried on for many years in the BELLARY district in South India, has given him ample opportunities for forming an opinion on the value of Female Missions, in his report for the past year, writes that there is hardly any branch of our mission work more important at the present time than this, and none of greater interest.

The late Mrs. Emlyn, of PAREYCHALEY, in Travancore, whose day of earthly labour closed in November last, was a devoted labourer in the cause of Female Missions, and, in her own quiet and thoughtful way, notwithstanding feeble health, exerted a very valuable influence in a large country district.

Those who know the nature and extent of the restrictions of caste in India, and the obstacles it places in the way of the Christian worker, will appreciate the remarkable progress and change to which

Mrs. Baylis Thomson's report of work in the NEYOOR district in Travancore refers.

In his report of the mission on TUTUILA, one of the Samoan group of Islands, the Rev. C. Phillips refers to the earnest work in female education carried on by Mrs. Phillips. Through efforts for the improvement of the wives of the native pastors and others, the influence of her work is spread over a wide circle, including nearly the whole of the island.

Miss Heysham, who has, for some years, been a valuable co-operator in this branch of work in Calcutta, brings her experience to bear on the objection to female education, as carried on in mission-schools in India, that even in a religious point of view these schools are of but little use. In the report of Bengal Auxiliary, she gives to this statement her most emphatic denial.

The report of work in and around NAGERCOIL, in Travancore, contains a remarkable testimony by a heathen man, which is related by one of the native Bible-women :—" When the *women* are willing, the whole country will embrace Christianity." There is much truth in these words, and thus much reason for a liberal and prayerful support of female education in India and other lands.

MADAGASCAR.

During the greater part of the year many anxious thoughts have been directed to Madagascar, whose highest interests have appeared to be imperilled in consequence of demands made by the Government of France that the Malagasy Government shall consent to a French protectorate over the north-western coast of the island, from Cape Ambro to the Port of Mojanga, a tract of country of undefined boundaries so far as the interior is concerned, and which, in the event of its occupation by a foreign power, would be peculiarly liable to the evils inseparable from an uncertain or divided jurisdiction. In respect to this question, there are aspects which especially and urgently claim the attention, not of this Society alone, but of a larger circle beyond—aspects relating to the social, educational, and religious progress of the Malagasy, which, during the past sixty years, the missionaries of the Society have done so much to promote.

Believing that any attempt on the part of the French to enforce compliance with their demands would probably lead to a long and disastrous war and to a serious interruption of the beneficial work being carried on by the several Christian missions in the island, the

Directors considered it advisable to lay before Her Majesty's Government a statement respecting the important social and religious interests which would be injuriously affected by the action threatened by the French. On the arrival in Paris of the envoys of the Queen and Government of Madagascar commissioned to visit Europe and America in connection with the French claims, and also to propose a revision of existing treaties, the Directors took an early opportunity of conveying to them their cordial greetings as the representatives of their Sovereign and her Government. Subsequently, when they came to London, the Directors and friends had the pleasure of welcoming them at a meeting at the Mission House, and of expressing their deep sympathy with the Queen, the Government, and the people of Madagascar in the serious political and other dangers which threaten their country. Recognising the extreme gravity of the case, the Directors have sought, and have invited the friends of the Society to join them in seeking the intervention of the King of Kings, who, during the past history of Christian missions in the island, has, in a very marked manner, watched over, controlled, and guided His servants in their efforts to benefit the Malagasy and extend the kingdom of Christ among them.

Recently the Directors heard with pleasure, that at this grave crisis the native ministers and the church members of the mission in and around the capital, remembering God's gracious aid rendered in past days of trouble, have together, in a crowded meeting in one of the memorial churches (a very fitting place of assembly), sought the deliverance of the Most High from the manifold dangers to which as a people they are exposed.

But while apprehension has widely prevailed, both among the missionaries and their people, the Directors are thankful to be able to state that the work of the Society has thus far gone on without interruption. This is evident from the united report of the mission for the last two years (for none was issued in 1881), which has just been received. In this document of more than a hundred pages, the brethren give a simple and frank statement respecting their several fields and departments of work. The bright and the dark aspects are clearly brought out to view, and the whole is written with an evident desire on the part of the missionaries that those who read should distinctly understand their position and various forms of work and also their difficulties and their encouragements, and thus should,

in true sympathy, praise God with them for what has been accomplished, and, by their prayers, aid in promoting a wide spiritual success.

The first pages of the report contain a valuable introduction from the pen of the Rev. B. Briggs, the secretary of the district committee in Imérina (the central province).

The introduction is followed by a brief report by the Rev. R. Baron, the secretary of a very interesting and important institution —THE NATIVE MISSIONARY SOCIETY—which has been in existence about fourteen years, and is growing in usefulness in the island.

Next come reports from the missionaries in charge of districts or missionary institutions. Each church in the capital is regarded as an ecclesiastical centre of a large district containing numerous congregations, schools, &c., and the work is carried on by the superintending missionary with the aid of native pastors and others. The church and district of AMBATONAKANGA has been for a few months under the care of the Rev. T. T. Matthews, who for eight years, till his health seriously failed, carried on a vigorous and successful work in Vonizongo.

The church and district of AMPARIBE were for many years under the charge of the Rev. W. E. Cousins, but recently, in consequence of Mr. Cousins' full occupation in Bible revision, the Rev. R. Baron has taken the superintendence.

The ANALAKELY district has been for the last six years associated with the College, and is now in the charge of the tutors—the Rev. G. Cousins and Rev. T. Capsey, B.A.

The Rev. W. Montgomery took charge of the AMBORIPOTSY district in 1870. Returning from England last year with restored health to his former sphere, he met with a very cordial welcome from his people. To this and other points he refers in his report.

The districts of ANKADIBEVAVA and AMBATOMANGA have been amalgamated, and their 90 congregations, 7,617 church members, 19,168 adherents, and 77 schools, are under the care of the Rev. C. Jukes, with a native pastor, and other helpers.

For eighteen years the Rev. B. Briggs has had charge of the AMPAMARINANA district. The report indicates steady work and encouraging progress.

In the autumn of 1881, on his return from England, the Rev. J. Richardson, in addition to his duties in the Normal School, took the superintendence of the FARAVOHITRA district.

In the Capital the work of several institutions essential to the successful conduct of a large mission is carried on. Chief among these is the COLLEGE, which was commenced in 1869 as a training class for native preachers. With this branch of work the Rev. G. Cousins has been from the first connected; and now with his colleague, the Rev. T. Capsey, B.A., reports on this department.

Another valuable institution necessary to a sound intellectual advance of the people is the NORMAL SCHOOL. This is under the vigorous management of Mr. Richardson, who, with deep thankfulness and prayer, looks upon the spreading and useful influence of his work in former years. His report is full of encouragement.

That important part of the machinery of the mission, THE PRESS, has been fully employed in its useful work under Mr. Parrett, who has now for twenty years superintended this department.

At a distance from Antananarivo, and unconnected with the churches there, are several districts, which are under the charge of missionaries who reside at country stations. One of these is AMBOHIMANGA, the ancient capital of the province of Imérina. This station and district are under the care of the Rev. J. Wills, who returned from England last July, when, upon re-entering upon his former field, he found much to call for gratitude.

The large district of VONIZONGO, to the north-west of the Capital, formerly consisted of two districts; but in 1879 they were amalgamated, and the whole has from that time been under the superintendence of the Rev. E. H. Stribling, with the aid of native pastors and others. This field makes very heavy demands on the time and strength of the missionary. Here, in former years, much valuable foundation work was done by Mr. Matthews. Mr. Stribling's report gives indication of continued activity, but he writes with some discouragement respecting the state of religion among the people.

The station at the port of TAMATAVE, and the large district around, inhabited by the Betsimisaraka tribe, are now under the care of Mr. Shaw, who, after nine years of work in Fianarantsoa, removed to Tamatave at the request of the Directors, and became the first resident missionary of the Society there.

In 1881, several important changes were made by the Directors in the organisation of the mission in the BETSILEO province, about 200 miles to the south of Antananarivo. In this re-arrangement the Rev. J. Pearse, who has been a missionary in Madagascar for

nearly twenty years, and who had recently carried on the mission among the Sihanaka in the north-east of the island, was requested to transfer his services to the Bétsiléo province. Entering upon new ground, and in new circumstances, his time since his arrival has been much occupied in inquiry and in forming plans for future action. His report is therefore brief, but from his statements it is evident that his investigations have been thorough, and that his conclusions respecting the progress of Christianity and of education in the district are far from satisfactory. Much hard work is before the brethren who are now occupying this field; the adoption of sound principles of action is at this stage of great moment, and such appear to underlie the plans which Mr. Pearse proposes to pursue.

The Rev. A. S. Huckett, in his report, refers to steps which have been recently taken in relation to EDUCATION in the province, and which are showing good results.

Respecting the NORMAL SCHOOL at Fianarantsoa, the centre of the Bétsiléo mission, Mr. Huckett, the superintendent reports hopefully.

The district of AMBOHIMANDROSO, which lies to the south of Fianarantsoa, is under the charge of two missionaries, the senior of whom, the Rev. T. Rowlands, gives a very discouraging account of the moral aspects of the people under their care.

The GIRLS' CENTRAL SCHOOL in Fianarantsoa, which is conducted by Miss Cockin, is an institution of much importance in the mission, and one to which she is very perseveringly devoting her energies. She writes hopefully respecting her department of work.

These various statements, from the pens of the missionaries themselves, deserve careful attention. Those of a darker aspect do not, however, show the Malagasy as they were before the Gospel light came among them; while those which are brighter point to results which are due to the Divine blessing on long-continued, patient, and prayerful work. Though there is much, very much, to deplore, there there is also broad and sound success—a steady progress towards higher and better things, which calls for grateful praise to God. God forbid that anything should now check this advance. Its arrest would mean, not leaving things as they are, but a certain relapse in which much good work of the past would be lost in its results, and recovery of the old position would be a work of great difficulty.

South Africa.

The report of the field and work of the Society in South Africa during the past year presents both distressing and cheering features. The stations in the Cape Colony, long occupied by the Society, have now, through the advance of the several Christian communities residing in and around them, passed out of the range of the Society's proper work, and steps are being taken to hand over the various chapels and church buildings to trustees, for permanent occupation and use by self-supporting and self-managing Christian congregations.

In Kafirland, wars and adverse seasons have repeatedly interrupted progress, and burdened the hearts and hands of the missionary brethren. But of late more advance has been made by the native churches towards a safe and settled independence, and the aid which they now receive from the funds of the Society is very limited. At present, missionaries of the Society are the pastors of the churches and the general guides of Christian work in the districts. The Rev. R. Birt, the senior of the three brethren now connected with the mission, after forty-five years of steady, and sometimes difficult, and even dangerous service, is finding himself unable, through age, to meet efficiently all the claims of the work which has, by God's blessing, grown and prospered under his hand; he is therefore seeking trained native help. This is the proper development of the plan of the Directors. But though the Society's aid may cease to be given, and its agents may be withdrawn, the friends of the Society may rejoice in the fact that the work there of Vanderkemp, and a long succession of heralds of the Cross, still lives in the Kafirland Christianity of the past and present generations, and will live on in the future.

The Society's chief work in South Africa is carried on beyond the colony, to the north of the Orange and Vaal rivers, and extends almost to the Zambesi. The reports of the districts of Taung, Kuruman, and Kanye, in the southern part of this field, contain much that it is to be deeply regretted, but all is not dark. In these districts, which are in South Bechwanaland, missionaries have been labouring for more than fifty years, with widespread and very gratifying results.

In 1878 a general excitement pervaded the native tribes in South Africa, and, among the Bechwanas, the minds of chiefs and would-be

chiefs, the young, the restless, and the lawless were deeply stirred, and many a pulse beat fast with the war fever. During this time of disturbance, the station and neighbourhood of Kuruman became a rallying point and place of refuge for many native Christians; while others, proceeding northward, found shelter at or near Kanye, which district was not then disturbed. British intervention after a time brought about peace and dispelled alarm, and the people in many cases returned to their old homes.

But the experience of these days showed to many native chiefs their inability to exercise the needful authority and restraint over their people, and they consequently, in an informal way, ceded their territory to the English Government, retaining only a slight personal jurisdiction. One among these chiefs was Mankoroan, in whose country are the mission districts of Taung and Kuruman. After a short time, however, the English authorities withdrew, and tribal jealousies again appeared, and strife between rival chiefs ensued. To assist some of these chiefs in their warfare, numerous Boers, crossing the boundary of the Transvaal territory, and volunteers from other quarters, offered their aid, which was at first readily accepted. But, when the chiefs were disposed to make peace, they found that their Boer and other allies had become their masters. Soon demands of farms and land followed, and the chiefs saw the districts under their control rapidly diminishing, large portions being appropriated by these invaders, while the people were being threatened and spoiled of cattle and the produce of their cultivation. Later on, the Boers and other adventurers threw off all disguise, and proceeded to take possession of the land, especially of that of Mankoroan, to an extent which threatens the dispersion of the tribe. Under these circumstances, Mankoroan appealed for help to the British Government, through Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner. In what form and to what extent help will be afforded has yet to be seen. The question is one of complication and difficulty. But in circumstances of such vital importance to the natives and to Christian work among them, there is reason for thankfulness that there is a higher appeal, and the Directors invite their friends to join them in seeking the aid of Him who is a just God, and who has blessed, and will surely continue to bless, these sons of the soil, who are now the victims of oppression.

The Society's mission at TAUNG, commenced in 1843, was for

twenty years superintended by the late Rev. W. Ross, who, in 1866, was succeeded by the Rev. J. Brown, now at Kuruman. For the last seven years it has been conducted by the Rev. W. Ashton, of Barkly, the station being in charge of Matsau, a native teacher, educated in the Moffat Institution. Here, in the chief centre of trouble, with his people agitated and in destitute circumstances, Matsau has gone on steadily with his work, and has even redoubled his exertions. While writing, "we are living in great distress;" he adds, "our school has never stopped assembling, no matter how fiercely the war has raged. People have come to it in great numbers, men and women, youths and old people, their number being 200." All honour to this humble worker.

The KURUMAN district, which is also in Mankoroan's territory, has at present, through distance, been less affected by these lawless proceedings than that of Taung. But the minds of the people there are disturbed, as they cannot fail to apprehend that the band of marauders, who have spoiled their neighbours to the east, may next advance towards them. Still, though the clouds threaten, the Rev. A. J. Wookey, one of the missionaries at Kuruman, gives a very gratifying account of the New Year's devotional meeting and of the religious tone and other hopeful indications of the people.

At the close of last year the work of the mission printing press at Kuruman, which had been suspended for several years, was resumed, under the superintendence of a printer sent out for the purpose. The want of school and other books has long been felt in the mission, and the arrival of the printer was gladly hailed by the brethren, several of whom, even in Matebele-land, are devoting all the time which they can spare from other duties to the preparation of works of various kinds for the press.

The Rev. J. Good, the missionary at KANYE—which station, about three years ago, was a place of refuge for the native Christians in a time of disturbance in the South—states that the past year has in some respects been very disastrous. At the close of 1881, the chief of the district determined to expel from his country a small tribe living close to the boundary line of the Transvaal territory. The expedition, entered upon with boundless confidence, ended in disgraceful failure. This led to serious complications with the Transvaal Boers, and involved the payment of a large fine in cattle.

Early in the year 1882 trouble arose in the south border of the Kanye district, in consequence of a conflict between native chiefs, one of whom had sought the help of the Boers. This led to an attack on Masibi's town, one of the out-stations of that mission, which Mr. Good describes as "a quiet little village, without exception the most Christian village in the country." Here, through promises of protection, the people were induced to lay down their arms, soon, however, to find that they were the victims of treachery; for, notwithstanding the promises given, and the noble expostulation of the native teacher, Motlanka, nineteen were made prisoners, and fifteen were deliberately shot. Among those who thus died two were very useful members of the church at the out-station, and the third a promising inquirer. One of the three was an old and valued member from Kuruman, having left there during the late disturbances. Then followed drought.

In all these sad disasters the Directors would most deeply sympathise with their brother, and also in that which follows, for after these sad records he goes on to present brighter aspects.

Farther north is the station of MOLEPOLOLE. The disturbance prevailing in the south is not affecting this district. Here the Rev. Roger Price is carrying on a successful work. In most parts of Bechwanaland much difficulty has been found in conducting the education of the young, but the report of Mr. Price presents a scene of remarkable and very interesting activity in the pursuit of knowledge.

To the north of Molepolole is the district of SHOSHONG, where there is very gratifying evidence of true Christian progress. Here the enlightened chief, Khame, is carrying on his rule on Christian principles, and is a nursing father to the Christian community, which is composed of elements once in opposition, but now made one through the Gospel. The Rev. J. D. Hepburn, the missionary of the district, who is now in England, gives an interesting account of the work in and around Shoshong, and also at the distant out-station at Lake Ngami.

In MATEBELE LAND, after a long winter of but little apparent growth, extending over more than twenty years, the Directors have peculiar pleasure in reporting the beginning of a spring-time of hopeful spiritual results. Lobengula, the king, the fear of whose wrath has

long repressed any open demonstration of a favourable reception of Christianity, has spoken encouragingly to some of his subjects who had made a Christian profession, and has urged them to steadfastness and industry in acquiring knowledge. There is also a growing anxiety to learn to read. The Directors would gratefully rejoice with their brethren in that mission, in the changed aspects which their field now presents; especially with Mr. Sykes, who took part in founding the mission in 1859, and has borne the chill of the long night in waiting for signs of daybreak in that dark land. He is now actively occupied in translating the Gospels, and in preparing school-books and a hymn-book to be printed at the mission press at Kuruman.

Central Africa.

During the past year important steps have been taken to strengthen and extend the Central African mission. In May last Captain Hore left England to resume his duties, accompanied by Mrs. Hore, who was about to try the experiment of a journey to and residence at Lake Tanganyika. At the same time a large addition was made to the staff of missionaries, consisting of five ordained missionaries, two artisans, and a mate to assist in the marine department. A few weeks later a steel life-boat was sent out, and in January last a steam-launch, the *Good News*, was shipped in sections for Quillimane, to be thence conveyed by the African Lakes Company, by way of the River Shiré and Lake Nyassa, to the south end of Lake Tanganyika. With a view to the construction of this vessel, a reserve of £1,650 had been set aside from the munificent gift of Mr. Arthington, in 1876, for the commencement of the new enterprise.

But, just as Captain Hore and the reinforcement reached Zanzibar, a dark cloud gathered over the mission through the death of Dr. Southon, caused by a gunshot, accidentally fired by his servant, which shattered his left arm, and, after several weeks of intense suffering, terminated his life at the early age of thirty-one years. By this event the mission has sustained a loss of no ordinary kind. But, though he has been called away from earthly scenes, his character and teaching, and his incessant and multifarious labours, have left a very deep impression on a wide native circle, and especially on the chief, Mirambo, whose spirit and life have been very favourably affected by his frequent and unreserved intercourse with Dr. Southon.

Thus, on July 26th, when Dr. Southon died, the Rev. W. Griffith —though for some time, through distance from Urambo, he was not aware of it—was left alone in the mission, occupying with earnestness and encouraging success his new station at Butonga in Uguha.

When Captain Hore and the band of recruits landed at Zanzibar, preparations for the journey to the lake were at once made; but delay in the arrival of the life-boat detained him there, and seriously interfered with the plan laid down for the long land journey. After a few days most of the party set out to go as far as Mpwapwa, where they arrived in safety. After some delay there they moved onward, in separate companies and at different times, towards Urambo and Ujiji. The Revs. W. C. Willoughby and T. F. Shaw, appointed to Urambo, were the first to arrive at their station, which they reached on October 31st. Here they were met by Mr. Copplestone, of the Church Missionary Society, who had rendered such fraternal and valuable service to the late Dr. Southon after his fatal accident, and who, after they arrived, introduced them to the chief, Mirambo, who gave them a very cordial reception, and has continued to manifest towards them a very friendly spirit.

Captain Hore having accompanied Mrs. Hore as far as the Church Missionary station at Mambola, left her there, in the kind care of Mr. and Mrs. Last, and returned to Zanzibar. Being detained here much longer than he expected, and the rainy season drawing near, and having in prospect a rough life for several months, and a lengthened occupation at the south end of the lake, in arranging for a new station and in putting together the steam-launch, and as Mrs. Hore had suffered from sunstroke on the journey, he decided on her returning to England, where she arrived at the close of the year.

The life-boat having been at last received, Captain Hore, accompanied by Mr. Swann, the mate in the marine department of the mission, set out with a large caravan to convey it to the lake—an undertaking of much difficulty, which tested the resources of the leader to the utmost. This work has been successfully accomplished; Urambo was reached on January 16th. Here they found a much-needed rest before making a fresh start, and here all the staff of the mission met, except Mr. Griffith and Mr. Dunn, who had gone forward to Uguha. The letters last received give no later information; but a telegram from Zanzibar has conveyed the welcome

intelligence that Captain Hore and the caravan, and, probably, all the party bound for the Lake, arrived at Ujiji on February 23rd. Here the first duty of Captain Hore, with the aid of the mate and the artisans of the mission, will be to put together the life-boat. This arduous task accomplished, they all, with the Rev. J. H. Dineen, will proceed to the south end of the lake, where a site for a new station has to be selected, and preparations made in anticipation of the arrival of the sections and fittings of the steam-launch *Good News*. The putting together of the steam launch will make heavy demands on the skill of those who undertake it; but the Directors have made provision for this special work by sending out a practical engineer, who, taking charge of the numerous packages on the way, will be able on arrival to render very efficient service in the reconstruction of the vessel and engine.

Thus the past year has been spent in hard preparatory work, and the year now beginning will for the most part be given to laying good foundations for the future; but the plan of the mission is now larger, the labourers are more in number, and the appliances are more effective; and when these initial stages have been passed, when the brethren have settled down to regular work in their respective spheres, and power in the language has been gained, and when the *Good News* and the life-boat are in full working order, then, with the blessing of God upon the efforts of His servants, the friends of the Society may look for an important advance in this enterprise for the present and eternal benefit of the tribes of Central Africa, and for the glory of Christ in them.

West Indies.

For several years, as stated in former Reports, the connection between the Society and the native churches in the West Indies, which were founded by its missionaries, has been but slight, and has consisted chiefly in supervision by the missionaries still in the field, whose duty it is occasionally to visit them, and to aid by counsel, where such aid is sought, or where it appears to be necessary.

During the past year, some of the churches in Jamaica having appealed to the Congregational Union of England and Wales for assistance to enable them to meet the claims upon them for the payment of the salaries of their pastors, and for the repair of church buildings, the Committee of the Union conferred with the Directors

on the subject. In consequence, the Board decided to seek full information respecting the present position and circumstances of the native churches both in Jamaica and British Guiana, and for this purpose questions covering a wide range of inquiry were sent out to the Society's missionaries in those fields. In due time replies were received, but, as they were not considered by the Directors to furnish a sufficient basis for a judgment on the subject, the Board, at the close of last year, decided to send a Deputation to the West Indies to make a full investigation and report on all points relating to the matter, and, as has been stated in an earlier portion of the Report, Mr. Alexander Hubbard kindly consented, at their request, to undertake this important duty.

On his return, which is daily expected, his report will be fully considered by the Board, and the requisite action be taken thereon.

SOUTH SEAS.

The missionaries and native agents in Polynesia have carried on the various forms of their good work during the year with less interruption than has often been experienced. In Samoa, peace prevails. The work has gone on in comparative quiet in the Loyalty Islands, where, in recent years, tribal war has been too often stirred up by those who profess to bear the banner of the Prince of Peace, and where persecution and petty tyranny have sorely tried the fidelity of the Protestant Christians. But the chiefs and others, exiled to Cochin China, remain in their unrighteous banishment, except two, to whom death has brought release.

The missionaries, in their reports, point to various features in their work which are highly gratifying. It is pleasant and encouraging to read the account given by the Rev. A. Pearse, of Raiatea, respecting the tone of Christianity in TAHITI, among a people who, for years, have been exposed to baits from the priests of Rome, and to seductions of many kinds from the loose and frivolous population, both foreign and native, among whom they live, all of which tend to draw them away from the pure faith taught to their fathers more than eighty years ago, by the first missionaries of the Society.

Respecting the people of the little island of PORAPORA, the scene of his first labours, Mr. Pearse writes, giving very gratifying testimony in reference to their liberality and generous Christian devotion.

The zeal of the people of TAHAA in planning for and contributing

towards the erection of a new church is impressively shown by Mr. Pearse in his report.

The growing order, peace, temperance, and religious and educational progress to be seen in some of the islets, which are out-stations of the older missions, are gratifying in the extreme. The patient and faithful adherence to duty on the part of the native teachers located on these islands—where for months they are left to their own resources, and to the guidance of their God, in scenes where superstition and vice prevailed, where conscience had to be educated, and the whole social system remodelled—is worthy of record, and calls for profound thankfulness. The changes in the intellectual, social and moral aspects of these people, the result of the earnest and wisely bestowed efforts of these simple men of God, may well gladden the hearts of those in the old stations who trained them for these arduous and isolated posts, in which the tutor truly lives in the work accomplished by his former students. This is peculiarly applicable to Dr. Turner, who, out of forty years of service in the Polynesian mission, spent thirty-eight as tutor of the mission seminary at Malua, in Samoa. He has now retired from the field, but most truly he lives in the native teachers trained by him. During the time of his occupation of that important position, students—men, women, and youths—to the number of 1,725 have been enrolled in the classes.

The Rev. F. E. Lawes, after a well-earned furlough in England, returned in December last, to his seagirt sphere in NIUE (Savage Island), where he is the only missionary. On arrival, he found many reasons for joy and thankfulness in the order which prevailed, and in the steady maintenance of Christian work in his absence; in promoting which, much is due to the influence of Mr. Head, a Christian gentleman residing on the island. One, among many gratifying signs of life among the people, was that their contributions during 1882, given mostly in produce, amounted to £353, as the salaries of their pastors, and £620, as their offering to the Society; making the noteworthy total of £973, from a body of native adherents, less than 6,000 in number. His first public work after landing was to open a new school-house. In two villages new chapels had been built, and in others enlargements and improvements had been effected. Thus he re-entered on his isolated sphere, under highly-encouraging circumstances.

But there are indications among the people on some of the islands which cause anxiety. Adherence to the faith taught by the founders of the several missions, through which so wide a blessing has come upon the present generation, continues; attendance at public worship is maintained; new and substantial places of worship are erected; Christian books are eagerly bought, and liberal gifts in kind or in money are contributed—but the spiritual tone of these communities is low; the form exists, but the power is wanting. A wider intercourse with the outside world, while introducing the people to a higher civilisation, has brought temptation and danger. Seductions prevalent in the old days of heathenism, now, in other forms, assail the young, who never knew idolatry. A restlessness and love of excitement lead them into circumstances of peril. In some islands intemperance is painfully prevalent. The missionaries and the godly among the natives note these things and mourn, and seek a fresh baptism of the Divine Spirit, by whom alone a healthful and lasting change can come.

In some of the islands much difficulty is experienced in carrying on the work of elementary education. Ignorance on the part of the parents, and the want of a proper estimate of the value of education for their children, combined with the insubordination of the children to their parents, seriously interfere with this important branch of work, which is essential to the raising up of an intelligent Christian community.

The report of Mr. Phillips of his work on TUTUILA, one of the Samoan group, points to difficulties experienced by him in educational work.

But while such conditions are much to be lamented, they are not new; they are evidences of the struggle between light and darkness, and all show the need of the benign influence of the Light of the World—Jesus Christ.

NEW GUINEA.

The tidings which have been received during the year from the missionary brethren in this new and difficult field are such as to call forth much gratitude and joy. Obstacles have met them in their course, but, considering the circumstances, there has been much progress and solid success.

In November, 1871, the Revs. A. W. Murray and S. Macfarlane

first saw New Guinea, which they were seeking to win for Christ by the sword and the power of the Divine Spirit. Native teachers from the Loyalty Islands accompanied them, and cautiously and in faith they made a beginning on the western side of that portion of the great island which is the field of the Society's operations. In 1873, in the absence of Mr. Macfarlane in England, Mr. Murray visited PORT MORESBY, and laid a foundation for the future in placing there a native teacher, Ruatoka, who is there still. The work thus begun has had the Divine blessing, and has been fruitful to a very gratifying degree. In April of last year, Mr. Murray, who has retired from active service, revisited Port Moresby in the *John Williams;* and on his return to Sydney, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness, gave the Directors a report of his short visit, in which he states in detail the remarkable progress which has been made during eight years.

A reinforcement of eight native teachers—five from Rarotonga and three from Raiatea—had accompanied Mr. Murray; and after the departure of the *John Williams*, the location of these teachers was at once carried out. On May 30th, the brethren were gladdened by the arrival of the *Ellengowan*, the new schooner, kindly given by Miss Baxter for the use of the New Guinea mission, to replace the steam-launch bearing the same name. But the pleasure caused by this accession to the machinery of the mission was, on the next day, damped by intelligence of the death of Tua, the youngest of the new teachers.

On July 26th, the Rev. W. G. Lawes and the Rev. J. Chalmers, the missionaries connected with the eastern branch of the mission, accompanied by Mrs. Lawes, sailed in the *Ellengowan* to visit the stations to the east of Port Moresby, which were found to present much to encourage them. At South Cape, among other points of interest, they witnessed a very striking illustration of the power of the Gospel, the force of which was the more fully appreciated by them because of their knowledge of the people among whom it occurred.

On the western side of the mission Mr. Macfarlane has been actively and successfully carrying out his plan of work, in which, during a few months, he had the aid of the Rev. J. Tait Scott. His field is that in which the first efforts were made by Mr. Murray and

himself in 1871. It embraces several islands in Torres Strait, and the neighbouring coast-line of New Guinea. On his return to New Guinea in 1882, after a visit to England, he made application to the Queensland Government for leases of land on these islands in Torres Strait, which were soon afterwards granted.

On MURRAY ISLAND, which has been Mr. Macfarlane's centre of operation, besides evangelistic work, he has had a number of the youths obtained from the islands and from the mainland, under instruction, with a view, if all be favourable, to their becoming pioneers in extending the range of the mission on the coast, and up the rivers into the interior.

His success in preparatory work led him recently to take steps to enter upon a new stage in carrying out his plan, by the establishment of a mission on the banks of the Fly River, by natives who are accustomed to that part of New Guinea.

But from a letter lately received from Mr. Macfarlane, the Directors have learnt with deep regret that this hopeful progress has met with a serious check, and the work on the Fly River been rendered more difficult and dangerous by the action of a Queensland Government official. Hearing of the wreck of a vessel in the neighbourhood of the Fly River, and the massacre of the crew, he, with others, proceeded to the spot. Here, in night attacks, natives were shot, and houses, plantations, and canoes destroyed. Such procedure is to be deeply deplored, as exasperating the natives, rendering the work of those who can offer the best preventive to massacre in the future the more difficult, and tending to retard for years true and broad progress.

A later letter brings the disappointing intelligence of the total wreck of the *Mayri* on a reef off Darnley Island. No lives were lost, but, Mr. Macfarlane adds, "we have lost an exceedingly useful little craft, than which I doubt if any other vessel of her size (seven tons burden) has rendered such good service to the mission cause."

These voices from many lands, joined with like utterances from fields occupied by other societies, speak with no feeble nor uncertain sound to the Church of God. And there are other and wide fields into which no society has yet penetrated, but in which the spiritual need of man is urgent, and to which the terms of the Great Commission—the marching orders of the Captain of Salvation—point.

These appeals and claims do not come to societies alone, but to every individual Christian. A great need of to-day is a deep sense of personal responsibility in this high enterprise for Christ; and an anxious unrest in view of the awful spiritual facts which God's world presents—an unrest which may first lead the followers of Christ, in their distress at the sight, to cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" but will next move them to wrestling prayer for the promised abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. When this great gift is bestowed, the weak ones in natural strength will become, through Divine aid, wide benefactors to man, and honoured instruments of God for eternal good; then the servants of Christ with new vigour, with a deeper sense of duty to their Lord, and with full dependence on the Divine power, will go forth to the spiritual wastes of the world to plough, to sow, and, in due time, to their holy joy and surprise, to reap a thousand-fold of spiritual fruit; and then the heavenly and earthly hosts of God will see, more distinctly than ever before, the truth of the old word of Divine assertion—"NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT."

Another hymn was then sung—

Zion's King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own His sway.

The CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen, and my very good Friends,—Before we proceed to the business of the day, will you allow me just to say a very few words in reference to the occasion on which I am here present? It gives me very sincere pleasure indeed to be amongst you once more. I delight to show my respect and reverence for this great institution, and my high respect and affection for those who are carrying on its affairs, and my respect and reverence for the names of all the illustrious men who have assisted in your operations, and who have adorned your annals from the very commencement of the institution to the present day. And last, though not least, I rejoice, as you must rejoice, to see the grand old patriarch (Dr. Moffat) now sitting on my right. I have always greatly admired and almost marked with reverence the progress of the London Missionary Society; I have always been struck by its mild yet vigorous dignity, I have always observed the intensity of its principle, the firmness with which it pursues its object, the grandeur of its conceptions, and the wonderful way in which God has blessed all its operations from its commencement to the very hour in which we live. Now, I look upon missions as the very salt of the earth, and I am sure in this country, headed by the Bible Society, they are the

salt of this land; and it appears to me as if it were the only means of saving this great kingdom from utter corruption. I read the report which was put into my hands yesterday, and have listened to what has been read to-day, and there is one point only on which I should like to dwell. I would dwell upon it because I am sure it is of the greatest importance, and may be called a discovery under God's revelation in modern times, and which is in harmony with that which has come to other missionary societies—you have taken upon yourselves the daring task of

EDUCATING THE WOMEN OF THE EAST.

Why, forty or fifty years ago such a thing would have been supposed the act of a supreme fanatic or of an unbounded fool; but now, see what has been achieved! At this moment you have among those who assist you a large number of the women of the East, and you are proving that the only way in which, under God's blessing, you can really affect those mighty regions is by bringing the women into alliance with you and making them the great harbingers of life and salvation. Missionaries have done this. If such a conception had entered into the heart of a paternal Government, it could not have undertaken it. Governments are necessarily bound by red tape. They cannot break the bonds of the red tape, and in some instances, perhaps, it is right that it should be so. But missionaries are "chartered libertines," they can undertake these great questions, they can lay down principles and carry them into effect, which could never be done by political authority or by the supremacy of Government. Ah, but you have done more than educate the women of the East; you have dared now to carry to the East that which you have found so beneficial in your own country, you are raising the women even to be missionaries, and you have taken the bold line of stirring up one-half of the sex in the East against the other half in the grand aggressive movement of Christianity, and you will reap the benefit of it. See what has been achieved in this country by the operation of the women; see what has been done by the Bible women and the Bible nurses; see what has been done by female agencies of all kinds; and are we to suppose that they will not be equally effective in the regions of the East? I have been told by a native Indian that the people of England, generally speaking, do not understand the character of the people of India, and I believe that it is so. He told me this, that in north India the women were under great restraint, and had little or no influence, but in the south of India it was very different. This Indian said to me, "If you wish to produce any effect upon the people of southern India, first enlist on your side all the women. The women when they appear in the streets are like other people, but when they are in their own homes in southern India they are dominant, and if the women are with you all will go well; but if the women are against you all will go wrong. Enlist, therefore, the women on your side, and rely upon it, if you succeed in getting a large portion of them to be your allies you will carry the Gospel before you with a most magnificent triumphal

march of success." Well, that is what you are doing. A story was told me the other day to show the effect produced upon the minds of the women. A Hindoo woman in conversation with a gentleman, said, "Sir, I am sure the Bible must have been written by a woman." He said, "Why so, my dear?" "Because it says such kind and nice things about women." Why, if you could infuse that idea into the hearts of the women of the East, and show them the Bible is that which alone raises them to their true position, that the Bible puts men and women upon an equality, and that they are all one and the same in the sight of God; that the Bible is the basis upon which they stand, you will have gone very far indeed in the great undertaking you have commenced, by thus enlisting all the women of the East on your side, proving their equality, and, let me add, their superiority in many respects. In the report you touch upon

MADAGASCAR,

with which there is connected a dark and serious incident. Perhaps it is not desirable that it should be discussed in all its length and breadth, as it is yet a matter of negotiation, but, at the same time, it is a matter for all the more earnest prayer. God grant that the foot of anti-Christ be never planted upon that soil of nascent Christianity. I tremble that it may be so, because I see very clearly that that religion which is despised in its own country is considered a very valuable engine for aggrandisement in another country. A great minister in France, who, a few years ago, did whatever he could to advance the French dominion, openly stated in the Chamber of Deputies, "I am a Protestant, it is true; but the Roman Catholic religion is the religion of France, and I will use it for her aggrandisement." Now, that is the peril which is before you, and you have to watch it closely, and do all that you can while the means lie in your power to promote the true Gospel among that people; for when they have got the Gospel in their hearts, and the spirit of freedom there also, they will be able themselves, without extraneous assistance, to resist the progress of anti-Christ and desolation. I will not detain you by saying much more, but I must speak one thing that is in my heart. You may think it is presumptuous on my part as a layman, and that I have very little right to say these things, but I cannot help bringing them out if I think them. Every one must have observed

THE IMPROVED POSITION OF MISSIONS,

both in themselves and in public opinion. Within the last few years there has been great progress made in the esteem and even reverence towards the missionaries to the heathen, and to what may we attribute that? I may be wrong, I dare say I am, but I confess I think it arises from the fact that the missionaries and the directors of these missions have assumed a less presumptuous and arrogant tone than they did of old; they no longer claim the right and the power to cover the whole world with the Gospel and bring every soul to the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then they were exposed to taunts, were twitted with the

impossibility of their undertaking and with the few converts that were added to their list; and we were told that their efforts had been unavailing. Now it is different. So far as I can judge, missionaries and the directors of missionary societies now know what they can do, and what they are called to do. They know, and confess, that they are not called to convert the whole world—that is reserved for one greater: they are called to carry the Gospel to every living creature, and to preach it over the whole surface of the globe, to offer the Bible message of heaven to every soul that breathes, that has a heart to feel and a mind to understand. We have to present that in preparation for the greater event. We no longer claim that it is in our power to turn the whole world to the love of the Gospel; but it is in our power, and that power we will exercise, to spread the knowledge of God so far as we can over every corner of the earth, and every spot of ground upon which a responsible being is to be found. When you have been brought to humble your aspirations, when you acknowledge your own weakness, and say it is reserved for one greater, all calumny fails, all opposition is disarmed; they may think you somewhat fanatical; but they are competent to applaud the principle, and say, "We will wish you God speed." Thus you stand better in yourselves, because when you declare that all you have comes from above, you are only acting in obedience to our blessed Lord, and spreading His name as far as you can. Then you have the grace of heaven upon you, an acknowledgment of your own humility, but an assurance of His great protection. Now, all this leads to one grand issue. Difficulties arise on all sides; thousands of obstacles are presented to you; sometimes the heart must almost be in despair, and it seems as if there were no hope. But what does it turn you to? I trust that it turns every human being who thinks of these things, as it must turn the heart of every missionary when he is dismayed by some of these maps, one-twentieth part of which is enlightened by Christianity while all the rest lies in the darkness of heathenism, and almost believes his mission is utterly impossible—I trust it turns him not to his own unaided strength, but to God. I am sure it does, and every one here who listens to me will feel the same. It is the greatest blessing that God ever gave to men which drives them to see their own insignificance and their want of power, the utter impossibility that anything should be effected by their own efforts, and drives them, therefore, to look to the grand solution of all difficulties, and the consummation of all things, to the second advent of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The Rev. Edward White moved

THE FIRST RESOLUTION.

"That the report now read be adopted, printed, and circulated. That this meeting is thankful to learn that, notwithstanding the general monetary depression, the directors have been able to meet the unusually heavy outlay of the year, caused, in part, by the addition of ten missionaries to the staff of workers, who have already gone to the help of those labouring in

the vast fields opening before them in their ever-widening spheres of operation. While this meeting is devoutly thankful for the steady progress made generally in the missions of the society, it cannot but deplore the political difficulties which threaten to interfere with the work in Madagascar, and the unrighteous and cruel treatment to which the natives of South Bechwanaland have been subjected by Boers and other marauders; and would still prayerfully commit the cause to Him who can make man' wrath praise Him, and the remainder of it restrain."

He said: The sober tone of this resolution reminds us that the life of a missionary society, like a human life, has its times of rejoicing and times of depression. Some years a missionary meeting resembles a review after a great victory. Sometimes it is more like a council of war held in the midst of a dangerous and difficult campaign. It is a mistake to depend for all our inspiration on encouraging reports. The majority report of the ten spies was, in its way, as useful as the minority report of the two; indeed, there is nothing like a broad survey of the enormous difficulties—a good look at the Philistine "cities, fenced up to heaven,' and at the "giants, before whom we are as grasshoppers," to drive us to our true Strength in the faith of Caleb and Joshua—"We are well able to overcome them! Their defence is departed! The Lord is with *us!* Fear not!" Let me, therefore, first of all, for a few moments, play the part of the ten spies, and try, if not to frighten you, yet to refresh your sense of

THE WORK TO BE DONE

for a world of 1,400,000,000, of which the overwhelming majority are still idolaters or followers of false religions. And that will dispose us afresh to attend to the conditions and methods of a Divinely successful warfare. What is it we are attempting to accomplish by these missions? We are attempting nothing less than to alter the beliefs, the opinions, the characters, the oldest customs of mankind over nearly the whole of Asia and Africa, and to awaken at home, on behalf of people of other colours and tongues, whom we have never seen, a vivid interest in relation to a Spiritual World still more completely invisible and unknown. Now let us think what this plan for altering the notions and habits of mankind involves. Let any one who has ever made the experiment by word or writing of trying to change a single important belief, or opinion, or principle of action, in one intelligent Englishman, tell us what he thinks of his general success. Is it not the rarest of events, for you to succeed in persuading an Englishman of anything by a direct process of argument? Why, even in England, this land of justice and logic—in Parliament, even in the House of Peers—in Convocation, even in the Upper House—in the Press, in the secular Press, and, still more, in that which is called, by courtesy, the Religious Press—is it not next to impossible to get an honest and correct representation of any case adverse to established, or fashionable, or paying modes of thought in religion or politics? Behind each of these is a party, a school, a multitude. You are arguing, not with an individual, but with

an army. So it is in spreading Christianity. How often do we read in the New Testament that the apostles "disputed in the synagogue, or the market-place"? But the process of arguing or disputing, as generally practised all over the world, is very much the art of not understanding; the art, in fact, of misrepresentation. A Spanish polemic once cried out, "O ye powers who preside over controversy, give me an adversary who understands me!" He might have more reasonably added 'who *wishes* to understand me." So it is with the educated heathen. The educated intellect of the millions of China, India, Western Asia, does not wish to understand you rightly. You are going against the stupendous power of perversion and misrepresentation of the whole educated heathen world. But this is not the worst of it. It is even more difficult to move, or convince, or convert an ignorant mind, full of obstinate pagan superstitions, whose religion consists of a mixture of fanciful customs, abominable vices, and imaginary terrors. A man who has not been reasoned into his beliefs can never be reasoned out of them. You have nothing to take hold of in his mind. When men begin to *doubt* their old superstitions, as in Italy, in France, in Bengal, in Japan—even if, like the Pharisees, when they begin to reason, they almost directly go wrong—still, if they "begin to reason" at all, there is a faint hope of their reasoning rightly some day; and if they have succeeded in doubting Juggernaut or the Popedom, they may come to believe in the truth at last. But

A World of Unreasoning Pagans

is the hardest of all fortresses to be taken by a rational and Scriptural Christianity. And when you consider that in that vast Asia, where 800,000,000 men live who are non-Christian, the climate, the popular fatalistic creeds, the antiquity, the despotism of the governments, all incline the people to torpor, while the arrogance of race leads them to regard all intruders as "foreign devils," every one must see that the real conversion of an Asiatic by the persuasion or conduct of a foreign missionary, is one of the most wonderful events in the moral world. But this is not all. Christianity itself, when truly stated, is a tissue of contradictions to all men's natural conceptions in religion. It is "the preaching of foolishness." It is a doctrine of salvation, not by a man's merits, but as a lawbreaker, through the merits of another person, not by law, but by grace; not by what is splendid, or reasonable, or probable, but by the Cross of Christ; that is, by the shame of the gibbet, the pain of the rack, the disgrace of the pillory, all in one; said to have been inflicted, nearly 2,000 years ago, on a Carpenter of Nazareth in Galilee, who was the son of a Virgin, and an incarnation of Deity! Why, it is simply impossible that Moslem and Buddhist Asia *can* believe in this, unless God reveal it to them by the "demonstration of His spirit and by power." Then think again that true Gospel preaching is the perpetual representation of this crucifixion of Christ, not only as a historical fact, openly set forth—not only as the basis of an Atonement, but as a thing to be perpetually re-enacted in the lives of His followers, the missionary

and his converts. They are to be "crucified with Christ." They are to be ready to "die to the world," and to "die for the Lord." They are to be ready to become "the offscouring of all things;" they are to go against the crossfire of both Pharisees and Sadducees, as Christ did; the superstitious upholders of native tradition, and the conceited sceptics who will believe in nothing if they can help it; so that at every step they are to fight a battle on each flank, "with the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." Not unfrequently they have often to encounter real privations, risks, and dangers, as when our dear Griffith John lately crossed that inland lake to carry the Gospel to Hunan, a Chinese province of arrogant pagans—performing the same valorous achievement that was performed some years before by my friend, Mr. Evan Bryant, who is now on this platform. And this warfare is to be carried on with division in the Christian ranks. Leo XIII. says that Dr. Moffat was no properly-authorised missionary of the Gospel! The Jesuit Fathers urge on the French Government to supplant and confound your endeavours in Madagascar. This is like being attacked in the rear by your own reserve while you are fighting in the front. Then, besides this, you know that the conversion of the heathen almost everywhere is followed by trouble, persecution, family or tribal disunion, often by loss, depression, and death itself. Sometimes "civilized" Christians, like those African Dutchmen, hungry for land, are capable of tying a dozen Bechwana Christian men together by ropes, and then firing a broadside into them. Last of all, remember two awful facts; first, that Women throughout Asia can be reached with the Gospel not by missionaries, but only through Female Agency; and, secondly, that all the *visible* difficulties are organised and directed by a "Power of the Air," a band of infernal spirits of tremendous energy and sleepless hatred to mankind, who act from the invisible realms. Now then, is it likely that any success whatever will attend our missions if we think of them as easy enterprises, which successful financing and college education of missionaries at home can accomplish? Is it not evident that from first to last "the excellency of the power must be of God, *and not of us?*" This leads me, then, to dwell for a few moments more on the sort of missions which alone can

BREAK DOWN ALL THIS RESISTANCE.

Now the missions which we send out to conquer these difficulties go forth from ourselves at home, and partake of our weaknesses and our strength. Whatever discussions weaken faith at home weaken it abroad. Thoughtlessness at home leads to thoughtlessness abroad. Indifference and compromise at home lead to these same disastrous evils abroad. Suppose, then, that instead of being Englishmen Christianised we in England were Buddhists or Gentoos, fixed in our philosophies, religions, and customs. If Chinamen or Brahmins landed at Liverpool or London to convert us to Christianity, what conditions would be necessary for their success? Before all else we should require in our missionaries an evident and intense belief in what they brought us. God works by means. He produces faith partly by the contagion of the faith of other men. If these

Chinese missionaries brought to us a Christianity which neither on its awful nor joyous side was spoken of by them with passionate conviction, but formally, as in a sort of quiet dream; or, if they openly announced that, in relation to the destinies of men after death, there were difficulties; and that, although each of the missionaries had his private opinion on that point, unity of action required the partial concealment of conviction, the suppression of definite beliefs and dogmatic statements—do you think that we English people would care much to listen to such trifling as that? We should say to our visitors, "Make up your own minds on these questions before you attempt to change ours." Only some tremendously powerful motives can rouse conscience or move heathen men to believe in Christ, or wrench them out of their heathenism. Those two motives (as in New Testament times) are fear of judgment to come, and the assurance of immediate pardon through Christ the Saviour. It is quite beside the mark to say that you are not sent to preach a religion of terror, but of love. You are sent to preach both, and unless you preach both you are a "false apostle," an unfaithful servant, a traitor to the souls of men. You are as much bound to preach the eternal judgment to come—which made "Felix tremble"—to preach this to all ungodly Chinese and Hindoos as Paul was bound to preach it to the Greeks and Romans. And if you do not do this you cannot properly

PREACH THE GOSPEL OF SALVATION.

Under a deep sense of responsibility, and knowing that my words will be read in every English missionary station through the world, I will venture to make a practical observation which may perhaps weigh at least with the younger Missionaries. The discussions of home are reflected in the tone of Gospel preaching abroad. There has been an immense reaction in this generation against the teaching of both Roman and Protestant Churches of 300 years ago. Xavier taught the Japanese that all their heathen forefathers were shut up in hell for a miserable eternity, even though they had not heard the Gospel. Against such ideas there has been a revolt towards more lenient and merciful views of Divine government. But there is now a danger, both at home and abroad, in the opposite direction; a tremendous danger of reaction, towards a withholding of the truth on the side of judgment. There is an element in Christianity closely akin to the awful and terrific side of Nature and Creation. It is idle, it is wicked, to ignore it! There is a most striking passage in the Apocalypse (in the verses which most expositors believe to describe the final promulgation of the Gospel as a witness in all nations before the revelation of the Son of God), "I saw an angel flying in the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, to every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue; saying with a loud voice, 'Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.'" The message of Christ must be delivered, first and last, as coming direct from that Awful Power, revealed in material nature. Far too often the Living God is spoken of,

at home and abroad, in abstract terms, under historical references, and in familiar anthropomorphic language. The Gospel message comes from the Power which has "set on fire the foundations of the mountains," and kindled the central furnace which blazes out through three hundred active volcanoes—or it is nothing. It comes from the Power who rocks the world with earthquakes, and pours out the raging ocean "from the hollow of His hand"—or it is nothing. It comes from the Being who is at this moment hurling along this enormous globe in space, at a speed seventy times quicker than the quickest cannon shot at the first moment of its flight; from the Power whose glory dimly shines in the firmament, spangled with fifty millions of suns, in the infinite distances—or it is nothing. The God of the Bible is the Eternal Cause of the universe, or the Gospel is a delusion. Let, then, this message be delivered with fuller reference to this awful and resistless Power. Let mighty Nature speak, as well as conscience and Scripture, to the souls of men; and let this Gospel be published as a "*command* to all men everywhere to repent, because God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained." Men often little dream what Power they are defying in refusing Christ, because the majesty of God is not spoken of by the preacher as it ought to be. Let the idols vanish at His presence! The Gospel must be preached to the heathen so as to overawe them by its origin. Its messengers must speak as if they believed that all who reject it shall "fall into the hands of the living God." Nothing less than this will shake the stiff-necked nations of Asia. Judgment will not convert men, but it will prepare them to believe in saving mercy. Surely it is not necessary to add that it is still more important to approach them with an intense belief in this love and mercy of the Saviour God—a love and mercy which preceded their birth, a love and mercy to every man, so real, so warm, so powerful, that guilt and sin, and death itself, shall be conquered by that Almighty Saviour. That Saviour must be believed in with a vividness, a freshness, a reality which will bring Him near to every soul that hears of Him. There is nothing like an inspired joyfulness of belief in the love of Christ in the preacher, for overcoming heathenism abroad or atheism at home. And this can come to us only as the result of a baptism by the Holy One. I have but one more suggestion to make respecting the Christianity which God will bless as "power unto salvation." It is contained in the other clause of the Apocalyptic passage which I have already quoted. "Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come." Here, again, the unsatisfactory discussions of Christendom are, I think, likely to weaken the testimony which we send to the heathen. We have disputed at home over the Prophecies, and handled them often in so foolish a manner that the abler sort have come to think we had better leave

THE WORLD'S FUTURE

out of account in preaching Christianity to the pagans. I am persuaded that herein is a great loss of power. There are four chief theories prevailing in Europe and America as to the future of the world,

as to "what shall come to pass hereafter." All of them agree in one idea—that a future better than the present awaits the world. The first of them is the Atheistic theory. A great and growing multitude hold that the final result of science is materialism, and therefore, logically, atheism, since, if men deny distinct spirit in themselves, they will logically deny it in the universe, and come to think that there is nothing alive in nature except themselves and the animals, from whom they trace their descent. These scientific persons, therefore, look forward to a universal reign of materialistic atheism, when the cheerful earth, purged of all religions, shall be plagued no more by fear of God's judgment or the dream of life everlasting. The second mass of men believe in the Roman Catholic religion. They think that one day, perhaps soon, all the world will become subject to the Papal Chair—every human mind, every human conscience, every human will, become subject to the Pope of Rome. O woman of Babylon, great is thy faith! Then there are vast multitudes of people who have, through sheer disgust and weariness, abjured prophecy, but still rest in the vague belief that somehow things are generally drifting towards a better time; when, through the blessing of God's spirit and existing agencies, the world shall be "filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." A fourth mass of thinkers, daily growing more numerous, hold to what they call the true future of prophecy. The late Dean Alford was one of the soberest of these scholars. Under different modifications, they maintain that no follies of former interpreters should blind us to the fact that the Bible everywhere represents the Divine government of the earth, since the rise of Babylon, as a great connected drama, of which four acts are finished, and which is hastening towards a catastrophe—at the end of "the times of the Gentiles"—when an epoch of awful judgment on the nations of the whole earth will usher in the triumphant kingdom of God among men. Well may we pray "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, *on earth* as it in heaven"—for then the world will be, not burnt up, but beautified; the nations not destroyed, but weeded and reformed; and the earth be filled for ages with a God-fearing and rejoicing population. And these readers of the Bible maintain that the Gospel ought to be preached to the heathen along with this warning, "Fear God, and give glory to Him, *for the hour of His judgment is come.*" I strongly maintain that this belief is not a hindrance but a stimulus to earnest labour, and that it ought not to be discouraged by any missionary society. It tends to keep up the sense of the Divine government and the Divine Presence in the world, and it places the converts to Christ in the attitude of the early Church, by teaching them to "love the appearing of the Lord," and to "wait for God's Son from Heaven, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come." In one word, our difficulties are so stupendous, that God alone can overcome them; and He will sanction our efforts only as we set His Word of judgment and mercy in the front, His power, as the Pillar of Fire, in the van, and His kingdom, as the true hope of all mankind, in the ages to follow.

REV. J. MACKENZIE, MISSIONARY FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

I listened to a discourse yesterday morning, in a part of which was described the intellectual position of some men in our English society at the present day, and the preacher said that their standpoint was "I don't know." It occurred to me, as a practical missionary, that that intellectual position had very likely some connection with "I don't care." Those whose intellectual position is "I don't know, I cannot satisfy myself about anything in particular," are likely soon to say, "nor do I care." I have the honour to stand in Exeter Hall, the place where people know and believe, the place where people also express an interest and a feeling which amount to anxious care concerning the wrongs, the injuries, and the woes of the world around them. What is it, then, which enables your missionaries to carry on their work successfully, those whom you send to different parts of the world? You have heard something of it in the speech to which you have just listened; I shall give you in two or three words my own version of it after

Twenty-five Years' Experience.

We go to these people in their ignorance and degradation, and announce to them the love of God to mankind; we go to them exemplifying—alas, how imperfectly!—that love in our own persons, in our families, in our own every-day life. The missionary, to be successful, must be a loving, sympathising, care-taking man; in some sense he exemplifies that love which he tells them has come from heaven. Patronage won't do; argumentation won't do. You may argue till Doomsday, and, as the previous speaker has said, you will leave not only Englishmen, but men everywhere, where you found them. But love, the exhibition of it in your own walk and conversation, not merely to the lovely and the loving, but to the loveless and the unlovely, that will captivate the heart of the degraded. It will arouse the most sottish mind, it will elevate the most degraded, when they had it brought to them from heaven and exemplified in the life of men like themselves. I feel, therefore, that in speaking to you about Bechwanaland I am speaking to no theorising or theoretical audience, but to those who for many years have been most deeply and practically interested in South Africa. No human beings could be more degraded than were those amongst whom the missionaries of this Society commenced their labours at the beginning of the present century. They were serfs and slaves in astate of utter degradation. What are they now? In the language of a Cape historian, they are a respectable, industrial people; a respectable, labouring population. You have had your preaching station, which, in the course of time, has become a partially self-supporting church, and afterwards an entirely self-supporting church; and not long ago one of these churches sent a call to an English Congregational minister in this country, who accepted the call, and went out to become a pastor of a church which has gone through those three stages. It is often said, and I am always thankful to hear it, that the London Missionary Society is not a sectarian institu-

tion. It retains its old name of "the Missionary Society, commonly called the London Missionary Society," and we are sent out, as I have always understood, to preach the Gospel of the blessed God, and to leave matters of Church government to the settlement of future events. There is a church in the Cape Colony which exemplifies this. Some people imagine that that is the kind of thing you say on the platform, and that after all there is, perhaps, little behind it. Well, there is this behind it. Some time ago a missionary of this society was unfortunately disqualified from public work by a throat affection. The church of which he was the pastor, being an entirely self-supporting church, looking round, chose a member of the

DUTCH REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

of Cape Colony. Accordingly, the church buildings and everything else passed over into the hands of that Church. The London Missionary Society, as an evangelising institution, having done its work and done it nobly, hands over the congregation, the building, and all the appliances of a successful effort, to the Dutch Church of Cape Colony. I think that is a practical attestation of the fact that we are a catholic society, doing work for whomsoever may fall heir to it. You are aware that the Dutch-speaking colonists of Cape Colony, when missionaries first went amongst them, were very much opposed to mission work. I do not say it was because they were Dutch or spoke the Dutch language; for our own planters in the West Indies were equally opposed to those who came with the open Bible in their hands, and said, "We are going to preach what God says to all men, to your slaves." It is a dangerous Book to preach from to men who are meant to be retained in bondage; it is like the bringing of matches to a powder-magazine, to bring the revelation of God's love and mercy into contact with the human mind. But what is the attitude now of those who opposed your missionaries at the commencement of the present century? Why, they are engaged in the work themselves. It is a most pleasing thing to say that the Dutch Reformed Church has now its own mission to the heathen in the northern districts of South Africa. Those who were opposed to the mission work and frowned upon it are not only engaged in it themselves in their own villages, but they have actually established stations in the Transvaal and the surrounding districts, which they themselves support. Now, had your missions not been successful in Cape Colony, had all this been a matter of platform oratory in this country, how is it that those who were opposed to the work many years ago now approve of it and are engaged in it? There can be no other reason than that they have seen that it is the very work of God; that it has done good in Cape Colony; and that they, as Christian men, are bound to go on with it. Then, while we have nothing to do with party government in Exeter Hall—while it is all the same to this society who is in power and who is out of power—still we are always glad and thankful, as missionaries, and as members of a missionary society, to be able to say, with reference to South Africa, that the English Government has done there a most beneficent and valuable work. If you turn your

attention to the vast continent of America, for instance, and ask, "Where are the Aborigines?" echo sorrowfully answers, "Where?" You find in museums the Bible in languages which were once living and spoken tongues, but which are no longer spoken. Now, why did that take place in North America? Merely because the voice of Exeter Hall did not reach the western settlements of that continent; the restraining power which emanates from this hall—in other words, from the Christian conscience of England—was not felt there. In South Africa, we have had a happier history. Races which were decreasing when the English Government went there are now increasing; they had shown their right to live upon God's earth by their ability to improve, to work, and to be helpful in the economy of the land of their birth. Now, in taking this course the English Government had no superhuman means for acquiring knowledge; in many cases the information which they went upon was derived from missionaries. The Hottentots were freed from the position of service by the intervention of whom? If I were to mention a name it might be considered invidious, yet the history of the country is such that it is not invidious to say that it was a missionary of this institution—a missionary of the London Missionary Society—by whose instrumentality chiefly hordes of serfs were elevated to the position of human beings. I refer to Dr. Philip. So those questions which come up with reference to the social condition and well-being of the South African tribes, are

QUESTIONS WHICH HAVE TO BE CONSIDERED

by you, as members of the London Missionary Society; and I am sure I meet everywhere with the kindest interest. I hear members of the society say, "Show to us if you can how this matter can be settled, how the difficulties in Bechwanaland can be put right, and we will give you what help we can." In crossing the Orange River we come to the country which the London Missionary Society has occupied for a considerable number of years—over fifty. What has been done in South Bechwanaland in the life of one man—a long-lived man, but one whom I am proud and glad to see here to-day? When Mr. John Campbell visited Bechwanaland as the missionary pioneer, he found those who were indeed higher in civilisation than the abject Hottentots and Bushmen of the southern part of the Continent, but who were still utterly degraded, living a low, heathenish life, and having a very low type of civilisation. What is the case now? At our last New Year's prayer-meeting there were some 80 waggons drawn up at the village church of Kuruman. A waggon represents about £150 sterling. Those waggons would be drawn by teams of oxen; each would have perhaps ten oxen to pull it, and each ox would cost about £4. Now that would represent a considerable sum for the travelling appliances of the country. Their owners are living, or were living, at farms; they had led out "fountains," by means of which they irrigated; they were producers, and occupied important positions with reference to the food supply of the neighbouring diamond-fields, supplying stock and grain. With reference to the higher and spiritual work, the Church members in

Kuruman number over 400; they are drawn from a wide circle in each direction, and represent a widespread Christian influence; for while we have a reasonable hope that they are personally devoted to the Lord Jesus Christ, as we hope with regard to church members in this country, their families, their friends, those who are "almost persuaded," of course swell the number; so that in South Bechwanaland Christianity may be said to be the recognised religion, in a general sense. Heathenism has gone into corners, ashamed of itself; it is hiding its head; it does not occupy the prominent position in which Dr. Moffat and the early missionaries found it. But while this gratifying work has been going on, I am sorry to say that the chiefs do not keep their position as leaders of the tribes. You hear the names of Montsiwe, of Moshette, of Mankoroan, and of Massow; but I do not think that one of these chiefs is a member of the Christian Church. It has been an unfortunate thing for South Bechwanaland that this has happened. People have said to me, "Why did all this take place? Why do your chiefs quarrel so?" I am very sorry, my lord, that these chiefs have quarrelled, and if I had not met an instance of quarrelling in this country since I came here last July, I should be more ashamed still; but, after all, they are only doing in their way what I am sorry to find the English people doing after their fashion. The tribal quarrels which were going on at the commencement of the present disturbance were more like your political quarrels than anything; and they would have been settled within the boundary of Bechwanaland had it not been for the intervention of a third party. Here we come to what is the troublesome aspect of this case. We have had for our eastern neighbours

THE TRANSVAAL BOERS

ever since I went to Bechwanaland. They threatened our work in 1853, and their threats being opposed by a very wise governor of that period, Sir George Grey, whose name is still mentioned in South Africa with great respect, the project fell to the ground. The Boers, when I have met them, have said, "We will be honest with you. We were going to take Kuruman in 1858; we had assembled our waggons and supplies, and we do not know why we were stopped." I had an opportunity of knowing which, perhaps, they had not, but I did not make them as wise as myself. Of course I told them I was glad that they had been stopped, and that I hoped they would allow the Bechwanas within their own boundaries to carry on the progressive work in which they themselves saw that they were engaged. When the Pretoria Convention was signed, and when I explained it to the students in the Institution, Kuruman, and to other intelligent people there, their remark to me was, "Sir, will the Boers keep it?" "Well," I said, "the English people think they will; it is for us to wait and to pray and to hope that, having been trusted, having been shown so much honour and confidence by the English people, they will keep it, and do what England expects of them." But then there are two sides to an engagement, and while the Boers had to keep something, England had to keep something also. You will find in the Convention

of Pretoria that the arbitrating, the control of all treaties, the settlement of all disputes between the tribes—that all those matters are confided to an official British Resident. The supreme head is the Sovereign of England; the Suzerain of the Transvaal is represented by the High Commissioner at the Cape, and represented locally in the Transvaal by the British Resident. You have a whole series of activities on the borders of the Transvaal and Bechwanaland, Now, when this disturbance broke out, where was England in this matter? I have to say—actually, in Exeter Hall—that England was nowhere; that for many months England was nowhere in this matter. The affair was carried on for months, the Dutchmen coming to one chief and saying, "Have you not a quarrel with So-and-so?" "Yes." "Then we will help you;" and so they got he cattle and spoil of Bechwanaland, they shot down the people, and committed outrages, as irresponsible men will do: they had no Government to answer to. To whom were they answerable? The Transvaal Government says they were not answerable to them, and the English Government says they were not answerable to them, and that it does not know anything about them. To whom were they answerable? It was thus to be expected that such outrages would take place as that in which a deacon of Dr. Moffat's church was first bound with thongs and then shot down when perfectly helpless,—I refer to old Cornelius, a trusted man for many years, who was first shackled, and then carried into the open field and shot down after his life had been promised to him, not by a native, but by a white man. Where, I ask, during those months was the British Resident? where was the High Commissioner? I answer—nowhere. I am speaking the truth, ladies and gentlemen. This ought to be a matter rising above partisanship and politics; it ought, to us here, to be a matter connected with the great work of elevating our race and bringing men to a higher position, and to the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Now

THAT CONVENTION IS STILL IN FORCE.

After the thing had come to a considerable head the British Resident visited the scene, and despatches were written from this country. Before those despatches were sent, and during the time, nothing was done. A question was put in the House of Commons, and the Under Secretary of State, of that period, said he was happy to say that these things were taking place at a great distance from our borders. But, my lord, you can step out of our Cape Colony into Bechwanaland; and how the hon. gentleman could say that it was far from our borders is a thing which passes my comprehension. It was also said by the Secretary of State for the Colonies that it was a simple border dispute such as would always take place. Now, it is said that the matter has got to be too serious; but under whose eye has it got to be too serious? Who ought to have been doing more than looking on during the time when it has been getting serious? We were told that we ought to be thankful it was a matter far from our own coasts. My lord, what are our coasts? Do they mean this little island? Have we, then,

come to this—that we have no interests and no borders beyond the English Channel? The thing is absurd. Those who have been doing this irresponsible work in Bechwanaland, I learn from papers and letters lately received, have consummated their work in taking possession, not only of the cattle and other property of the people represented by your missionaries and by this society, but they have now taken the land, and taken it in a perfectly undistinguishing kind of way—the land both of friends and of enemies. Moshette, who has been held up as ardently attached to the Boers and the Transvaal, has had all his land, I am told, taken from him, with the exception of one farm. What he will do and how he will like the embraces of his friends I do not know. But they have been at least impartial, treating in the same way both friends and enemies. In travelling through Cape Colony I spent a Sunday at a certain hotel, and met a member of the Cape Parliament. I told him the story, scraps of which I am now telling you. He was a Cape Colonist by birth, and he said, "Where is the British resident? Where is the English Government? Bechwanaland is a place well-known in England, and the interests of that country are supposed by us to be dear to the people of England." This was a Dutchman, and a Cape Colonist wondering where the English Government was, and where was its timely interference in a matter which even then was going on. I met also the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and he said to me, "When you look at our difficulties in Basutoland and Transkei, can you say that the Cape Colony ought to have anything to do with Bechwanaland?" I said, "Yes; that is what I have come to ask." "Well, then," he replied, "you may; but is it reasonable that we should have anything to do with such a grave responsibility as that, with these other things weighing us down?" I said, "There is much force in what you say; it would be easy for the English Government to do that which I admit would be difficult for you to do, but impossible, I do not admit it to be." That is the position of Cape Colony with reference to this matter. They are willing to assist in a secondary way; they will give you their moral and material support, I have no doubt, if England will only do that which she has pledged herself to do, and take the initiative—leading as a paternal and supreme Government ought to do—not being led by any of her sons, even the eldest, in South Africa. If it comes to this, that the English Government wishes to leave South Africa, then I say that the signing of the Pretoria convention was not the way to leave it. If England means to leave the country, there ought to be a different kind of meeting from that which was held at Pretoria, and there ought to be a different kind of convention entered into, open and above-board, so that everybody might know what England meant. When England entered into the convention, England did not mean to take up the position which she has taken up to-day. The words of the convention do not, in my humble opinion, bear such a meaning. England does nothing, she stands aside; but in that convention she is everything, the fore-front, the supreme power in South Africa. In conclusion, I have to plead on behalf of those among whom I have been

labouring during all the time of my labouring life. They are those in whom you have also been interested for a longer period than my own short time. We have here the honoured servant of Christ, who, I believe, received into the Church the first Bechwana convert. They have now their own missionary society—a small one, with eight Bechwana missionaries. Its most northerly station was planted by my friend, Mr. Hepburn, whom I am delighted to see here also; and two of the students from the Moffat Institution did a good deal of practical work in that distant mission. We have a small newspaper circulating in that country; they are struggling to rise and advance in civilisation, and they are manfully taking advantage of what they have been receiving.

WHAT IS IT THAT ENGLAND COULD DO?

Just what England did for two years in Bechwanaland, and what the Government in Edinburgh did for the Highland chiefs. I have a fellow-feeling for those African tribes when I remember that the time of clannishness in Scotland is not so long past. When visiting the remoter glens, I have heard the "King's officers" spoken of in a slighting way, as if they and the sheriff were not, after all, such nice people as the laird and his servants. What I want is to introduce a supreme and central power in South Africa, as the Government in Edinburgh did amongst the clans in the North of Scotland. If England will do this,—it need not cost her much money, it need not cost a regiment of soldiers from this country—if England will do it with the right hand, not the left, then a bright future is before South Africa. But, if you desert the Cape Colony, circumscribed and without influence, handicapped by its own troubles on its own borders, then you leave all the possibilities of the future in the hands of the Transvaal men, whose sympathies are like those of the Southern States of America; with your eyes open, Christian friends, you are writing the future history of Africa in blood; you are causing wars of this nature to be fought, in which grown native men and women will be shot down; you are leading to a history in which the children of those men thus shot down, having the chains fastened upon them, will burst them, as human beings ever will in some period of their history, and burst them in blood. I plead for the rights, the liberties, the very existence of those whom I imperfectly represent this morning, and I would ask that the earnest, straightforward, and Christian influence of Exeter Hall and of the London Missionary Society may be given in this matter. I had an idea when this resolution was read, that it would be an appropriate thing for us, after it was carried, to say, "Let us pray," inasmuch as the conclusion of the resolution had reference to prayer. The missionary knows, or ought to know, the value of prayer. But it strikes me that this is a time when, whilst praying to God, we ought to be using what influence we have as a society, without respect to partisanship or to political government, but as a Christian organisation, for the good of those for whom we are working, not that they might be petted or coddled, but that they might receive what rights and what justice we from our vantage ground of Christian England can afford them.

THE REV. CANON GIRDLESTONE.

My Lord Shaftesbury, my brethren in the ministry, and ladies and gentlemen,—I accepted, with much pleasure, the position which the committee of this Society assigned to me in the proceedings of this important meeting. I was very glad that I had to deal, if only indirectly, with the first resolution, because that resolution sets forth so many important facts in few words, and those few words well chosen. I am likewise glad that my duty is neither to propose nor to second, but only to support the resolution, because it is, of course, much more fitting, and must be much more pleasant to those attending this meeting, that such a resolution should be both proposed and seconded, not by one who, like myself, though an old man, am only as yet a young member of this Society. Had I known as much about the Society fifty years ago as I have within the last six months learnt, I should not have been a young member of the Society to-day. I am glad also that the seconder of the resolution was one who has himself worked as a missionary under the Society. When I was a boy the introduction of what was then known as a live missionary, upon a missionary platform, was looked upon as a master stroke of policy, and like the production of one of the wonders of the world. Happy is it now, that under the management of the various missionary societies in Christendom, the live missionary, though equally useful, is not so much a wonder as he used to be. I may, however, without, I trust, being impertinent, though I have been but a short time connected with the Society, be permitted to say that the more I read and become informed, both of the work and the management of the London Missionary Society, the more I feel that it is a very great power indeed in missionary enterprise, and that nothing but unqualified praise can be given, both to its home management and the carrying out of the work amongst the heathen of foreign countries. One thing strikes me very much indeed. It is this: the large number of native missionaries who have been prepared and sent forth to work amongst the heathen. And another very striking feature in the work of the Society appears to me to be this, that so many churches and congregations which have been originated by this Society have now, like the young birds in spring-time, begun to unfurl their own wings and leave their parents' nest and the parents' protection, and make themselves independent of any external support. These two things, I think, are the best possible proofs of the truth and genuineness of the London Missionary Society. The report is very pleasing, because, in the midst of general depression, even with a larger accumulation of work, resources have been found, by the blessing of God, to carry on that work. There are, of course,

Some Discouraging Circumstances.

We cannot but deplore, for instance, the political disturbances to the missionary operations in Madagascar, or the great trials to which the people and the converts in Bechwanaland are exposed. Disturbances of that sort offer great difficulties for the Government to deal with, and to settle; and we must, I think, give due weight

to that fact, that we cannot altogether understand the difficulties by which such questions are beset for those who have to settle them. But one thing, anyhow, I think, may be very fairly impressed, by those who have influence, upon the Government, and it is this: that we cannot desert our allies without producing a stain upon the national honour, especially when those allies have given substantial assistance to us in our hour of need. We cannot do this without in some measure diminishing the national prestige, and without even risking, to a a certain extent, the future of our colonial empire. I yield to no one in the interest that is taken in foreign missions. No one feels more deeply than I do the command of our Almighty Master, "Go, and teach all nations." But it so happens that my lot has been cast more especially in home than in foreign missionary work, I hope, therefore, I may be excused if I am not so well informed on the details of foreign missionary work as many by whom I am surrounded. But, my lord, I contend that home missionary work, though it has not, of course, a direct influence upon foreign missionary work, has

AN INDIRECT, BUT YET A VERY IMPORTANT INFLUENCE

upon it. I speak in the presence, certainly, of some missionaries—the reverend gentleman on the right of his lordship, Dr. Moffat, and others—and I am sure they will confirm the view that I am now expressing that amongst the many obstacles by which foreign missionary work is opposed, one, at least, consists in the bad example set by those who come from the mother country. From the very first invasion by the Spaniard of the West Indian colonies and America, up to the present time, the bad examples of soldiers, sailors, merchants, emigrants, tradesmen, and labourers, from the mother country, has formed a very great obstacle to the propagation of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And, therefore, we who have taken great interest, and whose lot has been cast more in home than in foreign missionary work, may at least lay claim to have done something indirectly towards the forwarding of foreign missionary work; and if we can send forth into all foreign countries amongst the heathen men from this country, who, instead of carrying what the heathen call the Fire King in their mouth, ardent spirits, shall go forth with the blue ribbon in their button-hole—not that broad blue ribbon with which Her Majesty has seen fit to decorate your lordship, as a mark of her approval of your long course of wise and beneficent legislation for the working classes; and it is much to the satisfaction of your countrymen that she should have so decorated your lordship—if not that broad blue ribbon, yet the blue ribbon which brings peace into many a household, which leads the artisan to carry his wages not to the public-house, but to his wife, to be spent for the good of his family; which brings him home with a kiss for the partner of his hopes and sorrows, instead of what so often has happened—giving her a black eye; which gives comfort and happiness where there was before nothing but misery, suffering, poverty, want of food, want of clothing, and indifference to all

religious impression;—I say, if we can send all our soldiers and sailors, emigrants of every description, men of this sort of character, then home missionary work cannot be said to have produced no assistance towards foreign missionary work. But, at the same time, we must not forget that sobriety and respectability are not Christianity. A man may be very sober and very respectable, and yet he may be as far off being a Christian as darkness is far from light. We must carefully bear in mind that no one can properly be said to be a Christian whose heart has not been changed by the Holy Spirit, and whose union with Christ is not as close as the union of Christ with His Father. And if we can send all whom we do send from this country of that stamp—true and earnest, spiritual-minded Christians—then I believe that our foreign missionaries would feel that they were relieved of a great many difficulties and a great many obstacles, and that when our people landed upon their shores they would hold out the right-hand of fellowship to them as being every man almost a missionary himself, though not ordained; for example, which has often been described as living precept, I am sure every one here must have learnt, is far more powerful than even the most eloquent speeches. How then, my lord, are we to produce this much-desired effect? And what is another obstacle both to home missionary work and to foreign missionary work? I think it is want of

UNITED ACTION

amongst all who really hold the truth as it is in Jesus, though on other and comparatively unimportant points—such, for instance, as Church government—they may hold different opinions. Now, I have never found any difficulty in working large parishes, in co-operating with both the ministers and the members of other branches of Christ's Church than that to which I belong, without sacrificing one jot or one tittle of principle, and there are many public societies in which the same co-operative principle may be carried out. Take, for instance, the Bible Society and the large number of Temperance societies which are formed in this country. But I hold that there is no society existing which has a platform as broad as the London Missionary Society, and I do not think that there is any society in which all who hold the truth as it is in Jesus, notwithstanding their differences upon other points, whose platform admits of a universal union of this kind without sacrifice of principle so much as the platform of this society. Judging from the people with whom I chiefly live I do not think the fundamental principle of this society is thoroughly known, and I should like to be permitted to read it—"As the Union of Christians of various denominations in carrying on this work is a most desirable object, so to prevent, if possible, any cause of future discussion, it is declared to be a fundamental principle of the Missionary Society that its design is not to send Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of church order and governance about which there may be difference of opinion among various persons, but the glorious Gospel of the blessed

God to the heathen." Now, I defy any one to produce a broader platform than that, or a platform on which co-operation may be better acted upon by all the branches of Christ's Church who hold the truth in Jesus. It was with this view that I myself became, six months ago, a member of the London Missionary Society; and it was with this view that I took an active part last autumn, when the Conference of the Congregational Union was meeting in Bristol, to promote a happy feeling between them and the clergy of the Church of England. Some fifty or sixty of us, with the Dean of Bristol at our head, presented to them a paper of affectionate welcome which was received with the same brotherly love and affection as that with which it was offered. No one, I am sure, who was present on that occasion—and on my left hand sits the gentleman who occupied the presidential chair, and he will correct me if I exaggerate—will ever forget it; it was a grand sight, a large number, all animated by the spirit of Christian love and affection. And yet we did not flatter each other. We did not conceal the truth; we said manfully and boldly, "We differ, and we intend to differ, on some minor points—points of Church government and such-like—but we do not see any reason why on that account we should not unite and co-operate earnestly in all those matters, whether public or private, such, for instance, as this society, where we can do so without any compromise of distinctive principles." There is a passage in the history of this country which I will just mention in a few words; it seems to me to have an interesting application to this plea for

CORDIAL UNION WITHOUT COMPROMISE OF PRINCIPLE,

and especially in the work of proclaiming the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ both to our people at home and to the heathen abroad. There was a governor of the Isle of Man who had been attainted for high treason, and he was left in the gaol at Douglas for execution, but before the law had taken action upon him extenuating circumstances had been discovered, and the crown gave him a free pardon. That free pardon was placed in the hands of the public officer whose duty it was to send it promptly to the Isle of Man that it might reach that place before the execution took place. But, owing to some private pique and quarrel, that officer withheld the king's proclamation of pardon for this traitor until after the execution had taken place. Now, my lord, to apply that to the subject which I am advocating—that of co-operation amongst all, faithful Christians and Protestants, in proclaiming the Gospel to the utmost of our power amongst the heathen, both at home and abroad. What I say is this—if we, whether ministers or lay members of the Church of Christ, no matter to what branch of that Church we belong, allow some petty differences among ourselves to stand in the way of uniting with hand and heart in making known that free pardon which, by the King of Kings, has been entrusted to us for prompt and universal delivery, we are ten thousand times more guilty than that wicked officer of State, whose duty it was to deliver the king's pardon without

a moment's delay, but who withheld it until, by the axe of the executioner, the head of the pardoned traitor had been severed from his body.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Rev. R. ROBINSON: I have several notes, all which I need not read. Our dear friend Mr. Spurgeon, who expected to be here, sends us his cordial greetings, and says it would be simply insanity if he were to attempt even to come to our meeting. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton expresses his great regret that he could not be here to listen to what would be told the meeting by Mr. Mackenzie with reference to South Africa; and the Earl of Aberdeen, in like manner, expresses his regret. Then, my lord, I have also two or three notes of a different character. A young friend who has received benefit and help in connection with the London Missionary Society sends for this meeting a cheque of £10. Another friend, who is at present travelling in Asia Minor, wishing us to understand that he has not forgotten our anniversary, sends a cheque for £21. A more distant friend living in New York, but feeling a deep interest in our work, forwards a donation of £200. And yet another friend, who wishes to be known simply as "A. B.," says he must trouble me with a donation, and probably may trouble me again before long in the same way, but he gives me a happy issue out of such troubles by sending a cheque for £300. With such excellent examples I think we may now venture to take the collection.

The collection was then made.

A hymn was sung, commencing, "O Lord, our God, arise."

ALBERT SPICER, Esq., moved

THE SECOND RESOLUTION.

"That this meeting recognises the great importance and prospective value of special deputations sent out by this Society and by other kindred societies, to visit their various mission stations, especially those in India and China, with a view to encourage the missionaries and mission churches, and also to secure a more thorough knowledge of their condition and requirements, thereby securing improved methods of administration at home and abroad, while, at the same time, feeling the need of more fervent supplications for the outpouring of the Divine Spirit upon all workers and the work, that the great and desired ends may be secured. That this meeting also resolves that J. Kemp-Welch, Esq., J.P., be treasurer; the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson be foreign secretary; the Rev. Robert Robinson be home secretary; and the Rev. Edward H. Jones be deputation secretary for the ensuing year. That the list of directors and of the Board Committee nominated by the annual meeting of directors be approved, and that the gentlemen therein named be appointed directors for the year."

With regard to the first part of that resolution I need say very little this morning, for it seems to me a little curious that I should have been called upon to ask you to approve special deputations. I need not have

much doubt upon that subject, but it may require the exercise of a little faith on your part. With regard, however, to the latter part of the resolution, it gives me peculiar pleasure to propose the re-election of our good Treasurer, Mr. Kemp-Welch. It is true that he is laid aside by serious illness at the present time, but I am sure we all join very sincerely in the prayer in the report, that, if it be God's will, he may again be restored to us in some degree of health and strength. With regard to the other officers I need not say anything, except again to endorse the request made in the report, that you will not forget in your prayers, the Foreign Secretary abroad. With regard to the other officers, they have served you well in the past, and they need no words of commendation from me this morning. My special duty and object, I take it, is to try and give you very briefly some account of the work which the Board asked me to undertake, in conjunction with your Foreign Secretary, in

Visiting the Different Mission Stations in India.

I think it may be well to state at the outset a fact that I do not think is realised by many of the constituents of this Society, that our stake, as a London Missionary Society in India, is a very large and a very important one. And, referring to the question of special expenditure, which was mentioned in the report, I should like here to say that I hope none of our friends will be misled by that statement. It is perfectly true that the special expenditure that was necessary in some stations last year may not be necessary again in those stations this year, but I can say confidently, speaking for India, that there is great need of some special expenditure in that country. Amidst the starting of missions in Madagascar, in New Guinea, and Central Africa, I fear we have allowed our missions in the East somewhat to suffer; and if we are to still continue to occupy the field which is at the present time allotted to our Society, we must increase our strength both in men and in money. I said the stake of the London Missionary Society in India is a very large one. Our missions extend from Cape Comorin in the south to the Himalayas in the north, and comprise some of the most important parts of India. For example, we have one station in Belgaum, in the Bombay Presidency; then we have ten stations in the Madras Presidency, forming a tolerably complete chain of missions from Bellary to Coimbatoor in the South and Vizianagram to Chicacole in the North; one in the native state of Mysore, viz, Bangalore; and five in South Travancore. Then we have two stations, Calcutta and Berhampore, in the Presidency of Bengal, and again, four stations in the North-west Provinces. This will show you the importance of that stake. And to show you the distances over which these stations extend, I may mention that to visit your

Twenty-three Central Stations

in India, to say nothing of the out-stations, which lie, in many cases, from five to 100 miles away from the central stations, means a journey from

Bombay round to those stations and back again to Bombay of nearly 6,000 miles. There is another statement I should like you to bear in mind in estimating the difficulties of the work which we have in hand. In those 23 central mission stations in India we have to do with nine different languages. In the Bombay Presidency we have the Mahratta and the Canarese; in the Madras Presidency we have the Tamil, the Telugu, and also the Canarese; in South Travancore we have the Malayalam and the Tamil, and in the Bengal Presidency we have Hindustani and Bengali, and in the North-west Provinces we have the Hindi and the Urdu. I mention this because a moment's reflection will tell you what this statement means. It means nine different sets of peoples, with different habits, different customs, different castes, different modes of living and thought, and it means nine times the difficulty of providing a pure Christian literature for this people. Well, our object has been to visit these stations, to come into closer contact with our own missionary friends who are there bearing the burden and heat of the day, to learn from them all that was possible in the time as regards their position, their prospects, their difficulties, and the many problems that have to be solved in the great work; and then, in addition to all that, we felt that there was something for us to do in trying to add that touch of brotherly sympathy with our European missionaries, which amidst necessary rules and regulations is sometimes so hard to feel in carrying on the ordinary routine of daily work. And then, in addition to our own missionaries, we have tried to come into close contact with our native brethren—the native assistant missionaries, the native pastors, the native teachers connected with our missions; and I lay stress on this, because we must ever recollect that if we are to win India for Christ it will not be mainly through the agency of European missionaries, but it will be just as far as we are successful in training up a native Christian Church with native leaders, who shall be prepared when the time comes to go in and possess the land. It has, therefore, been a constant aim on the part of your deputation to learn the views and opinions of our native brethren; to try and find out their feelings with regard to our modes of operation; and to try in this way to gain these different kinds of information, that when we returned to home duties we might be able, with more sympathy and with more intelligence, to help to guide in the administration of our great Society. I should like to say a word or two as to

THE RECEPTION WHICH WE HAVE HAD

on all hands. It is only right at the annual meeting of the constituents of our Society that I should publicly thank friends abroad for the very hearty way in which they have received us at all the stations. I need hardly say that our own missionaries have opened to us their houses and their hearts. They have told us of their difficulties, and I never felt so sincere a sympathy with our missionaries in India as I feel to-day; and I can say the same of the native brethren and churches, who

literally vied with one another in trying to do us honour—not as individuals, but as representatives of this Society; and who, in showing this feeling, have wished to testify by it their gratitude to you for all that you have been the means of accomplishing for them. I should like you to have seen some of the sights which it was our privilege to see in many parts of India, to have been present at some of those meetings where, beforehand, not only had prayers been offered on our behalf, that we might have a safe and prosperous voyage to them, but where every pains had been taken that we might feel that they honoured our coming and our visit. The chapels were beautifully decorated with Eastern foliage, and at the close of those meetings I should have liked you sometimes just to have stepped in to have seen your deputation, perhaps looking rather comical, arrayed in garlands and bracelets of flowers, which is their way of showing respect; looking, in fact, as we used to think sometimes, like some of our civic officials who had lost their gold and silver chains and had flowers in their place. And then, if you could have witnessed some of the sights that we saw in South Trayancore; our entry, for instance, into Nagercoil, where, at a distance of five miles from the city, we were met with a torch-light procession, and conducted almost in state, while in the city we found thousands of the population gathered in the streets to give us a hearty welcome to that wonderful station. I need hardly say sights of this kind made one feel, not only that it was an honour to represent such a society, but that the old London Missionary Society had done a work in the past, and if we who are carrying on the work in the present day were only faithful, there were brighter and happier days in store for that land. I feel this morning I must try and tell you a little of the work in which we found our missionaries engaged, some of their hindrances, and some of their encouragements.

The Work in which our Missionaries are Engaged

divides itself naturally into three branches. There is the work amongst the young, there is the work amongst the women, which has already been so well referred to by the Chairman and others, and there is the work amongst the adults. The work amongst the young necessarily takes a very important place. There is, first of all, the elementary education, conducted very often in schools, and with appliances of a very primitive nature. Some of our friends, who know a good deal about School Board work, would be very much amused if they could be suddenly transferred into some school in Travancore, or in the Madras Presidency, where they would find a little cottage, with mud floor and walls, the infant class seated on the floor, with not a great amount of clothing on, learning to draw their letters on the sand. Then they would find the older classes writing with their iron stylus on palmyra leaf in Travancore; and in other parts of India they would be using boards of tin or wood, and writing with little chips of wood dipped in chalk and water.

All these appliances may be very primitive, but I am thankful to say that in examining these children, of course through interpreters, for it was utterly impossible for us to attempt to learn nine languages in six months, we found that the results of those primitive schools were, to our mind, quite as satisfactory in every way as we should find in our own schools in this country. Then another branch of elementary education are the orphanages which have sprung up naturally around our missionary stations—mainly from the necessity arising in times of famine, when children, left by father and mother, picked up on the fields and in the streets, are brought by the Government officials and others to the mission compound, it being recognised that the object in life in those residing there is to try and make men happier and better; and therefore not only Government officials, but Europeans and natives, have, in the times of famine, turned to the mission stations to take up these orphans, to be cared for and to be brought up in the admonition and fear of the Lord. Then, again, there are the boarding-schools, which have done great service in the past mission history of India—schools which, I think, may not be quite so necessary in some parts in the future as they have been; because, of course, we all prefer that the children of Christians should be brought up in the homes of their Christian parents, as we believe that from such homes we shall get stronger children than they would be if they were simply trained in what we may term hot-houses. You know how difficult it is for even respectable parents in our great cities to keep their children free from the contaminating influence of bad companions; and if this is so in England, the evil is a great deal worse in heathen India, and in this way these boarding-schools have been the means of doing good work for missions in the past. Then I must say a word or two with regard to the Anglo-vernacular education to which some of our missionaries have devoted a good deal of time—schools in which the lower classes are taught in the vernacular of the district, and the higher classes in the English language, thus preparing them for Government examinations. It is sometimes asked, "Is the proper work of a missionary to be in the school?—should he not be out preaching instead of being a mere scho lmaster?" I believe there is a place, and a very important place, for the missionary who devotes his time to going out to preach the Gospel. There is also a very important work to be done in the higher schools of India. In those schools we are able to influence classes of society whom otherwise it is impossible to reach in a regular systematic way. We have in those schools those young men who show, by their determination to have a higher education, that they will fit themselves for the higher places in business and in official life. And those higher English schools give us an opportunity of reaching those young men day by day, and not only imparting to them a good secular training, but, at the same time, a training in the knowledge of Christianity. Looking at the matter that I mentioned at the outset: that our duty in India is to try and build up a Native Christian Church with strong leaders, it is from

such schools that we shall get these leaders, and although the testimony with regard to the last few years is that we have not received many converts from them, we can show to-day, in different parts of India, some of our best pastors and teachers as the results of these Anglo-Vernacular schools. Now a word or two with regard to

The Work Amongst the Women.

Let me say this at the outset: that, whilst it is true that the special department in connection with women's work has only during the last few years been started by our society, our missionaries and their wives have been for years trying to carry on this work. And, in fact, the results that we are reaping to-day, and the rapid rate at which this work is growing in India, are in large measure owing to the work which our missionaries' wives have devoted to this question for years past. Of course, with regard to the "Zenanas"—which, by the way, is a misapplication entirely, except in the north of India, where Zenanas alone exist, the women in the south of India not being enclosed in Zenanas, which simply means the secluded women's department; of course, that part of the work—visiting the homes of the women—I cannot say anything about, except by testimony from those who are engaged in it; but with regard to the work amongst the girls I can speak very heartily from personal experience. This whole question of women's position in India is growing very rapidly. It is true that on the one hand, whenever you ask, as to what are the obstacles that are preventing the spread of Christianity, you are told on all hands that the women of India form the chief obstacle, whether it is in the south, or whether it is in the north. It is true that in the south their influence may be more apparent: but at the same time although in the north—especially among the higher classes—most of their time is devoted to frivolity and sensuality, they still exercise a very important influence upon the position of the men, and upon the men's opinions. Though it is true that women form the chief obstacle in India, I am here to testify to-day that no class of society in India suffers more from their position as heathens than the women of India. I do not use exaggerated terms when I say that I may describe the great mass of women in India—of course, not speaking of quite the higher classes—as being simply beasts of burden. And whilst they are the greatest sufferers from heathenism, there is no class that has gained so much where they have accepted Christianity as these women. You can see it in their faces. As you go about places, like some of those in Travancore, where you meet constantly heathen and Christian women, I would undertake to choose correctly in any given street the Christian women, quite apart from dress, from the heathen women. There is a tone of depression, and of sadness, a haggard and a worn look—something unsatisfied in the heathen woman; but in the Christian woman, on the other hand there is that look of growing refinement and satisfaction, and something that tells of a hope that is brighter than what they have known before. I

cannot speak too strongly as regards the importance of urging on this work at the present time. I believe it is growing very rapidly. Why, this winter in India there were two young Bengali ladies devoting their time to speaking on public platforms in advocacy of the education and the advancement of women. This would not have been possible a few years ago, and, I believe now, if we are but true to ourselves, and if we make a great effort, and are prepared for some sacrifice, to start in connection with all our mission stations strong girls' schools, and then follow up the teaching in the homes after the girls have left—for it will be many years before we shall break down the system of early marriages which takes the girl from school at thirteen or fourteen, and sometimes earlier, to join her husband —if having obtained an influence over these girls, from, say, six and seven up to thirteen and fourteen, we then carry on vigorously the work of influencing these women in their homes, having received in the school the elementary part of education, I believe we shall find the work going on more rapidly than ever. I must now say a word or two with regard to

THE WORK AMONGST ADULTS.

This, again, is very multifarious. There is, first of all, the itinerant missionaries' work. There are the tours taken, either longer or shorter —longer by the missionary himself, shorter tours when he takes his wife and family with him, so as to show, in the midst of a heathen country, the influences of family Christian life. There are those tours when they preach whenever the opportunity affords—sometimes in the streets, sometimes when they have found an audience ready to be still more attentive in homes and rooms lent them for the purpose. And again, visitation in those villages from house to house. One of our missionaries, I may call him the prince of itinerant missionaries, Mr. Edwin Lewis, of Bellary, spent last year no less than 194 days itinerating in his district, containing something like one million population. Then there is another work connected with bazaar preaching especially suitable for large cities, such as Madras and Calcutta, where our friends hire a room in the most crowded part of the native bazaar quarter, holding meetings from time to time; and thus reach a class of society who will not otherwise come to our more regularly constituted services. Then, of course, in our more advanced stations in the south of India and Travancore, you have the work of conducting churches; because, of course, in Travancore and Madras we have churches where you have, to a certain extent, all the different organisations and agencies that are being carried on by our churches at home. There is our church at Nagercoil, close to Cape Comorin, which has been a self-supporting church for twenty years; and a church which, I may say—I hope my friends behind will not be jealous—gave me my first preaching fee, and although that fee took the form of a free pass to the next station, which some of you may think a little satirical, at any rate I had a companion, and the same fee was given to my esteemed colleague. Then there is the work of superintending the out-

stations, the work in which is conducted in the main by the native pastors and agents. It is the work of the missionary from time to time to visit these out-stations, to encourage, to stimulate, to advise, and to do all in his power to help on the work. Then another very growing work with regard to our missionaries is that of training agents. Of course those who only know their own vernacular have a very limited amount of literature, and it is therefore very important that our missionaries should devote a good deal of time to keep them abreast of the times, and to do all in their power that these men may be constantly growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I have gone through these different descriptions of work because I want to keep clearly before you the main purpose of the English missionary in India; it is that he should look at this work from the position of a statesman; he has not to do all the work himself, but he has constantly to be training and to be looking after agents who shall be prepared to carry it on much more widely and broadly. For it is only in this way that we shall be able to reach the masses of that great country. I want to say a word or two with regard to the

Hindrances and Encouragements.

Many of the hindrances have been so well touched upon by my friend Mr. White, that I need not devote much time to them; first, there is the climate, for we ought to remember that our missionaries must ever be foreigners in a foreign land. I myself had the misfortune, or good fortune—I am not sure which—to have a fever for a few days during my visit; and I often told the missionaries I thought it was a very good thing I had, because I now knew what fever was, and its effects, and I was therefore able to offer them a more cordial sympathy in their sickness. But the great hindrances are the people themselves, the superstition, and the debasing influence of the Hindoo religion. Why, my lord, I could not mention on this platform, or on any public platform, many of the things which I have seen and heard in connection with the degrading habits of the Hindoo religion. And then there is the natural pride, and there is that powerful barrier of "caste"—that false barrier which has been set up by man, dividing him from his brother. And then in the north you have, at the present time especially, a great conflict going on between Hindooism and Christianity. The higher castes see very clearly that the introduction of Christianity means the levelling down of their position; they see that Christianity will not set up one man above another; they see that Christianity recognises a common brotherhood, and they are doing all in their power at the present time to withstand it; and the results of becoming Christians were perhaps never more severe than now. To be a Christian at the present day in the north of India means the loss of employment, of home, of relations, and even the right, sometimes, to take his water out of the ordinary well. These are difficulties which are great, and yet they are not difficulties that Christian men should shrink back at, for they have been

conquered in the past. I cannot help referring to a family that I had the pleasure of meeting at one of our stations—the father a Brahmin convert from our high school. That family—father, mother, sons and daughters— would, I venture to say, take their position to-day in any class of English society in which you might place them; and they acknowledge that it is Christianity which has elevated them in this way. Even whilst we were there, we found proofs that if we are true and faithful, this fearful rock of Hindooism may soon be split into pieces. And we have great encouragement. Wherever I have been, though sometimes the outlook has seemed very dark, still we saw encouragements that sent us on our way rejoicing. In the districts of Cuddapah and Gooty, superintended by Mr. Bacon and Mr. Stephenson, there has been a remarkable work going on amongst the agricultural labourers, who, in whole bodies, have come over and expressed their wish to be taught the principles of Christianity. Going into that district we visited some of these villages, and I never shall forget the scene at a little village called Yadaki—where there is at present no school—where we had a very interesting meeting under the village tree, and at the close of that meeting, after we had had a dish of sweetmeats presented to us, a deputation waited upon us. From the eagerness and the feeling which this deputation threw into their words, I made sure that they had some complaint to make of the missionary or some one else; and great was my surprise that this was not a question of complaint, but that, in a business-like way, as they thought they had got some of the home officials in connection with our society, they thought now was the time to fix us in a promise that we would at once secure a piece of land that they might build a school and have a church. I must tell you they were not asking us to give them this; they were prepared themselves to build the chapel or the school if we took the ground, and they were prepared, also, to provide the food for the teacher; so that all we should have to do, which is the rule of that district, would be to provide a small stipend for his support. To me it was extremely encouraging to find these people so sincerely desirous to come and learn about Christianity. There was another little scene which showed to me, perhaps more clearly than the great sights, the moving of the waters: it was up at Almora, on the hills, where our good friend, Mr. Budden, has been residing so many years, and it is not surprising that such a faithful worker should have those in his family circle who are equally faithful; and it is through the influence of his daughter that there is an extremely interesting work going on in that district. It was my privilege one afternoon to meet about sixteen women who voluntarily are devoting one afternoon in the week to go out in pairs to speak in the different villages round Almora to their own countrymen. It is when we see this movement, when we see the people ready, unpaid, and voluntarily willing to go forth, that we see the direction in which God's work is moving. And then I would also mention another matter. We had some very interest-

ing addresses of welcome presented to us, not only by our own Christian churches, but by heathen communities; and those

ADDRESSES OF WELCOME

were not mere addresses of flattery, but they were to thank you and to thank your missionaries for the influence your work has been exerting for the welfare of the people. It is true at present these men—some of them belonging to high castes—are not Christians themselves, but they are on the threshold, and they showed by this address that they were gradually getting nearer, and I believe the time is not far distant when, in Travancore especially, we shall find a great movement towards Christianity coming from the upper castes as well as the lower. Then I need hardly refer you to the work at Nagercoil and other parts of Travancore. In Nagercoil they have a church which seats 2,500 people. It was my privilege to see that church full on two occasions—the first at a meeting of welcome to us, and again on the Sunday; and after the ordinary service they held their united communion, when 1,100 native Christians sat down to the commemoration of the Lord's Supper. I confess that I did not look upon that scene without feelings of strong emotion, and a feeling that one had been privileged to see the partial fulfilment of our Saviour's words when He said, "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." My friends, there is no cause for discouragement in India. The work may be slow, but I am here to say that it is being conducted on healthy and on wholesome lines. There never was a stronger disposition on the part of our missionaries not to do anything to encourage men to become Christians unless they are firmly resolved to put up with all the consequences. Our missionaries do not believe in rice Christians, and, instead of attempting to provide employment for them, the word to every one who wishes to come forward and be baptized is, "You must go back to your own village, and you must live there the Christian life. It is true you may have difficulties, you may be persecuted at first; but if you are only firm, it will make you all the better Christian, and the work will be all the more healthy for you." And now, in closing, I just want to say this: that if you wish the mission work in any heathen country to succeed, you must bear this in mind, that the Christianity of this country reacts upon the Christianity abroad. I never felt so much as I felt in India that you feel out there

THE PULSE OF ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY

in a way which you do not feel it here. Let me give you one illustration. It is sometimes the painful duty of secretaries to announce from this platform, in connection with this and other societies, that the income has not met the expenditure. This is not thought much of here, but that goes down to the different offices of our different societies, and the word

goes forth, "The expenditure must be reduced;" and, after a careful revision, it is resolved that a grant must be reduced here, and another one there, and work that we have been doing must be stopped for the present. This goes abroad to our missionaries, it goes from the missionaries to the native agents, and from the native agents to the native churches. You cannot realise what an influence it has upon them. It means depression, it means a sense of insecurity, it means a feeling that English Christians are not as much in earnest as they used to be; they do not care as much as they used to, and they are leaving us because it means that some teacher must be withdrawn, that some school must be closed. My friends, I believe if you only realised the depressing influence to Christianity itself in India, not only to our own native churches, but to the Europeans living around the stations, some of whom, I am thankful to say, take an interest in our work—if you could only realise one half of what deficits mean here, I believe you would be willing to make any sacrifice rather than deficits should occur. I never believed so heartily in mission work as I do to-day; and I ask you, in trying to carry it on for a fresh year still more vigorously and hopefully, to remember that, in doing it, we are only acting up to God's Word, which says, "As I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

Lord SHAFTESBURY then left the chair, which was taken for the remainder of the meeting by the Rev. Dr. FAIRBAIRN.

REV. J. GILMOUR, M.A., MISSIONARY FROM CHINA.

Some time ago, in a 'bus one night, I met a soldier. I am sorry to say he was a little tipsy, but he was very talkative, and I thought, as he had come back from Egypt, I might just as well get a little information out of him. I was astonished to find that he did not know much about it. I think, after all, that I knew more about the general campaign than he knew; and when I questioned him about the general aspect of the war, he had not very much to say, even though he had some whisky in him. But when I asked him where he had been, what he had been doing, where he was that night before the morning, then he could tell me something that I had not heard before; then he had plenty to say. I feel somewhat in the position of that man, standing before you this afternoon—*minus* the whisky, for I wear a blue ribbon, as you see. What I mean is this: that there are men on this platform more competent, probably, to speak on the general question of the mission field than I am. So I do not intend to speak about generalities here. I intend to tell you a little about the places where I have been, and some of the things I have tried to do. The resolution says something about the deputation. That deputation, I hear, is now in China. I wish I had been there to meet it, because I value very highly these deputations, and I expect the very best results to follow from them. But since I cannot be there, what I wish to tell you is some-

thing about what that deputation will see f it goes into one of our chapels of an afternoon, in the streets of Peking.

In Peking we have Three Chapels.

A chapel there is merely a Chinese shop, put into decent repair, and a signboard stuck over the top. The Chinese are very fond of giving themselves very high names. You will come to a man sitting in a little box scarcely big enough for himself to turn round in, and if you read his sign, it is some flowing name about a hall; it may be the "Hall of Continual Virtue," or something of that kind, or the "Hall of the Five Happinesses." So our title above our chapel just runs in the native idiomatic style, and it is the "Gospel Hall." Inside there is not very much to see. The counter has been cleared away and the shelves, and, in place of the mud, a brick floor has been put down; and then there are forms arranged for the sitters, and there is a low platform for the speaker. I do not know how it happens, but it does happen, that up in the left-hand corner of the chapel—and it is always the left-hand corner—there is a table and two chairs, and on that table there is a teapot and a set of cups, because in China everything is done with tea. You must always begin in that way. These chapels are open six days in the week in the afternoon. Now, supposing you come in at the door, the natural thing for the missionary seems to be just to walk up to this table and sit down, and then the next thing is to get a congregation. Sometimes there is no difficulty about getting it, if it happens to be a fair day or there is a crowd in the streets. They simply pour in; but the tide goes different ways sometimes, and does not pour in always like that. I want to give you just a fair, square, honest idea of what the thing is. Sometimes the congregation will not come in, and sometimes, after a little while, one man looks in at the door and sees a foreigner, and he is off. He has seen quite enough and does not want to see any more; and if you were to ask him what he had seen, he would not say he had seen a foreigner, no, he would say he had seen "a foreign devil." And, friends, you would not be very much astonished that some of those ignorant men coming from the country are alarmed when they see a foreigner, if you could only imagine the terrible lies that they circulate about us there; about how we take out people's hearts for the purposes of magic, and steal people's eyes to make photographic chemicals, and administer medicines to bewitch them generally. I say that, if the first man who comes to a chapel on an afternoon is a man who has heard these things, you cannot be astonished that all you see of that man is his back and his pigtail as he goes away. Another man sometimes comes—a bolder man, and he comes in, and the most natural thing for him seems to be to walk up to the table and sit down on the other side, and there you and he are a pair. The proper thing is to pour him out a cup of tea; that is etiquette, and the etiquette seems to be that he should not drink it. Sometimes, after the service begins, I see the native preacher come

slyly up as if he did not mean anything at all; and he walks up to the teapot, and lifts the lid quite quietly, and slips that tea back into the pot again, and puts on the lid and warms it up, and it is ready for the next man who comes. If you get into conversation with one man, the congregation is, for the most part, practically secured, because, though a Chinaman is very much afraid of being spoken to directly by a foreigner, most Chinamen are very curious to overhear any conversation that may be carried on; so if you are speaking to him, in comes another man to listen, and if you can get other men to come in and listen over each other's backs, very soon more come in than the original speaker cares to overhear his private conversation; and when that step is reached, it is time to go to the platform and ask the hearers to sit down and begin the regular service. Sometimes nobody comes in, and then you have to try something else, and that is to go and sit down a little nearer the door, and sometimes, in that way, gradually a few people come in. But then in Peking sometimes there is a great north-west wind blowing; and I think that is about the hardest thing on a man's congregation before he gets it, because, when the weather is unfavourable, there are not many people about, and so we have to adopt another plan. We do not go on to the street, but inside the chapel the native preacher and I do our best to sing a hymn. I say do our best, because sometimes these native preachers do not succeed in singing very well; however, we succeed in making a noise, and that is the thing that draws. The people look in and see what they suppose to be a foreigner and a native chanting Buddhist prayers. In they come; they have not seen that before, and they sit down, and, as soon as the hymn is through, we have the opportunity of telling them the contents of the hymn; and there you have your sermon ready to your hand. But suppose you have got your congregation, it is not all smooth-sailing water. Sometimes there are

INTERRUPTIONS.

Sometimes, just when you have the ear of your audience, all at once a tremendous row happens just outside the door, and the congregation jump to their feet and rush out to see what is going on. I could have told them, if they had only asked me. No doubt, some unwise Chinaman, in place of coming straight in and sitting down, stood on the outskirt of the crowd on tip-toe. A city thief coming along says, "Ah, there is my man," and he walks quietly up to him with a pair of sharp scissors, cuts off his tobacco-pouch, and goes off with it. Of course, as soon as the man misses the tobacco-pouch, his first impulse is to grab his next neighbour; that neighbour remonstrates, and then a fight commences. Sometimes a funeral passes, and that is almost as serious an interruption as a fight; because, although a Chinaman does not think much about his soul after he dies, he thinks a vast deal about his dead body, and, in order to be perfectly sure that he will not be cheated by the undertaker, he buys his coffin before he is sick, and sees that he has a good

bargain. And so, having a good coffin, he wants a good funeral; and it is said some men spend nearly half of their fortune in having a grand procession when they are carried to their grave. When one of these enormous funerals, with a procession sometimes a quarter of a mile long, comes by, it is a very bad job for your congregation. Out they go to have a look at it. Then the interruption is sometimes another thing, and this last one is a more difficult case to settle. When one of the upper ten thousand in China has a marriage, they want to have a great exhibition; and after they have bought the furniture, they get and hire a great many men, and have them dressed to carry that furniture in procession along the streets and show it to their neighbours. First comes a great wardrobe, and then a little cupboard, a washstand, a square table, and all sorts of furniture. Now when that comes, what are you to do? They have been at the expense of paying for an exhibition for their neighbours to see, and they feel that it would be unneighbourly if they did not step to the door and look out and see the things carried past, and there is your congregation. Sometimes there are unusual interruptions happen. I remember once a woman put her head in at the door. Women do not come to these chapels often—I am very glad they do not. That woman put her head in at the door, and I saw danger. She glared round the place, and then she spied one man, and she shouted out something at him: "Come out of that!" and, friends, he came out of that, in a big hurry, too. He disturbed us very considerably. It was not the woman so much as the man—we all pitied him as he went out.

We have no Caste in China.

Thank God for that. We sometimes see the best-dressed men sitting next to the worst; the one does not seem at all to object to the other. These congregations behave exceedingly well, though, perhaps, your idea of good behaviour would not be quite the same as mine. The first thing a Chinaman seems to do when he comes into a chapel is to stand and look about him, while his hands are mechanically feeling for his tobacco-pouch; the next thing is to fill his pipe, and then he looks round to see where he is going to get a light. If the others are smoking, he gets it from them; but if not, then he comes to our table, where we actually put down a slow match for the sole purpose of lighting the pipes of the audience. Now, my brethren in the ministry, how would you like to preach to a smoking congregation? Well, I detest tobacco-smoke of all things, and wish that those who smoke tobacco would consume their own smoke too; but I rather like my congregation taking to their pipes, because, when a man is smoking, as a rule he is not talking, and that is just what we want a heathen to come in and do—to come in and sit down, and rest a bit; smoke if he likes, only not talk, but let me tell him what I have got to say. People tell me that tobacco is soothing, I do not know; they must be very irritable these smokers—because, I am very sorry to say, I have seen as much bad temper

in a smoker as in anybody else. There is another thing we want —namely, that a man who comes into the chapel should just sit down and be quiet, and be soothed in his mind, while I tell him that which I have got to say. Sometimes a little lad will stick his head in at the chapel door, with a basket of nuts and melon seeds, and he comes in with the deliberate intention to sell to my congregation while I am preaching to them. Well, you may think I am pretty broad, but I do not object to that either, because probably the men have smoked enough, and now they want something else. They buy a handful of these nuts, and then commence to shell them and eat them, and I rather like to see it. For why? Just as I see the ladies knitting and working here. It keeps the man's hands employed, and he is likely to sit a little while longer and not be talking and making any disturbance, but listen to the story of the Cross which we have come to tell him. Now, I want to talk to you seriously a little bit. Those audiences are very mixed, and they are very curious to your eyes. Sometimes I see those audiences, most of whom we do not know anything about, listening to what I have to tell them, quite as still as you are now—their pipes out, the smoke cleared away. They lean forward and listen just as still as audiences in this country sometimes listen when the preacher, in an interesting discourse, is coming up to a division of his subject. And, friends, let me tell you what it is that makes them listen best of all—it is

THE CENTRAL DOCTRINE OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

When we come to tell them of how Christ left the surroundings of heaven, and came to spend so many years in such very poor, unsympathetic company on earth (and that is a subject that a missionary sometimes can talk feelingly upon when he has been in a foreign country for some time), when we can tell them that, and then come to the last and greatest part of all: how Christ allowed Himself, for love of man, to be nailed to the cross, and not only that, but kept in Him that gentle spirit that made Him pray for those who were putting Him to death—oh, friends, when we come to that and tell them of it—I know that a Chinaman is degraded, corrupt, sensual, material, but he has a human heart; and when you can get at that heart, it responds to the story of the Cross. We want to do something in drawing the net, and so, on this table in the corner, there is a pile of books, and as it gets towards the time to close, I say to the friends, "Now, you will soon be going away to your evening meal; and as I am a foreigner, probably you have not understood all that I have said;" and then I say, "Now, before you go, there are a number of books upon this table, where you will find the whole of this subject put down in black and white; will you just come up and have a look at the books before you go?" We want, if possible, to establish a point of contact with them, and so to get a little private conversation, as it were. If you ask them to come up and look at a book, and they ask the price of it, you have an opportunity of talking to them, and some of these men not only buy the books, but they read them and come back for others.

Now, how does the matter stand? These heathens have been in our chapel, and we have taken the opportunity of putting some of the truth into their hearts; but I know a good part, much, it may be, of what the man has heard when he goes out—well, it is stolen away, or it is trampled under foot; but some part of it remains. And now I can come to the practical part. I have not been trying to entertain you, but I have been trying to interest you, and what I want to impress upon you is this: after those men have left the chapel you can do as much for their conversion as we can do in China. I want you to

PRAY FOR THE CONVERSION OF THESE MEN

to whom we, in Peking, and others in other parts of the world, are the means of communicating these truths of Christ. I believe it is not only the earnestness of the missionary that is going to produce results, but it is your earnestness here. We are your agents, and I believe, fervently, we shall have results there in direct proportion to the measure of your earnestness here. I believe I am speaking to the right people when I ask you to pray. Unprayed for, I feel very much as if a diver were sent down to the bottom of a river with no air to breathe, or as if a fireman were sent up to a blazing building and held an empty hose; I feel very much as a soldier who is firing blank cartridge at an enemy, and so I ask you earnestly to pray that the Gospel may take saving and working effect on the minds of those men to whose notice it has been introduced by us. Not long ago, at the close of a local anniversary, when we had been having a meeting, as we were going home, three of us got off a tram-car—two ministers of the locality and myself—and, as we were walking along, one said: "Ah, Gilmour, it is all the same over again; it is just the old thing; you missionaries come, and you have an anniversary, and the people's earnestness seems to be stirred up, and you ask their prayers, and it looks as if you would get them, but," he said, "you go away, and the thing passes by and is just left where it was before." I do not think that was quite correct. I think my brother was labouring under a temporary fit of the blues, and I was very glad to find his companion said it was not quite correct. What I want is this, to go back to my work feeling that there are those behind us who are praying earnestly that God's spirit would work effectually in the hearts of those to whom we have the privilege of preaching. If you pray earnestly you can but work earnestly, and then you will also give earnestly; and I do not think we can be too earnest in the matter for which Christ was so much in earnest that He laid down His own life.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

On the motion of ALBERT SPICER, Esq., the thanks of the meeting were voted to the Earl of SHAFTESBURY for having taken the chair, and the proceedings closed with the benediction.

II.—New Year's Sacramental Offering to Widows' Fund.

To 30th April, 1883.

London.

Bexley Heath Congregational Ch.	2	4	11
Camberwell New Road	2	2	0
Cheshunt Auxiliary—			
Stanstead	0	10	0
City Road Congregational Ch.	11	0	0
Croydon (South) Auxiliary	4	10	4
Enfield, Baker Street	2	13	0
Hammersmith, Broadway Ch.	1	9	4
Kentish Town Auxiliary	9	1	8
Romford	2	16	4
Tolmer's Square	5	14	9

Country.

Attercliffe, Zion Ch.	2	0	0
Basingstoke	3	12	9
Bedford, Howard Ch.	2	11	9
Birmingham Auxiliary—			
Westminster Road	2	11	7
Lozell's Church	5	0	0
Park Road	2	3	0
Soho Hill	5	7	1
Saltley Road	3	0	1
Steelhouse Lane	6	0	0
Blackburn Auxiliary—			
James Street	3	3	0
Park Road	2	0	0
Montague Street	1	10	0
Belthorn	1	12	5
Bradford Auxiliary—			
Salem	5	0	0
Saltaire	4	12	2
East Moreton	3	2	2
Keighley	3	0	0
Eccleshill	2	0	0
Great Horton, High Street	0	17	3
Brighton -			
Clifton Road	16	5	0
Cliftonville Ch.	4	1	0
Lewes Road	2	0	0
London Road	4	13	1
Union Street	3	8	1
Buckingham	1	13	6
Burnham	0	11	4
Burnley Auxiliary—			
Colne	2	8	6
Nelson	1	5	1
Cape Town Congregational Ch.	9	1	9
Cardiff, Charles Street	4	15	3
Castle Comer	6	0	0
Castleford	1	5	0
Chatham, Ebenezer Ch.	3	3	0
Cheltenham, Highbury Ch.	8	0	0
Coventry, Well Street	0	17	7
Dewsbury, Ebenezer Ch.	4	13	0
Doncaster	2	13	8
Dover, Zion Ch.	3	3	0
Dukinfield, Hall Ch.	1	0	0
Duxford	1	5	0
Edinburgh, Mrs. Swan, Leith	1	0	0
Elland	0	16	10
Exeter	5	5	0
Fylde Auxiliary	3	0	0
Glasgow, Elgin Place Ch.	8	14	6
Glossop, Mount Pleasant Ch.	1	0	0
Gloucester, Southgate Church	4	8	9
Great Eversden	1	1	0
Guilden Morden	1	0	0
Heckmondwike, Upper Ch.	5	0	0
High Barnet	5	0	0
Hinckley	2	10	0
Hong Kong, Union Ch.	7	12	11
Hull, Salem Ch.	0	15	8
Hyde, Union Street	3	5	3
Leek	1	10	0
Leicestershire and Rutland Aux.—			
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	1	0	0
Hinckley, 1881 and 1882	5	10	0
Kibworth	1	1	0
Leicester Auxiliary—			
Belgrave, Union Ch.	2	4	0
Humberstone Road	0	17	7
Oxford Road	3	3	0
Melton Mowbray	1	0	0
Uppingham	2	2	0
Wymondham and Witham	0	6	0
Liverpool, Toxteth Ch. (balance)	1	7	0
Loxley, near Sheffield	1	0	0
Manchester, Patricroft Ch.	1	8	7
Margate, Emmanuel Ch.	1	10	4
Mere	5	0	0
Needham Market	1	0	0
Newcastle-on-Tyne Auxiliary—			
St. James's Ch.	10	0	0
Norwich, Old Meeting	9	14	3
Oswestry, Christchurch	2	9	9
Port Elizabeth, Congregational Ch.	5	5	0
Reading, Trinity Ch.	8	15	1
Rochdale, Milton Ch.	8	4	2
St. Neots, Old Meeting	0	15	0
St. Petersburgh, Alexandroffsky Ch.	6	13	8
British and American Ch.	10	15	0
Somerleyton (moiety)	1	0	0
Stalybridge, Melbourn Street	11	0	0
Stubbin Elsecar	1	0	0
Tattenhall	1	4	0
Tewkesbury	0	16	9
Victorian Auxiliary—			
Kew	2	6	
Melbourne, Collins Street	9	11	0
Victoria Parade	2	13	0
Welford	0	13	6
Wem	1	10	9
West Bromwich, Ebenezer Ch.	3	3	0
Wickham Market	0	15	0
Winchester	1	5	10
York Central Auxiliary—			
Goole, Christchurch	1	1	0
Howden	0	13	6
Knaresborough	2	3	5
North Allerton	2	14	0
Ripon	1	0	0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV ROBERT ROBINSON, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

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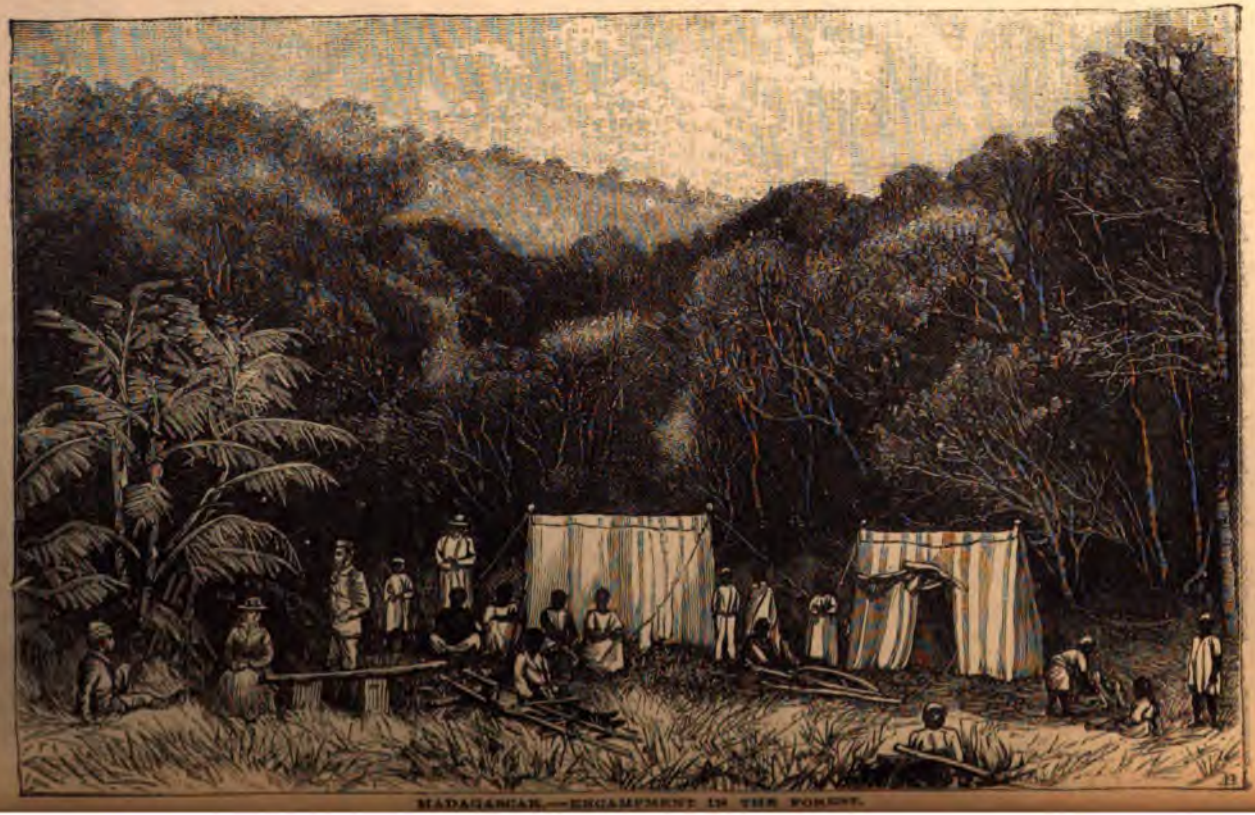

MADAGASCAR.—ENCAMPMENT IN THE FOREST.

THE CHRONICLE
OF THE
London Missionary Society.

I.—Madagascar.

NOTES OF JOURNEY TO MANDRITSARA AND ANONIBE.

BY THE REV. C. F. MOSS.

AT the request of my brethren, and of the Madagascar Home Missionary Society and Congregational Union, in the autumn of 1881, I undertook a missionary journey, the objects and interesting incidents of which may, perhaps, justify me in trying to give some account of it.

The objects of the journey were, in the first instance, to introduce to his newly-appointed station at MANDRITSARA (a fortnight's journey north of the capital) a young native evangelist, named Rainizafy, a member of one of the churches under my care, in whom I felt a special interest. After that was accomplished, I was to visit another evangelist at ANDRANOVELONA, the chief town in ANONIBE, a province on the north-east coast; and, after seeing and hearing from him of the difficulties that beset him in his lonely position, give him such counsel and encouragement as experience might suggest. It was thought, too, that my report, on my return, might, perhaps, assist the Home Missionary Society in deciding as to the advisableness, or otherwise, of removing the evangelist to another station.

I was ready to start on my journey on July 26th. A trip of ten weeks' duration, however, is a more formidable affair in Madagascar than in England. No comfortable first-class carriages, no smooth and well-kept roads, no wheeled vehicles whatever—not even a bicycle—are available to us here. Of the kind of road that lay before me, I may have occasion to speak by and by; but my travelling carriage was a simple palanquin (*i.e.*, a leather seat slung

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between two poles), with four stout men as bearers, and a relay of four others to relieve them by turns. My luggage, consisting of tent, canteen, cooking utensils for self and men, clothes, and an assortment of books and school-material for sale and distribution on the way, required from ten to twelve men more. The engaging of these men, and the mustering of them all ready to start at the appointed time, is the first serious difficulty one has to encounter; and in this, as in countless other instances in the social life of the people, the evils of *domestic slavery* thrust themselves into notice very painfully. A journey with a missionary to a distant part of the country, is looked upon by a slave as a favourable opportunity for escaping from the toils of a harsh and tyrannical master. To obviate this "danger," every slave is required to bring the consent of his master in writing before he can be hired for the journey. Then the names, with the names of the respective masters, have to be sent up to the Government officials before the necessary passports will be granted. All this, however, is of little avail; for the slave who secretly means to decamp merely gives in a feigned name, or presents a forged certificate of consent, which no one has time and opportunity to challenge or investigate, and easily takes his place with the rest. For a week or ten days after leaving home, all goes on well. Then the man suddenly becomes lame or ill, and has to be discharged. Of course, the missionary expects that he will return to his master up in town; but, in reality, he seeks and finds an easy livelihood elsewhere, and his master sees him no more. In two instances, slaves made their escape in that way during my recent journey, while over a third lad we had to keep watch night and day. Several times he threw his burden down and bolted; but, eventually, burden and all, he was brought back to the capital in safety. I know of nothing in the social institutions of the Malagasy that, looking at it on all sides, is more demoralising, and more adverse to all real improvement—whether in the Church, or in the State—than this system of "domestic" slavery.

A deeper cause of anxiety presented itself, on the eve of my starting, in the severe illness of my dear wife. Up to the very morning of leaving, it seemed impossible for me to get away; and although, through the goodness of God, I was at length able to do so, yet, as no communication by letter or otherwise could take place

during my journey, the state of health in which I had left her, gave me frequent uneasiness in the long, lonely days that followed. At last we were "off and away." Six miles north of the capital, I was to pick up Rainizafy and party. Eighteen bearers had been engaged to carry them and their luggage: but, on arriving there, I found confusion worse confounded. All the men had struck for higher pay, and not one would go! A crowd of 500 people had assembled to bid their young friends farewell; so, taking the matter into my own hands, I appealed to them to show friendship, not in word only, but in deed. In an hour or so, all was satisfactorily adjusted; new men were hired, and the refractory ones, repenting all too late, were "boycotted;" and now we are fairly on our way.

In addition to these, our party also included an elderly Christian woman, named Razànaka, who, with some ten or twelve attendants, had come up from MANDRITSARA a week or two before, to plead in person the claims of the district to have a teacher placed there. Let me introduce Razànaka to you: she is an "old disciple," of whom Christianity in Madagascar has reason to be proud. Brought to the knowledge of the truth through the teaching of Rasoamaro ("Joseph," one of the party of persecuted Christians who visited England), while living at NOSSI BE many years ago, she afterwards removed to MANDRITSARA, where she laboured on for years, shedding around her the calm light of a holy walk and conversation, until a church was formed, of which her husband is the pastor, and a day-school of boys and girls, to whom she zealously imparted all she knew. At length, conscious of her own insufficiency, and yearning that the body-and-soul-destroying curse of drunkenness and superstition among the people—both Sakalava and Hova—should be combated by more enlightened teaching than she was able to supply, she sent appeal after appeal to the missionaries and churches in the capital. Last of all (not knowing that her request had already been granted) the brave old woman risked the long and difficult journey herself, thinking that, if urged in person, the claims of MANDRITSARA would meet with better success.

With this large party of fifty in all, I reached AMBATONDRAZAKA on the evening of Saturday, July 31st. The few days' travelling had been nearly void of incident, except as a test of the travelling capabilities

of my companions. One day Rainizafy, who had never been on a journey before, wasted so much time over his mid-day meal (in spite of urgent warning), that he afterwards found himself benighted in the forest at AMBARAVARAMBATO. The experience of spending a very wet night in a lonely woodcutter's shed was not a pleasant one; but it was so salutary in its lessons, as to prevent any needless delay on his part in the remaining part of the journey, which was thus rendered as enjoyable and free from risk to himself as to any of the party. I may mention, too, that for nearly two whole days before reaching the Sihanaka country, we passed through immense swarms of locusts, so dense as to darken the air as completely as I have ever seen it darkened by the thickest snow-storm in England. I afterwards found that the rice-crops in the north and north-east of Madagascar are often utterly ruined by this pest.

At AMBATONDRAZAKA I slept in the now deserted mission-house built and so long occupied by the Rev. J. Pearse. It was with feelings of intense sadness that I contemplated even the temporary withdrawal of a resident missionary from so important and fruitful a field of labour. On the Sunday morning I preached in the chapel to nearly a thousand people. In the afternoon Rainizafy gave us a useful, practical discourse on "See that ye fall not out by the way." In the evening I had a long, earnest talk with the Palace-church evangelist and the school-teacher, on the condition and prospects of the Sihanaka district, and gave them all the encouragement I could to hope that a successor to Mr. Pearse would be appointed without unnecessary delay. All I saw and heard on the following days, while looking in at the schools and conversing with the teachers and people in every village through which I passed, and while listening to the appeals of "the many sick folk" who sought help and relief by the way, convinced me that few mission-fields can present ampler scope for nobler work for Christ than is to be found among the Antsihanaka. The churches are still very ignorant,—the mass of the adult population is as yet, perhaps, without any real knowledge of Christ; but with more than 3,000 young people in the various schools, increasing in knowledge every day, the darkness must ere long pass away from the mind and heart of the people, and give place to the day-spring of truth and righteousness.

We left AMBATONDRAZAKA early on Monday morning. Judge of

my surprise, however, on overtaking my young companion and his party standing outside the town; he and his wife crying, the bearers in a state of excitement, and the whole party evidently more bent on going back than going forward! My thoughts inevitably reverted to the sermon he had preached the previous afternoon, and I wondered what was wrong. Suddenly, however, amid their outburst of apprehension of "lions in the way," I remembered the three little children they had left in the old quiet home. I thought their hearts were perhaps sad and sore about them, as they looked on to the months and years of separation that must elapse before they could embrace them again. So I spoke tenderly and soothingly to them, and soon the sun shone out again on their faces; the winter of their fears was over and gone; the voice of the turtle was heard in the land, and we went on our way as merrily as ever.

A little more than a week from this we reached MANDRITSARA. By day the way led on through many an ugly swamp, in which, at times, one or more of the men would sink incontinently (amid the merry laughter of their comrades, in which they themselves would good-humouredly join) up to his waist in mire, and through belts of beautiful forest, and over lonely moors, with not a human habitation to be seen. Then, in the soft, still evenings, we encamped by some pleasant copse, with the quiet waters of some gentle stream, or a cascade with its dash and roar, flowing close by. On these occasions the tent was scarcely pitched before the cheerful blaze of half-a-dozen fires, with the rice bubbling in the saucepans, and the men squatting around them singing in glad anticipation of their evening meal, lent an air of mingled comfort and romance to the scene which I shall never forget. (*See frontispiece.*) One night, however, I was doomed to have the romance without the comfort. During the afternoon my own bearers had been rushing on in order to reach MARITANDRANO in the evening (Saturday), and keep Sabbath there on the morrow. It was nearly dark, however, when, after leaving the high ground and descending some 1,500 feet into the ANDRONA valley, we found ourselves at the foot of a grand bold cliff—the northern escarpment of the Ambiniviny mountains—that reared its commanding form 2,000 feet or more sheer above the plain. There we resolved to stay for the night, but, alas! laziness or fear had taken possession of the luggage-bearers; neither tent nor anything else came up except

some eatables in the canteen. There was no help for it but to spend the night in the open air. So, making the best of it, and with the seat of my palanquin for a pillow, I rested under "the shadow of the great rock" until the morning.

MARITANDRANO, a village of seventy or eighty houses, is the residence of the temporary governor of the ANDRONA, or MANDRITSARA, district. I found a congregation of about 200 assembled, to whom Rainizafy and I told the tale of man's sin and sorrow, and the Saviour's love, in the simplest language we could make use of. Wretchedly ignorant, however, were the people of this village; only two or three could read, and that very imperfectly. Their eagerness to have a teacher settled among them was, nevertheless, so strong, that it seemed as though nothing but my assurance that their appeal should be taken into immediate consideration, prevented them from detaining Rainizafy from going any farther. I am hoping that, before very long, they may get a teacher from MANDRITSARA.

The next day (Monday, August 8th) we passed along the valley and reached MANDRITSARA about three o'clock in the afternoon. All along, the geology of the valley told a tale of violent and sudden subsidence and upheaval, consequent on volcanic action on the grandest scale. A rapid descent of 1,700 feet from the plateau, on the south, east, and north, shows the *extent* of the depression, while the dip of the strata, tilted up almost perpendicularly to the horizon, marks the *suddenness* and *vehemence* of the convulsion that caused it. The strike of the strata is from south to north or north-west, and the valley is open towards the north-west, which seems to indicate the *direction* the volcanic outflow assumed. All the rocks in the valley are either igneous or metamorphic, except the thin stratum of sand, or red clay, the superficial deposit of more recent days.

Outside of the town, the pastor and deacons of the church, and about fifty boys and girls, neatly dressed, met us with singing. I was struck with the heartiness and enthusiasm with which they welcomed us; and I may here say that, during the whole of my subsequent intercourse with the people of the town—whether high or low, rulers or ruled, Hova, Sakalava, or Makoa—the same heartiness and geniality prevailed. As we had only heard of the place as a stronghold of drunkenness, debauchery, and superstition, and were a little anxious as to the kind of reception an evangelist would meet

with there, I was doubly glad to have all fear on that score so pleasingly dispelled. I stayed a few days with them, and had opportunities of meeting the church members, the Government officials, and the chief men among the Sakalava; as well as of addressing, for two hours, a large open-air meeting, in which I explained the nature and object of the "praying," and the blessed results of it in Imerina and elsewhere. Then I introduced to them their teacher, exhorted them to treat him kindly, listen with diligence to his teaching, and, above all, to abandon their soul-destroying habits of drinking, and to lead worthy and noble lives. The acting-governor, in his reply, spoke of rum as the "*grandmother of all folly*;" and I had the pleasure of noticing, at the feast given to us in the Government house, next day, that no beverage stronger than water was brought on the table.

MANDRITSARA is a large and rising town, with a number of more or less populous villages scattered around it. It is the centre of a growing trade with many important towns on the east and west coasts, between which and itself there is constant communication. Most of the inhabitants are Sakalava, belonging to a tribe called TANDRONA. They are a stalwart, independent and manly race, more generous and hearty than the Hovas, for whom they do not appear to have any very great respect. Some three or four hundred are MAKOA, or MOZAMBIQUES, liberated from slavery by the proclamation of four years ago. I should judge the entire population of the town itself to be about 2,500, but it may be more.

(*To be continued*).

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE JAPANESE.

"I may point out two attractive qualities which the Japanese possess in a marked degree—love of flowers and love of children. There is scarcely a house so poor as not to possess a flowerpot and a flower. Scarcely a day passes in which there is not throughout the year, in some part or other of Tokio, a flower show and a flower market. A bouquet is an invariable concomitant of a public meeting; and even at the Lord's Supper the worshippers, while reminded by the bread and wine of God's love in redemption, are also put in mind, perhaps neither incongruously nor unfitly, by the presence of flowers, of God's goodness in creation. Their love of children is no less marked. A people who manifest two such attractive and amiable qualities must possess certain elements of refinement and gentleness of character, which encourage us to hope that they are not far from the Kingdom of God."—*Rev. S. G. McLaren, M.A., of Tokio, in the "Baptist Missionary Herald."*

II.—The Women of China.

WORKERS.

By the Rev. James Sadler, of Amoy.

IT is now our privilege to see women of China who have enjoyed the blessings of Christianity seeking to spread them to others. If we cannot affirm that they equal the women of the New Testament in their power of Christian service, yet there are illustrations of their work sufficient to warm our heart with the gladness of expectancy, and prevent us from despising the day of small things. One thing is certain, that if the China women are not brought to *help* the progress of the Truth, they prove a most serious hindrance. We have known of a young girl venting her anger on her father by affixing to him such an ill name that he became an object of the coarsest derision and ill-treatment in the village where he lived. If a young daughter could do this, who could describe the power which mothers manage to wield over their sons, and wives over their husbands? Notwithstanding all efforts to crush them, the force they exert is amazing. It is when we thus duly consider the energy for or against us as missionaries which resides in the female population that we are able to estimate the good to be done by them as earnest faithful workers.

First, let us look at a woman working in a hospital for the comfort and assistance of her sick sisters. She is seen holding a religious service with them, while they are waiting for the foreign physician After this, she will take part with the lady missionary in inquiring into the various diseases of those present, preparatory to the cases being brought under the notice of the doctor. Then she will help the nurse in carrying out his directions concerning the in-patients, and, in general, she will exert herself to assist any who have need of her.

In another direction, we witness a Christian woman visiting families who have shown indifference concerning the education of their children, speaking to them on the matter in a serious and painstaking way, getting them to promise to send their children to school, bringing their good intentions to the notice of the missionary, and doing all she can to assist in the formation of a school. Her efforts are not at the time as successful as she could wish; but she

has wrought a good work, and is the more deserving of commendation on account of the difficulty of her task.

In another place, we come upon a good woman who is begging the life of an infant girl, doomed by its parents to death. Her request is granted, infanticide prevented, and the child grows up a credit to society.

Again, we meet with a deaconess visiting the homes of the female members, encouraging them to make a clean sweep of all idolatries and superstitions, guarding them against the subtle poison of heathen life, reminding them of the return of the Sabbath day, and helping them to attend the services of the house of God.

In a populous neighbourhood, where there are a number of Christians, we find the wife of a deacon, a woman of most excellent character, who opens her house for a regular prayer-meeting, which is well attended, and becomes the means of much instruction to the Christians, and of gathering in many heathen as inquirers.

In a village a few miles distant from Amoy, we come upon a neat new hall for the purposes of Divine worship. It has been erected by a wealthy Christian widow, who also does what she can to maintain a native minister of the Gospel there. For years previously the church had been in her house, now she seeks to take a firmer stand for the truth she has learned to love and live by. Sometimes we find a Christian woman superintending a class of female catechumens. This work is one of peculiar difficulty. Though the members are called "inquirers," the inquiring has really all to be done by those set over them. They profess to desire admission into the Church, and to seek to understand the duties as well as the privileges of Christians. The task of training them, however, is slow and sometimes painful, because of their difficulty in grasping the doctrines of Scripture, and in perceiving the bearings of these on all the points of daily life connected with character and conduct. Nevertheless, some of the more intelligent women have rendered good service in these classes of catechumens.

We may now notice the services of Bible-women. Some of these have been unpaid. Their work is various. They visit heathen homes as they have opportunity, and converse with the inmates on the more essential teachings of Scripture. Where invited they stay in a family, and go minutely into questions affecting the spirit and

life of Christians. All who are willing to learn are taught to read, especially by means of the Roman letter, so much easier than the native characters or words. The visits of some of these Bible-women have been eagerly welcomed, and when delayed have been earnestly requested. These workers are under the charge of the lady-missionaries, by whom they are instructed and assisted, and to whom they give periodical reports.

Christian Chinawomen have also done well in making their neighbours and friends acquainted with true religion by ordinary intercourse; they have brought hearers of the Gospel to a decision for God; they have taken a leading part in the support of native ministers, and in spreading the Gospel to new districts. "By their works ye shall know them."

THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH-WEST INDIA.

FROM Benares a missionary writes:—"We have had a visit from Bombay of Major and Mrs. Tucker, with three others of the party belonging to the Salvation Army. They formed their procession at the town-hall, in the centre of the city, marched along one of the principal streets with the drums beating, trumpets blowing, and cymbals clanging, to a large open space near Dasasswamedh, one of the most sacred parts of the city, where they had large shamianahs erected, and there held a religious meeting which was most orderly, and, I trust, to some extent impressive. There must have been several thousands of the people assembled, amongst whom were a large number of influential natives. Short but impressive addresses were delivered by Major and Mrs. Tucker and Captain Norman, the two latter in English, which were interpreted by another of their number. The crowd was most orderly and attentive, and we earnestly pray that this new movement may accomplish much under the blessing and guidance of our common Master. The 'some new thing' is as eagerly hailed by the people of Benares as it was by the people of Athens. Let us hope that certain men may cleave unto the Gospel and believe it. A striking feature of the meetings is that the Rajah of Benares has allowed the 'muktifauj' to use one of his large houses, what used to be the Mint of olden times, and was the refuge into which the residents fled during the Mutiny, for its meetings. The service there this evening was an exceedingly interesting one, European and native being mixed up in strange confusion, all listening to the Saviour's loving invitations to come and be saved from sin. On asking some native friends this afternoon what they thought of it, they replied, 'What they tell is nothing new after all, it is the same you have been telling us all these years; but these people's dress and their music have attracted a large number of us together at once, and there is enthusiasm in numbers.'"

III.—New Guinea—The Western Mission.

ALTHOUGH seven years have elapsed since the Rev. S. MACFARLANE, in company with two gentlemen engaged in scientific pursuits, ascended the FLY RIVER to a distance of 160 miles,* no other practical solution to the problem of how best to bring the influence of the mission to bear on the interior of the great island has as yet presented itself. Nine of the native students in the Industrial School and Teachers' Seminary on Murray Island having received a four years' training, it appeared to Mr. Macfarlane that the time had arrived when their services might, with advantage, be utilised in the extension of mission work. He accordingly determined to undertake a second exploratory voyage up the Fly River; and on the 30th of October last, accompanied by fourteen students, set sail in the *Ellengowan*, with the *Mayri* as tender. During the first three days but little progress was made; on the fourth day, while seeking a safe anchorage, near the mouth of the river, an important discovery was made, which is thus described by Mr. Macfarlane:—

"One of the students declared there was a good passage between the end of the Warrior Reef and Bristow Island, at the lee of which we might anchor in smooth water. I advised the captain to run down and see. On the chart it is marked "shallow, and dry at low water," and covered with reefs, and looks a terrible lee shore; trying to beat off which, there is little doubt that several of the vessels wrecked in Torres Straits owe their misfortune. Had they known what we know now, how many vessels and crews might have been saved! Instead of the very dangerous place indicated by the charts, we have discovered a splendid passage, between two and three miles wide, quite clear as far as we can see, and plenty of water for vessels of the largest size, and, under the lee of the reef, one of the best anchorages in Torres Straits. We have named the passage (which is the most important of all our discoveries for shipping passing through Torres Straits), *The Missionary Passage.*"

Here the *Ellengowan* was made secure, while Mr. Macfarlane and his companions, including Mr. Ecclestone, the mate, having taken her two-oared boat, proceeded in the *Mayri* on his river expedition.

"We took," he writes, "a week's provisions with us, although we hoped to accomplish our mission in four or five days, but unfortunately we forgot *plates and mugs*; however, we found a tin pannikin and basin on board the *Mayri*, and made two plates by dividing a meat tin, which served us well

* See MISSIONARY CHRONICLE for May 1876.

during the voyage. There was also a tin dish in which everything was served up, salt beef, rice, and cheese, all at the same time! Yet I have not enjoyed my meals so thoroughly for a long time. The first day we reached the pass between Bampton and the mainland, and anchored for the night. Next morning made for Bampton village. This is the island where the first martyrs of the New Guinea Mission suffered. Two Lifu teachers and their wives were murdered by these ignorant savages; supposing, as they said afterwards, that they were killing their enemies, but found out, when too late, that they had murdered their friends. Since that sad event no missionary had visited them, so that I was anxious to know in what spirit they were coming off in seven canoes. We had not much time to spend there, on account of the tide, as it shallows for miles out; so, as soon as we anchored, we jumped into the boat and told the natives to follow us on shore. They seemed, I thought, a little uneasy at our rapid movements, and pulled vigorously to get back to their village before we reached it. We all assembled on the beach, when I told them, through our interpreter, that I wished them to sit down whilst I informed them of the object of my visit. They listened pretty attentively on the whole; two or three seemed determined to keep up a running commentary on what I said, which, judging from appearances, did not seem to be always favourable. I thought it best to say nothing about the murdered teachers just then, as I hoped to get the chief to accompany us up the river, and could then ask for particulars. The interview was satisfactory; they promised to receive teachers and treat them kindly; and the chief, after a good deal of persuading, agreed to accompany and introduce us to some of the villages, on the express condition that we did not call at a large village on the opposite side of the river, with whom they are at enmity, and whom they evidently greatly feared. I must confess that we were not over anxious to visit this particular village, having heard that they have recently completed a large public meeting house, and have resolved to take the first vessel or strange canoe passing that way, and adorn their new house with the skulls of the crew! So we consented, and took the old chief with us—a savage old heathen he looks. The first thing we did when we got on board was to scrub him with soap and water, which he greatly needed. Some of the young men took him in hand, and it was highly amusing to see them rubbing and scrubbing, and pouring bucketfuls of water over him, and hear their remarks. I am confident that the old man was never so clean in all his life before, and I am afraid that he will never be so clean again."

Having to wait for the tide, the party landed on the mainland near Bampton Island, and, returning to the *Mayri*, proceeded up the river as far as MIBU, where they anchored for the night.

"Mibu is one of four small islands on the west side of the river, opposite the town of Kiwai, where a most warlike and powerful tribe reside, who, however, profess to be friendly disposed towards us. I have communicated with them through the natives of Murray Island, and they have accepted

my present, and promised to receive teachers; but I could not prevail upon our interpreter to accompany us to this village. Mibu is the point to which I was anxious to take the *Ellengowan*, as there is good anchorage there, and thence I might visit the villages on both sides of the river. We surveyed the place pretty well, the mate taking soundings and bearings, I inspecting the land with a view to making it the centre of operations in the Fly River. We have found that there is good anchorage, and a good passage to it on the east side of the river. The position is most central, and in every way by far the most suitable place I know for our base of operations. The point of land near the anchorage, where I purpose erecting a good house, is exposed to both S.E. and N.W. winds, and accessible from all points at all seasons. The success of the Dinner Island Station in China Straits, leads me to follow the same plan in the Fly River Mission.

"From Mibu we went thirteen miles up the river to visit SUMAI, a large village to which the old chief from Bampton was to introduce us. From the entrance of the river to this place we passed eight islands, and the river was still about seven miles wide we supposed. Sumai is situated on the eastern side of the river, about eighteen miles from Samari; a large village eight miles below Kiwai, on the point at the mouth of the river. As we neared the village, we saw a crowd of men standing on the bank, but no women or children. It was very muddy landing. I soon found myself in the midst of a crowd of naked savages, who were far from pleasant looking. Mr. Ecclestone and some of our young men followed, whom I had requested to stay outside the circle and watch their proceedings, whilst I endeavoured, with the interpreter, to give them some idea of the object of our visit. There was great excitement, and noise, and confusion; most of the people seemed pleased with our visit, but there was evidently a small party very decidedly opposed to us. The meeting was being held opposite a very long house, in which, we could see and hear, were women and children. After having explained to them as well as I could, why I had visited them, and asked them if they were willing to receive teachers and treat them kindly, there was considerable excitement, and an arrow was fired from the house, which stuck in a tree over our heads. Presently a man came out, rushing towards us with a club—probably the priest of the village. It appeared to me that considerably more of the people were for us than against us. We thought it was time to return to our little vessel, and managed to get off without any collision. We found the *Mayri* surrounded with canoes loaded with sago, which we purchased for the institution at Murray Island, at least, as much as the *Mayri* could take. We then moved off to the opposite side of the river. We had to wait till midnight for the tide, and felt it necessary to keep a sharp look-out. As soon as it was dark, we saw the signal fires along the banks of the river, flashes were made from one village which were answered by another. The natives were evidently communicating with each other."

More villages were visited, and, as the result, it was arranged that MIBU shall form the centre of a chain of stations on each side of the

river, at which native teachers are to be located. Some delay in carrying out these plans may, however, be necessary, owing to the excitement occasioned by retribution inflicted on natives in the vicinity by a Queensland Government official. In a later letter, from Murray Island, Mr. Macfarlane writes :—

"I obtained a good deal of useful information from the Fly River men who have been visiting here, and am delighted to find that there are *nineteen* villages (all those on both sides of the river for twenty miles up) *speaking the same language*. These villages contain at least, I should think, 12,000 people, seeing that the population of some of those we visited cannot be less than about 800. This is a most important and encouraging discovery, and will facilitate our work immensely."

A few weeks only after the voyage above described, the *Mayri* became a total wreck, happily without involving loss of life. In describing the unfortunate event, Mr. Macfarlane writes, under date February 23rd :—

"A fortnight ago ten of the students were returning from an evangelistic tour in the Fly River and adjacent New Guinea coast. They were crossing in company with two canoes. Owing to light winds, they were a long way from Darnley when the sun went down. During the night one of the north-west gales, common at this season, sprung up. With great difficulty they saved the crews of both canoes, which were abandoned. But ultimately they themselves were driven on a reef off Darnley. Amidst the darkness and rain, and howling wind, and raging sea, they found it impossible to remain by the *Mayri*, over which the seas were rolling, and the vessel beginning to break up. So they determined to try and swim to the island, which, I am thankful to say, all reached in safety."

Since his return from England, Mr. Macfarlane has been able to complete new premises on Murray Island for the use of the students, funds for which were supplied by generous friends in this country. On the 23rd January he writes :—

"We opened our new Institution building last week. We have still the doors and windows to finish, and the gallery, desks, and forms to make; but we are using the building, which is a great comfort. The opening ceremony was a very interesting one. It would have greatly encouraged the good people interested in our work to see the large assembly of well-dressed natives, who, a few years ago, were wild savages, and listen to their singing some of Moody and Sankey's hymns, and hear their earnest prayers and speeches. The captain of the *Ellengowan* made a speech, in which he declared himself 'quite taken aback' with what he had seen and heard at Murray Island; said that he was totally unprepared to witness such signs of progress as he saw before him, and hoped the young men would soon be at work in the Fly River. We are putting up the buildings ourselves, and are now erecting the students' cottages during working hours."

The students rendered willing aid in securing as large an amount of salvage as possible from the wreck of the *Mayri*, and, as will be seen from the following paragraph, the event is still furnishing employment for them :—

"I have decided," Mr. Macfarlane writes, "to build a successor to the *Mayri* in our industrial school. We have here plenty of cheap labour, and I have secured the services of a good boat-builder here to superintend the work. It will be a great saving of expense, and a good training for the boys and young men."

Anchors, canvas, copper, and other materials and fittings for the new vessel have been purchased in this country, and are now on their way to Queensland.

IV.—South India.—Cuddapah.

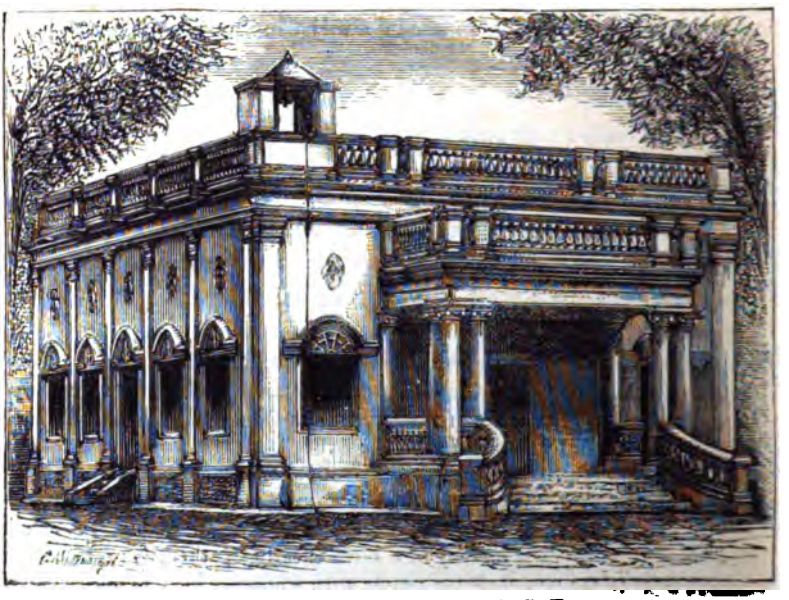
IN the Society's Annual Report reference is made to work among the Sudras in the villages of the Cuddapah district. A practical illustration of the success of that work is found in the following paragraph from the Report of the senior missionary, the Rev. J. R. BACON :—

"In the month of February last, we opened the little chapel built by the Sudras of Chinna Mudium. Our colleague, the Rev. A. R. Gaze, also was present. We had service in the evening, and after the service all our Christians sat down to a feast provided by the Sudra man who had been mainly instrumental in erecting the building. By nine o'clock a very large number of people had gathered together, and as it was moonlight, singing of hymns with explanations, and teaching, was carried on until midnight. I never remember to have been present at a more cheering gathering, or to have come so near to the non-christian people with whom we have to do."

The mission chapel at the head station, as shown in the accompanying engraving, was built in 1836. The Rev. JOSEPH MASON, native pastor, thus reports on the state of the church under his care :—

"The number of Christians on the rolls is as follows :—In 1881, 300; died during 1882, 7; gone to other places, 7; baptised during 1882, 10; total, 296. Among the newly baptized there are six adults and four infants. The adults have come to the Gospel light by means of personal conversations frequently held by the pastor, and by hearing the Word of God in our chapel. After confessing their faith in Jesus, they have been baptized. Their conduct has since been consistent, and with great joy they attend the house of God. The number of church members on the rolls is as follows :—In 1881, 60; died during 1882, 3; suspended, 2; gone to other places, 1; admitted during the year, 9; total,

63. The newly admitted members were previously under instruction and trial for a long time. Members of the congregation, church members, and adherents of the church have been often visited, and inquiries made respecting their welfare, especially as to their spiritual growth in grace. I was enabled to give a little help to widows, and poor and sick Christians, by means of funds kindly provided for the purpose by a Christian gentleman. In addition to my pastoral duties, I attend the theological class in the boarding school every afternoon. The majority of our Christians are poor. I am, however, thankful to state that they have given according to their abilities."



LONDON MISSION CHAPEL, CUDDAPAH.

The Rev. A. R. Gaze, who has devoted his first year of mission life chiefly to the study of the language, has, at the same time, found congenial occupation for his spare hours. He writes:—

"In the month of July, at the invitation of the servants of the railway company, employed at Cuddapah station, a Sunday-evening service was commenced in the railway reading-room, and is conducted by Mr. Bacon and myself. The congregation is usually a small one; but I have found the work of preparation and the service on Sunday to be a recreation amid the monotony of studying Telugu, and a very pleasant duty, while yet unable to preach in the vernacular. It is our hope that these services may be a true means of helping those who attend, to a knowledge of the Word of God and to a manly discharge of the duties of life."

V.—Central African Legends.

PEOPLING OF THE EARTH.

By Mr. Walter Hutley.

AMONG each nation and tribe of Central Africa are found legends of the origin of themselves as a people and of the deeds of some of their ancestors. Here and there, too, legends exist of the creation; but these latter are exceedingly difficult of access, as but few beyond the medicine men have them in their keeping, and to understand them thoroughly a knowledge of the language is required, greater than that to be obtained during a comparatively short residence in the country. The two legends given below are those of the Wajiji, the most important tribe on the east of Tanganyika. They refer to the peopling of the earth; the first is the popular one, the other is that taught and handed down amongst the elders of the people. This latter was told me by a white-haired elder, with whose son I was on terms of great friendship.

The popular legend says, this earth has always existed, but it was without an inhabitant, until, one day, during a great storm, two persons fell out of a storm-cloud to the earth. These persons were in every respect as ourselves, with this exception that they possessed tails. It is from these two persons that the present generation of people have descended. The tails remained as an appendage of their descendants till the fourth generation, and then it existed no more amongst the people. The descendants multiplied very much, and in this generation it was determined to adopt a distinctive mark for themselves. It was about this mark that a great quarrel arose, one section of the people wanting to chip the two front incisors in the upper jaw, the other section wishing to make two small lines of tattoo marks on the temple. The result of this quarrel was that they divided and formed themselves into two tribes, the Wajiji and the Wanyamwezi. From these two thenceforward sprang many of the clans, who adopt the mark of one or the other.

Such, in substance, is the more popular legend, of which nearly every adult of the tribe knows something. While talking upon this subject to one of my native friends, he advised me, if I wished to know the tales and fables in use amongst them, to insinuate myself into the favour of some loquacious old lady, "For," said he, "women

have a much better head for these things than we men. Their brains have become quiet, having no worry, as we men have." The following legend is cherished with the greatest care by the heads of families and tribes. As it was narrated to me it was with much circumlocution, and when I sought to stay the elder in his narration, in order to get some point more accurately fixed in my mind, the old man would go back some little way in the story, and again carry on his narrative over the point I wished to understand. Now and then his son would interrupt him, to explain to me some obscure passage :—

"In the times before this earth was inhabited as it is now, there lived a people in the heart of the earth. These people dwelt in communities like ourselves, with elders at their head, as we now have. They felt the heat and saw the light of the sun through the crust of earth. They also felt cold, as we do. One day a great storm was raging which seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth. The inhabitants of the interior became rather alarmed. To them, storms were unknown, and a 'trembling of the earth' like this had never before been experienced. One of the principal men then commissioned some of his subjects to go 'outside' and see what was to be seen. These men climbed up and found the storm still raging, and after staying and exploring some time, they returned to their chief and reported for the first time what the surface of this earth was like. These tidings induced them to send others to see and report, and then eventually they decided to send up some of their subjects to this new country in order that they might people it. For this purpose one from each village or community was taken and sent to the upper regions—a male from one and a female from another. These, in due time, filled the earth with their descendants, none of whom, or even they themselves, returned to the interior from whence they sprang, and so, in time, the way to and fro became obliterated. To this day, however, homage is paid to these ancestors at the places from which they were reputed to have issued into the upper regions. At a celebrated cape called Kabogo, which is formed by two bluff headlands running into the Lake, homage is paid to two of these original inhabitants, in the shape of a few beads or the like. One of these headlands is termed the male, and the other the female, as being the places from

which a representative of each sex issued forth. There are also other places of a like character in the country, but they are few and far between.

"As time passed on, and before the people had divided themselves into tribes, they were one day startled during a heavy rain to see something falling to the earth. Upon going to see what it was, they found a man, like themselves, with the addition of a tail. This man was so bruised that it was long ere he became well, and then he gave an account of himself. How that, in the country he came from up above, the people were all like himself, and that he had gone upon a certain day into the forest to make a pit-fall for game, and, as he was digging, the earth beneath his feet gave way and he fell to ground. Such, in brief, was his story; and it so amused the elders of the people by its impossibility, that they, in ridicule, began to make a ladder with which to reach the clouds from whence he dropped. The tailed man still adhered to his story, and went in and out amongst them as one of themselves, until, eventually, he went the way of all men. From that day to this, no one has ever come down to this earth; but one day a huge stone fell down and buried itself in the earth, the spot where this happened being shown unto this day. Soon after this event, mankind was divided into the tribes, and since then we have lived here always."

So runs the legend, respecting which I would remark that in Ujiji the word *urundi*, or *ulundi*—the *r* and the *l* being interchangeable—is used to denote the heavens above and the country adjoining Ujiji upon its *northern* boundary. As is well known, most of the African tribes have a common origin, which is often evinced in the language—*e.g.*, this same word *ulundi* being used by some of the tribes in Cape Colony with this same meaning. Again, it is used as a name of a place, Ulundi being Cetawayo's chief kraal. Whether these legends have any connection with those of South Africa, I leave to those acquainted with them to determine.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN INDIA.

It is sad to read the following from the Rev. J. B. COLES, of BELLARY:—"The majority of the young men educated in English are indifferent to their highest interest. Some profess themselves atheists, and I know one who keeps up a correspondence with Mr. Bradlaugh."

VI.—Demerara—Providence Church.

ON Friday, the 23rd of March, the Congregational Church at GEORGETOWN, Demerara, under the pastoral care of the Rev. JOSEPH KETLEY, was re-opened after undergoing thorough renovation and repair. The church was founded by the London Missionary Society in the year 1809, its first pastor being the Rev. JOHN DAVIES. In 1828 the late Rev. JOSEPH KETLEY, father of the present minister, entered upon the work. During his pastorate a new building for worship was erected; and in 1837 the church became independent of the Society's aid. The services of the day gained additional interest by the presence of the members of the Deputation from the Congregational Union and the London Missionary Society. In an historical statement which he read, Mr. Ketley, referring to the year 1827, said:—

"My father was then a student, and he was preparing for the missionary work in China. He resolved, however, with the courage of a Christian, with all the true sacrificing nature of the man of God, to give up the sphere that he had chosen, and to come and settle in this place, and here labour for God. In 1828 he began his ministry. In the days of slavery he fought bravely and well, and in these days a new Providence Chapel was built through his indomitable energy and through the self-sacrificing spirit of his people. He says, in a pamphlet which he had printed some years ago:—

"The cost of the building (that is, the original chapel here) has amounted to about 40,000 guilders. If you calculate the gratuitous labour and superintendence, it exceeds £3,000 sterling, and from the increased value of labour and materials, it is considered that its equal could not now be erected under £5,000. The whole of this sum, excepting about £90, has been entirely liquidated by the liberal and persevering efforts of the people themselves. The £400 which they had borrowed from the Missionary Society were repaid in 1833. In the discharge of the debt, one instance, among others, deserves to be specially recorded, as illustrative of the liberality of the slave under the influence of the Divine love. This man, of unexceptional Christian character and usefulness, one Sabbath, after the morning service, followed me into my house, and said: "Minister, I want to speak to you alone." As soon as we had retired, he began to empty his pocket of dollars; and, as he returned his hand again and again, he said: "This money I had put to keep for sick-time or old age, but so long as God's house is in want I cannot keep it. God so good for we, I cannot keep it when God's house want it." On counting the money, I found forty-eight dollars and two guilders. Another instance, illustrating the principle on which this surprising people collect money for the House

of God, should not be passed in silence. At a meeting of church members belonging to one estate, held among themselves, the question was proposed, "What can we do? God requires us to give as we have ability, and He will not accept what we are able to give if it be not given with a willing heart." This principle being laid down, each said what he would give, and a time was appointed to gather their offerings. But one of them offered a sum that everyone knew was not equal to his ability. Seeing this, they considered that the law of Christ was infringed, which says, "It is accepted according to that a man hath;" and, therefore, they could not think it right to take it. Upon this he offered to give more, but it seemed to them evident that this increased offer was reluctant and strained; and, therefore, they dared not take it, as against that law, "It is accepted if first there be a willing mind;" they pointed out to the man his sin in each case. Full of trouble, the old man brought the money to me, and explained the whole matter. Such was the increased spirit of liberality amongst the negroes from 1834, when the apprenticeship system was introduced, that the net income of the station, instead of being 10,000 guilders, exceeded 12,000; in 1835, 13,000; and, in 1836, the same sum; so that, in the three years, nearly 39,000 guilders were raised. This is exclusive of gratuitous labour, and of those sums which had been raised and expended at our different branch stations, with which we make it a point not to interfere, in order that each station may be able eventually to act entirely for themselves.'"

VII.—Books on Missions and Mission Lands.

THROUGH SIBERIA. By Henry Lansdell, D.D., F.R.G.S. Fourth Edition. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 188, Fleet-street. 1883. Price 10s. 6d.

THIS work, which in the present edition is brought into one volume of 800 pages, furnishes, in a pleasant style, an abundant store of very interesting and valuable material for various classes of readers. The general subject embraces a great variety of topics, on some of which reliable information has hitherto been very limited; but the opportunities for inquiry and inspection which Dr. Lansdell obtained, have enabled him to write with a fulness of detail and correctness of statement which previous works have seldom, if ever, possessed.

The title "Through Siberia" means a long and difficult journey, occupying nearly seven months, and the book which bears that name gives ample evidence, that the time was diligently spent in broad and vigilant observation, and minute and careful inquiry. The author did not visit Siberia as a mere book-maker. Moved by Christian benevolence he had a specific object in view throughout, as he thus states in the Preface:—"My speciality in Siberia was the visitations of its prisons and penal institutions; considered, however, not so much from an economic or administrative, as from a philanthropic and religious, point of view." The accuracy of his records respecting prisons, mines, exiles, and convicts in Siberia, has been attested by a Russian Inspector of Prisons in the following words: "What you say

is so perfectly correct that your book may be taken as a standard, even by Russian authorities." His statements on these subjects are, therefore, deserving of credit, and will do much to enlighten the public mind on matters on which there has been much exaggeration and misapprehension.

Visiting these regions for Christian purposes, and regarding objects from a Christian standpoint, he found reason for painful interest at Selenginsk—the head-quarters of the Siberian Mission of the London Missionary Society for thirteen years. Here he looked on the graves of missionaries; and here, as far as he was able, he made inquiry respecting former workers, and the results of past work. This scanty information was supplemented in some important particulars by Mr. Stallybrass, who took part in commencing the mission there in 1819, who still survives, and whom Dr. Lansdell consulted on his return to England. In a note on page 320, a brief and interesting sketch is thus given of the work of the missionaries, and of the difficulties and restrictions to which they were subject:—"At the beginning of the present century there were four parties of foreign Protestant missionaries working in the Russian dominions, namely—(1) the Presbyterians, in the south of European Russia; (2) the Moravians, on the Volga; (3) some Swiss missionaries from Basle, who took the place of the Presbyterians, and worked upon their ground; and (4) the London Missionary Society, which was allowed to send men to the Buriats in Siberia. Among the last company were Messrs. Stallybrass, Swan, and Yuille, who saw at once that the first thing to be done was to translate the Scriptures. Mr. Stallybrass left England in 1817, and lived in Irkutsk for a year and a half to learn the Mongolian language. In due time the translation was commenced from the original Hebrew and Greek, and with such success did the work go on that they actually printed the Old Testament in their Siberian wilderness at Verchne Udinsk, to which place the missionaries removed from Selenginsk, and where they remained till they were sent home in 1840. The New Testament was printed in London. Their work was, therefore, of a preparatory and fundamental, rather than an aggressive, character. Nevertheless, they had a school numbering, sometimes, from fifteen to twenty scholars; but there was found a special difficulty in inducing chldren to attend; for not only were their parents utterly ignorant of the value of education, but they wanted the children to help them tend their flocks grazing, not on settled pasturage, but as they wandered over the vast extent of the Trans-Baikal and the Mongolian Steppes. Hence the children were at school to-day and gone to-morrow; and where parents could be induced to leave their children with the missionaries during their own absence with their flocks, these children had to be kept and fed as boarders, and even then the parents begrudged the loss of their services. The object, however, of the Englishmen began to be appreciated, and tokens of success appeared. Then came the difficulty which all along had loomed in the distance. The Russian Synod, in its jealousy for its own Church, had expressly stipulated that the missionaries should receive no converts by baptism; and this had

been agreed to, and, of course, kept. But when certain of the Buriats showed signs of having received the truth, in the love of it, the missionaries found themselves in a dilemma. The Russians wished the converts to be handed over for baptism to their church, and on these terms were willing that the English should stay and work as hard as they pleased; but this did not satisfy the men nor the Committee of the London Missionary Society, and neither party was disposed to give way. About this time, however, great political changes had taken place. Alexander I., who favoured Christian missions, had died, and was succeeded by the iron Nicolas, who does not seem to have been particularly opposed to missions; but the Synod was jealous of foreign interference, and an occasion was found for dismissing all foreign missionaries from the Russian dominions, under the pretext that the Synod wished to do all its own mission work for its own heathen. The Imperial ukase to this effect was issued in 1840, and thus a mission was stopped, whose foundations were laid by the English, and which produced a translation of the whole Bible printed in Buriat Mongolian. It had taught some few scholars of great promise, one of whom, at least, named Shagder, it was known (and probably many more did so unknown), was afterwards baptized into the Russian Church. How far the Russian missionaries among this people owe any portion of their success to the foundation thus laid I cannot say."

Another object which Dr. Lansdell actively pursued throughout his journey, was the distribution of Christian books. His own words, on page 7, on this subject are as follow:—"'What were the books you were to give away? and how is it that you were allowed to distribute them?' are questions that have often been asked with surprise. An answer to the first will prepare the way for the second. The Scriptures included the four Gospels, the Book of Psalms, and the New Testament. These were, for the most part, in Russian; but there were a few copies in Polish, French, German, and Tartar, with certain portions of the Old Testament for the Buriats in Mongolian, and for the Jews in Hebrew. Besides these Scriptures, there were copies of the *Rooski Rabotchi*, an adapted reprint in Russian of the *British Workman*, full of pictures, and well suited to the masses; also a large well-executed engraving, with the story written around, of the parable of the Prodigal Son, together with broad sheets suitable for hospital walls, and thousands of Russian tracts. The Scriptures were printed for the Bible Society by the Holy Synod, and the tracts had passed the censor's hands. All was, therefore, in order, and before going to Archangel, I had received a permanent legitimation to distribute, duly endorsed by the police."

Reviewing his journey, the author, on page 704, writes as follows on this subject:—"I distributed in all by proxy—that is, through the authorities—about 44,000 publications, and personally about 12,000, the exact total being 55,812 of all kinds."

The volume throughout is well worthy of an attentive perusal. It abounds in incident and varied information, and is characterised by a healthy tone, and has our strong commendation.

VIII.—Notes of the Month.

1. DEPARTURES.

The Rev. J. SIBREE, Mrs. Sibree, and child; Rev. J. A. HOULDER, Mrs. Houlder, and two children; and Miss BLISS, returning to MADAGASCAR; and Miss EDITH CRAVEN, appointed to MADAGASCAR, embarked in London, per steamer *Grantully Castle*, for Tamatave, May 23rd; Mr. J. C. THORNE, and Mrs. SHAW and daughter, returning to Madagascar, embarked at Dartmouth in the same vessel, May 25th.

2. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. H. A. HUTCHISON, B.Sc., Mrs. Hutchison, and two children, from COIMBATOOR, South India, per steamer *India*, May 1st.

ALEXANDER HUBBARD, Esq. (accompanied by the Rev. PHILIP COLBORNE, deputation from the Congregational Union), from JAMAICA, per steamer *Nile*, May 13th.

The Rev. GEORGE TURNER, LL.D., and Mrs. Turner from SAMOA, South Seas, per steamer *Parramatta*, May 15th.

The Rev. T. H. CLARK, Mrs. Clark, and daughter, from JAMAICA, per steamer *Don*, May 30th.

BIRTH.

BARON.—April 21st, at Antananarivo, Madagascar, the wife of the Rev. R. Baron, of a daughter.

4. DEATHS.

ASHTON.—March 29th, at Barkly, South Africa, from the effects of an accident, George Taylor, aged twenty-seven, second son of the Rev. William Ashton.

HUTCHISON.—May 16th, at Canonbury, London, N., the infant son of the Rev. H. A. Hutchison, of Coimbatoor, South India.

5. IN MEMORIAM.

REV. GEORGE PRITCHARD.

For nearly sixty years the subject of the present notice had been identified with the cause of missions. In the spring of 1824, when quite a young man, his services having been accepted by the Directors of the London Missionary Society, he proceeded to the island of TAHITI, South Pacific. Here he laboured as one of its missionaries until the close of 1837, when his acceptance of the office of British Consul necessitated his retirement from the Society; his interest in its operations, however, remaining as deep as ever, and his ready aid being always at its disposal. In the year 1840, he was compelled by the hostile proceedings of the French authorities to leave the island, but after twelve months' sojourn in England he returned to Tahiti, where he remained until 1845, when his appointment as Consul in Samoa led to his removal to that group of islands. Some years afterwards he finally returned to his native land, and became travelling secretary to

the Home and School for sons and orphans of missionaries. In 1865, he was appointed district agent of the London Missionary Society in Scotland and Ireland, which office he held until 1872, when he resumed his former duties in connection with the mission school; these duties, growing age and infirmities compelled him to relinquish in 1877. For the last three years he had been residing at Hove, Brighton, where he died, on Sunday, the 6th of May, at the ripe age of eighty-six.

Rev. John Penry.

In the Society's Annual Report, the safe arrival at Urambo of the party of missionaries who left England in May last was announced, and the hope was expressed that all its members bound for the Lake had reached Ujiji. That hope was, alas! premature. Before the end of May, the Directors received a letter from the Rev. John Penry, who had been appointed to Uguha, stating that failure of health had led him, most reluctantly, to remain at Urambo, and subsequently, after full consultation with his brethren and friends, to turn his face homewards. With this purpose in view, he left Urambo on the 5th of March, accompanied by the Rev. J. Hannington, of the Church Mission, and was joined at Uyui by another Church missionary, the Rev. J. Blackburn. On the 19th of April, the party arrived at Kisokwi, about two hours westward of Mpwapwa. The sad sequel shall be told in Mr. Blackburn's words:—

"When I left them there, Mr. Penry did not seem worse than usual, but I was afterwards told that during the day he became decidedly worse, and it was found necessary to sit up with him during the night, when Mr. Hannington, and Mr. and Mrs. Cole entertained very small hopes of his living to see the light of another day. Early next morning I received a note at Mpwapwa, asking me and the Rev. J. C. Price, who is stationed there, to lose no time in going to Kisokwi, as they thought Mr. Penry was dying. Astonished by this news we hurried on, and, as soon as I saw him, I noticed a vast change in his appearance from the previous day. Mr. Price and myself now became his nurses; we did all in our power to try and revive him, but it was soon evident to us that he could not live long. During the following night I asked him if he had any message to send to his friends. His answer was 'No;' but presently he said, 'Tell them that I die trusting in Jesus, and in Him alone.' He gave me directions about the disposal of his goods, and then, seeming to have relieved his mind of all earthly matters, he began to repeat to himself portions of Scripture, especially seeming to delight in the twenty-third and forty-second Psalms. About 3 o'clock on Saturday morning, he began to sink rapidly, and at 7.15 a.m., the same morning (April 21st) he quietly passed away. During the whole of his latter illness he was remarkably free from pain, and only complained of intense weakness. Immediately after his death, we prepared a coffin, and had him conveyed the same evening to Mpwapwa where we buried him by the side of the late Dr. Mullens."

Thus, for the sixth time in the brief history of the Society's Central

African mission, has the sacrifice of a devoted life been laid upon the missionary altar. Shall it be said that such sacrifice is too costly, as compared with the object to be attained? Rather may these events be accepted as a call to renewed consecration and more devoted effort on behalf of the down-trodden sons of Africa.

6. FREE CIRCULATION OF THE "CHRONICLE."

We insert with pleasure the following extract from a letter from a correspondent who is able to speak with authority on the matter in question. We trust that the example of the auxiliary which he represents may be widely followed:—

"The liberal policy of the Directors in regard to the supply of CHRONICLES we have endeavoured to prevent becoming a loss to the Society by placing them in the hands of our district collectors, who sell them at one penny each; thus most of them are paid for, and we believe are more likely to be read than if distributed gratis, though, in some cases, this is done. You will not, I trust, think me troublesome in making this suggestion. I have occupied the post of Secretary to first the juvenile and then the adult portion of our auxiliary for more than thirty years, so that my suggestion is the result of experience."

A minister of a provincial church, in remitting 5s. 6d. as the proceeds of his "Prayer Meeting Box," writes: "You will see that we have done a little to pay the cost of the twelve copies of the CHRONICLE sent monthly."

7. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES FROM 15TH APRIL TO 14TH JUNE.

CHINA.—Dr. Dudgeon, Peking, March 14th; J. Lees, Tientsin, March 1st, 15th; A. King, Tientsin, February 14th; Griffith John, Hankow, March 22; Dr. Gillison, Hankow, March 28th; W. Muirhead, Shanghai, April 11th; J. Stonehouse, Shanghai, April 18th; J. Macgowan, Amoy, March 6th, April 11th; J. Sadler, Amoy, March 13th; Dr. Palmer, Amoy, April 12th; J. C. Edge, Hong Kong, April 3rd, 6th, May 3rd; Dr. Chalmers, Hong Kong, April 9th; R. W. Thompson, March 27th, Hong Kong, April 2nd, Canton, April 10th, Amoy, April 18th, Shanghai, April 27th.

INDIA.—W. Johnson, Calcutta, April 24th; W. J. Wilkins, Calcutta, April 3rd, 10th, 24th, May 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd; J. E. Payne, Calcutta, April 12th; J. Hewlett, Benares, March 28th, April 4th (two letters), 18th, 25th, May 2nd (two letters), May 9th, 16th, 23rd; J. A. Lambert, Mirzapore, May 2nd; Edwin Greaves, Mirzapore, May 8th; F. Wilkinson, Madras, April 11th, 18th, 25th; J. Hay, Madras, April 4th, 18th; W. Monk Jones, Salem, April 17th; B. Rice, Bangalore, March 27th (two letters), April 17th, May 8th; T. E. Slater, Bangalore, April 2nd; J. F. Coles, Bellary, March 28th; J. R. Bacon, Cuddapah, April 4th, 11th, 23rd; W. W. Stephenson, Gooty, April 18th, May 23rd; J. Duthie,

Nagercoil, March 30th, Muttukuli, April 28th; Miss Duthie, Muttukuli, April 27th; I. H. Hacker, Neyoor, March 21st.

MADAGASCAR.—B. Briggs, Antananarivo, March 6th, April 10th; T. Lord, Antananarivo, March 6th, April 10th; J. Richardson, Antananarivo, March 6th; J. R. Bennett, Antananarivo, February 24th; R. Baron, Antananarivo, March 5th; P. G. Peake, Isoavina, April 6th; Dr. Fox, Antananarivo, March 5th; J. Pearse, Fianarantsoa, March 28th; A. S. Huckett, Fianarantsoa, February 26th; G. A. Shaw, Tamatave, April 19th.

AFRICA.—W. Thompson, Cape Town, April 17th, May 7th, 22nd; T. Durant Philip, Graaf Reinet, May 1st; John Harper, King William's Town, April 23rd; W. Ashton, Barkly, April 11th; J. Brown, Kuruman, March 28th; A. J. Gould, Kuruman, April 21st; D. Carnegie, Hope Fountain, February 7th; W. Griffith, Uguha, January 13th, February 7th; Captain Hore, Malagarazi River, February 11th, 12th, Ujiji, February 25th, March 4th; J. Dunn, Uguha, January 13th; J. H. Dineen, Ujiji, February 24th; D. P. Jones, Ujiji, March 3rd; T. F. Shaw, Urambo, February 16th; John Penry, Urambo, February 16th, Uyui, March 16th; W. C. Willoughby, Urambo, February 16th, March 15th; J. Roxburgh, Quillimane, April 4th.

WEST INDIES.—J. Foreman, Demerara, April 4th, 20th; T. H. Clark, Jamaica, April 21st, 27th, May 9th, 29th.

SOUTH SEAS.—E. V. Cooper, Tahiti, March 13th, April 9th; A. Pearse, Raiatea, March 27th (two letters); W. W. Gill, Rarotonga, January 11th, February 19th, 28th; S. H. Davies, Savaii, February 9th, 19th; J. E. Newell, Savaii, January 29th; J. Marriott, Samoa, February 26th; W. E. Clarke, Samoa, March 6th; T. Powell, Samoa, February 17th; Dr. Turner, Sydney, March 5th; C. Phillips, Sydney, February 27th, April 14th; F. E. Lawes, Niue, March 7th; J. Jones, Mare, March 2nd, 17th; S. Macfarlane, Murray Island, February 23rd; W. G. Lawes, Port Moresby, February 5th, 6th, 21st, 28th; J. Chalmers, Port Moresby; January 1st, 9th, February 14th, 20th; G. Pratt, Sydney, March 16th; T. Beswick, Adelaide, April 20th; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, March 2nd, 14th, 27th, April 2nd, 5th, 9th, 10th, 18th.

8. ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The thanks of the Directors are respectfully presented to the following:—

For Rev. J. A. Houlder, Madagascar.

To the Ladies' Missionary Working Party, Ventnor, for a parcel of clothing.

To the Ladies' Missionary Working Party, Paddington Chapel, for a parcel of clothing.

To the Ladies' Missionary Working Party, Trinity Chapel, Dewsbury, for a parcel of school materials.

IX.—Anniversary Collections in May.

Anniversary Collections.

Exeter Hall	85	1	11
Annual Sermon (City Temple)	31	6	4
Sermon to Young Men (Westminster Chapel)	26	10	0

Collections, 18th May.

(As far as reported.)

Acton	7	14	9
Arundel Square	8	10	0
Asylum Road, Peckham	9	1	0
Balham and Upper Tooting	12	2	2
Barbican Chapel	5	4	6
Barking	4	9	0
Beckenham	8	12	1
Bethnal Green Road	4	2	6
Bishopsgate Chapel	4	16	11
Blackheath	47	8	4
Brentford	3	3	2
Brixton—			
Independent Church	30	19	2
Trinity Chapel	12	15	0
Bromley (Kent)	25	5	0
Buckhurst Hill	9	12	5
Burdett Road	3	18	0
Camberwell, Congregational Ch.	29	11	6
Albany Road	4	0	0
Barry Road	4	13	6
New Road	3	17	2
Cambridge Heath	35	0	0
Camden Town, Park Chapel	31	2	0
City Road	8	14	6
City Temple	62	18	3
Clapham	119	3	2
Clapton, Lower	19	3	4
Clapton, Upper	21	13	5
Coverdale Chapel	3	5	6
Craven Chapel	26	0	4
Craven Hill Chapel	8	16	6
Croydon, West	4	10	3
George Street	20	3	2
Selhurst Road	5	16	3
Trinity Church	13	9	2
Dalston—			
Middleton Road	9	12	1
Pownall Road	2	0	0
Dulwich Grove	4	2	0
Dulwich, West	7	7	7
Ealing	22	14	10
Edmonton and Tottenham	12	14	10
Eltham	9	9	0
Enfield—			
Baker Street	5	13	2
Christchurch	18	15	0
Finchley, East	21	0	0
Finchley, North	17	0	0
Forest Gate	3	3	0
Forest Hill, Trinity Church	8	18	4
Gospel Oak	8	17	0
Gravesend, Milton-on-Thames Ch.	15	10	0
Greville Place	4	1	6
Hackney, Old Gravel Pit	12	3	4
Hammersmith, Albion Road	6	4	7
Hampstead, Congregational Ch.	11	10	9
Hanover Chapel	18	15	0
Hare Court Chapel	17	18	2
Highbury Quadrant Cong. Ch.	34	4	2
Highgate, Congregational Ch.	20	13	8
Holloway Congregational Ch.	16	0	0
Junction Road	12	8	1
Horbury Chapel	20	0	0
Islington, Union Chapel	84	19	0
Jamaica Row	8	0	0
Kensington	70	0	0
Golborne Road	2	0	0
Kentish Town, Hawley Road	32	14	5
Kingsland	19	5	0
Kingston-on-Thames	14	16	11
Do. Thames Ditton	1	11	4
Lavender Hill	6	17	8
Lewisham Congregational Ch.	52	0	0
Lewisham High Road	34	5	0
Leytonstone	17	0	0
Loughborough Park	11	2	0
Lower Edmonton	3	10	0
Mile End New Town	10	0	0
Mill Hill	11	0	1
Mitcham, Zion Chapel	1	15	0
Mortlake, Sheen Vale	3	7	0
New College Chapel	24	7	4
New Tabernacle	3	14	4
New Malden	7	3	4
Northfleet (moiety)	1	15	0
Norwood, Upper	25	0	9
Offord Road	4	3	0
Paddington Chapel	9	2	9
Pentonville Road	2	5	0
Ponder's End	3	0	6
Raleigh Memorial Church	8	11	11
Redhill	6	5	0
Reigate	8	3	0
Richmond	39	17	2
River Street, Islington	3	5	6
St. John's Wood	4	14	0
St. Mary Cray	15	18	5
Silver Street	11	0	0
Sion Chapel	2	2	0
Southgate	7	5	0
Southgate Road	3	1	2
Stoke Newington, Rectory Road	4	10	0
Streatham Hill	17	13	9
Sutherland Chapel	4	10	9
Sutton	8	2	4
Thornton Heath, New St. John's	4	13	3
Tollington Park, New Court	56	6	4
Tottenham Court Road	37	10	0
Tottenham High Cross	6	12	7
Totteridge	8	10	0
Trevor Chapel	8	16	8
Turnham Green	6	0	0
Twickenham	3	17	10
Walthamstow—			
Marsh Street	13	10	0
Trinity Chapel	16	1	7
Wood Street	5	4	8
Wandsworth	13	8	6
Westminster Chapel	23	0	0
Whitefield Tabernacle	8	3	0
Wimbledon	11	0	0
Winchmore Hill	5	1	0
Woodford Congregational Church	21	6	10
George Lane	6	15	0
Woolwich, Rectory Place	11	4	3
Wycliffe Chapel	41	0	0
York Road	10	1	3
York Street	7	14	0

X.—Contributions.

From February 11th to March 10th, 1883.

Penryn	7	7	0
Peterborough—			
Trinity Church	27	5	10
Westgate Church	43	3	3
Mrs. Gregory	0	4	0
Peterfield	1	6	6
Poole. Skinner Street	32	5	6
Portland. Cong. Ch.	3	19	0
Preston. Aux.	22	8	7
Puddletown	1	18	3
Puriton	0	10	0
Reading. Aux.	100	0	0
Reigate. Aux.	36	11	2
Rendham	2	0	0
Rhymney. Moriah Ch.	27	7	4
Ringwood	27	5	0
Rodborough. Tabernacle	13	18	4
Romsey. Aux.	19	4	9
Ross	1	17	2
Roydon. Rev. H. Lee	1	1	0
Royston. Knebworth Street	7	10	2
Runcorn. Bethesda Ch.	6	12	9
Ryton-on-Tyne. J. C. Lamb, Esq.	2	2	0
St. Albans. Cong. Ch.	16	13	6
St. Helens. Aux.	101	5	0
Sandon	6	2	3
Sandown. Miss Percival	1	1	0
Sawbridgeworth. Aux.	23	12	6
Sazmundham	2	9	8
Scarborough—			
Aux.	4	0	0
South Cliff Church	18	1	11
Seaton and Beer	6	19	5
Selby	3	4	2
Sevenoaks—			
Aux.	28	16	8
Rev. R. T. Prust	21	0	0
Sheldon	2	15	8
Shanklin. Cong. Ch.	10	0	0
Sheffield—			
Aux.	0	17	3
Brightside Ch.	1	12	11
Shepton Mallet. Independent Ch.	15	12	10
Sherborne	15	14	8
Slaufford	6	19	6
Slough	19	15	6
Southampton—			
Albion Ch.	61	0	3
Kingsfield Ch.	12	17	2
Above Bar Ch. and Northam	84	16	1
South Cave	3	7	0
South Molton	11	19	0
South Petherton	9	13	1
Stamford. Star Lane Aux. and Ketton	35	4	4
Steplehurst	7	10	9
Stockport. Aux.	126	15	1
Stoke-under-Ham	19	2	4
Stonehouse	19	15	6
"J. C."	2	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon. Aux.	20	3	3
Stubbins Chapel	22	13	6
Stubbin Elsecar, Barnsley	6	3	1
Suffolk—			
Aux.	89	19	2
Profit on Missionary Tea at Ipswich	1	14	7
Sunderland. Bethel Ch.	18	11	10
Sutton Valence	10	12	5
Taunton. North Street	12	9	7
Tavistock	21	4	3
Thatcham	0	17	8
Theale, &c.	3	9	5
Thornbury	12	14	3
Tiverton. Fore St. Ch.	15	3	10
Torquay Aux.	19	8	8
Torrington	15	3	7
Totnes	11	7	6
For Boy and Girl in India	5	10	0
Tunbridge Wells—			
Aux.	43	3	6
Mt. Pleasant Cong Ch., for Female Missions	1	15	0
Tynemouth. Rev. S. Goodall	0	10	6
Uckfield	4	10	6
Uxbridge. Old Meeting House	8	0	8
Wadebridge. Aux.	10	14	7
Wallingford. Coll. by Mrs. Newton	9	6	0
Walton-on-the-Naze	0	2	11
Ware. Church St. Aux.	1	17	6
Wareham	9	3	1
Warrington. Aux.	81	7	0
Watford—			
Clarendon Road	10	1	9
Miss Newman, for Central Africa	0	10	0
Miss Tidcombe's Sabbath Morning Box	2	1	0
Weedon and Floore	5	1	6
Wellington (Somerset)	26	17	8
West Bromwich—			
Ebenezer Ch.	24	17	6
Mayer's Green Ch.	22	3	8
Westbury-on-Severn	2	10	6
West Hartlepool. Belle Vue Ch.	1	5	2
Wetherfield	2	7	2
Weymouth—			
Gloucester Street Ch.	17	2	0
Hope Chapel Aux.	30	11	1
Whitby. Aux.	61	19	8
Wickhambrook	10	8	6
Wigan. Aux.	66	18	10
Wiltshire, &c.—			
Per Rev. T. Mann.			
Atworth	2	18	8
Avebury	0	6	6
Bishop's Hull	1	8	6
Bradford-on-Avon	2	10	6

Dulverton	3	0	6
Lacock	4	0	0
Lapford	1	6	3
Lee, nr. Malmesbury, Rev. Jno. Millard	1	4	0
New Swindon	2	8	8
Ramsbury	3	2	9
Tisbury	18	9	8
Trowbridge, Tabernacle	69	1	11
Wootton Bassett	9	15	0
Winchester	21	10	8
Wingham	11	19	6
Wisbech	16	9	5
Wiveliscombe	13	14	0
Wooburn. Cores End Ch.	14	18	6
Woodbridge. Quay Chapel	12	16	2
Worcester. Aux., Legacy of the late Richard Padmore, Esq.	266	18	9
Workington. Mr. J. Mordy	2	2	0
Wycombe. United Cong. Ch.	26	16	2
Yarmouth, Great	115	9	0
Yeovil. Aux.	24	8	0

WALES.

Aberaman. Saron Ch.	18	7	6
Aberavon. Wern Ch.	1	18	6
Abercumbag, Aberdare	1	3	4
Aberdare. Bethesda Ch., Abernant	1	10	8
Aberdovey	4	8	0
Bethesda, Bangor	0	15	7
Brecha Chapel	0	10	6
Brynsion, Dowlais	5	19	9
Caerphilly. Bethel Ch.	3	12	0
Cardiff—			
Glandwr Ch.	1	4	6
Ebenezer Welsh Ch.	15	18	4
Carfan, Narberth	6	14	0
Cwmdare. Elim Ch.	5	17	0
Cwmwysg and Trecastle	6	5	6
Dyffryn, near Barmouth	1	4	6
Ffaldybrennin, &c.	7	6	2
Glamorganshire. Northern Association	11	13	9
Glantaf. Ebenezer Ch.	1	4	9
Llanboidy. Trinity Ch.	7	1	0
Llangynidr and Dyffryn	8	3	0
Llwydcoed, Aberdare	8	0	0
Moriah Aman, Aberdare	12	13	2
Neath. Wind Street English Cong. Ch.	2	8	2
Pembrey. Jerusalem Ch.	6	12	0
Pembroke. Tabernacle	17	13	0
Pembroke Dock. Albion Square Ch., Mr. T. D. Rees box	3	12	0
Pembrokeshire. English District	3	0	0
Penarth. Bethel Ch.	3	3	6
Penrhiwceiber, nr. Aberdare	6	15	4
Porth, near Pontypridd	1	15	0
Rhicos, near Hirwain	3	3	8
St. Clears. Bethlehem, Capel Mair, and Elim	7	3	9
St. Davids. Ebenezer Ch.	4	10	3
Swansea. Ladies' Aux.	55	16	9
Talgarth and Tredwstan	6	7	8
Tenby. Aux.	13	0	0
Ton Ystradyfodwg. Bethesda Ch.	5	0	0
Treadrhiwdalar, &c.	7	5	0
Whitland. Bethel and Tabernacle	8	2	10

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen—			
Aux.	257	10	3
Legacy of the late Miss Elmslie, for Madagascar	40	3	4
Cumnicstown. Legacy of the late Mrs. Betty Cheyne or Thomson	113	10	9
Dundee—			
Aux.	30	0	0
Mrs. Molison, of Errol Park, per W. Ogilvy Dalgleish, Esq.	1,000	0	0
Ward Chapel	45	2	9
Legacy of the late Jno. Boyd Baxter, Esq.	1,000	0	0
Ladies' Aux., for Female Missions	37	17	10
Dunfermline. Canmore Street	20	0	0
Edinburgh. Ladies' Aux., for Female Missions	48	0	0
Falkirk. Mr. Wm. Donaldson	1	0	0
Fraserburgh. Cong. Ch.	12	0	6
Kilnave, Islay. Mr. Arch. Gillespie	0	6	0
Perth. Aux.	52	8	3
Rutherglen. East Free Ch., for Chinese Miss.	0	15	0
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.			
Airdrie	2	19	0
Bothwell	12	7	4
Colutream	6	1	0
Crieff	1	10	0
Cupar Angus	2	2	0
Eyemouth	2	10	0
Norham	0	14	8
Prestonkirk	11	6	9
Selkirk	11	14	1
Thurso	1	15	7
Tillicoultry	1	15	6

IRELAND.

Castle Comer. Per John Ryan, Esq.	26	0	0
Kingstown. Cong. Ch.	19	2	8
Sligo. Aux.	3	14	0
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.			
Bray	4	11	5
Cillucan	1	4	0
Clonakilty	2	14	6
Clonmel	1	5	0
Cookstown	10	18	0
Cork	2	0	0
Dublin Aux.	102	7	4
Ennis	0	16	8
Limerick	2	1	3
Mallow	0	8	3
Naas	1	14	10
Wicklow	1	0	1

FOREIGN.

Geneva. Mdlle. A. Maret's Pupils, for Child in School, Peking	6	0	0
Guelph (Canada). Miss Mickle	2	0	0
Hamilton. St. James' Cong. Ch.	6	16	0
Jamaica. Ridgmount Ch.	3	5	0

AUSTRALIA.

Auckland (New Zealand), Beresford Ch.	26	3	0

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Samoan Contributions, per Rev. J. Marriott	200	0	0

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TAHITI—GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHMENT AT PAEA.

THE CHRONICLE
OF THE
London Missionary Society.

I.—Tahiti.

FINAL STRUGGLE BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND HEATHENISM.

By the Rev. J. L. Green.

LIGHTS and shadows have varied the history of the Christian Church in all its efforts to evangelise the world. From the earliest days of its existence down to its latest efforts, the struggle has been one of perpetual conflict with Satan. The Apostles have not been the only contenders for the new faith and defenders of the Christian religion; they are not the only messengers of the Cross who have sealed their testimony with their blood. Nor has this witness to the truth been confined to the *public teachers* of the Christian religion; but many, very many professors in the ordinary walks of life, have been called to suffer for, and to defend, the faith. In fact, the Church, as it now stands, has been built up not on "failures," but on fiery trials and conflicts. This is, indeed, the case in the history of the Modern Mission Church in the world. In a former paper we have said, "where God works, even Satan cannot stand." * This was most remarkably illustrated in the final struggle between heathen worship and the Christian religion—between idolatry and the worship of the one true God—in Tahiti and other islands of the Pacific. After the conclusion of the war which had driven the missionaries from Tahiti, they returned to the land of their adoption to reap some fruits of their labour; converts rallied around them, and their sixteen years of patient toil and waiting were rewarded with great and encouraging success. The natives renounced the religion of their ancestors, and not only forsook their gods of

* See "Missionary Chronicle" page 134.

former times, but denounced them as a delusion and a lie. They tested the powerlessness of the gods to whom they had devoted themselves most servilely in times past, by challenging them and defying them to offer any retribution on those who had now once and for ever renounced them. Classes were established for educating the new adult converts in the principles of the Christian religion; the efforts and energies of the Missionaries were taxed to the utmost in their endeavours to meet the wishes of the people. Now was the time for the ingathering of the precious fruits; and how powerfully must they have been impressed with their own want of faith in the precious promises of their Divine Master, and how vividly must the injunctions of inspiration about "casting the bread upon the waters," and about "sowing the seed in the morning, and in the evening not withholding their hand," have recurred to their recollection. Then, how powerfully must they have been impressed with the faithfulness of "Him that promiseth."

Churches sprang up, and never did hands work more willingly, or gifts pour more cheerfully into the treasury of the Lord, than in those days among the new converts on Tahiti. Not even did the Jews, when permitted to return from exile, work more joyously in the restoration of their holy and much-loved but ruined city, than did these new converts labour, not to rebuild, but to establish this new system of religion, so opposite in all its tendencies to the terrors of their old superstition. They rejoiced in the humanity, the elevating, the levelling-up influences, of the Gospel system, in contrast with the class distinction and degrading character of their former idol-worship; so that it was not difficult to secure their sympathies, once they had passed the barrier of prejudice, nor was it difficult to obtain large numbers of willing disciples; and even now, as new generations spring up, there is to a very large extent the same cheerful devotion to the cause of Christ and the same willing consecration of means to His service.

The final struggle, however, between Christianity and heathenism was a very sharp one. It took place about the year 1815, and the scene of the conflict was very near the spot represented in the left-hand corner of the accompanying sketch. There still stands on this once sacred spot the remains of a *marae*, or heathen altar, on the retaking of which the remaining heathen depended to restore the

supremacy of the national idols. The Christians had borne patiently the menaces of the war party (heathen), until they were compelled to take arms in self-defence. The two armies, when actually brought face to face in war attitude, waited each for the other to attack; the heathen, perhaps, half doubting the issues, whilst the Christians were resolved to maintain a defensive attitude. After several "sorties," the heathen resolved to attack in force, hoping, by making an advance under cover of the darkness of the night, to surprise their foes and take them any easy prey; but the foe was on the alert, and obtained a speedy victory, and, to the utter surprise of the vanquished, proved to be their friends. Victory achieved, an order was issued that mercy was to be shown to all the vanquished, the only condition of a free pardon being that the new religion was to be tolerated and recognised. The powerlessness of the gods had, by this time, been so clearly proved by the utter defeat of their defenders, and these defenders were so fully convinced of the folly of further trusting in them, that they all in a body renounced them. The Christians, encouraged thereby, sent off a party to another part of the island, where certain of the idols were located, to destroy them; and henceforth, on Tahiti, it may be truly said that the "idols are utterly abolished." Thus the death-blow was given to the power of idol-worship in Eastern Polynesia. Churches were in due time formed, and they have continued to grow and multiply. The experience of the native Christians has been varied, and sometimes their faith and patience have been tried, but God has ever defended His own: their trials have drawn them nearer to the source of their strength, and often have they shown that their love to Christ is not to be destroyed by ordinary trials or opposition. To-day, on Tahiti and Moorea, the churches are living testimonies of the life-giving power of the Gospel of Christ. Nearly all the churches are presided over by an educated native ministry, assisted by the counsel, practical sympathy, and co-operation of three French Protestant missionaries of the Paris Missionary Society, and one English missionary of the London Missionary Society; all working harmoniously together, not as "political agents," but as faithful followers of their great Model—the Pioneer Missionary to our fallen race—the Lord Jesus Christ; having only one object in view, the spiritual well-being of the people and the glory of our God. I may also add, that, of late years, the

efforts of the missionaries to consolidate the churches have received the sympathy of the administration; and the change of flag, from the Protecorate to the Tricolor, has been favourable, rather than otherwise, to the cause, and beneficial to the natives in general.

AFAT, A CHRISTIAN CHINAMAN.

The subject of the accompanying sketch is a living refutation of the theory propounded by some persons who are ever in pursuit of some excuse for their want of practical sympathy with the work of missions, and who say that it is impossible to Christianise the heathen, and especially so to convert the Chinese. Afat is a native of Shanghai. As a youth he was for some time a pupil in Dr. Legge's School, and the religious influence exerted over him there has proved to have been very salutary. Although for many years those influences lay dormant, they were not lost. In the course of time he partook of the spirit of migration of the nation, and betook himself to the Sandwich Islands; he was happily brought under the influence of a Christian family in Henololu, and ultimately came down to Tahiti, still seeking employment in Christian families. He has been for some few years past engaged in the establishment of the Rev. Charles Vienot, of the Paris Missionary Society, Director of the Protestant Free Schools in Papeete, and it was whilst there that these dormant religious feelings were aroused. About four years ago, he became a candidate for church membership in connection with our English church in Papeete, and rarely has it been my privilege to converse

PORTRAIT OF AFAT.—(*From a Photograph.*)

with any one whose religious convictions are more clearly defined or more scrupulously acted upon; and any person who has doubts about the sincerity of our converts has but to watch most closely the life of Afat, and he will be compelled to admit that he is, at least, sincere. It was my privilege to introduce him into our Christian religion by baptism on a most distinct confession of faith in Christ, and some months after to receive him into church fellowship with us. He has ever since lived an exemplary life, devoting all the time he has at his command to prayer and Christian work, mainly among his own countrymen resident in the town and neighbourhood in which he lives. He also devotes a very large proportion of his monthly income to charitable purposes among the native and Chinese communities, not forgetting his obligations to the cause with which he is connected and the church of which he is a member.

ENCOURAGEMENTS IN CHINA.

UNDER date Shanghai, April 11th, the Rev. Wm. Muirhead writes as follows:—

"Mission work is going on with some encouragement. Our congregations are good and interesting. A goodly number have been baptized during the last quarter, and I expect to admit seven or eight in the course of the month. Some of these are cases of considerable interest, as coming from distant parts of the empire, and appear to be intelligent and scholarly men, as well as having formed clear and decided views of Gospel truth. A few Sabbaths ago, after preaching to a large congregation, I asked, 'Are there none now present desirous of giving themselves to Christ and becoming His disciples? Five at once came forward and professed a desire to do so. I spoke to them seriously on the subject, and questioned them as to their faith and hope. One of them had undergone severe trial at home from having stated it to be his intention to become a Christian. His mother is a devoted Buddhist and threw many obstacles in his way, but he was determined, and she called on the native pastor to make inquiries on the matter. She declared herself satisfied, and withdrew her opposition. When I asked him about the evidence of his conversion his reply was, 'I feel it,' and I have good reason for believing that he is changed in heart and life. I hope soon to receive him with others into the church.

"Mr. Stonehouse has gone to the city of Soong-kiang, about forty miles from this, where an examination of some 8,000 students is going on. He is accompanied by several of the native brethren, who will assist him n tract distribution.'

II.—South India.—Bellary District.

BRIEF REVIEW OF THE WORK IN BOOKAPATNAM.

By the Rev. Edwin Lewis.

IT is now a little more than ten years since we first went to Bookapatnam and became acquainted with that interesting congregation which had been gathered and taught to read and love the Bible by Seeta Ram. Nearly three years elapsed before we saw them again, as we were in England a portion of that time, but two colporteurs from Bellary worked for some months in the town. When I came the second time to Bookapatnam, in February, 1875, I found that a few of the congregation were showing less pleasure than formerly in the reading of the Bible, whilst others were more confirmed and earnest in their attachment to the Christian religion, and were confessing before all their friends that they believe in the Bible, and are followers of Jesus. They were enduring not a little persecution and reproach on this account.

I recalled the circumstances of our first acquaintance, spoke of God's love to us all during the long period in which we had not seen each other, and was gratified to learn that they had often prayed for our return.

One of them asked me if I would translate into Telugu the pamphlet I had written in English, giving a description of my first visit. This request surprised me, as I did not imagine that they knew of its existence. When I asked them how they had come to know that I had written anything about them, they said, "A native gentleman recently brought a copy with him to the town, called one and another of our number, read it to us, and explained it in Telugu." They further remarked, "That account so exactly describes our state, and what happened when you first came amongst us, that we should like to have the record in our own language."

Since that time we have visited them once or twice a-year as we were able, remaining with them six or eight days at a time. On several occasions, when the subject of Christian baptism was mentioned, they did not manifest any desire to profess their faith by receiving this rite in the name of Christ. Two or three strongly contended that baptism by water belonged to the days of John the

Baptist, and that the baptism which we, as the followers of Jesus, should look for is "the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire."

Two years ago three persons began seriously to think it was their duty to be baptized in Christ's name, and thus fulfil His commandment, although they knew that they would thereby be cut off from all social intercourse with their neighbours. They came to Bellary and told me their thoughts and desires. I commended them and advised them to wait till I could again come to their native town. They did so, and in March, 1881, I had the pleasure of baptizing *four* persons in the presence of a large congregation of their friends and neighbours.

We thought these baptisms would probably lead to the breaking up of the company that assembled every Sunday to read the Bible. Two persons did leave for a time, but afterwards returned; others determined to follow in the footsteps of those who had given up all for Christ, and came forward in August last, as we have already related, to confess Christ in baptism.

On Sunday morning, the 6th of August, 1882, we arrived in Bookapatnam, and remained there till the following Friday morning. These five days were as full of work, as full of joy and of triumph in Christ, as we have ever had. As soon as our arrival was known, the members of this interesting community came to our tent for service. There were four of the five persons whom we baptized last year, one being away from home, and eight others who join in Christian worship. It was a pure, unmixed joy to us to read the Scriptures, and pray with them, and to preach to them. The Word of God is to these simple, honest believers the very bread of life. At the close of the service four adults came forward and asked to be baptized. In the evening, about five o'clock, we again met and talked together for some time of the preciousness of God's Word and of Christian experience. It was amusing to me to see the look of wonder and astonishment with which my colporteurs looked on and heard the Bookapatnam people talk of the Scriptures, and quote and explain several passages. One of the colporteurs who had not before been in this town remarked to me, "This is wonderful; these people quote the Scriptures and explain them as though they had been Christians and enjoying the best of Christian instruction for

twenty years." At the close of the evening service it was our great joy to baptize the four persons above mentioned.

On the four succeeding days, group after group of the people came to us; not to argue, as is so often the case elsewhere, but rather to inquire further concerning "the way of Christ," and to put such questions as these: "What can the Christian religion do for us that our own religion cannot do?" "May we not believe in Christianity, and follow its rules, without being baptized and losing our caste?" We hope to see still greater things in Bookapatnam in the future.

There are now nine baptized persons in this community. Two others—and those the best acquainted of all with the Scriptures—are still holding back, and are not yet prepared to take the step which will sever them from their caste.

Within the last three years three members of the congregation have died, all "believing in the Lord Jesus." One of these was a most devoted woman, whose praise was in the whole town for her most disinterested labours during a severe visitation of cholera.

One young man, who has ceased to attend the meetings, said to me, a short time ago, "I read the Bible and pray daily to God, though I dare not, on account of friends and business, profess myself a Christian."

Some most interesting personal reminiscences of individual members of this congregation are cherished by us, but space forbids our enlarging. Again and again have they expressed the wish that we would send them a teacher to help them and to work for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom in their neighbourhood. As we had not a suitable man available, and no money in hand to support a teacher, we have not been able to send one. Further, we have been most anxious to try what the effect would be of leaving them to themselves, as some of them can read the Bible, and others are quite capable of explaining what is read. Thus far our plan has not failed, though we believe that if an earnest and good native teacher were living on the spot the work would grow more rapidly. It is a cause of satisfaction to us that, with the exception of our travelling expenses, no money has hitherto been expended upon this work in Bookapatnam. The people there have strong faith in the power of prayer; they often tell us that it does them good to know that Christians in Bellary pray for them. We would ask for the prayers of the people of God on behalf of this work, that it may prosper.

III.—Opium Smoking in England and America.

THE REV. GEORGE PIERCY, returning to England, after many years of missionary service in South China, has recently issued a very striking, and, it may be added, alarming pamphlet on "The Chinese in London."* In preparing this work, he was led on to inquiry respecting opium-dens and opium-smoking in London, and then to gather information in respect to the increase of opium-smoking, both in England and in America—a habit which

CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

is apparently spreading rapidly, far beyond the circle of the Chinese residing in those countries. As to what opium-dens are doing in London, the writer says :—

"Opium-dens are training English men and women to indulge a prurient curiosity as to the taste of opium; in them they are shown how it is prepared, and how it is smoked, and they take a whiff to learn how it affects people—in fact, though in some instances perhaps unconsciously, are learning to smoke it themselves. Who can tell what that will lead to? There is the highest

* Published at the Wesleyan Methodist Book-room, 2, Castle-street, City-road, and 66, Paternoster-row. Price, 2d.

probability that it will lead to the same fearful results with us as it has led to in America—namely, *thousands of men and women, in all classes of society, becoming addicted to the opium habit.* To bring conviction to every thoughtful mind on this point, let me ask my readers to look at an opium-den in the east of London.

"In Bluecoat Fields, within a stone's throw of a Methodist Chapel, we entered a small court, and at the door of his house we found the Chinaman we were inquiring for. With the utmost affability he invited us to enter his domicile. Beckoning us to follow, he ascended a narrow, crooked stairway, which led us up into a low, mean room, in which, on one side, stood a very decrepit bedstead, and on the other a high bunk, or couch, covered with a mat. On it was a tray containing a lamp, a thimble-sized jar, and a long needle, and by the tray the opium pipe. On the wall at hand three other pipes were bracketed. To a practised eye all was complete, and the man, to our astonishment, immediately put himself into position to indulge in the noxious habit to which his dirty-yellow face showed him to be addicted. What a slave he must be to the pipe if he must needs go to it at all hours, thought I; not dreaming that he was setting himself to work to show *us* the art and mystery of opium-smoking. He dipped the long needle into the little jar containing the drug, twirled it round and round between his finger and thumb, then drew it out with a small bead of opium sticking to the point. This he put close to the flame of the lamp, not to set it on fire as yet, but to warm and expand it. Spinning the needle round close to the flame, the opium bead assumed the form of a black bubble as large as a cherry, and he was just about to set it aglow that he might inhale the smoke into his lungs, when we—who had too often seen the feat accomplished—spoke to him in Chinese. A mutual understanding at once took place. *We* had not come to see him smoke opium, so he need not show us how it was done; which he, believing this to be our errand, had been making all preparation to do; and we were not to take him for such a sot as to need to be always at it. An interesting conversation ensued, in the course of which we learnt that he had been twenty-nine years in London; was originally from Amoy, but had consorted so long with Cantonese sailors that he spoke their dialect very well; had no wish to return to China, having no friends there; his business was a very poor one, and he would gladly exchange it for a better, but was utterly unable, being lame and old, to do so. He did not care, professedly, very much for the opium himself, *but had a good many English visitors, both men and women, who came to see him smoke; and who frequently tried it themselves by taking some.* One young man, in a superior position in society, was especially fond of coming to visit him. We saw his wife, an Englishwoman, who seemed to feel the degradation of her own position, which was certainly most pitiable.

"Six such opium-dens are known to have been in existence in the east of London in 1881. There is no reason to think that they are fewer at present; most probably, as there is an increase of customers, they are now

more in number. And what concerns us most in regard to our own people—could we pass over the Chinese—is the probable increase of *secret* places, lay-outs for two or three smokers, where men, women, and youths can indulge in opium till their numbers swell up to hundreds and thousands, and the plague spreads to all our great towns and cities. When the craving has once been acquired, it imperiously calls for daily indulgence at any cost and in every place. The removal of the victim's residence is but to carry the habit to, and spread the infection in, other towns. Who can say we shall not see as widespread use of opium in England as is now the case in America? Let us try to trace the course of opium-smoking there."

"In order to do this," adds Mr. Piercy, "I must give statements drawn from different papers, referring my readers to the *Friend of China*, the organ of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, as my principal source of information."

"The first white man who smoked opium in America is said to have been a sporting character. This was in California, in 1868. The second—induced to try it by the first—began in 1871. The practice spread rapidly and quietly till the latter part of 1875, when the authorities became cognisant of the fact; and finding, upon investigation, that many women and young girls, as also young men of respectable families, were being induced to visit the dens, where they were ruined, morally and otherwise, a city ordinance was passed forbidding the practice, under the penalty of a heavy fine or imprisonment. Many arrests were made, and the punishment was prompt and thorough."

This was the beginning of repression in San Francisco; but still the vice grew surely and steadily. We are told that—

"The very fact that opium-smoking was a practice forbidden by law seemed to lead many who would not otherwise have indulged in it, to seek out the low dens and patronise them, while the regular smokers found additional pleasure in continuing that about which there was a spice of danger. It seemed to add zest to their enjoyment. Men and women, young girls—virtuous, or just commencing a downward career—hardened prostitutes, young clerks, and errand boys, who could ill-afford the waste of time and money, and young men who had no work to do, were to be found smoking together in the back-rooms of laundries in the low, pestilential dens of Chinatown, reeking with filth and overrun with vermin, in the cellars of drinking saloons, and in houses of prostitution. No one can question the fascination of a vice that will lead people into such degradation for the gratification of the abnormal appetite."

The next extract is from the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of July 25th, 1881, and shows clearly the progress of the vice in that city, despite all efforts made to stop the evil:—

"'We don't pretend to have broken up the habit of opium-smoking, said a police-officer. 'That cannot be done by any number of ordinances

no matter how rigidly enforced. We have, however, closed up the opium-dens. I mean by that the places formerly kept by Chinese in Chinatown, where any one could go and smoke opium by paying for the privilege. *These places were supported principally by the patronage of white men and women.* The likely chance of having to pay £4 in the police-court for the privilege has made the white smokers find other means of getting the pipe.' 'What means have they found?' 'All of them who can afford it have their own lay-outs for smoking within their sleeping-rooms. Those who are too poor, beg the privilege from more lucky friends. We can keep pretty good track of the number of these lay-outs around town by the number of whites who come into Chinatown for opium.' 'How many rooms where opium is smoked do you suppose there are outside Chinatown?' 'The number probably will not fall under 200. You see we can do nothing to prevent it. A man can do pretty much what he likes in his own room.'"

It is now easily seen with what rapidity it spread over all the country. From San Francisco to Virginia City, Nevada, then eastward to towns like Truckee, Carson, Reno, and many others, each having their smoking dens and their regular customers. We are told:—

"*Each new convert seems to take a morbid delight in converting others;* and thus the standing army is daily swelled by recruits.

"In the latter part of 1876, Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans, fell into line, and the practice spread with great rapidity, both in these places and to other cities. A few months later the practice was commenced in New York City by three *habitués*. To-day there are many places for smoking, and at least 300 smokers here. At the present day every town of any note in the United States, and more especially those in the west, have their smoking dens and their *habitués*. Even the little frontier towns and mining camps have their lay-outs and their devotees."

Of a den in New York, a writer in the *Evening Post*, of August 21st, 1882, says:—

"A visit to Pape's establishment is an extraordinary experience. On one side, and extending the length of the dimly-lighted, stenchful, and meagre room, are low platforms, on which the smokers recline, their heads supported by small wooden stools. The smokers are in groups of from two to six persons. In the centre of each group is a tray containing a pipe and its appurtenances. One of the number 'cooks' the opium and prepares the pipe, which is smoked in turn by the others. Cheek-by-jowl in these groups are men and boys of respectable conditions, girls and hardened women, thieves and sporting men, actors and actresses, drunken carousers and Chinamen. In a corner of the room, Pape, a blear-eyed and wizened Chinaman, drowsily but carefully weighs and serves in little sea-shells the twenty-five and fifty cents' worth of opium, as it is called for by the smokers. The fumes from the pipes fill the room with a thick, bluish

cloud, which partly hides the scene of abandonment, intoxication, and abasement."

Referring to Washington and Philadelphia, the writer quotes the *Hartford Evening Post*, which thus speaks of the evil in the Federal capital itself:—

"The practice of opium-smoking, which was introduced into Washington several months ago by the establishment of regular resorts where devotees of the habit might enjoy their appetites for the poison, is now indulged in extensively, both in public and in private, and the attention of the police has been called to the existence of opium-dens, which are regarded as nuisances and injurious to health."

The *Philadelphia Press* shows us that the vice is reaching ladies of wealth and position in that city: the revelation is a most painful and shocking one.

"Mrs. Kate Chisom is the proprietress of the only opium parlour in this city. She resides in a small, unpretending brick house in the Mount Vernon Street, a few doors from Tenth. A silver plate on the door bears her name, but there is no other indication that the house is inhabited. The green blinds are always kept closed, and the door is only opened for the patrons of the place, who silently come and go. Mrs. Chisom is a pale, refined-looking woman of about thirty-five years, and her appearance does not indicate a victim of the opium habit. As far as could be seen in a hasty inspection of the three rooms on the first floor, the interior of the house is furnished with a luxury rarely attempted in a house of the kind. The walls are rich in gilding and decoration; on the floors are heavy Turkish and Persian rugs, and statuettes, pictures, and *bric-à-brac* are scattered about in every direction. 'The rooms used for smoking are upstairs,' said Mrs. Chisom yesterday, 'and of course I cannot let you see them, but you can judge by these that no expense has been spared in fitting up the house. I came to Philadelphia on the 15th of last February, and I am quite satisfied that I shall do very well here. My customers are constantly increasing, and among them are some of the wealthiest ladies in the city.' . . . Mrs. Chisom claims that many of the frequenters of her place in Mount Vernon Street move in good society, and reside in the fashionable quarters of the city; and she considers herself a public benefactress in offering a quiet retreat to women-victims of the opium habit, where they can indulge in safety and comfort. 'Those who are in any way known are stared at a little by the others when they first come,' she naïvely remarked; 'but they do not seem to mind this, and are very sociable with each other. They would use opium any way, and they might as well come to me as take it in their own homes.'

"Mrs. Chisom refused to tell how much she charged the aristocrat opium-smokers; but from her indirect allusions to coffee, served every hour, and carriages constantly on hand, her charges must be considerable.

She rigorously excludes the sterner sex, saying that men do not interest the women who indulge in opium."

This is a mournful history of the present state of things in America, to which one of the latest writers there calls the national attention.

"'It is,' says he, 'of the highest importance that the people throughout our wide domain should be aroused concerning the new, fascinating, and deadly foe which has entered our country through the Golden Gate, and which already numbers its American confirmed victims by the thousands, and will soon do so by the tens of thousands. There are twenty 'joints,' or opium-dens, in New York City, and they are found in all the cities of the United States and Canada in which Chinamen have taken up their abode; and at this present moment it is computed that there are not only twenty-five thousand Chinese in our country who are confirmed opium-smokers, *but also twenty thousand white men, women, and youths, in all classes of society, who are regular or occasional opium-smokers.**

In the following paragraph the writer briefly states his object in bringing together the foregoing facts, and in appealing for the sympathy and support of his countrymen in efforts to mitigate and eventually to stamp out the evil practice:—

"But why," he writes, "at such length, lay bare the mischief wrought on Transatlantic shores? Simply to show the volcanic action that is silently working in our own land, and which may burst forth in hideous ruin among all sorts and conditions of our own people. Is there not a cause for most serious alarm? And ought not proper remedies to be sought for and applied without delay? If the *Rinderpest* was being imported into our eastern towns from the Continent, what stringent efforts would be made to arrest the evil? If a still direr evil loomed out of the north-east and Asiatic cholera was steadily advancing through Russia, and threatening us from the Baltic ports, what would the nation do? There would be a general alarm. We should see the utmost care taken to limit and stamp out a cattle plague; the anticipated ravages of cholera, a sporadic disease, touching only the seat of physical life, would be abridged in area and abated in force by the application of hygienic remedies. Every man would bestir himself to the utmost. But the plague of opium-smoking, with the grip of a fiend, seems likely to be left to seize our fairest of form, and our finest of nervous development, as well as the common clay of humanity, in every part of the land, involving the whole man, 'body, soul, and spirit,' in common and eternal ruin. The Chinese cannot, without Divine intervention in one form or other, shake off the baleful habit; when will America get rid of the curse? and shall England not take warning in time? *Friends of our country, and friends of Christ, will you not see to it?*"

* The Rev. John Liggins, in "Opium, England's Coercive policy," New York.

London Missionary Society.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CHRONICLE;
AUGUST, 1883.

Digest of Information concerning Affairs in Madagascar.

THE relations subsisting between the French and the Malagasy have been for some time in a very strained and critical condition. Certain demands were made by the French which the Madagascar Government was compelled to refuse. In connection with these points a Malagasy Commission lately visited Paris, but were unable to obtain any favourable terms from the French Government. The envoys were received with kindness by England, Germany, and America; but no interference on the part of any of these nations could be secured, except that of strong representations addressed to the French Cabinet.

The French have at length proceeded to violent measures. They bombarded and destroyed the ports of Amorokanga and Mojanga, on the north-west coast of Madagascar. After the bombardment of Amorokanga, a young Sakalava princess was taken off by the French, but none of the Sakalava would join them.

The tidings of these acts of hostility were received at Antananarivo with great dismay, and communications from our missionary describe the serious and grave condition of affairs which has there been brought about. The Malagasy people resent the outrage deeply. A war spirit has been aroused, and they are determined to resist, with all their power, this attack upon their country. The disposition to meet the French terms in a liberal spirit was changed into a deep sense of the injustice committed against them; and had it not been for the firm and wise action of the Queen and Prime Minister, it is probable that the French residents at Antananarivo would have been murdered, and, in the passion roused against the foreigner, others than the French would also have suffered. It was also rendered certain that the ultimatum of the French would be rejected. All hope of the peaceful solution of the matter in dispute was then dissipated. Immediate steps were taken for the defence of the capital and the resistance of an invasion, which now appeared inevitable. The Prime Minister, it is said, is complete master of the situation, and the enthusiasm of the army is intense.

This unprovoked attack upon the ports was looked upon as a declaration of war; and on Friday, May 25, the French residents were ordered to leave Antananarivo by the following Wednesday. The action of the Queen in this matter deserves attention. The general wish of the officers was that they should be turned out of the capital at once, and a message to that effect was sent to the Queen. The reply of Her Majesty was:—"The French call us barbarians, and, if we do as you suggest, perhaps we should prove ourselves to be so. The French gave our people at Mojanga an hour's notice; we will give the French five days. We will not take

their goods; and, if they have any difficulty in procuring bearers, we will assist them." This decision was quietly acquiesced in, though not without some muttering and discontent. Unless the Prime Minister had the people thoroughly in hand, there would have been bloody work. At one hint from him that the people might do as they pleased, the mob would have attacked and murdered the whole body of French subjects, and have seized their property, and have destroyed their buildings. We may indeed feel thankful that such self-restraint has been shown. It is an indication of the growth of right principle, and a proof that the leaders of this people recognise the fact that they can only expect to maintain their position, and to obtain the sympathy of European nations, if they show themselves able to govern with moderation and wisdom in these trying times.

The condition and prospects of the English residents demanded serious attention. In the excited state of popular feeling, it was manifestly unsafe for foreigners to be residing in scattered places through the country. Our missionaries were, therefore, summoned to Antananarivo, and special guards are appointed by the Malagasy Government for the protection of the persons and the property of the English residents. A committee, representing English, Norwegian, and American citizens, was formed for the purpose of watching over the interests of foreign residents in Imerina, and consisting of Bishop Kestell-Cornish, Rev. L. Dahle, Rev. W. E. Cousins, Rev. G. Cousins, Messrs. Wilkinson, Pitman, and Wilson.

At such a critical time, it would seem that the ecclesiastical separations which too often dishonour Christian work are entirely lost sight of, and, in the presence of the common danger, men recognise only their common relation to their Saviour and Lord.

News from the capital is thus brought down to the 31st of May. The later events, which are of far greater importance, took place at the Port of Tamatave, from which news has been received up to the 16th of June.

On the 19th of May, Tamatave was startled by the news of the bombardment of the two ports, and the probable advance of the French ships upon Tamatave itself. A general alarm seized the people. Many of the Malagasy left for the country, while French, English, and foreigners came into the town to place themselves under the protection of their consuls. Mr. Pakenham, the English consul (of whose death public notice has already been given), called a meeting of British subjects, and gave excellent advice and counsel as to the behaviour of foreign residents, and assured his fellow-countrymen of the protection of the British flag.

During the ensuing week, preparations were made by the Governor and officers of Tamatave to meet the expected attack. Arrangements for an ambulance and hospital, if they should be needed, were made by one of our missionaries, and the purpose of the flags and badges suitable for such work of charity was explained to the Malagasy authorities. But when the French commissaire was informed of the proposed hospital, which would be at the service of all alike, he said he was not at all sure that the admiral would respect the flag, seeing that this people are not among the civilised nations.

On Thursday, May 31st, the *La Flore* entered the harbour and brought news of the capture of Mojanga. On Friday the French

ultimatum was sent to the capital. It contained the following demands:—

(1) The French are to have guaranteed possession of all the island north of the 16th parallel.

(2) 200,000 dollars compensation for the claims in the Laborde case and others.

(3) A revision of the treaty, and a voice in all matters affecting the policy of the Government.

Eight days were allowed for reply. If unfavourable, Tamatave was to be bombarded. The people, who had to some extent returned to the town after the first alarm had subsided, again left. Very few seemed to have remained. The native part of the town was almost deserted. The consul and Captain Johnstone, of H.M.S. *Dryad*, met a deputation of British residents, and, in reply to the representations and requests made by them, both Mr. Pakenham and Captain Johnstone expressed their desire to do all in their power for the British residents; and added that it was advisable all should come into the town, and congregate as much as possible around the consulate; that although England was very solicitous for the lives and property of her subjects, yet it must be remembered that those interests here in Tamatave are but a small affair compared with a war with France, and hence it behoved all British subjects to be very circumspect during the troublous times upon which we are about to enter; that, in the event of hostilities, and of danger to the persons of British subjects, the *Dryad* is at the disposal of the consul, and all can take refuge there.

A standing committee was formed, consisting of Messrs. Aitken, Waterhouse, Gignel, Tessier, and Dupuy, with Mr. Shaw as president. Steps were taken to provide shelter and provision for indigent British subjects coming in from the country. Houses were rented for the purpose, and Mr. Pakenham consented, on behalf of the Mauritius Government, to supply them with sufficient funds to purchase necessaries. Permission was obtained to compel the burial of all petroleum and rum, and no difficulty was experienced in carrying out this resolution of the committee. All were advised through the committee to make preparations, so that on a very short notice they would be able to embark on board the *Dryad*.

As the allotted time approached conclusion, the feeling of the residents and those who remained in Tamatave became very intense. The Saturday morning prayer-meeting was unusually well attended, every one feeling a kind of presentiment that not only might it be the last together, but that in all probability there would be no service to-morrow. Those who engaged in prayer were influenced by no feeling of the war spirit. Prayers for righteous vindication, for guidance, and for eventual peace and goodwill, were those heard in Tamatave on the eve of the bombardment.

On Saturday night there was very little sleep for any who remained on shore. Watch was kept during the night, no one knowing from one minute to another, subsequently to midnight (when the time of the ultimatum expired), when the town would be shelled. However, nothing happened till Sunday morning. At 6.15 a.m. one of the French vessels, the *Nievre* left her moorings and steamed round into the south bay. As soon as she was anchored, the *Beausaint* fired the

signal-gun, when the French flags were run up to each masthead and the bombardment commenced. Seven vessels were engaged in throwing shot and shell into and beyond the forts for an hour-and-a-half. The first shell from the *Forfait* fell into the Bazaar, and soon a column of smoke and flames showed it was on fire. Almost at the same time, a shell from the *Nievre* burst among some native huts on the south-west of the town and fired them. At 7 45 the firing ceased, and quietness reigned for a time, seeming more profound after the thunder of destruction that had been so deafening previously. At about 11.30 firing again commenced, and each vessel threw a shell at intervals of half-an-hour. But it was not till Monday that the French landed, quite unopposed, and an easy unobstructed march took them into the Fort. Signals were hoisted at the flagstaff, but the French flag was not hoisted till Thursday morning. Hence, as there was no police, nor sentries stationed except close to the Fort, the town was at the mercy of all marauders and incendiaries. The Englishmen on shore formed themselves into a watch to communicate with the consular guard from the *Dryad* during the nights of Sunday till Wednesday. No fires occurred in the town, nor were any houses pillaged near the consulate. But further out, broken doors and windows, with furniture, books, and papers scattered about the courtyards and gardens, told a different tale.

On Friday, June 16th, the French established themselves in complete authority in Tamatave, with a French commandant, French custom-house officers, and French patrol. Notices, headed "Republique Française," setting forth the various decrees of Admiral Pierre, decorated the walls and fences of the foreign residents. In one of these the inhabitants were informed that Tamatave was in a state of siege, that all consular offices were annulled, and stringent regulations regarding the customs and walking in the streets after certain hours were to be enforced by expulsion and other pains and penalties.

The bombardment and occupation of Tamatave was thus completed. The greatest fears were entertained by our missionaries concerning the future. What may have been the events subsequent to June 16th has not yet been furnished. The date of the last letter from Tamatave is that of the day upon which it was reported that Mr. Shaw, one of our missionaries, had been imprisoned. His seizure may have taken place after the despatch of the mail. Judgment upon the high-handed action of the French admiral must, therefore, be suspended. Meanwhile, affairs in Madagascar demand the earnest prayers of all Christian men. In the meantime, Christian work, in Tamatave at least, if not throughout the country, is brought to a standstill. Our brethren, moreover, may be in serious danger.

The civilisation and Christianity of Madagascar are imperilled, certainly hindered. Whatever can be done for securing the safety of our friends will certainly be done. But, after all, the only real help for the evil of the hour is from God. He has already shown himself gracious, with a peculiar grace, to Madagascar. Through days and long years of no less darkness than the present did He bring His Kingdom with an exceeding glory, and He will not leave either the workmen or the work in this time of new distress. But He will be entreated.

IV.—Madagascar—Missionaries and Slavery.

STRONG and very misleading statements have recently been made in newspapers and otherwise respecting the relation of missionaries in Madagascar to slavery in that island. They are charged with the encouragement of slavery, whereas the opposite is the fact. Confining our remarks to the members of the Society's Mission there, it may be most emphatically asserted that, throughout its sixty years' history, they have consistently set their faces against this social crime, and also that, in their teaching and practice, they have, as far as their position and circumstances have allowed, uniformly endeavoured to bring about the abolition both of the slave-trade and of slavery. They know the true aspects of the question, both in relation to the Government and to the people, far better than their accusers appear to do, and they have adapted their course of action in the matter accordingly. They have not, therefore, taken up the position of vehement agitators, which would be worse than useless; but they have sought quietly, by precept and example, to enlighten the native mind in respect to the principles of slavery, and by this means to educate the conscience and to create a public opinion on the subject. And the measures which they have chosen have been decidedly fruitful in many forms of amelioration and of native legislative action; and are, in their opinion, steadily leading on to further changes, to culminate in total abolition at no distant date, if there be no interruption of the process; which interruption, there is reason to fear, has already arisen. On the other hand, recognising that the island is not a colony or dependency of Great Britain, but is solely under a native Government, with native laws, the missionaries, with their intimate knowledge of the people, are convinced that a high-handed policy, bringing outside pressure on the Government and people, would speedily produce results directly opposed to those which the friends of the slave desire, and would at once check progress and, probably, long delay the hoped-for day of freedom.

These true allies of the Anti-slavery Society are thus in circumstances which, in their judgment, demand that their benevolent and righteous impulses be kept in wise restraint; and they now feel that they have been grievously misrepresented by ardent anti-slavery friends, who do not understand their position and their difficulties;

and who, because they employ, *as servants*, natives who are slaves, charge them with encouraging slavery, and link them with slave-holding Arabs, because they think that "slave-holders and employers of slave-labour are pretty well on a par with each other."

No one will consider that members of the Society of Friends will intentionally take a single step which would encourage slavery, yet they have employed slaves as their servants, and they have not felt it to be open to objection. The March number of the *Friend*, which represents that body of Christians, contains a strong article in reference to this accusation, which not only shows the feeling which it has excited, but also gives a clear explanation of what the action of the missionary is which is called the *employment of slave labour* —an expression which will generally be taken to mean something very different. The following is an extract from the article :—

"'Do British Missionaries encourage Slavery in Madagascar ?' is a question asked in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for last month, to which an answer is given, very emphatically, implying that they do. This is a very serious charge, and one which the missionaries will deeply feel; they have all along deplored the slavery with which they continually come in contact, and have endeavoured as far as they could, and with no small success, to undermine and uproot it; and it is rather hard that they should be thus misunderstood. The charge is—that as the missionaries employ as house servants, carriers, &c., those who are slaves, they are employers of slave labour, and 'pretty well on a par with' slaveholders. It is also stated 'that missionary work is done under the black flag of involuntary and forced labour,' a fact 'little known in England.' Slave labour is—'involuntary and forced labour,' and, with that definition, we positively assert that, though the missionaries in Madagascar do engage slaves as house servants, &c., they do not employ 'slave labour.' Every one they engage as a servant as freely undertakes the service, and is as properly paid for his work as the servants of England are. The missionary has no dealings whatever with the master; he would scorn in any way to acknowledge his right to the limbs and muscles of the slave. The man comes to him, and asks for a servant's place, or to do his washing, or carry his palanquin, or take his case of goods to the coast, &c., and the missionary agrees with him as to wages, just as he would in a similar case in England. He knows that he is dealing with a slave, because no one else would do the work he wants; and he knows, also, that most likely, but by no means always, some of the money he gives him will go into the master's pocket; but of this he inquires nothing. The man is glad to earn the money, and if, through negligence or any other cause, he loses his place, he is generally very sorry to leave. We ask—Is it right, is it honourable to stigmatise such service as 'slave labour'? and to say that employers of such labour are 'pretty well on a par with slaveholders'?"

These are the words of one who has himself been a missionary in Madagascar, and who writes thus with a full knowledge of the aspects of the case. Other replies to the charges brought against missionaries have been published. One from the Rev. J. Sibree was contained in two long letters in the March 22nd and 29th issues of the *Nonconformist and Independent.* Another was from the pen of the Rev. C. F. Moss, which appeared in the *Freeman* of March 25th. The latter, in the following paragraph, refers to the difficulties in the way, even of the Queen and Prime Minister, in dealing with the matter, and also of the missionary in his endeavours to obtain justice for the slave, and to exclude slave-holders from the Christian Church :—

"The difficulties of the Queen and Prime Minister in dealing with the question will appear from the following incident. Some four years ago I had occasion to call the attention of the Prime Minister to a flagrant case of cruelty, in which a slave girl had, for some misdemeanour, been laden by her master with heavy fetters, and lay fainting near my door. The Queen saw my letter, and at once exclaimed, 'Let the chains be taken from the slave and put on her master.' A proclamation was forthwith drawn up setting forth the cruelty of the man and the punishment he ought to receive. But, before that could become law, the consent of two-thirds of her Privy Council was necessary, and that consent was withheld, on the plea that such a proclamation would upset the institution of slavery, and excite the people to revolt.

"The difficulties in the way of the missionaries will appear from the sequel. Finding, on inquiry, that the slave-master was a member of my own largest church, I brought the matter forward at the next church-meeting, with all Christian firmness and discretion, as a case of cruelty. Yet the church was packed with an excited crowd, of whom only a minority had courage enough to consent to even censure the offender. Some came to me afterwards and told me, with tears in their eyes, that although they knew what was right to do in the matter, they were not strong enough at present to risk the consequences of doing it."

The missionaries of the London Missionary Society in a "Ten Years' Review" of the mission, issued in 1880, write as follows on the subject of slavery :—"The position of the missionaries in regard to this subject is, we believe, perfectly understood by the most intelligent native Christians, especially by the pastors and teachers; and frequent opportunities occur of quietly enforcing the teachings of the Gospel, and enlightening the native conscience in respect to this matter. Public opinion on the subject is growing, and has made considerable advance during the last ten years. There is an

uneasy feeling among the people with respect to it, and a constant fear of its being publicly spoken about, which, if it indicates a quickened conscience on the subject, as we think it does, may be regarded as a good sign."

On the general question of *abolition*, they write:—"The country is not yet ripe for this. Any sudden and general action at the present time would probably do much more harm than good, and might lead to a general revolution. The rulers of the country are too wise to attempt any such measure; and, in our opinion, it will be far better for them to go about the work quietly, and to refrain from any sweeping and final action, until the country is better prepared for it."

Such are the replies of the missionaries themselves to the indirectly accusing question, "Do British missionaries encourage slavery in Madagascar?"

V.—North China.—Hankow.

By the Rev. Griffith John.

THE year 1882 has been an eventful one in the history of this mission. Many changes have taken place during the year, and among them some very momentous ones.

The work of the mission has been carried on very much as in former years. The Gospel has been preached every day at all the chapels by the native assistants and the missionaries. The attendance is generally very encouraging, and the services are often extremely interesting. It is by no means a rare occurrence to meet with men at our chapels who have heard the truth for years, and who possess a fair knowledge of the elements of Christianity. Soon after my return here, night preaching was recommenced, and it has been carried on with considerable success twice a week. Many attend these services who cannot possibly come at any other hour of the day, and some will venture into our chapels in the night who would be ashamed to be seen there in the day-time. These night services are carried on chiefly by the natives themselves.

Owing to the departure of Mrs. John, on account of illness, Mrs. Foster has taken charge of her Bible-woman and Girls' School. The school is in a very flourishing condition, and is giving great satisfaction

to Mrs. Foster. Some months since we started a Sunday-school, which is well attended by the converts, both men and women. It is a great joy to me to see so many gathered together every Sunday afternoon, except communion Sunday, between the hours of one and three, to read and expound the Word of God. When I first suggested the idea to the native assistants and a few of the principal converts, they seemed very doubtful as to whether the scheme would work. It has, however, turned out a perfect success, and all are agreed now on the question of the necessity and utility of the Sabbath-school.

I need not give particulars of the hospital work, inasmuch as Dr. Mawbey's report is in the Directors' hands. I may add, however, that the healing of the sick is not the only work carried on in the institution. We have preaching there every day, and the native preacher gives his services gratuitously. He is one of our best preachers, but has never received, and never sought, any remuneration from us for his labour.

The baptisms during the year stand thus:—Men, 35; women, 7; children, 13; that is, 42 adults and 13 children, or 55 in all. In Wuchang there has been one baptism, so that the total for the year is 43 adults. Whilst some of the 42 have been baptized at Hiau-kan and elsewhere in the country around us, the bulk of them belong to Hankow itself. The increase is not large, and I am far from feeling satisfied. Still I bless God that we are not allowed to toil on month after month without any signs of encouragement. It is seldom we have a communion Sunday without one or more baptisms. On the coming Sunday I hope to admit five into the church.

There is another branch of our common work in which the Hankow missionaries are much interested, namely, that of preparing and distributing tracts. Many tens of thousands of books, large and small, have been issued by the Hankow Religious Tract Society during the past year. The area of distribution covers large portions of some six or seven provinces in central and western China. Orders for supplies have been received from many of the other stations in northern and southern China. When it is remembered that these books and sheets contain the very pith and marrow of the Gospel, and that they are written in a style so clear and simple that ordinary readers can have no difficulty in understanding them, and at the same time so idiomatic

that even scholars are compelled to confess their excellency, it is impossible to think of this widespread dissemination without thankfulness and hope. We supplied the Hang-chow missionaries with 10,000 copies of the "Gate of Virtue and Wisdom" for distribution at the triennial examination held there in the autumn of last year. This work was prepared by me some years since, and tens of thousands of copies have been given away to the scholars of the various provinces at these examinations during the past four or five years.

That these books are read, and that the truth taught in them is understood, in a measure, at least, we have abundant reason to believe. Allow me to give one or two illustrations of this.

I was preaching the other day at the chapel in the centre of this city. At the close of my discourse I offered our books for sale as usual. One of my most attentive hearers came forward and bought one tract after another, till he came to one which he said he did not want because he possessed it already. I put a few questions to him in order to find out whether he really had read it, and was much pleased with the replies he gave. Then I learnt that he had bought this tract in the province of Hunan along with several others, and that he was anxious to procure any new tract which we might have to sell. We are always thankful for any evidence of appreciation of our books on the part of the reader, and this is one of the many instances which might be adduced of its existence.

Soon after my return from England I received a letter from Honan, from a man who had been reading some of our tracts. His object in writing to me was to obtain further light on some points which were still puzzling his intellect. I was pleased, however, to be able to detect many evidences in his letter of careful reading, earnest thinking, and devoutness of purpose. The man is a scholar, deeply imbued with Confucian ideas, and yet apparently seeking more light.

Mr. Hunt, of the inland mission, has been travelling a good deal in the province of Honan, and it has been a real joy to me to hear from him about the great work these tracts are doing in that region. He tells me that he has met with many who have obtained a fair knowledge of the elements of Christianity through simply reading these books. He has met with scholars who had devoured everything they could find in the shape of Christian literature, and with one man, at least, who ascribes his conversion to the perusal of one of these little

messengers of salvation sent forth from the Hankow Religious Tract Society.

The work of distribution is done principally by Messrs. Archibald, Wilson, and Burnett, the agents of the National Bible Society of Scotland in these parts. This society very wisely, as all the missionaries in China think, allows its agents to distribute tracts along with the Scriptures, and thus greatly augment the value of their own work, as well as assisting very materially the sister branches of our common work. During the year 1882 there were sold by these brethren 17,760 books and 38,600 sheets, making in all a sale of 56,360 tracts.*

Since my return I have been enabled to do something in the way of helping on the important work of creating a Christian literature for the people. I have carefully revised all my former books and tracts, and added six new ones to their number.

One of the new ones is entitled, "Leading the Family in the Right Way." In it I attempt t give the Chinese my ideal native Christian. It is intended for both Christians and heathens, and will, I hope, give the former a loftier idea of what they ought to be, and help the latter to a more just conception of the nature and tendency of the Christian religion.

Another is a free translation of the "Terrible Red Dwarf," one of Mr. Guy Pearce's popular little books. In this the evils of the tongue are graphically described, and the true antidote pointed out. This little book is of such a cast as to command a good deal of popularity, and I need not add that in no part of the world is it more needed than in China.

Another is entitled, "The Truth Concerning the Sun, Moon, and Stars." In this tract the superstitious notions of the Chinese respecting the heavenly bodies are dealt with, and their thoughts directed to God as the creator of all things and the disposer of all events.

The other three are sheet tracts; the first based on a legend concerning Abraham and his father, the second on the story of Elijah and the priests of Baal, and the third on the history of Daniel and the three Hebrew captives. Five of these new tracts are illustrated, which will greatly add to their interest in the eyes of the Chinese, and facilitate their sale.

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* An interesting illustration of the help rendered by natives in this department is given in the Society's Annual Report, page 7.

VI.—Madagascar.

RECENT EVENTS AND PRESENT DUTY.

AFTER considerable delay and uncertainty, during which all true friends of Madagascar hoped that some peaceful settlement of the claims of France upon that island might be arranged, reports of decided hostile action on the part of the French have reached this country, which state that places on the north-west coast, near the island of Nosibé have been attacked and occupied. This was followed, on May 16th, by the bombardment of Mojanga—the chief port on the west coast. Thence the French admiral proceeded to Tamatave, and, as there his demands in the name of the French Government were refused, he bombarded that town also, and occupied it on June 14th with other places on the east coast of the island. Nor was this all. According to reports received by the British Government, and announced to the public on July 11th, the British Consul at Tamatave was ordered by the admiral to quit the place within twenty-four hours, who, being seriously ill at the time when the order was given, died before the time fixed had expired. Besides this, the Secretary of the Consul is reported to have been arrested in his presence. But, most closely affecting this Society, it is stated that, on June 16th, Mr. Shaw, the Society's missionary at Tamatave was also arrested. The reason for this last act on the part of the French authorities has not at present been ascertained.

Leaving the political bearings of this procedure, reference must be made to some of the effects arising from the recent action of the French in matters connected with the work of missionary societies in the island. Naturally, much excitement and alarm prevail, and many of the people living at Tamatave and other places now occupied by the French have taken flight. In many localities chiefly affected, the attendance at public worship, and at the schools, has greatly diminished. The work of the mission at Tamatave, before Mr. Shaw's reported arrest, had almost ceased, and some upon whom Christianity had but a slight hold had relapsed into heathen practices. Like sad and disappointing results may be expected to follow in the interior, where agitation is spreading widely. Surely, in these serious circumstances, the one and urgent duty of the troubled and endangered churches of God in Madagascar, and of all Christians

who sympathise deeply with them, with the Queen and her advisers, and with the harassed missionary band in the island, is earnestly and trustfully to seek for the best deliverance which only the Divine Head of the Church can bring about. When the hands of the people of God n many lands are together lifted up in strong pleading for Madagascar and the true progress of the kingdom of Christ there, then may the voice come—"Stand still and see the salvation of God."

The friends of the society and of Madagascar, when, recently, danger seemed to be threatening that interesting field of Christian effort, were invited to employ the spiritual weapon of prayer. Now the case is more urgent; is it not, therefore, the duty of the servants of Christ to take this heavy burden of care and lay it before the Lord? A request for prayer, at this crisis in the history of Madagascar, has just been issued by the Directors; may the response of God's people be prompt, fervent and persevering.

VII.—News of other Workers.

THE *New York Foreign Missionary*, the organ of the American Presbyterian Church, reports that during the second week of May the third biennial meeting of an evangelical alliance among the Japanese Christians was held in Tokio. Delegates from all parts of the Empire were present, and completely filled the churches and public halls where the gatherings took place.

"The meetings," writes the Rev. William Imbrie, "were very much what would be expected—business sessions, addresses, and discussions. One afternoon the subjects for discussion were 'Faith,' 'Theological Training,' and 'Self-support.' To give a specimen, the man who opened on faith took for his starting-point, 'The just shall live by faith;' then followed the discussions. According to one speaker, the fundamental point in faith is 'confidence in the veracity of God.' 'Let God be true and every man a liar.' According to another, true faith says, not that Christ is a Saviour, but that he is *my* Saviour. According to another, the instrument which awakens faith is the truth; the agent is the Holy Spirit; the results are justification and sanctification. To another, the origin of faith was a mystery; he only knew that faith came, and with it came peace; *how* it came or *whence* it came, he could not tell; and so on.

"On Friday morning the Lord's Supper was administered. Nijima preached the sermon and old Mr. Okuno presided at the table. Nijima was greatly moved, and Mr. Okuno could hardly speak; sobs were heard all over the room.

"Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the conference was the expression of love and gratitude to the churches which had sent the Gospel to Japan. No such expressions had ever been heard before. This conference is a thing which Nijima especially has been labouring to bring about; and at the close of one of the days one of the Japanese said to him, 'Well, I suppose you are satisfied.' 'Yes,' said Nijima, 'and it has been all our own fault before; we have never before felt what it was to be one in Christ.'"

The *Intelligencer*, for July, furnishes the following brief but satisfactory report of the Church Missionary Society's operations among the hill tribes of the Bengal Presidency west of the Ganges:—"The work among the Pahâris of the Rajmahâl hills has given the Rev. A. Stark much encouragement. In November six whole villages renounced idolatry and placed themselves formally under Christian instruction. In January of this year some of the more advanced were baptized, including the devil-priest himself, who, on being asked what he had done with his demons, replied, 'I have buried them, and told them to come near me no more. 'What did they say?' 'Say,' he exclaimed; 'what can stones say?' Mr. Stark expects to register 200 converts from these villages alone. The Pahâris, he says, are 'a people more ready to receive the Gospel than any I know in India, or it may be in the whole world.' 'The work among them,' he adds, 'is most cheering, though it is very hard and rough, owing to the hills and jungles in which they live, and the distance of the villages from one another.' There are 95,000 of these people, according to the Census of 1881. They are 'a savage and uncultivated race, immersed in drunkenness and almost every other vice,' yet 'a very simple and trusting people, with unbounded confidence in the good-will of the English.' Mr. Stark has two boarding schools for the Pahâri children—one with fifty boys and the other with twenty-four girls. Seven converts were baptized from among them. The translations into the Pahâri language of the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, and the Church Catechism, by the Rev. E. Droese, of Bhagalpur, have been printed in the past year. So has the revised edition of St. Matthew in Santâli. A Bible History in the latter tongue is ready for press, and the larger part of the Prayer-book in Pahâri."

We sympathise deeply with our brethren of the Baptist Missionary Society in the death of Mr. W. H. DOKE, who left England for the Congo so recently as December last, and who, after three weeks only of active service, fell a victim to African fever. The senior missionary, the Rev. T. J. COMBER, writing from Stanley Pool, addresses a stirring appeal to the churches in England for reinforcements. In it he says:—"As I look from my window up this mighty Congo River, Dover Cliffs and the picturesque hills, surrounding Stanley Pool, and the cleft in the hills opposite, through which comes the great torrent of water; wearily tramping about among the head waters of which died our own brave Livingstone; the river flowing through Bangweolo and Moero; the Luapula, Lualaba, Ibari, Nzadi, Congo, Livingstone; and into which flows the Lukuga—no longer

coquetting with geographers—I see a country extending farther than from Calcutta to Bombay, and all in darkness, deep and drear. No missionary, not even a European, right away to the great lakes. Wild, painted, cruel, superstitious savages in millions, and each one having within him the possibility of becoming a child of God—the God of whom no one has yet told him. Here is a work for us, brothers—a work grand and glorious, to suit any—the most enthusiastic amongst us. *Seven more men, then*, and we can try to carry it on; 'Seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint,' for 'this business;' men with plenty of common-sense, zeal, and determination; devoted and earnest; putting their hands to the plough, determined not to look back; genial and good-tempered, humble and yet ambitious; men who will lose themselves in their work; gentle, patient, long-suffering, with the refined courtesy recognised by black savages almost as much as by London society; men strong in body and in soul. *Seven!*"

The foregoing appeal derives additional urgency from the fact that only a few days ago intelligence was received by telegram of the death of another young missionary on the Congo—MR. JOHN S. HARTLAND.

VIII.—Notes of the Month.

1. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

Mrs. DUDGEON, wife of Dr. DUDGEON, and family, from PEKING, North China, per steamer *Deccan*, June 21st.

The Rev. J. C. EDGE, Mrs. Edge, and family, from HONG KONG, China, per steamer *Patroclus*, June 26th.

The Rev. Dr. MAWBEY and child, from HANKOW, North China, per steamer *Glencoe*, July 8th.

2. DEATH OF MRS. GRIFFITHS, FORMERLY OF MADAGASCAR.

On Thursday, June 21st, when Mrs. GRIFFITHS died at Machynlleth, truly a "mother in Israel" passed from our midst. She was the wife of the late Rev. David Griffiths, one of the first party of missionaries appointed to Madagascar in the year 1820, and the name of that island was ever afterwards associated with her own. Both of our friends having rendered self-denying and devoted service to the native Christians in the time of persecution, were permitted to rejoice in the re-opening and prosecution of that mission under brighter auspices. Her daughter, also, the first Mrs. Griffith John, was privileged to do a noble work in North China. For upwards of twenty years Mrs. Griffiths had been a widow; she lived to an unusually advanced age, having, it is believed, passed her ninetieth birthday some years ago, and retained her faculties to the last. She now lies beside her husband in the graveyard at Machynlleth.

3. ORDINATION OF MISSIONARIES.

Mr. WILLIAM NICOL LAWRENCE, appointed to the Island of MANGAIA,

South Pacific, and Mr. FREDERICK ALEXANDER RUSSELL, appointed to BELGAUM, South India, were ordained on the evening of Friday, June 15th, in the college hall, Airedale College, Bradford, of which they had been students. The Rev. A. Holborn, M.A., presided. After prayer by Rev. J. R. Wolstenholme, M.A., of Wakefield, and reading of Scripture by Rev. Professor Duff, M.A., LL.D., the Rev. J. L. Green, from Tahiti, and Rev. D. Hutton, from Benares, described the respective spheres of labour for which the young missionaries are destined. An anthem having been sung by the college hall choir, Messrs. Lawrence and Russell read statements of their religious belief and the reasons which had led them to devote themselves to foreign missionary work. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. Professor Shearer, M.A., and the charge was delivered by Rev. Dr. Fairbairn. The Revs. J. G. Miall, James Browne, B.A., and others, were also present. The ordination service was preceded by a sermon by the Rev. John Hunter, of Hull.

4. THE *JOHN WILLIAMS.*

Much interest has recently been awakened in Melbourne on occasion of a brief visit from the Society's missionary barque *John Williams*, when she was thrown open for the inspection of friends, and especially of Sunday-school children. Returning to Sydney, the vessel, on Wednesday, March 28th, set sail for the South Sea Islands, under the command of Captain Turpie. On this her fifteenth voyage the *John Williams*, as usual, proceeded first to Tahiti, where she arrived safely on the 1st of May, having made a good passage of thirty-three days.

5. DETENTION OF MADAGASCAR MISSIONARIES.

The Directors announce with much regret that the missionaries who left England in the *Grantully Castle* ss. in May, and transhipped to the *Taymouth Castle* at Natal, not being permitted to land at Tamatave, were compelled to proceed in the last-mentioned vessel to Mauritius. The missionaries, also, who had arranged to embark in the *Taymouth Castle* for England have been unable to reach the coast for that purpose.

6. THE MALAGASY EMBASSY.

Having completed their mission in Europe and America, the Malagasy envoys and their suite sailed from Liverpool for Madagascar, *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope, on Tuesday, July 10th, by the Clan line steamer *Clan Cameron*.

7. FREE CIRCULATION OF THE "CHRONICLE."

We have read with much pleasure the following communication from a minister in the West of England :—

"For some months past I have received per post a copy of the MISSIONARY CHRONICLE. I do not know if this is the act of the Society as such, or of one of its friends, but I think it only courteous on my part to express to you my appreciation of the kindness.

"You will be pleased to know that it is used by me at our monthly mis-

sionary prayer meeting, and its extracts are listened to very attentively. In connection with this meeting I have started the plan of taking a collection for the Society; of course, the sum is a very modest one, owing to the fact that those present are, for the greater part, of a very humble class; but these monthly sums I hope to increase by a Sunday collection, and then at the close of the year remit the whole to you. In this manner I am doing my best to quicken the interest of my village church and congregation in your Society's work, and although the material aid must necessarily be very small, I am sure your pleasure in accepting it will be equal to mine in remitting it."

Another minister in a neighbouring district writes:—"I enclose a P.O. order for 4s. from our missionary prayer meeting, towards the expense of the free circulation of MISSIONARY CHRONICLE (for which accept very cordial thanks). The money was collected upon the suggestion in the July CHRONICLE."

8. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES FROM 15TH JUNE TO 14TH JULY.

CHINA.—S. E. Meech, Peking, April 28; G. John, Hankow, April 7; J. Macgowan, Amoy, May 2; R. W. Thompson, Hankow, May 5.

INDIA.—W. Johnson, Calcutta, June 2; W. J. Wilkins, Calcutta, May 26, June 1, 9; W. B. Phillips, Berhampore, May 25; Miss Marris, Almora, May 24; J. Hewlett, Benares, June 2, 9; M. Phillips, Salem, June 9; B. Rice, Bangalore, May 26; G. H. Macfarlane, Vizagapatam, May 21; Dr. T. S. Thomson, Neyoor, May 30th.

MADAGASCAR.—T. Lord, Antananarivo, April 30; J. Richardson, Antananarivo, May 8; W. E. Cousins, Antananarivo, July 2; B. Briggs, Antananarivo, May 8; J. Wills, Ambohimanga, May 6; T. T. Matthews, Antananarivo, May 8; J. Pearse, Fianarantsoa, April 23; G. A. Shaw, Tamatave, May 17.

AFRICA.—W. Ashton, Barkly, May 6; A. J. Wookey, Kuruman, April 19; A. J. Gould, Kuruman, May 26; D. Carnegie, Hope Fountain, April 4; W. Griffith, Uguha, March 25; Captain Hore, Ujiji, March 29; D. P. Jones, Ujiji, March 22, Uguha, March 26.

WEST INDIES.—John Currie, Demerara, June 25.

SOUTH SEAS.—E. V. Cooper, Tahiti, May 7; J. Hadfield, Uvea, April 9; S. M. Creagh, Sydney, May 4; John Jones, Mare, April 5; S. Macfarlane, Thursday Island, April 8; W. G. Lawes, Port Moresby, April 7; T. Beswick, Glenelg, May 10; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, April 27.

IX.—Anniversary Collections in May.

Bedford Chapel	7	7	9
Burnt Ash	10	1	6
Caterham Congregational Church	11	18	3
Chelsea, Ashburnham Cong. Ch.	3	13	2
Clapham Park Cresent	2	15	0
Clapton Park	46	3	7
Eccleston Square	14	0	0
Greenwich, Maze Hill	6	14	8
Harley Street, Bow	31	8	10
Haverstock Chapel	35	11	6
Lancaster Road	6	10	0
Mile End Congregational Church	1	1	0
Norwood, Lower	7	3	0
Putney, Oxford Road	1	10	0
Sevenoaks	9	14	4
Sidcup	6	15	3
Stamford Hill	32	18	5
Stepney Meeting	17	5	0
Wanstead	7	17	6

X.—Contributions.

From April 15th to April 30th, 1883

LONDON.

Legacy of the late Mr. W. D. Griffith	475	14	11
"D. P.," Argentine 6 per cent. Bond	200	0	0
A Friend, for Three Schools, care of Mr. Duthie, Nagercoil	30	0	0
Do., for 200 Tamil Testaments	5	0	0
Do., for Girls' School, Amoy	5	0	0
Mr. W. M. Cross	10	0	0
Collected by Miss Mullens and Mrs. Henry Spicer, for Bhowanipore and Mirzapore Schools	7	5	6
Messrs. Filby & Kemp	5	5	0
Mrs. A. Rawlins	5	5	0
Rev. F. S. Turner, B.A.	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Allen	1	11	6
Miss Hughes (box)	1	10	5
Mr. Deputy Bontem	1	1	0
"A Somerset Mechanic"	1	0	0
Rev. E. Reeves Palmer (box)	0	10	8
M. S. (box)	0	9	0
Acton	15	13	6
Anerley	23	10	0
Balham & Upper Tooting	29	11	7
Barbican Chapel	4	19	6
Bexley Heath	27	5	4
Blackheath	194	4	7
Young Men's Aux.	8	2	6
Bromley (Kent)	76	2	5
Mr. W. R. Spicer	50	0	0
Buckhurst Hill	16	15	7
Burnt Ash	26	14	10
Camberwell. Aux.	3	11	11
Cambridge Heath. Dove Row, for Coimbatoor	2	4	1
Camden Town. Park Chapel	58	12	10
Caterham	22	4	0
Chesham Aux.	159	11	6
Clapham Aux.	178	19	3
Clapton, Lower	63	13	2
Clapton Park	100	10	8
Croydon (West)	2	2	0
George Street	16	10	0
Croydon. Trinity Ch.	22	2	9
Croydon (South)	17	8	1
Dalston. Middleton Rd.	20	16	11
Ealing	16	12	6
Eccleston Square	100	11	6
Enfield—			
Baker Street	15	14	8
Christ Church	57	4	3
Epping	8	3	5
Forest Hill. Trinity Ch.	5	5	0
Greenwich. Maze Hill	5	10	0
Greenwich Road	8	19	0
Hammersmith. Albion Road	17	16	10
Hampstead. Heath St., moiety of collection	12	11	3
Hanover Chapel	8	6	0
Islington. Union Chapel	193	12	11
Kensington. Aux.	3	2	0
Kentish Town	73	11	7
J. Gordon, Esq., for Native Teacher, New Guinea	4	16	8
Kingsland	43	19	9
Kingston-on-Thames	26	17	11
Latimer Chapel	15	0	4
Lewisham. Cong. Ch., coll. by Miss Wood	20	13	0
Lewisham, High Road	14	7	0
Loughborough Park	4	11	6
Mile End, New Town	21	1	8
Norwood, Upper	142	0	8
Putney. Union Ch., moiety of collection	23	11	8
Richmond	24	8	1
St. John's Wood	5	3	10
St. Mary Cray	68	2	6
Stamford Hill	41	18	0
Sutton—			
Geo. Moules, Esq.	3	3	0
"B. H.," for Medical Missions, China	5	0	0
Sydenham. Church-in-the-Grove	7	4	7
Tolmers Square	46	2	3
Tottenham Court Road	28	2	3
Wanstead	7	13	2
Wimbledon	18	3	6
Woolwich. Rectory Place	20	3	10
York Street	18	9	6

COUNTRY.

Abingdon	30	14	5
Accrington. Aux.	29	15	11
Alton. Aux.	3	0	0
Andover. East Street	23	8	2
Arundel	27	17	4
Ashford	4	5	6
Ashton-under-Lyne. Aux.	208	7	6
Barnstaple—			
Aux.	23	17	5
Do., for Female Missions	56	0	0
Basingstoke	25	1	4
Bassingbourn District—			
Ashwell	16	0	2
Guilden Morden	6	0	0
Bath. Aux.	7	5	1
Bedford. Howard Ch.	26	8	0
Benson. Aux.	5	5	0
Birkenhead & Wirral. Aux.	29	11	9
Birmingham. Aux.	9	14	7
Blackburn. Aux.	159	7	6
Boston. Aux.	8	19	7
Bournemouth—			
Aux.	41	15	2
East Cliff Ch.	17	14	0
Bovey Tracey	2	4	0
Bradford. Aux.	30	12	2
Bristol. Ladies' Zenana Committee	80	0	0
Bruton	3	12	0
Buckingham	18	6	11
Bungay	3	7	0
Burcott. Union Ch.	19	8	8
Burnley—			
Aux.	130	6	6
Bethesda Ch., Mrs. Stroyan	1	1	0
Burton-on-Trent	11	3	3
Cambridge (Gloucesterwh.)	2	13	4
Cardiff. Charles Street	78	2	6
Castle Cary and Galhampton	6	10	0
Castle Combe District	10	6	9
Castleford. Cong. Ch.	12	9	11
Chatham. Ebenezer Ch.	86	0	7
Cheltenham. Highbury Ch.	163	2	10
Chesham	10	15	10

Chudleigh. Miss Bennett	0	10	0
Clarmont, Watton. J. Truman Mills, Esq.	200	0	0
Corwen	0	13	3
Coventry—			
Well Street	5	6	7
West Orchard Ch.	35	11	1
Darwen. Lower Chapel	13	18	7
Dewsbury	60	18	4
Doncaster. Aux.	11	14	0
Dover. Zion Cong. Ch.	35	11	1
Dursley. Tabernacle	13	18	9
Dunford	13	11	0
Eastbourne	16	6	7
Essex. Aux.	341	16	9
Exeter. Aux.	36	7	2
Farnworth. Market St.	51	18	3
Fylde. Aux.	42	8	6
Gainford. District Ch.	11	16	4
Garn Abercarn	4	10	2
Glossop. Mt. Pleasant Ch.	4	14	9
Gloucester. Southgate Ch.	36	14	1
Gravesend. Princes St.	58	9	3
Halifax—			
Aux.	85	14	1
Legacy of the late Miss Mary Naylor	9	0	0
Harwich. Mr. and Mrs. Norman, for Rev. C. Phillips, Samoa, Malua Instutition	5	0	0
Hatherlow. Cong. Ch.	18	7	8
Henley-on-Thames. Aux.	50	0	0
Hereford. Bigabrook Ch.	28	12	8
High Barnet	11	0	0
Hopton	10	2	0
Hull and East Riding—			
Aux. (additional)	14	17	1
"Extra Profit"	10	0	0
Hyde—			
Union Street	16	8	0
Zion Ch.	14	15	0
Ingatestone. Cong. Ch.	6	11	10
Ipswich. Tacket St. Ch.	46	15	9
Jersey. Aux.	54	19	8
Kendal. Aux.	83	13	0
Kingsteignton	6	16	3
Knot Mill. Juv. Society	15	16	6
Leamington. Spencer St.	50	8	10
Leek. Aux.	48	14	1
Leicester and Rutland. Aux.	170	16	9
Lincoln. Aux.	89	12	1
Littlehampton	27	5	3
Liverpool—			
Aux.	321	8	3
Great Mersey Street, Welsh Ch.	11	6	6
Lowestoft	24	16	11
Macclesfield. Roe St.	20	3	1
Maldon	23	12	3
Manchester—			
Aux.	268	4	11
Providence Ch., Middleton	3	10	0
Margate. Emmanuel Ch.	16	9	6
Market Drayton	4	5	6
Mere. Cong. Ch.	53	10	0
Milton-next-Sittingbourne	19	18	6
Milverton	4	12	1
Monmouthshire. Welsh Churches	14	11	5
Newcastle (Staff.)	3	19	2
Newcastle-on-Tyne	3	2	10
Newcastle Emlyn. Ebenezer Ch.	7	17	0
Newport, Isle of Wight. United Cong. Ch.	20	3	10
Norfolk and Norwich. Aux.	554	8	8
North Shields. Aux.	15	0	5
Nottingham—			
Aux.	120	9	0
Legacy of the late Arthur Wells, Esq. £15,000	0	0	0
Ongar	19	1	6
Oswestry. District Aux.	41	13	0
Pickering	2	1	0
Pontnewynydd. Ebenezer Chapel	3	18	4
Portsmouth. Aux.	73	12	0
Preston. Aux.	40	8	3
Puddletown	3	10	1
Reading. Aux.	201	1	2
Redhill. Aux.	35	3	6
Rhymney. Graig Ch.	3	12	0
Rochdale. Aux.	92	13	1
Romford	33	8	8
Royston. Kneesworth Street	7	15	1
St. Albans	16	13	6
St. Asaph	1	11	4
Sandon	6	2	3
Seaford	5	15	3
Sevenoaks. Aux.	0	10	0
Shaftesbury. Mustons Lane Ch.	3	2	1
Sheffield. Aux.	353	9	4
Shirley, Southampton. Legacy of the late Hon. Jas. Hervey Price	10	0	0
Slough. Aux.	19	15	6
Somerleyton	5	1	0
Stafford. Aux.	0	10	0
Sudbury. District Aux.	56	17	10
Suffolk. Aux.	13	9	11
Sussex. County Aux.	223	2	4
Tottenhall. Aux.	21	0	0
Taunton—			
North Street	14	17	6
Pauls Meeting	47	17	4
Terling, near Witham	1	6	0
Totnesworth. Aux.	8	11	4
Tewkesbury	16	3	3
Thatcham	0	17	8
Tiverton	6	17	6
Torpoint	7	6	0
Torquay. Aux.	13	8	8
Tredegar District	12	1	4
Treherbert	5	16	5
Tunbridge Wells. Albion Road	5	16	6
Uxbridge—			
Providence Ch.	48	3	6
For Assistant Evangelist, care of Rev. G. John, China	15	0	0
Wakefield. Salem Ch.	2	3	6
Ware—			
Church Street	9	8	4
High Street	19	18	1
Wareham	9	3	1
Welford	6	4	9
Wellingborough. Mrs. Curtis, half-year, for Chinese Evangelist, Josiah Viney	30	0	0
Wells (Somerset)	3	2	6
Wem	15	15	8
Westbury. Upper Ch.	7	13	10
West Hartlepool. Tower Street	72	19	7
Whitchurch (Hants)	1	2	0
Whitstable	15	13	0
Wincanton	15	5	5
Winchester	21	10	8
Windsor & Eton. Aux.	36	7	0
Witham. Aux.	30	13	0

Wrexham	3	11	9
Chester Street	17	6	2
York. Aux.	163	7	11

WALES.

Aberaeron. Bethlehem Ch., bequest of the late W. Watkins, Esq. (balance)	14	14	0
Aberdare—			
Siloa Ch.	25	10	7
Zoar Ch.	8	13	0
Bethel Ch.	8	11	3
Aberllefenny, Corris	3	4	0
Abersychan. Siloh Ch.	2	1	9
Anglesey. Aux.	126	6	1
Brychgoed, Dovynoch, & Cwmcamlais	7	11	8
Brynamman. Gibea Ch.	9	6	6
Bryn and Berea	5	5	3
Brynsion, near Newcastle Emlyn	9	14	2
Bulchyffridd. For Mrs. Rowland, Madagascar	0	10	0
Caergwrle	3	9	5
Cardiganshire. Aux.	110	9	2
Carmarthenshire—			
Upper District	21	1	11
Central Division	54	6	10
Carmarthen, Priory Ch.	6	9	8
Carnarvonshire—			
South-Western District	145	4	2
North District	127	0	0
Cwmavon. Zion Ch.	7	3	8
Cwmbach, Aberdare	5	6	11
Denbighshire and Flintshire. Aux.	70	5	1
Dinas Mawddwy. Aux.	16	2	1
Dowlais. Bethania Ch.	12	10	9
Festiniog. Bethania, &c.	5	18	7
Glamorganshire—			
Northern Association	80	12	21
Western District and English Association	126	3	2
Gwenddwr	1	9	4
Haverfordwest. Albany Ch.	8	6	10
Hanllan. CapelMair Ch.	3	8	0
Hirwain—			
Nebo Ch.	10	0	0
Tabernacle	11	0	0
Libanus	3	5	10
Llandilo District	6	8	10
Llanelly District	30	10	0
Llangattock. Bethesda Ch.	12	10	0
Llangwicke. Saron Ch.	1	6	0
Llanwrtyd and Abergwesyn	4	0	8
Merionethshire. Aux.	53	0	0
Montgomeryshire. Aux.	182	8	6
Morfa Nevin. Mr. J. Jones	0	10	0
Mountain Ash. Bethania Ch.	14	11	0
Mynydd bach & Trebooth	12	1	0
Oswestry. Welsh Cong. Ch.	5	14	1
Pembroke Dock. Meyrick Street	6	19	9
Pembrokeshire. Welsh Aux.	77	12	8
Pontardulais. Hope Chapel	2	10	0
Pontypridd. Sardis Ch.	11	0	0
Rhos	7	10	0
Rhydyfarnau	1	7	6
Tabhirion, Cardiff	8	9	2
Talgarth, nr. Carnarvon	2	14	5
Tonyn	19	11	3
Tredegar, Aberdare. Ebenezer Ch.	9	0	0
Tynycoed	2	1	6

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen. Female Aux. and Juvenile Branch	7	17	0
Bidny (Orkney). Mr. J. P. Tulloch	1	0	0
Edinburgh. Aux.	265	2	3
Elgin. Cong. Ch.	3	3	1
Glasgow. Aux.	671	16	[illegible]
St. Andrews. Aux.	20	6	0

Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.

Alexandria	4	9	5
Arbroath	11	15	0
Bonhill	15	1	6
Bothwell	1	17	9
Coldstream	5	10	6
Dumbarton	34	10	6
Dunbar	6	0	3
Glasgow	7	17	9
Hamilton	10	0	0
Hawick	3	10	0
Irvine	4	2	6
Kilmarnock	4	5	0
Kilwinning	5	9	0
Paisley	6	10	0

IRELAND.

Castleford. Cong. Ch.	12	7	11
Clonakilty	4	12	3
Cork. Miss A. K. Ashe	0	10	0

Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.

Clonakilty	7	17	6

FOREIGN SOCIETIES, &c.

St. Petersburgh. Alexandrofsky Church	24	4	0
Do., British and American Cong. Ch.	149	1	5
Toronto. Northern Cong. Ch.	4	0	0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

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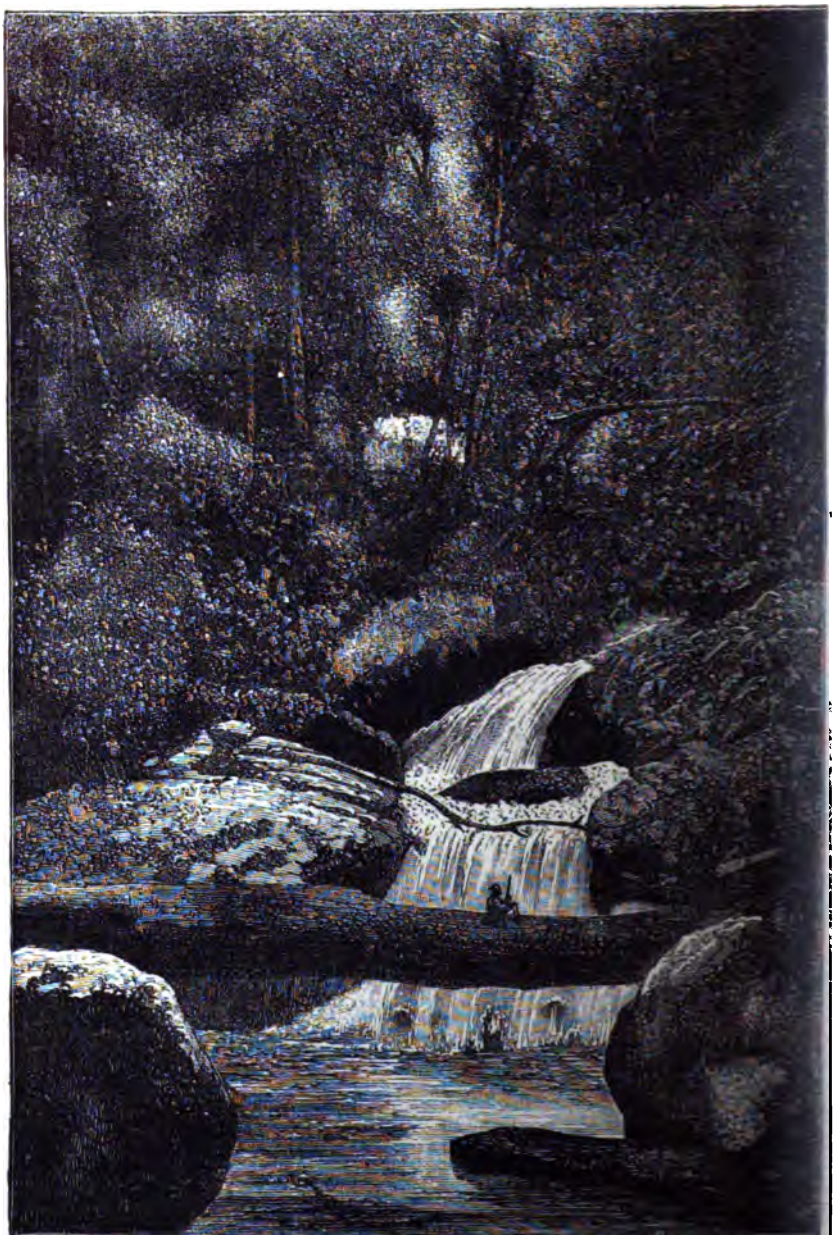


MADAGASCAR—WATERFALL IN THE FOREST.

THE CHRONICLE
OF THE
London Missionary Society.

I.—Madagascar.

NOTES OF JOURNEY TO MANDRITSARA AND ANONIBE.

BY THE REV. C. F. MOSS.

(*Continued.*)

LEAVING MANDRITSARA on August 11th, seven days of hard travelling brought me to ISÒANERÀNA, the capital of the province of MAROA, and contiguous to the port of MARÒANTSÈTRA. Five days out of the seven were spent in squeezing one's way through the almost pathless forest. For a day and a-half, travelling by palanquin was impracticable, and I had to do the very tiring journey on foot. Even the main path (which we regained after being misled by a treacherous guide) was seldom wide enough to allow the palanquin to pass between the trees without bumping, and so interlaced with branches and tangle overhead as to necessitate constant ducking to avoid the otherwise inevitable knocks on the face and head. "The shady trees made noonday dark." Constant rains had turned the pathway into a succession of miry sloughs. On the level ground, locomotion was slow and difficult. Up and and down the steep mountains, however, the toil of the poor maromita was dreadful. One of the rugged ascents, and that not the worst, is called ANKÀNDRONÒSY—"*the place where even a goat stands still.*" We crossed several wide rivers so deep and swollen, with a current like a mill-race, that more than once two or three of the men lost their footing, and were nearly carried away. It was not pleasant to see the cases containing flour and sugar and other eatables suddenly plunged under water, but worse even than that was the wetting and utter spoliation of the *lucifer matches!* Visions of privation began to steal across one's mind—the cold, damp forest, and no bright,

blazing fires! no more cooked food! no more refreshing tea! —when, fortunately, I found one solitary box *not* damp, which sufficed until we could buy more. One very deep and wide river (the ANITRATO) we crossed three times, the last time on a frail bamboo raft called a *zahatra*. It measured about six feet by four. When I stepped on to it, very gingerly, I sank in water up to the ankles, the owner looking on the while very complacently, as if that was quite the correct thing. A step too far on either side would have upset the rickety affair, and plunged me into the water—no pleasant prospect in a river swarming with crocodiles, one of which we had seen sunning himself on a rock just before! Presently, a young woman with a sleeping babe on her back was seen bravely punting up the stream a much bigger raft, and on this my luggage and luggage-bearers crossed in safety.

While in the forest I was often annoyed at night by rats. They are so numerous and voracious that the cultivation of rice in or near the forest is virtually abandoned. But one night a yet stranger experience awaited me. About 5 p.m. we found ourselves at the bottom of a deep dell, a rapid stream flowing through it, and the densest, darkest forest all around. Although so early, the sun had long since left this secluded valley, and the shades of evening were gathering fast. We had passed the luggage-bearers a short time before, and thought they were not more than a quarter of a mile behind. But, ere long, a thick fog came on, then a drizzling rain, then a darkness that might be felt. Expecting the men every moment, and being much bothered with the task of lighting a fire with *wet* grass and *wet* sticks, we did not concern ourselves about the luggage-bearers until it was too late. To call and shout was vain, for the shrill loud clamour of thousands of frogs drowned any cry we could raise. They had missed their way just after we had left them, and, before they discovered their mistake, it was already too dark to retrace their steps. So, having again no tent, I began to look about for a shelter for the night. There was nothing practicable in that way but an extemporary sort of shed formed by a few sticks, hastily covered with leaves, and only about three feet high at the ridge. This was already occupied by some Sakalava cattle drovers the worse for liquor, and a number of Betaimisaraka slaves. They were a boisterous lot, armed with knives and spears. I had only my umbrella;

but, as poverty proverbially makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, I knew no better course than to ask them to generously permit me to share their damp, grassy couch. They at once consented, and, although my experiences during the night rivalled those of the "Amateur Casual," with no mitigating circumstances of dry bed underneath or shelter from the rain overhead, I was thankful even for that. The dense gloom of the forest, the yet deeper darkness where the river emerged from and plunged again into its black and unknown shades, the starless sky overhead, and the strange company wrapped in sleep beside me, all this was weird and eerie enough. Yet I never felt more safe, under the protecting eye of Him "who compasseth our path and our lying down," and to whom "the night shineth as the day," than I did then.

Two days afterwards our eyes were feasting on the beauties of ANTONGIL BAY, with its stretch of sunny sea, its islands, and the grand forest-clad mountains of Anònibè far away on the eastern and northern horizons. Then, in the evening, while listening to the music of the untiring billows, watching the firefly gleaming among the myrtle boughs, and, in the case of the men (more materialistic, or less sentimental, than myself), merrily cooking their rice over the huge bonfires around our camp, all the toils and troubles of the terrible forest seemed to be completely forgotten.

ISOANERANA, which we reached next day, enjoys the influence and example of a Hova governor whose praise is in all the churches. He and the Christian men around him have gathered and sustained an important church and school, which is a well-spring of religious light and teaching to the whole province of MAROA. Two hundred children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and Scripture truth in the school. The congregation on the Sunday numbers at least 600. In every village of the Maroa province through which I passed after leaving Isòaneràna I found a church regularly visited by preachers and a school mainly supported by the Christian people of that place. Besides ISÒANERÀNA, which, with AMBÀTOMÀSINA and AMBINÀNITÈLO, has perhaps 400 houses, the next most important towns in Maroa are ANDRÀNOFÒTSY and MÀHALÈVONA on the north, and RÀTABÈ on the south. The influential people of these places had meetings with me with a view to their inviting a college student to settle among them. On my return journey I found that the

scheme had expanded into a proposal to ask for *two* instead of *one*. The preparations for the yearly feast of the *fandroana*, however, and my own serious illness there on my return, prevented their plans being quite completed before I was compelled to leave.

Leaving Isòaneràna on August 19th, we reached ANDRÀNOVÈLONA, the chief town of ANÒNIBÈ, on the evening of the 24th. The road (!) between the two places is all but absolutely impracticable. Five years ago the Rev. J. HOULDER described it in his "North-East Madagascar," and I can certainly bear testimony that his account is not exaggerated. Paths steep, rugged, and muddy, up and down rocky cliffs and almost inaccessible mountains—one of which is very properly called "*Tsy afak amboa*," or, "*the mountain which a dog can't climb*"—paths leading across the rocky beds of broad and rapid rivers, which we crossed and re-crossed twenty or thirty times a day—these, so far from counting among the difficulties of the way, were only, by comparison, its amenities. Paths through mud and slush under foot; and among brake, and briar, and tangle; and, above all, through mile after mile of bamboo, whose prickly leaves, and nodules, and sharp broken stems—keen as a knife-blade—met the traveller's face about four feet from the ground, and made travelling a veritable purgatory. These, with almost constant rain, and with foul, fetid mire to pitch one's tent in at night, are a summary in brief of a traveller's experiences in Anònibè in the year 1881. I will not deny, however, that the scenery is exquisitely beautiful. Every vale and glen seems to have once been the bottom of a volcanic crater; and now the Trappean mountains, which form their sides, are crowned to the very summit with glorious forest trees; and often the bamboos (undeniably graceful when distance lends enchantment to the view) festoon them thickly, a thousand feet or more up their slopes, and extending for many a mile.

I found Ramiraho (our evangelist at Anònibè) not at all comfortably situated. In sad contrast to the wise and beneficent influence of the Governor of Maròa, the drunkenness and immorality of the Governor of Anònibè greatly counteract the efforts of Ramiraho to instruct and Christianise the Betsimisaraka population. On the Sunday I spent at ANDRÀNOVÈLONA the congregation numbered nearly 400, but, as a rule, it is not more than about sixty. Only about forty girls and boys attend the school. One of the latter, named Andriamitià, was

appointed to read a chapter in the New Testament on the Sunday morning, and, being struck by the propriety and depth of feeling with which he read, I spoke of him to Ra iraho. I found that he was a lad of great promise. From pure devotion to the service of Christ he has, for some time past (and contrary to the wishes of his relatives), steadfastly refused from six to eight dollars a month as clerk to a trader in rum, preferring to teach in the school at Antalàtra for nothing. It was with great pleasure that I invited him and his young wife to attend the Normal and the Girls' Schools in the capital for two years or so, and guaranteed to them the necessary support.

I cannot imagine a more unhealthy location than that of Ramiraho. ANDRÀNOVÈLONA is a town of about eighty houses, and is surrounded by a dismal swamp of black malarious mud. Approached from whatever direction, the swamp takes from an hour to an hour and a half to cross. Its rank, decaying vegetation and fetid mire, stirred up by every in-washing tide, emit, beneath the rays of a scorching sun, a stench as bad as from a cesspool. The swamp so swarms with crocodiles that no one ventures to fetch water from it after sundown, or even to walk along the paths, if he or she happen to be alone. It seemed to me as if the poor people were slowly dying off by fever. I helped them with quinine and other medicines, but my heart was sad indeed to think of the ignorance that doomed them to exist in such a horrid place. Although only six miles, perhaps, from the broad expanse of the Indian Ocean, the bracing, healthful breezes that blow there every day seem unable to penetrate the dense jungle that surrounds it. Like many another Government town on the East coast, it stands, a miserable monument of the utter ignorance or carelessness of the authorities of every law of health and vital energy.

In the midst of this foul swamp Ramiraho and his excellent wife are patiently labouring. Every evening a little bell summons their neighbours to join with them in family worship. The service is short and simple: two hymns, reading, and two short prayers. From fifteen varying to forty attend, and I, for one, felt that quiet unostentatious witnessing for Christ and calling upon His name to be very hallowed.

With the hope of finding a more suitable station for the evangelist, I visited NGONTSY, a small port, with forty houses, in a lovely bay, about three hours' journey south of Andrànovèlona; and

ANTALÀHA, a similar place, a long day's journey north. Either of these towns would be healthy, but the population is too small. Indeed, throughout the entire province of Anònibè the population is sparse. Along the coast are scattered villages down as far as Cape MASOÀLA but they are far apart, and accessible only by boat. In the interior the houses are flimsy and small, mere make-shifts, in fact, put up by the people to serve a temporary purpose, such as the planting and ingathering of rice, or the collecting of indiarubber, and then, in a short time, abandoned. The names, and sites, and size of villages have greatly changed since Mr. Houlder visited Anònibè, five years ago.

On my way back, I gave a kind word of exhortation and encouragement to every church and school in every village through which I passed.

Everywhere, and from every one, whether in the provinces of Antsihànaka, Andròna, Maròa, or Anònibè—from those who professed to be followers of Christ, and from many who had perhaps never heard His name, I received nothing but kindness. Geese, fowls, ducks, rice, and eggs were poured in upon me in every village, far beyond my utmost wants. In one village on the coast, after the congregation had presented their kind offering, a man came up, bringing a duck under his arm. "I did not come with the rest," he said, "because I am only a stranger here. But I feel I love you, because you love my Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, so I have brought you this small offering of friendship in His name." My hope and prayer is, that "in no wise" may any of those kind givers, "in the name of a disciple, lose their reward!"

CALCUTTA—THE WRITTEN WORD.

THE Rev. J. E. PAYNE writes:—"One man has been baptized whose mind had been acted on for several years, and who was met with by the preachers in the Bhowanipore bazaar. Many things seem to have combined to bring him to the Saviour, one of which was the reading of what he called the big Bible, which turned out to be one of the Bibles sent by the Bible Society a few years ago to every school in Bengal. He was at that time a teacher in a school, and, seeing that large volume in the school library, read it. Thus the reading of the Bible was one of the earliest, and the preaching in the bazaar one of the latest, influences that brought about the change from heathenism to Christianity. These ones and twos are but the first sheaves of the great harvest which all see to be drawing nigh.

II.—South-Eastern New Guinea.

By the Rev. W. G. Lawes.

IN this branch of the mission, which is under the joint superintendence of Mr. Chalmers and myself, we have now sixteen permanent stations, and some preaching stations connected with several of these. Beginning at the west, we have three stations and teachers in the populous district of Maiva. This is to the west of Yule Island, and just on the eastern side of Cape Possession. The district comprises twenty-two villages, all within easy distance of each other. Mr. Chalmers, Mrs. Lawes, and I, with Dr. Ridgley, placed teachers here in May last. The people had been long waiting for teachers, and two houses were put up in readiness for them. The teachers have now all got houses of their own, and speak well of the people as being kind to them. Schools have been begun and services are held on the Sabbath in many of the villages, but it is too soon yet to say more than that the teachers have a splendid field to be ploughed and sown. May they have grace to do it well.

Our next station is at Delena. This is on the mainland, just opposite to Yule Island, off Hall Sound. The village is small, but is visited by all Maiva and the Roro tribe, besides being the door to several inland places. Travelling parties are always going and coming. The teacher has a good house, and will have the opportunity of influencing a great many beyond his own village. The mission was begun here at the same time as that at Maiva, and is really one with it.

We have no other station occupied until you come to Boera. The teacher Piri, who is well known to our readers by name, was placed here by Mr. Murray in 1873. There is not much about Boera to put in a report. Good seed has been sown, and we are *waiting*. The first-fruits have been gathered, but the time of harvest is not yet. Six from Boera were baptized last February, but some of these have not proved to be all we hoped of them. The attendance at service is not large, and the same may be said of the schools, although some can read well.

Port Moresby is our next station. I have several times written of the work here. I need only say that it continues as encouraging as at the beginning of last year. There are thirty native members

of the church. There are also thirty candidates in our catechumen class. Those who were first baptized remain steadfast, and are becoming stronger and more enlightened. Some of them go out to conduct services at neighbouring villages almost every Sunday. The schools are very encouraging. Mrs. Lawes and Mr. Chalmers have given much time and strength to them; upwards of 100 children attend pretty regularly twice every day.

Our next station is PARI. One of our best Niue teachers, Isaako, is here—a godly, earnest man. The attendance both at school and church fluctuates, but the teacher has a few decided young men round him who have made public profession of their faith in Christ. I had the happiness to baptize ten men and women at Pari about a month ago.

KAILE comes next. It is a small village in the sea, under the care of a Niue teacher. He is discouraged at the state of things in his village. The people "won't listen" to him, and are "very dark and ignorant." They are a very energetic people. They lived formerly in constant fear of the Port Moresby pirates, who used to plunder them of everything, and club or spear them if they objected. Now that Port Moresby has received the *maino* (peace), and they have no longer reason to fear them, they have got very uppish, and want to do a little fighting on their own account.

The same may be said of KAPAKAPA, a similar village a few miles farther on, where another Niue teacher, Joane, is placed. At both of these places the teachers have built good churches, like the houses of the village, in the sea. They are doing earnest work, though at present without much visible result.

Our next station is at the large village of HULA. This was Mr. Beswick's home. Since their teacher was killed at Kalo, in April, 1881, they have been really without a teacher. They have a new teacher now, and we may hope for good fruit from Hula. They will make very earnest Christians when once they come under the power of the Gospel. Some lads taught by Mr. Beswick and Taria remain steadfast, and are nice, intelligent lads.

Across Hood Bay, passing Kalo in the bight, is KERRPUNU. Until the new teacher arrived, last April, our work was suspended here by the murder of their teacher, Anederea, at Kalo. He was a very amiable man, and had won the affections of his people when his life

and work were cut short. One of the Society Island teachers is here, but has not been long enough to get much hold yet on the people.

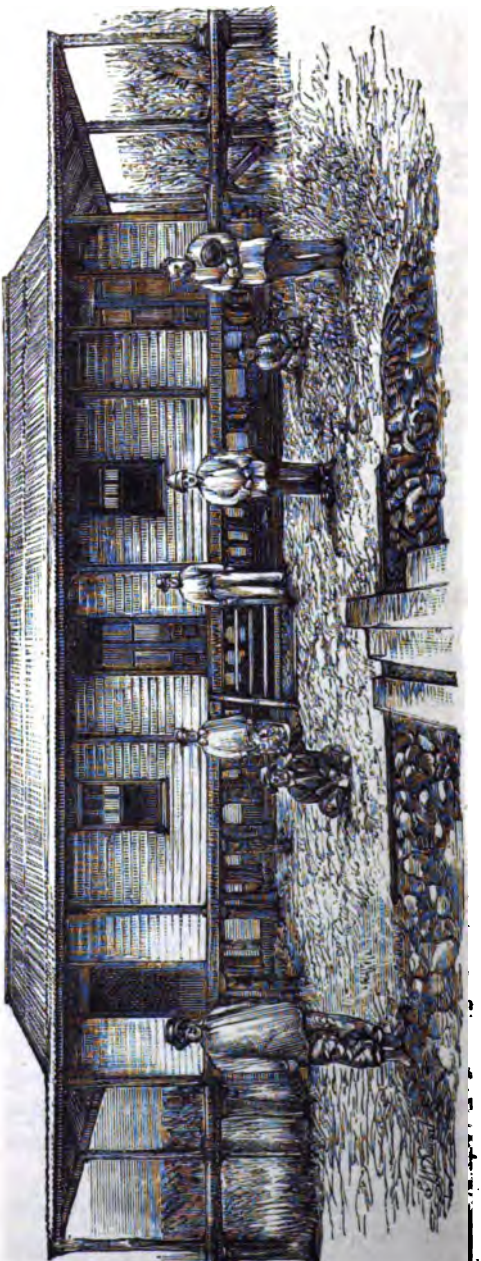
ALOMA, a few miles beyond, comes next. This is a large district, with many villages in it. We have four Society Island teachers placed in as many villages. The natives at Aloma have a bad name, and they are certainly not a nice people. We have one very fine teacher there, a half-caste Italian (I believe), named Matina (Martin). He has a good deal of influence, and is a wise, judicious man. One of the most powerful chiefs on the coast is Koapena, of Aloma. We are fortunate in having him as a firm friend, and as long as it is so our teachers are perfectly safe. And, in the meantime, we may hope that the quiet, peaceable lives of the teachers, as well as their teaching, will tell upon the people around them.

We take a long stride from Aloma to SOUTH CAPE, where we have two teachers. We both paid an interesting visit to South Cape last July. A marvellous change has taken place since Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers landed there in 1877. We baptized twenty-one men and women, whom we believe to be true disciples of Christ.

A summary of the above gives us sixteen stations at present occupied, a total of sixty-eight members of the Church, and thirty candidates. The teachers at all the old stations have kept a register of attendance at schools during the past year, and these give a total of 650 on the books, with an average daily attendance, for the whole year, of 282. These, with the new stations, will make at least 1,000 children of New Guinea under instruction, exclusive of South Cape and China Straits.

About the beginniag of last year we received the first instalment of the Scriptures in the language of this people. It was the Gospel of Mark. We are now sending Matthew to be printed in Sydney, and the remaining Gospels are in hand. A great deal of my time this year has been taken up with revising and re-revising and finally revising Matthew. The basis was a translation made by Mr. Chalmers three years ago. We have spared no pains to make it as correct and faithful a translation as possible. It is work that will remain after we are gone.

We are sending now to Sydney a collection of 160 hymns, and also a small geography. These will be a very acceptable addition to our literature.



TRAINING INSTITUTION AT PORT MORESBY.

Our own little press has been very useful. I printed a small hymn-book and some school cards.

One of the most important works of the past year has been the erection of the New Guinea Institution building. I enclose a few photographs of it. The entire cost of building, from the time it was landed until its completion, was only £4 4s. Its object is to train young men for the work of the ministry. We had a very interesting dedicatory service on the 30th December, and on the following night a watch-night service, in which several natives took part. All the teachers and their wives were in for the New Year's conference, so that we had a very interesting series of services.

We have some

good desks and stools of our own make, and have begun a writing-school at six o'clock in the morning, which Mrs. Lawes conducts. We have twelve young men and their wives as students. Their houses are being built, and we hope to begin our regular classes with them soon.

The health of the mission continues good. Since the acclimatising sicknesses of the newly arrived teachers all have been well. The only deaths in the mission are the two new teachers, of which we sent you an account. The old teachers and their wives have been well, and neither Mr. Chalmers nor I have had fever since our return from Cooktown.

The following communication on the labour question was addressed by Mr. Lawes, in February last, to the editor of the *Brisbane Courier*, when the question of the annexation of New Guinea by the Imperial Government was under consideration :—

"For this part of the coast, extending from the Aird River to East Cape, we can speak with accuracy. My colleague (Mr. Chalmers) has visited nearly every village included in the above, and altogether our long residence and thorough knowledge of native customs and language give us a claim to be heard on matters of fact connected with the people. 'Can we get men in New Guinea to work for us here in North Queensland?' was often asked me in Cooktown three months ago. To this I answer now, as then, 'Yes, if you are prepared to take them by force or deceit; not otherwise.' It will save loss, disappointment, and endless trouble if this be clearly understood from the first. From all I know of Queensland and vessels from Queensland ports (we had many calling at Savage Island during our residence there), I do not believe the people of Queensland want labour so obtained. I speak with certainty when I say those who are desirous of getting labourers fairly, treating them honestly, and returning them faithfully, will certainly be disappointed if they come to this part of New Guinea. If the natives clearly understand that they are to be taken away for twelve, twenty-four, or thirty-six moons, and, knowing that, are willing to go, we, as a mission, would put no obstacle in the way. We know, however, they will not do this, and should be treating the public unfairly and dishonestly if we did not say so. It must be remembered that the natives along this coast know no English, and no South Sea interpreter is of any use. Our vessel, the *Ellengowan*, is better known, and the natives have more confidence in us than in any other white men, but we cannot get boys to leave their homes to work on our vessel if they know they are to be more than three moons away. On the pearl-shell and bêche-de-mer stations, in Torres Strait, men are greatly needed, but no native from this part of New Guinea (nor, so far as I know, from any part of New Guinea) is to be found among their motley crew. One native boy went with Mr. Goldie to

Sydney a few years ago, but the teacher here had to become hostage to his friends for his safe return, and had reason to wish him back long before he came. On visiting the east end, last August, we found some natives of Teste Island had shipped on a bêche-de-mer vessel (Captain Miller's, I think), but they were weeks, not months, away, and scarcely out of sight of their own island. Nothing we could offer would induce a single native where we are best known to leave in our vessel if he knew he was not to see New Guinea again for a year. Let it be clearly understood that no natives are likely to be obtained here as honourable men should get them, and much trouble and danger will be avoided. At present the natives along the coast are favourably disposed towards white men, but if they have cause to feel aggrieved, and a feeling of hostility is created, the door of New Guinea will be closed to the white man. It would surely be a short-sighted policy that would lead to that. Whether New Guinea be annexed or not, no one who knows anything of it can question its importance to Queensland. It would surely be a mistake if, for the aggrandisement of one class, the whole community suffer loss. Our experience agrees with that of all travellers—that no savage pure and simple is to be feared like the veneered savage in trousers and shirt, with a taste for gin and carrying a gun."

III.—The Cocoa-nut Palm.

By the Rev. S. Mateer, F.L.S.

THE story is often repeated that an English publisher, on being asked for approval of an Indian landscape in which no palm-trees were included, exclaimed, "That will never do! The British public must have palm-trees in every Indian picture." Still, in some localities these fine trees are rare. A few European residents delight in cutting away or keeping out all such from their gardens, so as to have the general aspect of the vegetation around them as much like that of their old homes as possible; while others take pleasure in tropical scenery and foliage.

Artists in England sometimes do not sufficiently distinguish in their sketches between the different species of palms and their very distinct styles of foliage and growth. No palms in India are branched, or have leaves half way up the tall, full-grown stem, yet they are sometimes drawn so for additional symmetry and ornament in design. Some have fan-shaped leaves and stout stems, as the palmyra, the principal sugar-producing palm, and the talipot; others, feather leaves, as the cocoa-nut and wild date, or more divided foliage, as the caryota, or bastard sago. The graceful areca has tall, slender

stems, with a small head of piunate leaves and bunches of small nuts resembling nutmegs, which are chewed by the natives with betel leaf, a kind of pepper. The palm so often referred to in Holy Scripture which bears the date-fruit does not flourish in India, but a common, or wild, date (*Elate sylvestris*), the sap of which is manufactured into sugar.

The accompanying engraving accurately represents a grove of cocoa-nut trees, with a climber ascending one of them in order to collect the sap from the flower-bud at the top, which he brings down in the vessel tied to his waist. The small tree with large, handsome leaves in the centre beneath is the papaw (*Carica papaya*), the edible fruit of which somewhat resembles a small melon.

In Travancore, along the banks of the lakes and on the sea-beach, the dense forest of cocoa-nut trees is surprising, in some places not a spot of earth to be seen unoccupied, nor scarcely a house visible through the crowded plantations. There seems no end of cocoa-nut palms, until, ultimately, one gets rather tired of the monotony, valuable as are the trees to the inhabitants. In the monsoon floods, some of these places look like large sheets of water studded with small islands full of cocoa-nut trees and human habitations.

The cultivation of the cocoa-nut extends over the whole State, which has hence been facetiously called cocoa-nut core. The present number cannot be estimated at less than fifteen millions. These are almost invariably too closely planted to obtain full advantage of sun and air.

The soils best suited for the cocoa-nut are the sea-shore, the banks and alluvium of rivers, and level lands exposed to the sea-breeze—these conditions abound in Travancore. Inland on the mountains the cocoa-nut will grow, but not bear fruit, deteriorating as it recedes from the coast. The young plants generally require watering for the first two or three years, and must be protected from the inroads of cattle until they rise some feet above the ground. Ashes are applied as manure at the beginning of the wet season, and the ground opened about the roots of the trees, which come into bearing some eight or ten years after planting. To natives this is one of the most easily managed and most remunerative products of the country—perhaps, as in the South Sea Islands, almost too easy for enforcing habits of industry and perseverance. They have but to put down

THE COCOA-NUT PALM.

the nuts, and guard the trees more or less while attending to their other employments, and, in due course, a permanent and profitable plantation is created. Europeans, however, seldom attempt such an investment, and few who have done so have succeeded in it.

For new plantations, waste lands are usually taken up. Within the last twenty or thirty years much land, otherwise worthless, has been reclaimed along the sandy sea-coast, and many trees have been planted on either side of new roads opening up into the interior. To purchase a plantation, however, is a more costly undertaking. The value of such property, of course, varies greatly according to situation and productiveness. The price of 100 ordinary trees in the southern parts may be stated at about 400 rupees. These would produce, at a very low estimate, say 2,400 nuts, value 34 rupees, annually.

The kernels are dried into *copra* for the manufacture of cocoa-nut oil. The copra is largely exported to other parts of India, as well as the "coir," or fibre surrounding the husk, which is sent to Europe and America.

The annual value of the products of this palm exported—nuts, dried kernel or copra, oil, and fibre—amounts to nearly half a million pounds sterling, besides oil, nuts, timber, and leaves for home use. The timber is not exported, but split up and used for rafters, and the leaves are in great demand for thatching.

The trees are sometimes tapped for a few months to procure the sweet juice, which, boiled while fresh, gives a palm sugar, and kept a day or two till it ferments and becomes toddy, a slightly intoxicating drink, somewhat like beer. The toddy also is distilled into arrack, or native spirits.

Within the last twenty years a vast extension has taken place of the economic uses to which the valuable fibre is put. The term "coir," usually applied to this material, is the anglicised form of the South Indian *kayaru*, cord or twine. The fibrous husk or rind of the cocoa-nut is, though uneatable, a very valuable part of the fruit. It is readily stripped from the nut, while yet green, by striking it on the point of a stake or iron spike fastened upright in the ground; and it is then at once steeped in salt and brackish water, large bundles of the husk being secured together by means of netting, or bamboo stakes in the water. It lies for

several months, untithe s ofter portions of the husk rot away, and the strong fibre alone remains. This is taken out, beaten with a stick to separate and clean the fibre, and twisted with a simple rope-making machine into the coir yarn, and this again is twisted with the required number of strands into rope of various thicknesses. It is also woven into webs of matting, or single mats, and the stiffer fibres made into brushes and other articles of domestic utility. The attempt has been made to prepare the fibre from the dried husk in England, but without success.

Much of the coir fibre used in England is brought from Ceylon, but a large and increasing quantity is now exported from Bombay and the Western Coast of India, especially Travancore and Cochin. Where formerly the natives allowed it to go to waste, or used it as fuel, European merchants and native agents are prepared to give a price for this fibre, and the price is steadily advancing. Of course the supply is not inexhaustible, but, as prices rise, it encourages the cultivation generally, and makes it better worth while for the cultivators to bring the fibre to market even from some distance; fortunately for this traffic, all the growth of this palm is along the sea-coast, where alone the tree flourishes, and where generally there is water carriage.

Factories for the weaving of coir matting have been opened by English and American firms, and turn out a considerable quantity of goods. The buildings are in quadrangles or long ranges, with iron roofing. Spinning is not attempted in these, as it is cheaper done by hand at the place where the fibre is produced. Along the coasts of the backwaters and canals, many people may now be seen busily engaged in scraping and cleaning the fibre, and twisting it into yarn. In the factories the yarn is first sorted to its various shades and qualities. The warp is made by boys running backwards and forwards, then it is flattened and smoothed for weaving by being run through heavy rollers. The weaving is laborious work, performed by men, who earn two or three rupees a wee a t it. The web is again rolled to give it some finish, wound securely in a roll, and marked. Single mats are also fabricated.

Large profits have been made in this manufacture in India. But it can now be carried on so much better in England, with the machinery and appliances available there, that a great quantity of

the plain fibre and the yarn is exported from Travancore. These are worked up, by large firms in London and elsewhere, into matting and other articles, of various patterns, colours, and degrees of fineness. One firm in Lancaster has introduced steam-loom weaving of this fabric. The various shades of fibre are first carefully separated. Cocoa-nut matting is now made of fine quality, with pretty shades of colour, natural or dyed, and in pleasing geometrical patterns, so as to be available for higher uses than the very coarse makes; and the material is most durable.

Cables made from coir bear exposure to salt water better than anything else, the tannin which it contains preventing the fibre from rotting. They are exceedingly light and buoyant, as well as elastic. Even the refuse and broken fibre can be turned to account for stuffing mattresses, draining flower-pots, &c., as no insects will touch it. The demand in England for the fibre is active, and steadily increasing. Scarcely enough of the raw material can be procured to keep the present machinery going. Cocoa-nut fibre is so durable, useful, and economical a material that a great future is assuredly before the industry; and, as prices rise, the natives will pay increasing attention to the collection of the whole amount produced, and to its careful preparation.*

THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.

THE REV. D. CARNEGIE, who left England for Matebele Land in the spring of last year, announcing his arrival at his appointed station, Hope Fountain, seven months from that date, writes as follows:—

"You told me once in one of your letters that the South African field was very 'dry and parched' in a spiritual sense, and that I now really believe, after what I have seen of our Mission stations in Bechwana Land, and more especially in Matebele country. I now feel, as I never did before, that I am a missionary in a heathen land, 'where vine and fig tree flourish and only *man* is vile.' What little I have seen of the people is not very attractive or inviting. Just the other day, one man came and told me that he liked me very much, and then asked for a sheep's skin which I had lying on the floor of my room. Of course I did not give him it. But of the habits and customs of the people I will be able to tell you after I have lived among them for some time. I had hoped to preach my first sermon at Sentabele on the first Sunday of 1883; but on account of so much other work in arranging things, in fitting up my pack-house to live in, &c., &c., I fear I will not be able to do it."

* See "Native Life in Travancore," chaps. xx. and xxiii.

IV.—Madagascar.

THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS AT TAMATAVE.

THE last mail brought no letters from the missionaries in Madagascar, but tidings were received of the missionary party bound for Madagascar who sailed from England on May 25th. Just before they left Dartmouth, the telegraphic news of the attack of the French on the North-western ports of the island reached them. While fearing worse things, they heard no more until they drew near to Tamatave, when the presence of several French men-of-war and the sight of the tricolor flag flying over the fort instead of the white flag of Madagascar confirmed their worst suspicions. Step by step they ascertained the real position of affairs. One of the party thus narrates their painful experiences:—"We were soon boarded by a French customs boat, and found that the town was under martial law, and that we were, in fact, in French waters and subject to French authority. From an English naval officer we learned a more painful piece of news—viz., that our friend and brother missionary Mr. G. A. Shaw had been taken prisoner by the French on a charge of communicating with and assisting the Hovas, and had been for ten days under close arrest on board the *Nièvre* transport in the harbour. We were all greatly troubled at the news about Mr. Shaw, and at the extreme grief and anxiety of his wife, who had been our fellow-passenger from England. Acting on advice given, Mrs. Shaw sought an interview with Admiral Pierre, and went on board the flag-ship, *La Flore*, for this purpose. But she received a refusal to each of her requests—viz., that she might come and stay with Mr. Shaw; or that she might have a short interview with him; or that she might stay on shore until something was decided about her husband. Further, he was not allowed even to be on deck to catch a glimpse of his wife as she was rowed past the *Nièvre*. In striking contrast to this conduct of the French has been that of the Madagascar Government with regard to the French subjects resident in the interior, which even the French themselves allow to have been admirable. From careful inquiries it cannot be found that Mr. Shaw's offence has been more than taking care of the property of many of his personal friends—Hova officers—who were members of the church under his charge, and that during the bombardment, while he was

at a friend's house, thinking that he might be of service in attending to the wounded, his servants allowed several of their friends to take refuge in the mission-house, neither they nor he supposing that this was any offence. Mr. Shaw's papers and letters have all been seized, and his house been taken possession of by the French, and is now an advanced outpost of their pickets. While he is allowed a little more liberty than at first, he is still kept a close prisoner to his cabin, and is not permitted to go on deck. His servants were taken prisoners with him, and are kept at hard work on the *Nièvre*."

Communication with the interior by letter or otherwise, if not wholly stopped, is at least very uncertain. The option of any of the missionary party landing at Tamatave was denied them. The captain of the vessel in which they arrived was informed by the commandant that it was positively forbidden for a single passenger to land or for any cargo to be discharged, and that all were to go on to Mauritius.

None of the missionaries from the capital, who were expected to be at Tamatave to leave for England in the *Taymouth Castle*, had arrived there, but it was ascertained that they had come down to the coast, but, not being permitted to enter Tamatave, had halted at Ivondro, eight miles south of that place.

The sad narrative continues :—"I cannot tell you the bitter disappointment we felt at leaving Tamatave thus—our brother missionary a close prisoner on board a French man-of-war, the native town burning, and several European houses wrapped in flames, all possibility of our proceeding to our work at an end for the present, and the country exposed to war and all its attendant evils and miseries."

Not being allowed to land at Tamatave, the whole party, including Mrs. Shaw, proceeded in the *Taymouth Castle* to Mauritius, and at the date of their letter, July 14th, had found suitable accommodation in the neighbourhood of Port Louis, in an elevated and healthy position.

Here, for the present, hindered from proceeding to their appointed field of effort, they will remain, embracing every opportunity which may offer of engaging in Christian work, either in Malagasy or English. In this time of painful suspense, they especially Mrs. Shaw, will be kindly remembered with sincere sympathy in prayer by very many friends who are watching events with much anxiety.

The prospect is dark, but the prayers of the Church of God are before Him, and His people's part is in faith to wait for and expect that deliverance which He, in His time, will bring about.

V.—South India—Bangalore.

By the Rev. E. P. Rice, B.A.

WORK IN THE DISTRICT.

THE plan adopted in itineration during the past year has been to make one of the out-stations the objective in each tour—to preach in the towns and villages lying on the road toward it—spend some time at the out-station itself—and then return by a different route. In this way, touring one month to the North, another month to the East, and a third to the South, each out-station and the principal intervening places have been visited once in three months. The following are notes of the work done at the out-stations.

1. *Kolar.*—Forty-two miles E.N.E. of Bangalore. Evangelist Arogyam resided here throughout the year. For certain reasons street-preaching has not been so successful as in previous years, and it became impossible to obtain quiet and attentive audiences in public places. Any loss in this respect has, however, been amply made up for by house-to-house visitation. At all times the quiet and earnest statement of the truth to small groups of six, and ten, and twelve, in the courtyard of a private house, has been one of the most effective of missionary methods. It is always orderly, and it affords no provocation to profitless and obstinate arguing. The hearers speak with the respect due to a visitor, and the frankness inspired by privacy. There is less of random firing, more opportunity of personal dealing, a better chance of removing misconceptions, and more scope for the manifestation of kindly feelings and the growth of mutual friendship. Moreover, it has this further advantage, that the female members of the household are within hearing. A great deal of this kind of work has been done at Kolar, and with very encouraging results.

The educated Hindoos of the town—principally Government officials and clerks in Government offices—have shown themselves very ready to welcome these visits, and much time has been devoted to them. Many of them have purchased English lectures, and pamphlets on Christian truth; some have bought Bibles and Testaments, and are reading such books as "The Pilgrim's Progress;" and several have expressed extreme interest in reading the story of the "Missionary on the Ganges," written by the late Mrs. Mullens. On two occasions

they assembled in considerable numbers to listen to English lectures which I delivered to them—one on "Prayer," and the other entitled "No Cross, no Crown."

The annual festivals held at Vanarasi (nine miles north of Kolar) and Bowringpet (eleven miles south) were visited, and afforded opportunities of preaching to many thousands assembled from a wide tract of country. The former festival lasts eleven days, and the latter seven days. The religious centre of the Vanarasi festival is a small temple in the centre of a tope or grove of trees; and under the shade of the trees, and in the open fields around, the pilgrims encamp. All the ecessaries of a Hindoo villager's life can be obtained at rows of temporary stalls erected at the fair by the shopkeepers of neighbouring towns. The people assembled at this festival were chiefly of Sudra castes, and numbered about 8,000.

2. *Chikka Ballapura.*—Thirty-five miles north of Bangalore. The work at this important out-station has continued to be under the care of catechist Samson David, who has laboured faithfully and industriously. He has preached daily in the streets of the town, and has visited, over and over again, all the villages within a radius of six miles. The consequence has been a very marked improvement in the attitude of the people of all castes, notably of the Brahmins and merchant classes, and the arising of a very encouraging spirit of inquiry respecting the way of salvation and the truths of the Christian religion. Not a few seem prepared to accept the truth as it is in Jesus. He has now the additional aid of a colporteur, who can visit places at greater distances, and disseminate Bible portions and Christian literature, not only in the larger and nearer villages, but also in the unvisited nooks and corners of the district.

There are but few English-speaking Hindoo officials at Chikka Ballapura, but these have always been friendly, and willing to hear the Gospel. Twice during the year they gathered together to listen to English lectures—one by myself, and the other on "Formalism," by the Rev. J. H. Walton, who kindly paid a visit to Chikka Ballapura for this purpose.

3. *Malur.*—Twenty-four miles east of Bangalore. We have here a boys' school of about sixty pupils, and a girls' school of twenty-five pupils. These have both continued during the year much as in the previous year. The lower classes gave every satisfaction, but in the

highest class, in which English is taught, the attendance is small, and many of the most intelligent boys have left the town. Malur has hitherto been the head-quarters of a Taluq, but, as it has now been reduced to a lower grade, this is likely still further to affect the prospects of the school, as it decreases the commercial and political importance of the town.

4. *Anekal.*—Twenty-two miles south of Bangalore. The boys' school here, containing about eighty pupils, has maintained its position, and the English class, commenced in 1881, has increased in numbers and efficiency. It has been under the superintendence of evangelist Josiah, who, however, has only spent a portion of each month there. Much more requires to be done for the working of this important town and its neighbourhood, and will be done as soon as arrangements to that effect can be made. Some of Mr. Josiah's time has been usefully employed in literary work, and a Canarese translation made by him of a work entitled "Romanism Weighed," has just issued from the press. Being written in a temperate Christian spirit, it is likely to prove useful both to Protestant Christians and to the Roman Catholics, with whom many of them are connected.

5. *Domsundra.*—Fourteen miles south-east of Bangalore. No evangelist has resided here during the year, but it has been visited as often as circumstances would permit. The school, containing about fifty pupils, is in a flourishing condition, but we are put to much expense and inconvenience for want of a suitable school-house. The people of the village and neighbourhood have long been friendly to the Gospel, and never more so than now. Some of them are not far from the Kingdom.

Speaking of the *district work in general*, we have abundant evidence of continued improvement in public opinion respecting Christ and Christianity. Those who once were bitter enemies of the Gospel, and took every opportunity to malign the preachers, are now friendly and sympathetic, and invite others to listen to our teaching. Those whose thoughts on things religious were a few years ago made up principally of absurd Puranic legends of gods and goddesses in the form of grotesque monsters disporting themselves like very indifferent men and women, seem to have forgotten these stories like a dream at daybreak, and make sober inquiries about sin and salvation. Some

are intelligently studying the Bible. Others, who recently were quite worldly and indifferent, have been roused to serious thought, and will patiently listen to lengthy expositions of the truth, and earnest calls to repentance, with every mark on their countenances of earnest and rapt attention. A few are discussing the duty of identifying themselves with the Christian Church. Although, as yet, it has not been given to us to show much in reaping, I think the harvest cannot be far distant. I can say with confidence that never have I known greater promise of an early ingathering of Christian fruit in this district than at the present moment.

The Hindoos have for so many ages, and so universally, been habituated to sever religion from morality, and knowledge from action, that the task of the Christian missionary is no easy one. The one thing which we find generally wanting among the Hindoos, and which we desiderate most of all, is a deep sense of personal sin, and of its evil. This can, of course, be only produced by the Holy Spirit of God, but, so far as it depends on human agency, it is the great aim of our preaching, and the chief subject of our prayers. This kind of preaching, however, is by far the most difficult to attain. It is so much easier to demolish Hindooism than to produce faith in Christianity, so much easier to teach an intellectual system of doctrine than to impart the principle of life eternal, to gain the assent of the reason to truths *about* sin and God, than to awaken godly purposes, and constraining love to the Heavenly Father, that we need to be continually on the watch not to drift away from dependence on the working of the Spirit, or from the simplicity of the Gospel, to reliance upon mere human arguments.

The following are a few of numerous cases, either typical of whole classes, or otherwise interesting, which are constantly met with. They will serve to give some glimpses into the details of our work—to illustrate some of the characters we come into contact with—and also to show the transition of thought, the spirit of inquiry, and the restless preparation for a fast approaching change which is profoundly stirring the whole Hindoo community.

A colporteur, passing through the streets of an out-station where we have a school was startled to hear from one of the houses the voice of a boy, saying, "Lord Jesus, make me well! Lord Jesus, make me well!" He found that it was one of the boys attend-

ing the mission school, and who had been laid up by an attack of small-pox. The grandfather and guardian of this boy has long ceased to worship idols, and he distinctly confesses to me in a whisper that he and others with him are disciples of Jesus only.

The wife of a Brahmin writes occasionally to a Christian young woman who is her friend, and from whom she has learnt much of the Gospel. One of these letters, beautifully embroidered on cloth with red and yellow thread, and adorned round the edges with various designs, runs as follows:—"To B.—As our Lord Jesus suffered many things for us, and died upon the Cross, and thus obtained salvation for us, let us gain the forgiveness of our sins, and try to be His children. Amen. S——'s salaam." The patience required in order to work this piece of embroidery shows that her mind delighted to dwell on the truths it expressed. In another pencil note she says:—"Your love must ever remain unchanged towards me. But especially may God grant that which is best of all—viz., to believe in the Lord, to know His way, and to learn to walk in holiness." Her husband has long been convinced of the truth of Christianity, and has abandoned idolatry, but he is alone in a town where there is no Christian community, and he lacks the courage and intense earnestness to enable him to stand alone.

One who has shown much interest in our preaching in a certain village is a Korachar. The Korachars are a sort of gipsy caste, whose less nomadic members dwell in very primitive little huts, and live by making mats and baskets. This man, although unable to read, is a poet born, and is able to sing with great effect a large number of lyrics, either original or learnt. Most of these are of a Pantheistic or Theistic character. He has welcomed and often accompanied the evangelist, and shows great sympathy with the teachings of the Gospel. If he can be brought to accept it in its whole spirit, he ought to prove a very effective preacher to the illiterate classes. We often fear that the estimation in which he is held by the villagers for his poetic gifts is likely to prove a snare to him. He is called by them *swami* (a title usually given only to Brahmins), and apparently thinks himself a *jnani* (man of rare insight—a sage), better acquainted with God than others are. May he yet be led to lay his gifts at the feet of Christ, and to glorify them by so doing!

VI.—Barbarism in Central Africa.

By the Rev. W. Griffith, of Uguha.

CAMERON, in his work "Across Africa" (vol. ii., p. 110), has referred to some of the barbarous customs practised by the Warua tribe.

Many of the Baluva people (for that is their correct name) having from time to time, and from various parts, visited the Mission, I have had many opportunities of making myself acquainted with their beliefs and customs. I have verified and enlarged the information obtained by Commander Cameron, and have endeavoured to convince some of those people of the wickedness of such practices.

Throughout the country of Urua there are a large number of lakes, big and small, and other bodies of running and stagnant water; and all these lakes and bodies of water are supposed to be the abode of powerful spirits. To these invisible beings is attributed all evils, sicknesses, and misfortunes, and also everything good and fortunate.

Attributing such might to these spirits, the people endeavour to pacify them through sacrifices, and the victims for these sacrifices are human beings. In this way some thousands of people are sacrificed every year throughout the vast kingdom of Urua. If the spirit is supposed to be dissatisfied with his living relatives, the diviner is called, and upon his advice a child or a slave is first put to death with an ivory club, and then cast into the water to the angry god.

When human beings are not sacrificed, offerings of beads, fibre-cloth, &c., are made.

This sacredness assigned to these lakes probably accounts for the difficulty travellers have found in getting access to them, and seems to have arisen from the custom of burying chiefs and people of rank on lake shores and the banks of rivers. A grave is dug near the water where the mummy (for such it really is—corpses being generally preserved before burial) is placed, and the water that was banked up is let into it. When a royal person is buried, so many wives are buried alive with him, and so many slaves put to death on the spot as attendants to accompany him to the spiritual world. This ceremony would be repeated the following year, and for as many years as the people may think necessary, and also on particular occasions when by special circumstances they would be reminded of their duty.

VII.—Notes of the Month.

1. DEPARTURE.

Dr. J. K. MACKENZIE, returning to TIENTSIN, North China, embarked for Shanghai, per steamer *Glencoe*, July 31st.

2. BIRTH.

THOMAS.—May 12th, at Vizagapatam, South India, the wife of the Rev. Morris Thomas, of a son.

3. DEATH OF THE REV. ROBERT MOFFAT, D.D.

Like a shock of corn fully ripe, our revered friend Dr. MOFFAT has been gathered into the heavenly garner. He died at Leigh, near Tonbridge, on the evening of Thursday, August 9th, at the age of eighty-seven. This announcement will awaken in many minds pleasant recollections of his kindly tones, his strange narratives of rough people and rough experiences, and his enthusiastic outpourings of a spirit the missionary ardour of which was a very striking characteristic of his latest as of his former years. Most truly do we sympathise with relatives who, while mourning their loss, are rejoicing in his gain. We hope in the next issue of the CHRONICLE to give a sketch of the long, busy, and useful life of our beloved and venerated friend.

4. ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

Mr. G. H. BONDFIELD, of Spring Hill College, was ordained as a missionary to Amoy in connection with the London Missionary Society on Thursday, 26th July, at Steelhouse Lane Chapel, Birmingham. There was a large congregation. Dr. R. W. Dale presided, and delivered the charge; Dr. Deane conducted the introductory service; and Dr. Simon asked the usual questions, and offered the ordination prayer. The conditions and possibilities of missionary work in China were described by Rev. James Gilmour, M.A., of Peking. During the service a valuable present of books was given Mr. Bondfield by his friends at Carr's Lane.

5. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES FROM 15TH JULY TO 14TH AUGUST.

CHINA.—S. E. Meech, Peking, June 2nd; Griffith John, Hankow, May 25th; Arnold Foster, Hankow, May 24th; J. Macgowan, Amoy, June 4th; J. Sadler, Amoy, June 4th, 12th; Dr. Chalmers, Hongkong, June 21st; R. W. Thompson, s.s. *Amazone*, July 4th.

INDIA.—W. J. Wilkins, Calcutta, June 17th, 30th, July 7th, 14th; J. E. Payne, Calcutta, July 14th; J. Hewlett, Benares, June 16th, 30th, July

7th, 14th; J. A. Lambert, Mirzapore, June 16th; E. Greaves, Mirzapore, July 21st; J. H. Budden, Almora, July 5th, 12th; Mrs. Coley, Almora, June 28th; H. Coley, Almora, July 3rd; F. Wilkinson, Madras, June 14th, July 7th; M. Phillips, Sunkerry droog, June 23; W. M. Jones, Coimbatoor, June 27th; B. Rice, Bangalore, June 16th, July 14th; J. G. Hawker, Belgaum, July 20th; J. Smith, Belgaum, June 30th; Morris Thomas, Vizagapatam, June 29th; J. Duthie, Nagercoil, June 28th, July 5th (two letters).

MADAGASCAR.—J. Richardson, Antananarivo, May 31st; W. E. Cousins, Antananarivo, May 29th and 31st; J. Sibree, Mauritius, July 14th; J. A. Houlder, Mauritius, July 13th; J. C. Thorne, Mauritius, July 7th, 14th; G. A. Shaw, Tamatave, June 16th; Mrs. Shaw, Mauritius, July 14th.

AFRICA.—W. Thompson, Cape Town, July 3rd, 17th; W. Ashton, Barkly, July 20th; Capt. Hore, Ujiji, April 27th; W. C. Willoughby, Urambo, May 11th; T. F. Shaw, Urambo, May 11th; J. Roxburgh, Mandala, May 12th and 21st, June 16th, July 3rd.

WEST INDIES.—J. Foreman, Demerara, July 4th.

SOUTH SEAS.—E. V. Cooper, Huahine, May 24th; W. W. Gill, Rarotonga, May 9th; J. J. K. Hutchin, Rarotonga, May 4th; S. H. Davies, Savaii, April 3rd; W. E. Clarke, Upolu, April 6th; T. Powell, Upolu, March 28th; S. M. Creagh, Sydney, May 17th; S. Macfarlane, New Guinea, May 23rd, June 21st; W. G. Lawes, Port Moresby, June 11th; J. Chalmers, Cooktown, June 25th; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, May 28th; A. W. Murray, Sydney, June 8th.

VIII.—Contributions.

From May 1st to August 13th, 1883.

LONDON.			
W. Cooke, Esq.	100	0	0
A Friend on a Journey	21	0	0
W. C. Gellibrand, Esq.	10	0	0
Do., for Schools in India	10	0	0
Per Editor of the "Christian World"	10	5	0
A Friend, for Past Mercies and Present Affection	10	10	0
"J. W. A."	10	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
Joseph King, Esq.	10	0	0
Mrs. Joseph King	2	0	0
Mrs. Alers Hankey	5	0	0
"N. O."	5	0	0
The Misses Smith	5	0	0
"R. P. C."	5	0	0
"F. E. A."	3	0	0
Per Mrs. Burden	2	7	6
Rev. F. S. Turner, B.A.	2	2	0
Mrs. & Miss Dixon	2	2	0
"S. M.," in Memory of a Departed Friend	2	2	0
"Y. Z."	2	0	0
Mr A. T. Allen	1	1	0
H. W. Smithers, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. Greenhorne	1	1	0
"A. L."	1	1	0
Rev. T. Kubler	1	1	0
E. B. Williams, Esq.	1	0	0
"A Thankoffering"	1	0	0
A Wylie, Esq.	1	0	0
J. T. Loveday, Esq.	1	0	0
"W. A." (box)	0	11	0
"H. H.," for Mrs. Hacker's Sch., Neyoor	0	10	6
Miss Stabb	0	10	0
"J. P. C."	0	10	0
Sale of Work by Mrs. S. R. Scott, for Female Missions	0	8	0
"A. D."	0	2	5
A. E. Lacy	0	1	0
Abney Chs.	33	13	7
Acton—			
A Friend, for Widows' Fund	0	10	0
Do., for Mr. Hore's Boat	2	0	0
Do., for Fem. Miss.	2	0	0
Barking	6	1	9
Barnsbury	1	2	8

Battersea	4	0	0
Bexley Heath. Ladies' Working Meeting, for Zenana Work	10	0	0
Bishopsgate Chs.	2	2	0
Blackheath	11	10	0
Burnt Ash	12	0	8
Chesham—			
Rev. C. E. Mayo	2	2	0
Do., for Schools at Nagercoil	0	10	6
Christ Ch., Westminster Road	35	0	0
Clapham Road. Trinity Presbyterian Ch., Part Collection	11	0	0
Clapton Park. Mr. T. W. Sykes and Family	3	5	0
Claylands Chs.	35	16	10
Collier's Rents	2	0	0
Croydon—			
Mrs. Hayden	1	10	0
George St., W. Pool, Esq.	4	0	0
Trinity Ch., John Moser, Esq.	5	5	0
Croydon (South)	15	13	6
Ealing	29	8	2
"A Thankoffering for Mercies during an Illness," for Female Missions	10	0	0
Eltham	20	6	3
Esher Street	9	1	6
Finchley—			
Working Party, for Mrs. B. Thomson	25	0	0
Do., for Mrs. Hewlett	20	0	0
Forest Hill. Queen's Rd.	23	7	0
Greenwich. Maze Hill	8	9	2
Hammersmith. Albion Ch. (boxes)	3	13	6
Hampstead—			
Cong. Ch.	20	5	0
Do., T. Cecil Curwen, Esq.	10	0	0
Heath St.	48	0	0
Hare Court Chs.	14	5	6
Harley Street, Bow	11	16	6
Haverstock Chs.	35	2	0
Highbury Quadrant Ch.	42	14	2
Hope Mission, Chequer Alley. Box	3	0	0
Horbury Chs.—			
Mr. Walten	20	0	0
Boxes	11	1	0
Hounslow	8	3	11
Mile End New Town	4	1	0
New College. Aux.	21	6	10
New Tabernacle	36	9	7
Norwood (Lower)	15	10	4
Norwood (South)	11	15	6
Oxford Road. Subs.	1	11	0
Orange Street	2	2	0
Peckham Rye. Linden Grove	30	17	5
Pilgrim Fathers' Memorial Ch.	7	3	0
Poplar. Trinity Chs.	13	11	3
Putney. Oxford Rd.	2	15	6
Raleigh Memorial Ch.	9	11	11
Richmond. Aux., for Zenana Mission	33	5	7
St. John's Wood	2	12	0
St. Matthias' Missionary Guild	0	2	6
Sidcup. Mr. Ebbs	1	1	0
Silver Street	18	1	0
Sion New Chs.	3	14	6
Southwark Bridge Road. Welsh Ch.	1	3	0
Stepney Meeting	19	0	0
Streatham Hill. Ladies' Working Meeting, for Rachel, Co-worker with Miss Brown, Madras	12	0	0
Surbiton. "A Friend," for Ngabe	30	0	0
Sutherland Chs.	3	0	0
Sutton. Mrs. Bergin	0	10	0
Thornton Heath (New)	5	15	10
Trevor Chs.	33	18	11
Walthamstow. Marsh St.	1	10	0
Wanstead	16	7	2
West Ham. Brickfields Chs.	4	2	2
Whitefield Tabernacle	19	8	8
Winchmore Hill. For Widows' Fund	3	10	3
Woodford. Cong. Ch., for Native Teacher, Edward Woodford	25	0	0
York Street	18	5	7

COUNTRY.

Correction of Report.

Stratford District Church—			
Annual Collection	7	4	9
Contribution	0	10	6
Sunday-school	5	11	6
For Widows' Fund	2	10	0
	15	16	3
"S. S."	100	0	0
"B. G.," for Tanganyika	100	0	0
"R. D.," per Rev. J. Gilmour	1	12	2
Alnwick. Miss Smith, for Mary Alnwick, Bangalore	2	10	0
Axminster. Legacy of the late Miss Symes	100	0	0
Banbury. Juv. Soc.	16	16	0
Barmouth. Aux.	1	15	9
Barton-on-Humber	4	3	0
Bath. Percy Ladies' Assoc.	2	10	6
Bedford. Bunyan Meetg.	30	5	4
Berkhamsted	3	14	6
Birkenhead. Aux.	9	0	0
Birmingham—			
Mosely, "B."	4	10	0
Do., for Widows' Fd.	0	10	0
Blakeney	1	2	0
Bognor	1	10	3
Bolton and Farnworth. Aux.	202	4	8
Bosham	1	10	0
Bournemouth—			
W. J. Loch, Esq	2	0	0
The Misses E. and M. Crisp, for Female Boarding School, Salem	3	0	0
Braintree	14	10	5
Bristol. Ladies' Committee, for Female Missions	22	12	9
Buckloe Hill. Cong. Ch.	3	0	0
Bysworth. Rev. R. Gould	100	0	0
Cambridge. Rev. W. H. Bennett, M.A.	1	15	0
Caversham Hill	5	4	2
Chandle Holme. Ladies' Aux.	4	2	
Cheltenham	5	1	0
Chester. Albion Park	0	10	0
Chichester	20	14	10
Clevedon—			
Miss G. Northmore	0	10	0
United Ladies' Zenana Working Society for Zenana Mission, for Calcutta Home	12	0	0
Coventry. Vicar Lane Ch.	50	5	4
Croston	1	9	7
Dacre, nr. Pateley Bridge	1	7	6
Darlington. Cong. Ch.	44	7	0
Daventry. Cong. Ch.	13	17	9
Debenham	2	16	3
Dursbury. Aux.	8	11	1
Dorchester	6	0	0
Dorking	0	5	8
Eastbourne. Mrs. Neller	3	1	0

Ebbw Vale. Tabernacle, Eng. Ch.	4	2	10
Egham. Aux.	23	0	0
Epsom. Aux.	13	12	0
Essex—			
Auxiliary	1	19	3
"A Shamrock," for Medical Missions in Madagascar	1	1	0
Feversham. Coll. by Miss Hill	1	15	8
Folking	1	8	6
Glossop. Rev. G. Sadler and Friends	10	0	0
Gosport. Aux.	55	5	10
Guildford. Aux.	21	16	3
Halifax. Aux.	12	16	5
Harpenden	3	13	10
Harrogate. Cong. Ch.	10	0	0
Haverhill. Old Independent Ch.	21	13	10
Henley. Aux.	15	0	0
Horsham	11	13	11
Hertford	7	11	0
Holywoodside	6	11	0
Hungerford	3	5	2
Ipswich. St. Clement's	3	3	0
Kelvedon. Coll.	3	0	0
Keslay	1	9	0
Lancashire (West). Aux.	300	0	0
Lancaster. Aux.	398	16	6
Leamington. Mrs. G. Potter	5	0	0
Leicestershire—			
Auxiliary	84	16	7
Ladies' Aux., for Zenana Work at Mirzapore	15	0	0
Leicester. Miss Dora Brewis, for Dr. Mawbey's Medical Work, Hankow	0	10	0
Linton	1	0	0
Liverpool—			
Mr. S. M. Bulley	0	10	6
Grove St. Welsh Ch.	24	11	7
Macclesfield. Park Green Ch.	30	12	0
Manchester. A Friend, for the Schooner "Mary," New Guinea	150	0	0
Margate. The late Mr. T. P. Cobb	1	1	0
Market Harborough. Aux.	15	0	4
Melksham	7	1	7
Meole, near, Shrewsbury. Legacy of the late Thos. Hewitt, Esq., one-third of Residue	1600	0	0
Middlesborough. Legacy of the late Martha Buckney	17	19	1
Monmouth. Glendower St.	5	16	0
Morpeth. Widows' Fund	2	2	0
Newcastle-on-Tyne—			
Mrs. Hudson, for Mrs. Montgomery's Work, Madagascar	1	0	0
Eighton Banks, per Rev. H. A. Hutchison	1	9	0
New Inn. Cong. Ch.	6	12	11
Newport (Gloucestershire)	5	13	6
Norton Fitz Warren	2	7	8
Norwich. Collected by Miss Emily Gaze, for Schools at Cuddapah, care of Rev. A. R. Gaze	8	8	6
Nottingham. Aux.	100	0	0
Oldbury, nr. Birmingham	2	0	0
Ormskirk. Cong. Ch.	4	18	0
Oxford. George St.	18	10	6
Pembury	3	3	6
Plymouth. Aux.	321	6	3
Ramsbottom. Park Ch.	5	13	0
Ramsgate. Aux.	44	13	8
Reading—			
G. Palmer, Esq., M.P.	50	0	0
Castle Street Ch., for Zenana Missions	0	5	0
Miss Hunter, 1881-83	0	10	0
Ringwood. "J."	25	0	0
Rochdale. Aux.	42	0	6
Ryde. Miss Mary Young	2	0	0
St. Helens. Aux., W. W. Pilkington, Esq.	50	0	0
Sandbach. J. C. Billington, Esq.	5	0	0
Sandford	10	5	3
Scagglethorpe. Mrs. Hamilton	1	0	0
Shotersbus. Alma Rd.	6	0	0
Sheffield—			
Aux.	6	11	2
Mr. Cecil H. Wilson	1	0	0
Shrewsbury. Swan Hill Aux.	43	5	5
Stockport. Aux.	165	8	1
Stockton-on-Tees. Norton Road	11	16	1
Stoke-on-Trent	9	3	4
Stratford-on-Avon. Annuity of the late R. Fisher, Esq.	12	3	3
Stroud. Old Chapel Aux.	10	12	6
Sunderland. Fawcett St.	17	16	6
Taunton. Pupils of the Independent College	1	0	0
Titchfield	5	5	9
Tiverton. A. Z. Weber	0	10	0
Tonbridge	4	10	1
Torquay. Aux.	10	10	0
Tunbridge Wells. Aux.	5	4	7
Ventnor. "A Friend," for Female Missions, per Mrs. Edminson	0	10	0
Wakefield. Zion Ladies' Sewing Society, for Rev. I. H. Hacker's School, Neyoor	20	0	0
Wallingford. Legacy of the late Chas. Morrell, Esq. (additional)	900	0	0
Weston-super-Mare—			
Dr. F. S. Gervis, for Widows' Fund	1	0	0
Messrs. Phillips and Perry, for Native Preacher, care of Rev. M. Phillips, Salem	18	0	0
Widnes. Milton Cong. Ch.	4	10	6
Wiltshire, &c. Per Rev. Thos. Mann	10	5	0
Wimborne	1	13	4
Winslcombe—			
Additional	1	0	0
Friends, per Rev. T. S. Macey, for Bell at Analamahitsy, Madagascar	4	0	0
Worthing	28	19	6
Writh, near Edge. "A. B."	300	0	0

WALES

Anglesey. Aux. (add'l)	0	2	6
Bethel, St. Florence, and Newton Manorbier	11	7	
Blaina, Beron, and English Churches	13	13	2
Borth, near Portmadoc.	1	7	9
Brynmbo, Bryn Seion	2	5	4
Cardiganshire. Aux.	16	3	5
Carmarthenshire—			
Lower Division	123	4	7
North District	3	18	4
Carnarvonshire. South-West District	2	12	0
Glamorganshire (West). Aux.	6	0	
Gross Wen and Branches	8	16	4
Hanover, nr. Abergavenny	27	0	0
Haverfordwest. Aux.	29	3	0
Hanllan	10	16	6
Holywell. Greenfield, Ebenezer Ch.	0	10	3
Llanelly. District Aux.	0	19	3

Llanedarn. Carmel Ch.	2	8	0
Llanuppia, nr. Pontypridd. Salem Ch.	1	15	9
Maesteg. Carmel Ch.	8	18	5
Merthyr Tydfil. Market Square	4	10	10
Monmouthshire. Welsh Churches	38	15	3
Montgomeryshire. Aux.	5	17	3
Penford, Narberth. "A Friend of the Missionary"	0	2	0
Rhyl Aux.	7	5	11
Do. Rhuddlan	0	7	2
Swansea—			
Carmarthen Rd. Ch.	2	14	2
St. Paul's Ch.	16	12	4
Tiers Cross	0	15	0
Upper Bangor	3	16	0

SCOTLAND.

"A. H. Y." †	100	0	0
Beith. "A Friend," for Coimbatore, per Rev. H. A. Hutchison	1	0	0
Crieff. Mr. T. Peddie	2	0	0
Dundee—			
Aux. (add'l)	0	10	0
Ladies' Aux., for Female Missions	16	17	6
"K. E. R."	10	0	0
Edinburgh—			
Legacy of the late Alex. Gifford, Esq.	900	0	0
The late Mrs. D. B. Miller	1	0	0
St. Augustine's Ch., Legacy of the late Miss Charlotte Munro	150	5	7
Residue of Estate of the late Mrs. Biddle	421	19	9
"W. McC."	50	0	0
Do., for Cent'l Africa	50	0	0
Mr. A. Crawford	1	0	0
"S." per Rev. J. Gilmour, for Mongolian Mission	2	0	0
Falkirk. "A Friend of Missions"	4	0	0
Glasgow—			
R.U. Ch., Muslin St. "A Friend,"	0	3	0
Per Mr. J. R. Cruikshank		1	6
Mr. Hamilton Gibb	0	11	0
Greenock. Aux.	37	8	0
Huntly. Aux.	23	8	6
Kirkcaldy. Mr. R. Philps' Annuity	4	0	0
Melrose. Legacy of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Walker	45	13	7
Nairn. Legacy of the late Mrs. Marchbank	26	19	5
Partick—			
Wellington Street, Mothers' Meeting, for Girls' Sch., Peking	6	15	0
Mrs. S. McCulloch, for do.	1	0	0
Stuartfield	3	2	0
Walkerburn. Christian Fellowship Assoc.	6	10	0
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.			
Alva	6	17	9
Arbroath	4	11	6
Auchterarder	4	3	11
Bothwell	1	1	0
Buckie	0	15	6
Burntisland	7	3	3
Callander	14	15	0
Castle Douglas	6	16	4
Cupar Fife	0	10	0
Dollar	7	12	0
Douglas	5	15	7
Dumfries	5	1	1
Dunfermline	5	10	0
Edinburgh	2	11	0
Glasgow	0	2	0
Grangemouth	4	14	7
Huntly	1	0	0
Inverness	15	10	0
Inveraray	1	5	6
Kilmarnock	10	14	8
Kilwinning	2	11	10
Lesmahago	9	1	10
Lockerbie	8	10	2
Newton Stewart	8	17	9
Norham	0	18	6
Old Cumnock	2	4	2
Orkney	0	10	0
Peterhead	11	13	6
Portsoy	0	16	5
Selkirk	10	13	2
Stow	2	2	11
Stranraer	10	13	2
Tillicoultry	1	0	0

IRELAND.

"E. & C. B," a Thank-offering	1	0	0
Belfast. Legacy of the late Mrs. Heron, one-fifth of Residue	231	6	9
Coleraine—			
For Indian Schools, &c.	13	4	0
Interest on Legacy of the late James McCurdy, Esq.	19	10	0
Cork—			
Rev. W. Magill, for Central Africa	1	0	0
Miss A. K. Ashe	0	5	0
Newtown, in Ireland. Mr. *Kennedy*	1	12	0
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham.			
Clonakilty	0	18	6
Cork	17	14	10
Dundalk	20	0	0

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL SOCIETIES, &c.

Allegheny (U.S.A.). Mr. Jno. Peebles	1	0	0
Basle. Miss R. Bachelin, for Madagascar	400 francs		
Geneva. Ladies' Association of the National Church	30	8	11
Guelph (Canada). C. J. Mickle, Esq.	1	12	1
Madras. Rev. H. Rice	2	2	0

AUSTRALIA.

Sydney. Burwood (N.S.W.), Coll. by Mrs. Howden, for Female Missions	15	0	6
Dunedin (New Zealand). Legacy of the late Farquharson Procter, Esq.	300	0	0

MISSION STATIONS.

Jamaica—			
Per Rev. T. H. Clark.			
Broad Nut Bottom Juv. Aux., for Central Africa	2	0	0
Chapelton, for do.	2	0	0
First HILL Aux., for do.	1	14	0
Raratongan Contributions	20	0	0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

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MADAGASCAR.—ROYAL TOMBS AT AMBOHIMANGA

THE CHRONICLE
OF THE
London Missionary Society.

I.—Madagascar.

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

SINCE the publication of our September number, the mail from Madagascar has been delivered in London, bringing intelligence from the capital to July 20th, and from Mauritius to August 14th. Of the missionary party, numbering nineteen individuals, who proceeded to the coast with the intention of embarking for England, all returned to the capital with the exception of the Rev. George Cousins, the Rev. B. Briggs, Mrs. Briggs, and child. These friends leaving the neighbourhood of Tamatave, after a most trying journey down the coast to Mananzary, secured passages on board a small vessel bound for Mauritius, where they arrived on the 13th of August.

Through the public press our readers will have heard of the release of Mr. Shaw from his unjust and painful imprisonment by order of the French naval commander. It was with intense satisfaction that, on the 10th ult., the Directors received a letter in Mr. Shaw's own handwriting (the first that has reached them since his arrest), announcing his liberation, after nearly two months' confinement on board the French war-ships *La Nievre* and *La Flore*. In that letter our brother gives a summary of events from the date of his arrest onward; and his statements, although necessarily brief, furnish a conclusive reply to charges alleged against him by the late Admiral Pierre in a letter addressed to the Governor of Mauritius, and which appeared in the *Times* of the 11th ult. Mr. Shaw writes as follows:—

"On the Saturday after the bombardment, I was told to go to the fort for the permits for my servants; it being stated by the 'Maire' that there was no difficulty in my case in allowing them, and they would be given at

once. On arrival I found the Maire there before me, who accused me to the Commandant du Fort of having Hovas among my servants, as the names I had written testified. I denied it, but the Commandant said 'I keep you in *arrestation* till they come here.' I was allowed to write for them, but myself was placed under a guard of four soldiers, and kept in the fort till night, although my servants came. At night I was sent on board the *Nievre*. Always under guard, and not until sixteen days after (and on a Sunday, too), was I examined, alone, by an officer appointed. I then found that meanwhile the alleged cause of arrest had been changed, and now I was accused of having placed poisons and poisoned '*liquids*' in the vicinity of my house, the night before I knew a picket was to be placed in my house the following morning. I showed how, by witnesses, I could prove this to have been utterly impossible, and that the state of my garden filled with *débris* of boxes, cases, wardrobes, &c., was evidence in itself that thieves had been at work in my house during the night while I slept at Mr. Aitken's. The officer simply shrugged his shoulders, and did not question any witness. I was then moved on board the *Flore*, where the rigour of my imprisonment was increased. Placed in a small cabin on the third deck, I was guarded night and day, fed on the rations of the common sailors, and allowed to speak to no one. One hour a day I was allowed to walk on deck. After twenty-two days I was again examined by the Rapporteur, and now I found the specified cause of detention was different from the former two. I was now accused of having been '*Maladroit et imprudent*' regarding the pillage of my dispensary, and that it was not sufficient that I endeavoured to collect up all the bottles; but I ought to have informed the officer in charge of the picket that there might be poisons lying about. I told my examiner that I had informed the officer of the pillage of my cellar and of the dispensary, and concluded that he would take the necessary precautions. My witnesses were examined privately, but so long a time had elapsed, and so great had been the confusion, that I was told they did not bear out my statement that we kept a watch throughout the night before the picket arrived; and, consequently, it was impossible for me or my servants to have gone to my house a mile (nearly) distant. In another fourteen days I was told that if I wrote to the Admiral I might now be allowed to go to Mauritius to visit Mrs. Shaw, as prisoner on parole, agreeing to return for the court-martial, my case still having to go through two other officers' hands before arriving at the final stage. I eagerly seized the chance and wrote. I waited as patiently as I could, after being made to alter my letter to suit their ideas, for another four days. I was then told that, although I had not the answer, I was sure to go. So arrangements for passage were made without my being allowed to communicate with the shore. Quite late at night I was removed to the *Nievre* with my baggage; and a paper shown me, in which it was stated that, as there was not sufficient cause to bring me before a court-martial, I was set at liberty. So after two months, less a day or two, I am declared innocent without coming to judgment, although the ground of complaint was three times changed."

Mr. Shaw's letter is dated St. Denis, Bourbon, August 12th. He was then on his way to Mauritius, which he hoped to reach on the following day. Here he would meet Mrs. Shaw and the rest of the outward party, also the Rev. R. WARDLAW THOMPSON, the Society's foreign secretary. From a telegram despatched by that gentleman from Natal on the 1st September, we learn that Mr. Shaw was with him on board the *Taymouth Castle*, and was about to tranship into the *Garth Castle*, bound for England, where he may be expected to arrive before these pages are in the hands of our readers. Mrs. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, and Mr. George Cousins are also passengers in the same vessel.

While the French troops are occupying important positions on the coast of Madagascar, and causing anxiety and confusion throughout the country, an event has occurred in the capital which may have an important bearing upon the future history of the island. For many months past the health of the Queen RANAVALONA II. had not been good, but no unusual alarm was felt on her behalf. During the early days of July, however, she became seriously ill, and she died on the morning of Friday, the 13th of that month, after a memorable reign of fifteen years. Announcing the event, the Rev. W. E. Cousins writes:—

"She was the first Christian Queen of Madagascar, and we have every reason to believe that her profession of Christianity was thoroughly sincere. Those who knew her best agree in testifying to her simple and earnest Christian faith, and to her consistent life. During the troubles of the past few weeks, she still maintained her trust in God, saying that she had from the beginning rested her kingdom on Him."

Another correspondent thus writes of the late Queen:—

"She joined in the usual evening prayers on Thursday, and her last words and acts were a most befitting conclusion to the peaceful and prosperous times God has given her for the last fifteen years. She declared that she died fully trusting in Jesus Christ as her Saviour. She begged that she should be buried quickly, so that no interruption should happen to the preparation for resisting the French. She charged the Prime Minister and the new Queen to remember that her kingdom was resting upon God, and that they were to continue as before in all matters of religion. She begged them to remember that not one foot of her land was to be given to the French. She named her niece, Razàfindrahèty, as her successor. About two o'clock on the morning of her death, a violent earthquake shook the capital for some twenty seconds."

At two o'clock on the day of the Queen's decease a salute of cannon announced that event, and the accession of a successor. Respecting the new sovereign, who bears the title of RANAVALONA III., we have received the following particulars :—

"She is the daughter of a sister of the late Queen, and about twenty years of age. Her mother and grandmother are still living. She was first educated in the country district by one of our (L. M. S.) native teachers. She then entered a school in the capital, then was for some time in the school taught by Miss Gilpin, a member of the Society of Friends, and for some years after was in the London Missionary Society's girls' school at Ambòdin Andohalo. She is clever for a Malagasy, having been in the first class of our school for some years. She is well behaved, rather proud and haughty, somewhat hasty in speech, and easily provoked. Her husband, a relative of the Queen, died a few months ago. She is childless, and will doubtless become the wife of the Prime Minister, who was the husband of the late Queen."

Writing from the capital on the same evening, Mr. Cousins observes : "To-night the town is as quiet as if nothing extraordinary had happened." On the 19th he adds : "In order to prevent any interruption of the war preparations, the funeral ceremonies have been much curtailed. On Saturday the usual visits of condolence were paid, and on Monday, after a service in the Palace church, the body was removed to Ambohimanga. On Tuesday night the funeral took place, and yesterday a number of oxen were slaughtered. This was the conclusion of the funeral ceremonies." Respecting these events the Rev. J. RICHARDSON gives the following more detailed narrative :—

"On Monday morning, July 16th, the capital was crowded with vast numbers of people from a very early hour. Before ten o'clock the body of the late Queen, in a wooden coffin, with thin silver lining and covered with a crimson cloth, was removed from the great palace, and to the playing of bands, firing of rifles, &c., was placed in the centre of the palace church. The Prime Minister and chief officers, in full military uniforms, were the pall bearers, the Prime Minister being chief mourner. The chapel was soon crowded, the foreign residents filling up one side of the church from the Queen's pew to the door. A very simple service was performed, commencing with the Queen's favourite opening hymn, 'Praise God the Creator,' given out by one of her chaplains, Andriambèlo, accompanied by the organ. It was sung in tears. The chief judge then offered prayer, all kneeling. Then came another hymn, which the late Queen was never tired of hearing and singing, 'Come, Holy Ghost.' The Scriptures were then read, followed by another prayer. The nwe had a most beautiful little address from Andriambèlo, in which he passed briefly in review the chief events of the late Queen's life ; saying how she was born in 1828, became a

Christian in 1845, ascended the throne in 1868, was baptized the same year, and how she had ever since been most solicitous for the welfare of Christ's Kingdom. He said that for the past seven or eight years he had never known her once absent from family, worship and reading the Bible in her own room at evening prayer. How she had the church built, &c., &c., and that even in taking tobacco, as is the universal Malagasy custom, she first gave God thanks for it. He mentioned many little proofs of her entire dependence upon God, and her desire that all her people should continue in serving the Saviour she had learned to love. It was really a most touching service. There was another prayer, then the usual hymn, 'Lord dismiss us with thy blessing.' The congregation was deeply moved, and, from the Prime Minister downwards, there was much weeping.

"The foreigners left the chapel by the Queen's entrance to the east, and the body was taken out by the west door. We passed through the soldiers and vast crowd, and went to the Andohâlo Plain, where we waited for the procession.

"At 12.30, the cannons announced the departure from the palace. Three large bodies of soldiers came first, with loaded guns and two cannons. Then about fifty officers in full uniform; then the bier, preceded by twenty men in black coats and tall hats, with white scarves, and carrying crowns in scarlet and gold cardboard at the top of long poles covered with scarlet cloth. On the bier, the brass French half-tester bedstead completely covered by scarlet cloth and surmounted by a gold crown, were stationed four officers in uniform at the four corners, directing the people who were carrying it. Bands and flags, half-scarlet and half-white joined diagonally, were stationed on various intervals. The silk flag was nearest the bier, and all were surrounded by spearsmen with spears and shields. The Prime Minister accompanied the procession to Andohâlo—at the fire of muskets and cannon he returned, after having sent a message of thanks by one of the chief officers to me. A company of soldiers followed the bier, and then a great crowd of people mourning.

"The great bulk of the foreigners dispersed at Andohâlo, but five of the London Missionary Society's missionaries joined the procession, and, borne along by the surging thousands, we followed the procession to within half-a-mile of Ambòhimànga, the ancient capital, some twelve or fourteen miles to the north. It took us six hours to do the journey, and everywhere along the road we passed crowds of people sitting by the roadside, the women wailing, and most of them displaying genuine grief at the loss of their sovereign, the soldiers standing with reversed arms. No mishap occurred. The bands never ceased playing; the companies of soldiers kept up the firing all the way; and at sunset we returned, feeling that we had paid our last token of respect to a sovereign who had endeared herself to her people, and whose memory will be sweet for generations. The procession must have been more than a mile in length. We saw vast crowds of people in the neighbourhood of Ambòhimànga, and we could hear the cannon firing, for some miles on our way back.

"The body lay in state at Ambòhimànga on Tuesday, and at sunset it was deposited in the same vault where the remains of the persecuting Queen Ranavalona I. lie. For the first time in the history of Madagascar has a sovereign been buried in an old tomb. The late Queen so decreed it, saying that her people had enough to do in fighting for their fatherland, and that they should get through her funeral ceremonies as quickly as possible."

Respecting the state of affairs in the capital, the missionaries write:—

"As to the present state of affairs here, there is but little to say. We are thus far in no danger, and suffer only the minor inconveniences arising from the cessation of all communication with Tamatave. If the present situation should be long maintained, we shall be in great straits for want of English stores. Goods shipped by the *Eliezer* and the *Taymouth Castle* have been sent to Mauritius or some other port. The people are friendly, and the xcitement is far less than it was. But we do not know from week to week what course events may take, and are consequently in a state of much anxiety and uncertainty.

"On Monday we intend holding our annual meeting. Last Thursday the Congregational Union meeting was held, and was well attended. The whole of the meeting was devoted to addresses and prayers having a special reference to the present state of the country. Special prayer meetings are held constantly, both in town and country; and though this may prove a sifting time, and may lessen our adherents, it seems likely, on the other hand, to lead to more prayerfulness and dependence on God."

PETITION AGAINST THE OPIUM TRADE.

On the 6th of August Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P., presented to the House of Commons a petition against the opium trade from the Protestant missionaries in China.

After pointing out the connection of the British Government with the trade, its rapid increase, and that of the native growth of opium, the injury done to commerce and to the work of Christian missionaries, &c., the petition concludes with the following prayer:—

"Your petitioners therefore humbly pray that your Honourable House will early consider this question with the utmost care, take measures to remove from the British treaty with China the clause legalising the opium trade, and restrict the growth of the poppy in India within the narrowest possible limits. Your Honourable House will thus leave China free to deal with the gigantic evil which is eating out her strength, and will at the same time remove a great hindrance to legitimate commerce, and to the spread of the Christian religion in this country. We also implore your Honourable House so to legislate as to prevent opium from becoming as great a scourge to the native races of India and Burma as it is to the Chinese; for our knowledge of the evil done to the Chinese leads us to feel the most justifiable alarm, lest other races should be brought to suffer like them from the curse of opium."

II.—The Late Rev. Dr. Moffat.

A CAREFUL study of the life-course of Dr. Moffat and his excellent wife will richly repay those, whether young or old, who can rightly estimate true nobility and who have high spiritual sympathies. Born in the same year (1795), and married in 1819, they spent together fifty years of wedded life, united by many ties, one in faith and sympathy, in object and effort, enduring, labouring, and rejoicing together. They now rest from this world's battle and burden, and are together learning more fully than ever before the meaning of the expression "the crown of life."

ROBERT MOFFAT was born at Ormiston, East Lothian, Scotland, on December 21st, 1795—the year of the foundation of the London Missionary Society. Godly influences gathered around him from his infancy. During his school-days circumstances led him to try a seafaring life; but God, who had important work for him to do, led him in a different direction, and, after returning to school for a time, he was apprenticed as a "Scotch gardener." Subsequently, he carried on the study and practice of horticulture in a situation in Cheshire. When leaving home to undertake this work, the earnest pleadings of a mother to whom the Bible was precious drew from him the promise that he would read that sacred volume, which, in later years, he sought by long and persevering effort to open, in the Sechwana language, to the reading of the people among whom he laboured for Christ. In Cheshire his mother's prayers followed him, and God, in one of His strange modes, spoke to him in two lines of a placard containing the words "London Missionary Society" and "Rev. William Roby, of Manchester." This, in Divine hands, was enough, and the current of his whole after-life was affected by these words. The meeting which the placard announced had been held, but the idea involved in the words "London Missionary Society" laid hold upon him and wrought "an entire revolution in his views and prospects;" while a direction to his inquiries was given in the name of Mr. Roby, in whom he found a friend, pastor, and tutor. After joining the church in Grosvenor Street, Manchester, over which Mr. Roby presided, the words on the placard, "London

Missionary Society," took effect in his offering himself to that Society for missionary service. Having been accepted for this work, he spent a short time in preparatory study under the efficient guidance of Mr. Roby.

On September 30th, 1816, before he had completed his twenty-first year, he, with eight other young missionaries, was ordained to this work in Surrey Chapel. Of this number four were designed for service in the South Seas, one of whom was John Williams. The other five, including Robert Moffat, were appointed to the South African Mission, and sailed for the Cape Colony on October 31st. Arriving at Cape Town, the subject of this sketch was detained there for eight months, because permission to carry the message of life to the heathen beyond the colony was for a time refused. He, however, turned this time of delay to good account by studying the Dutch language, which gave him useful access to settlers of Dutch descent and to those of their native servants who had gained some knowledge of this language. While waiting for the opportunity of prosecuting his mission in the interior, the offer of a Government appointment as Resident with a Kafir chief was made to him; but this he declined on principle, considering that in holding such a position his action and influence as a Christian missionary would be restricted.

Meeting at Cape Town, in 1817, Mr. Ebner, one of the Society's missionaries, who was returning to his field of work among the Hottentots in Namaqualand, he was led to proceed thither, where he was brought into contact with the Chief Africaner, and resided at his kraal. Africaner, exasperated at the unjust treatment which he and his people had experienced at the hands of Dutch settlers, had been driven to acts of violence, which had led to his being outlawed. By God's blessing on the life and teaching of the young missionary, Africaner was led to submit to the benign rule of Jesus Christ. After staying for several months at Africaner's kraal, he visited Griqua Town and thence proceeded to Lattakoo, where he first met, in their own country, the Bechwanas, among whom he afterwards worked so long and with such remarkable effect. Having returned to Africaner's kraal, he, in 1819, set out for Cape Town, taking with him Africaner, who, now the humble follower of Christ, was looked

upon in the colony with great astonishment by those who knew his former history, and now saw in him the blessed fruit of the Gospel.

During this visit to Cape Town he married Miss Mary Smith, to whom he had been engaged in England, and who had recently arrived in the colony, and who for fifty years, by her firm faith, wise suggestions, and womanly tact, added much to his comfort, his influence, and his usefulness. On leaving Cape Town, instead of returning to Africaner's kraal, he accompanied the Rev. John Campbell on his second deputation visit to the stations in the interior.

Having been appointed to the mission among the Bechwanas, he, when Mr. Campbell returned to the Colony, settled for a time at Griqua Town and vigorously laboured in the acquisition of the Sechwana language—no easy task. In 1821, at the invitation of the Chief Mothibi, he removed to New Lattakoo, afterwards called Kuruman, where for many years he was associated with Mr. Hamilton, whom he calls the "father of the Bechwana Mission." In the midst of many alarms, difficulties, and privations, these earnest Christian pioneers pursued their various forms of work, preaching the Gospel, translating the Scriptures, preparing hymns and simple Christian books for the press, and exerting a general civilising influence. Some results of their hard and often disappointing work by slow degrees became visible, and this was more distinctly seen about 1828. In 1829 Mr. Moffat set out to visit Moselekatse, the chief of the Matebele, which visit opened the way for important issues in later years. In 1830, as he had completed a version of the Gospel by Luke, and various elementary books, in the Sechwana language, he, with his family, visited Cape Town to carry this literary work through the press, which, after some difficulty and delay, was accomplished. Another visit to Matebele Land was paid in 1835 when the establishment of a mission in his country was proposed to Moselekatse, and received his cordial consent.

During this time, in the midst of many other duties, both secular and religious, he had been diligently carrying on translation work, and, having completed a Sechwana version of the New Testament, he set out with his family, at the close of 1838, to proceed to Cape Town to arrange for its being printed there: but, his efforts for this

purpose failing, he decided to proceed to England, where he arrived in June, 1839, and carried this important work through the press during his stay. During that visit, by his public addresses, he produced a deep impression upon a wide circle. Respecting this effect, the late Dr. Mullens wrote: "Many yet living remember the fascination which his speeches and addresses exercised upon all who heard them. The thrilling narratives, the tender feeling, the poetic tone, and the pleasant voice always attracted and deeply impressed the lovers of missions."

Returning to Kuruman in December, 1843, he resumed his general duties and continued his work of translation, and, in 1857, had the high satisfaction of completing the Sechwana version of the Old Testament. The joy of his heart in having accomplished this long-desired object found expression in the following words:—"I could hardly believe that I was in the world, so difficult was it for me to realise the fact that my work of so many years was completed. My feelings found vent by my falling upon my knees and thanking God for His grace and goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task." The version of the Old and New Testaments was carried through the press at Kuruman by the Rev. William Ashton, who had previously taken part in its preparation. While this work was going on at Kuruman, Mr. Moffat had an important duty to perform in visiting the Matebele to make arrangements for the establishment of a mission among that people. Returning to Kuruman in 1858, he soon after set out for Cape Town to meet the new missionaries appointed to carry on Christian work both among the Matebele and the Makololo. Leaving Cape Town with some of the party, he accompanied those who were proceeding to Moselekatse's country. The disasters which befell the other party, who were designed to work among the Makololo, form a very sad page in the history of South African missions.

Mr. Moffat returned from Matebele Land in August, 1860, and, in connection with other duties, devoted much labour to the revision of the Sechwana version of the Scriptures. In 1867 the Rev. J. S. Moffat, who had been associated in work with the brethren in Matebele Land, was appointed to join his father at Kuruman, and took part in the general work there and in the surrounding out-stations.

At the same time educational work was very successfully carried on by Miss Moffat at Kuruman.

But the shadows of the earthly day of both Mr. and Mrs. Moffat were lengthening. Many indications showed that their ability to carry on active work in the field was fast diminishing. In 1870 both of them were in their seventy-fifth year, and, yielding to the pressure of failing health, they resigned the work to younger, but tried and able, colleagues, and, with much regret, mingled with devout thankfulness and prayer, left the dear scenes of their long and faithful labour and returned to England, where they arrived in July. The end of Mrs. Moffat's earthly course was then near, and in January, 1871, she entered into eternal rest. Mr. Moffat, gradually improving in health, was able to render much service to the Society and to the Christian Church both in the pulpit and on the platform, where he gave full evidence that the old fire of missionary enthusiasm burned as brightly as ever.

During the last years of his useful life the high estimation in which his character and work were held was shown in various ways. In 1872 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh; in 1873 a testimonial amounting to £5,800 was presented to him; in 1875 the late Dean Stanley showed his broad-heartedness by requesting him to deliver a lecture on African missions in the nave of Westminster Abbey; and, in 1881, especial honour was offered to him in a banquet at the Mansion House by Lord Mayor McArthur, which was attended by a large number of influential friends of Christian missions.

On Thursday, August 9th, at Leigh, near Tonbridge, he received the welcome summons to join the heavenly assembly of "just men made perfect." A large number of loving relatives and friends gathered around his grave in Norwood Cemetery on August 16th. His body rests there, but he still lives in the many results of his labours in South Africa. The "Moffat Institution" at Kuruman records his name, but a better record is found in the hearts and lives of many Bechwanas, some of whom are sharing with him and his devoted wife the joys of the redeemed in heaven, while others—his children in the Gospel—are illustrating its power on earth, while called in many cases to bear heavy burdens of care and loss,

arising from the greed and injustice of Boer and other marauders, who have taken possession of their farms and spoiled them of their cattle and other property, a state of things which deeply saddened the last months of the life of him who had been the father and friend of the natives in both secular and spiritual matters.

A brief extract from an article which appeared in the *Times* newspaper the morning after the funeral of Dr. Moffat will form a fitting conclusion to this sketch :—"Robert Moffat has died in the fulness both of years and honours. His work has been to lay the foundations of the Church in the central regions of South Africa. As far as his influence and that of his coadjutors and successors has extended, it has brought with it unmixed good. His name will be remembered while the South African Church endures; and his example will remain with us as a stimulus to others, and as an abiding proof of what a Christian missionary can be and can do."

At the first meeting of the Directors of the London Missionary Society after the death of Dr. Moffat, the following resolution was adopted :—

"The Directors, while recording the decease of their venerable and venerated friend and devoted missionary, Robert Moffat, desire to recognise the good hand and distinguishing favour of God in the many large-hearted, richly gifted, self-sacrificing, and Christlike men who have been raised up, and specially qualified for the various fields of missionary labour entered upon by the Society since its formation; among the earlier labourers, the moral heroes, the spiritual princes, whom our fathers regarded as heaven-appointed messengers, the Directors feel that Robert Moffat must be regarded as occupying a foremost place.

"Throughout the unusually long period allotted him for Christian service, he carried on his mission work with persistent self-denial and fortitude, and the many tokens of the approval of his Divine Lord received by him while labouring to uplift the down-trodden tribes of South Africa, testified to his fidelity as a servant of Christ, sustained by the overcoming faith of the Gospel, and moved by the influence of Divine love.

"His devout spirit, his Christian gentleness, combined with indomitable courage, his profound humility amid the accumulating honours conferred upon him, and his growing desire that Christ in all things might be glorified, serve to show most distinctly that the mind that was in Christ Jesus was also in him.

"The Directors feel devoutly thankful that their late honoured friend

lived to see that version of the Holy Scriptures revised and carried through the press which he, with his colleagues, had translated and printed at Kuruman for his much-loved Bechwanas; so that, amid his growing anxieties about the immediate future of that tribe, he felt sure that the Word of the Lord would have free course, and be glorified; and that the work in which he had been aided so much and so long by the beloved wife with whom he is now re-united in the heavenly home would be carried on with still growing success by those brethren, of like spirit and faith, who have entered into his labours.

"To the various members of his family, and especially to the daughter who has been the solace and the joy of her much-loved father's declining years, the Directors tender their warmest sympathy, while at the same time feeling there is every reason to rejoice in the assurance that the once devoted Christian labourer on earth has now become a glorified saint in heaven."

It is gratifying to be able to add the following resolution of the Committee of the CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, bearing high testimony to the character and work of our beloved friend:—

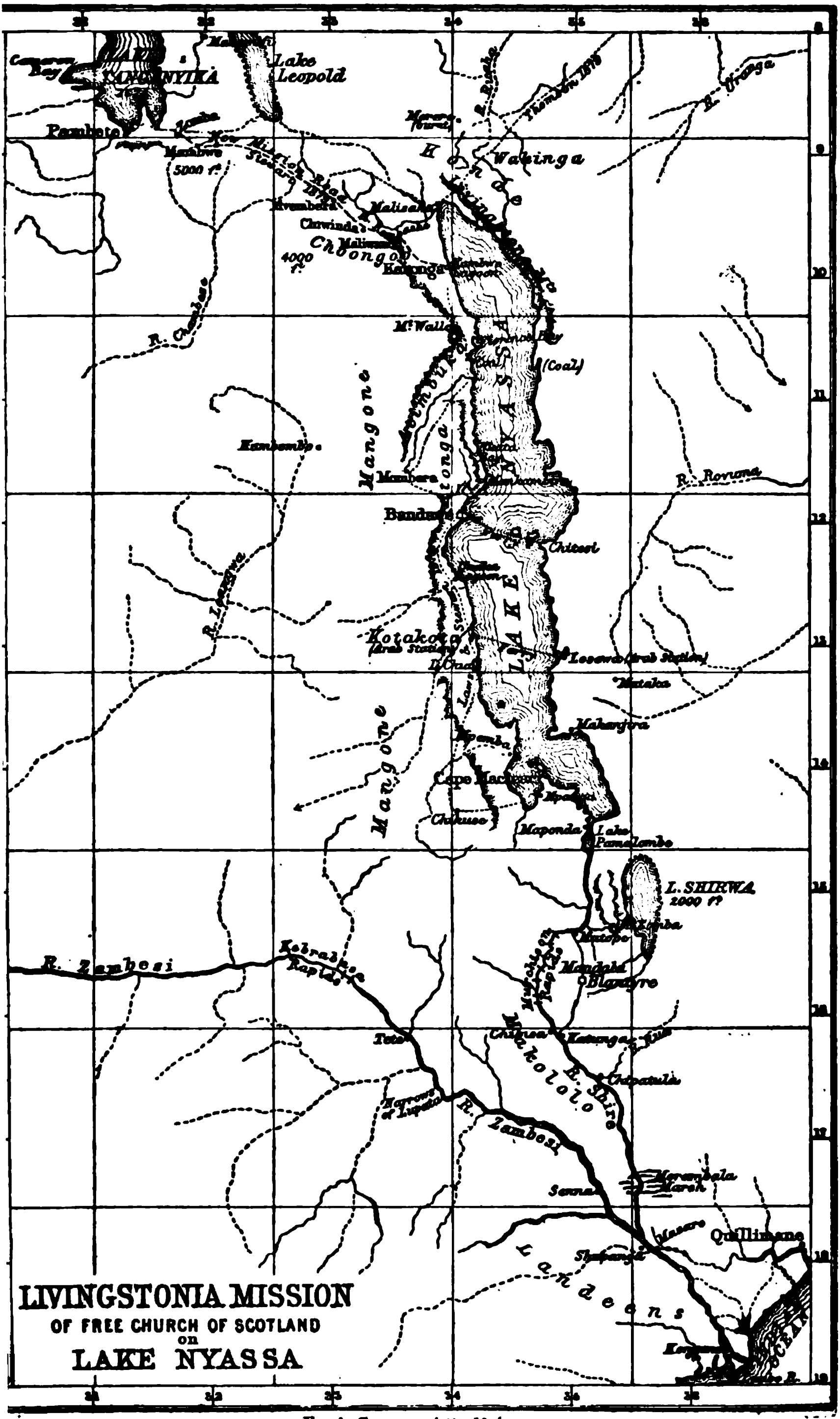
"That the Committee cannot receive the intelligence of the death of the Rev. Dr. Moffat without placing on record their deep sense of the value of his bright example and life-long labours to the cause of Christ in the world. Of Robert Moffat it may be emphatically said that his praise is in all the churches. His name is one of those on the long roll of missionaries which the whole world is compelled to recognise as worthy of its honour. Dr. Moffat's life is, from one point of view, of special interest to the Church Missionary Society. The date of his entering upon his work, 1816, was the date of the foundation of the Church Missionary Society's Mission at Sierra Leone; and the fact, thus strikingly illustrated, that almost the whole of this Society's work in Africa, and indeed in the entire mission-field, has been carried on within the period covered by one man's career calls for devout thanksgiving to God for the great and abundant blessing vouchsafed to missionary labour in so comparatively short a time. The Committee direct the Secretaries to convey to the Directors of the London Missionary Society the assurance of their sympathy with that Society in the loss of the patriarch of its missionary staff."

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD, FROM HENCEFORTH: YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS; AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

III.—Central African Steamer "Good News."

AS our readers are aware, the steam launch *Good News* built by order of the Directors for the service of the Society's mission on LAKE TANGANYIKA, was, in the month of January last, despatched from this country in sections, under the care of a practical engineer, MR. JAMES ROXBURGH. The difficult and arduous duty of transhipment, at Aden, having been accomplished, the numerous packages were, with trifling exceptions, landed intact at QUILLIMANE, whence the AFRICAN LAKES COMPANY had agreed to transport them to the South End of Tanganyika. By the beginning of April, all the cases had left Quillimane and were being conveyed towards their destination. On the 21st of that month Mr. Roxburgh reached MANDALA, where he overtook the first consignment by land and river. Here he was remaining at the date of our last advices, July 3rd. Two cargoes of material had, in the meantime, been despatched in the *Ilala*, the first of which was landed at the North End of LAKE NYASSA on the 24th of May, and the second cargo reported as fairly forward. On the return of the *Ilala*, probably about the middle of July, Mr. Roxburgh would himself accompany the third cargo up the lake. At this point the most difficult part of the journey will commence, the road between lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika being still under construction, and rapid progress appearing impracticable. All being well, however, it is hoped that everything will be delivered, at a place to be agreed upon at the South End of Lake Tanganyika, before the end of the present year, when CAPTAIN HORE and his colleagues, with the engineer, will proceed with the work of reconstruction as quickly as possible. The accompanying map will enable our readers to follow the course of the vessel to its proposed station. The following description of his novel experiences, communicated by Mr. Roxburgh, may not prove uninteresting:—

"I sailed from Quillimane," he writes, "on Thursday, 5th April, with a crew of eight natives—six to propel the boat with oars, one to steer, and one to cook my food by the way. The boat is an ordinary wooden cutter, about twenty-two feet long; it is fitted with a little wooden house at the stern, just large enough for one to sleep in, but four may have sitting room in it. There is a very strong current in the Qua Qua River, and for the first day or two we made but slow progress. We only sail during the day and lie at anchor all night. When we stop for the night, my men all



LIVINGSTONIA MISSION
OF FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND
on
LAKE NYASSA

Each Square 100 Miles

go ashore and kindle a large fire to boil their rice, which I have to measure out to them at the rate of a cupful to each man. They keep their fire burning all night to frighten away wild beasts, which are very numerous on the banks of this river. The men get inside large grass mats sewn up like potato bags are at home, only sufficiently open at one end; once in, they are not long till they are fast asleep. I slept on board the boat, fitted up my bed in the little house, and was fairly comfortable had it not been for the mosquitoes.

"I arrived at Marindiny, my destination on this river, on the 11th of April, being six days from Quillimane. On arriving there, I had to engage about twenty men to carry my boxes and some fittings of steamer I brought with me in the boat. I had also to engage four men to carry me over the water, as two miles of the road to Mazaro or Mururo, is at present covered with water, some of it over four feet deep; this road is quite dry, I am informed, nearly all the year, except in the wet season. I arrived at Mururo, on the afternoon of the above date. The African Lakes Company have a fine station here for storing goods; about one-half of the *Good News* was there when I arrived. I slept there for the night, and sailed early the following morning, 12th of April, on board the *Lady Nyassa* for Katungos, on the River Shire. I was very much struck with the great width of the Zambesi River here. On our route, on the 13th, we came up to Shapanga House on the river side, where Mrs. Livingstone died and was buried. On the following day we entered the River Shire, and passed close to the grave of the late Bishop McKenzie of the Universities Mission; we saw nothing more of interest on the voyage, except crocodiles and hippopotami which seem to be very plentiful on this river. We arrived at Katungos, the nearest point to Mandala, on Tuesday, 17th of April, being twelve days from Quillimane, and five-and-a-half from Mururo; the African Lakes Company have a very small house here, in charge of an old man, who receives all the goods landed from the steamer, and obtains carriers to Mandala. I left Katungos on Friday about 11 a.m., and slept at a small village about half-way for the night. I got a native kraal to sleep in for one-and-a-half yards of calico; I was hungry, and I bought a fowl for one foot of calico, got it cooked, and then enjoyed a good sound sleep; rose about 5 a.m., and with a little difficulty got my men together, and set out for Mandala, which I reached at 11.30 a.m., all well but very tired. I was kindly received by Mr. Muir, of the African Lakes Company."

Mr. Roxburgh did not escape the African fever. Soon after his arrival at Mandala he had a very severe attack; but, under the kind and unwearied attention of the Blantyre missionary doctor, he rapidly recovered, and at the date of his last letter was in good health. In other ways he has received much sympathy and practical assistance from members of the Free Church Mission generally, to whom we would tender our warmest acknowledgments.

IV.—Society Islands—Maupiti.

By the Rev. E. V. Cooper.

MAUPITI is one of the extremes of our group. It is a very small island—really one rock—having a very picturesque appearance, and containing about 450 of a population. Its geographical position is 180 miles N.N.W. of Tahiti. It is nearly forty miles from the Island of Borabora—the two islands being under the same government. Considerable difficulty is often experienced by boats and vessels of small burthen in getting into the harbour of Maupiti; there is only one entrance, and that very small, and inaccessible when certain winds prevail or when a heavy sea is running. On one of the journeys of my colleague, the Rev. A. Pearse, to Maupiti, the passage was reached, but could not be entered, and he was obliged to return to Raiatèa.

The purpose of our recent visit was to be present and assist at the opening of a new chapel. We left Raiatèa on Saturday morning, February 10th, in the schooner *Dolly*, a little vessel of forty tons burthen. I may say here that we half chartered this vessel for our trip, because, during the months of January and February, the weather is so uncertain, as to wind and rain, that it is very hazardous to put to sea in boats.

Anchoring in Borabora on the Saturday evening, we remained there until Tuesday morning. We thus had an opportunity of spending a Sunday with the Boraborans—who always appreciate the visits of the missionary. I preached in the forenoon, and Mr. Pearse in the afternoon, whilst we had other opportunities of meeting with the people in a freer manner. We were very pleased with the activity and earnestness displayed by all in the religious work of the island.

On Tuesday morning, the 13th, we sailed from Borabora, taking with us Malachi, the resident native pastor. Wind and sea were alike in our favour, and at four o'clock the same afternoon we were safely anchored in the harbour of Maupiti. We were followed, the next day, by the young Queen of Borabora, her governors and other officials, and about 450 of her people. Owing to the state of the weather, large numbers were able to get down in boats, but nearly 300 were taken down by another schooner, and landed in boats out-

side the passage of Maupiti harbour. So that, on that apparently barren, stony rock, were assembled about 1,000 people.

On our arrival we found the Maupitians busy with preparations for the opening—every one seemed to be employed, down to the children. The men were preparing for the feast, the women were making ready the clothing to be worn. According to native etiquette the work and arrangements specially connected with the opening service, were placed in our hands, and we arranged for no less than ten services in three days. Friday was the day fixed for opening. I wish it had been possible for the constituents of our Society to have seen what we saw that morning on the little-frequented island of Maupiti. It was with considerable difficulty I restrained tears of joy and wonder at the scene before me; it was the first time I had witnessed anything of the kind in these parts, and it made a deep impression on my mind. There were the people of two islands, who, only four years ago, met each other in the conflict of battle, now uniting with each other in glad festival to open and dedicate a new house to the God of peace. There was a procession of state, headed by the queen, who held the keys of the new building, followed by the governors, all attired in European fashion, not a few wearing military uniforms. After the governors came the Maupitians—of whom I would write a few lines. Men, women, and children were all dressed in white, and every article that was worn on the occasion had been made on the island. How many yards of white material had been used, I cannot tell, but there must have been some thousands. Umbrella frames had been covered with white calico, in so finished and workmanlike a manner, that the result would have been creditable to English, accustomed hands. All kinds of flowers were made for trimming hats—and the flowers were really specimens of finished work which we could not help admiring; other styles of trimming were also to be seen, manifesting equal skill. Such proofs of enthusiasm of heart and toil of hand can only be testified to, and realised by, those privileged to see these displays of native Christian ardour. Following the Maupitians were the Boraborans. As the new building was unable to accommodate all who had assembled, the people of the island simply walked through and out again, and left the seats to be occupied by the visitors.

Mr. Pearse opened the service with a statement concerning the

new chapel—the reason for its erection, its cost, and its purpose, and then offered a dedicatory prayer. The privilege was accorded to me of preaching the opening sermon, which was based on the words—"And the children of Israel . . . kept the dedication of the house of God with joy" (Ezra vi. 16). Pardon me here mentioning a little coincidence. The native pastor, Hiomai, has been in charge of the work in Maupiti since his ordination in 1852—so that the length of his pastorate is just the number of years I have passed since my birth—just over thirty. I could not help feeling interested in the coincidence—that the native pastor had had the oversight of the Lord's work there, from the year of my birth. He and Malachi, of Borabora, also assisted in the opening service. The usual feast came after the service, and, later on, two other services were held.

The chapel is a wooden erection, and was built by a native carpenter. It has sitting accommodation for nearly 500—more than all the people on the island. The building is strong, prominent, and nice-looking, is surrounded by a well constructed fence, which encloses a neatly coral-paved yard: it has some twenty English windows, which have Venetian screens attached. The cost of the new chapel is about £1,020, and there remains £150 worth of building material on hand. It is worthy of note that these two sums are paid off, save £40, and that the average contribution of man, woman, and child on the island is over £2 10s., whilst if we also add the cost of clothing and food for the occasion, the whole must amount to nearly £3,000. This is one more illustration of the way in which the Gospel fosters the commerce of the world.

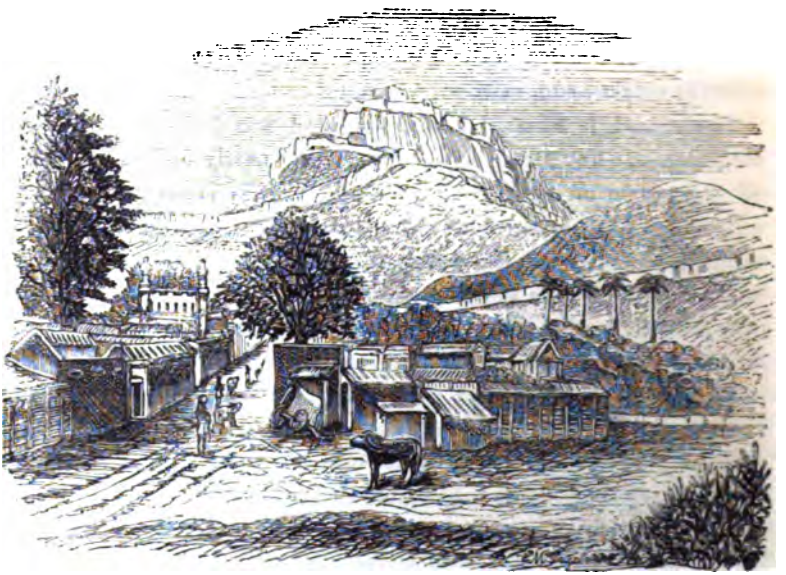
Saturday was principally a children's day, and Sunday the ordinary services were held with the addition of the sacrament, without which the services would have been incomplete.

On the Monday morning, we were fortunate enough to get away—a light breeze took us out of the harbour, and Raiatea was reached the next day. I say fortunate because, whilst the Boraborans were detained through the Monday, discussing the politics of the two islands, on the Tuesday morning a period of very hard weather set in, which lasted for a fortnight, and at this very time the greater portion of the Boraborans are detained in Maupiti waiting for a vessel to take them home.

Our visit was satisfactory, instructive, and encouraging.

V.—South India—Gooty.

THE Telugu mission of the Society in South India is of wide extent, and of great importance. The head-quarters of one of the four districts of which it is composed were, some two years ago, transferred from the town of Nundial to that of GOOTY. This new centre of work is distant ninety-six miles from Cuddapah, and forty-eight miles from Bellary, the line of stations covering nearly three hundred miles from west to east. The area of the Gooty mission is over 4,500 square miles; it has about 700 towns and villages, besides



THE TOWN OF GOOTY.

hamlets, and a population of nearly three-quarters of a million. The population of Gooty, according to the recent census, is 5,394; of whom about 25 per cent. are Mussulmans. The decrease since 1871, owing to the famine, is nearly one-ninth of the total population. The town is small and compact, with one main street. On the south-west side are the European residences, of which there are three, including that of the missionaries. The railway station is two miles distant from Gooty. There also a large village has sprung up. There are several towns with a population almost equal to that of Gooty not far away.

At Gooty a massive precipitous rock springs abruptly from the plain, which, with the outlying rocks, is strongly fortified. The fort was begun in the reign of Krishna Rayel in the fourteenth century. Some 200 years later, after a siege of twelve years, it fell into the hands of the Mussulmans, who only held it a little more than fifty years. About the middle of the eighteenth century, after submitting to one conqueror after another, it fell into the hands of the Mahratta chieftains. One of these (Morari Rau) greatly strengthened the fortifications. In 1776 it was taken by Hyder Ali after a siege of nine months, the water supply having failed. It was taken from Tippu by the English in 1799.

The fort is composed of a number of strong works occupying the summits of a circular cluster of rocky hills, connected with each other, and enclosing a level space which forms the site of the town. (*See engraving.*) The town is approached from the plain by a single fortified gateway on the west, and by two small footpaths across the lower hills communicating through small sally-ports. An immense smooth rock rising from the eastern limit of the circle, and fortified by gradations surmounted by fourteen gateways, overlooks and commands the whole of the other works, and forms a citadel which famine or treachery alone can reduce.

The Society's staff consists of two English missionaries, Rev. W. W. STEPHENSON, and Rev. A. A. DIGNUM, who are assisted by an ordained native evangelist, and several native catechists, &c. Referring to one of the latter, Mr. Stephenson writes:—

"Joseph Goldsmith (so named from his caste being that of a goldsmith) was engaged as a reader in April last. He promises to be quite an acquisition. He is great as a singer, and can always gather an audience, to whom he sings Christian hymns and then explains the meaning of them. About twenty-five years ago, having occasion to go to Venturla, he obtained some Christian books which he carried home with him and read with intense interest. After a while he came in contact with the Rev. E. Porter, and professing his belief in Christ was baptized by that missionary. He constantly read the Scriptures, and occasionally used to tell his mother and brother of what he had been reading, and of his belief in Jesus Christ as the true Saviour. He had to suffer much persecution. His books were torn up, and every possible hindrance put in his way. But, notwithstanding repeated warnings and remonstrances from his brother, he never ceased speaking about Christ to his relatives and to others who came to the house. At length he was obliged to leave home and he went to reside in another village. His mother at last prevailed upon him to return, and he was

allowed to pursue his own course. He still continued reading Christian books and singing Christian hymns. The result of this brave testimony was that some seven years ago his brother was baptized, and is now a Catechist in our Cuddapah Mission, under the Rev. J. R. Bacon. More recently Joseph's testimony has been blessed in the baptism of his wife and their son. We hope great things from his work, and pray God to bless him in all his efforts for the extension of His Kingdom. From the beginning of the present month an additional agent is working. He has been trained for us at Cuddapah."

Respecting work among the heathen, the missionary reports :—

"We are happy to say that, owing to the new arrangements in our mission district and the location of agents in new centres, more has been done during the past year than in the last few years, in preaching to the better class of people in the streets, at markets, and in their own houses. In visiting out-stations every opportunity is seized to work amongst the heathen. Three of our Catechists are engaged almost entirely in this kind of work in the western part of our district, and spend a considerable portion of their time in itinerating tours. They say that wherever they go they are pleased and encouraged by the reception they meet with. On some journeys they have scarcely had time to take their meals, and had to sit up late at night in order to satisfy the desire of a crowd eager after knowledge.

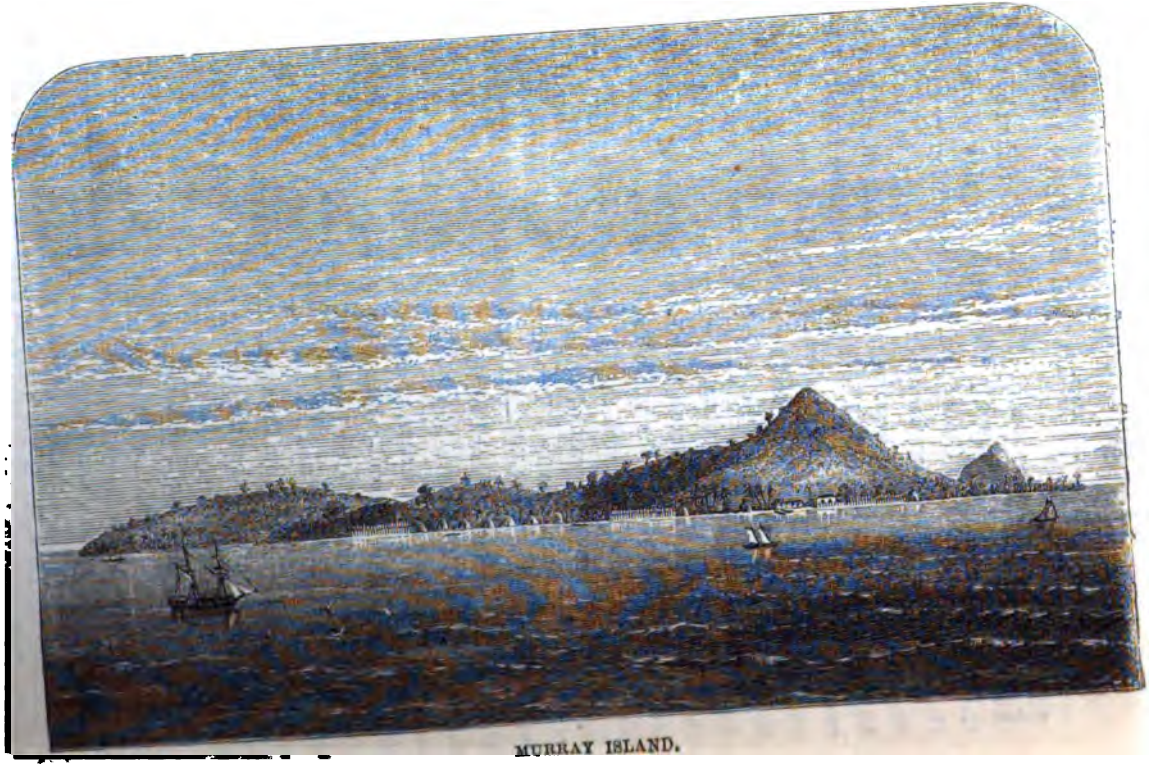
"In former years it was a matter of regret that this aggressive work could not be carried on vigorously. We have, however, made a definite beginning; and now that our mission staff is stronger, both in European missionaries and native agents, we must, as far as possible, devote more time and strength to purely Evangelistic work. The Directors of the Society have sent us out a light English tent, and we hope to use it frequently during the present year, visiting the villages far and near. The work amongst the Sudras (mainly the landowners) is very interesting and hopeful. Almost everywhere the old apathy has changed into willing hearing. The missionary has spent some very happy and cheering days amongst them. We are persuaded that a great work is going on, and that sooner or later a movement will set in towards Christianity among this class of people similar to that amongst the lower castes. But we do not wish to appear too hopeful either with regard to the mass or to individuals; because as we look over old reports of years ago, we see notices of hopefulness with regard to men who are yet as far away as ever. Still there are many, whom we know, whose sympathies are entirely with us. But to the native mind nothing can be more repugnant than the abandonment of what are called caste privileges. For a caste-man to become a Christian frequently involves a snapping asunder of the ties of family and home. A man may wish to be Christ's disciple, and yet shrink from 'hating father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also.' Yet in spite of the difficulties there are many who openly avow their faith in the living God."

VI.—New Guinea Mission.

JOURNAL OF VOYAGE TO THE EASTERN BRANCH.

IN our July number we described a voyage undertaken by the Rev. S. MACFARLANE to the Fly River, with the view of opening up the interior of the New Guinea Continent to missionary enterprise. On the present occasion we have to report a voyage in the opposite direction, undertaken by the same missionary in April and May last, to stations already established, and superintended by Loyalty Island teachers. The statements furnished by Mr. Macfarlane of what he saw and heard are gratifying and hopeful in the extreme; indeed, the transformation effected by the Gospel among the dark and degraded tribes of New Guinea affords a striking parallel to the record of events in Polynesia in the early years of the present century. All honour to the noble band of South Sea evangelists, who, as heralds of the Cross to the regions beyond, have braved numerous perils, not the least of which is found in the unhealthiness of the New Guinea climate. Two more of these native teachers have been removed by death—ISAUN, of Samarai, and WAREWEN, of East Cape. Having heard of the illness of the latter, Mr. Macfarlane, intending to remove him to a sanatorium, had a successor on board. "But," he writes, "although we did not find the labourers, we found the well-cultivated fields ready for the reaper." On May 1st, twelve days after leaving Murray Island (*see engraving*) the *Ellengowan*, with Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane and party on board, anchored off SAMARAI. From the appearance of the place and people, the visitors felt convinced that the glowing reports which had reached them were no exaggeration.

"Early next morning," writes Mr. McFarlane, "the people began to cross from the mainland, and Heath and Haytor Islands, and soon the beach of Samarai was covered with canoes, and the mission premises surrounded by crowds of laughing natives, armed with bundles of sugar-cane, baskets full of yams, and all kinds of native food with pigs and fowls, coming to attack the missionary and his wife. It was a day of great excitement. Whilst the teachers' supplies were being landed, unpacked and divided, the natives were building up an immense pile of native food, which in the evening was presented, with some formality, by two of the chiefs, in the presence of the assembled crowd, who all profess to have embraced Christianity, and were thus showing their gratitude for its blessings of peace which it has brought



MURRAY ISLAND.

to them. I also made them a present which was rather amusing to see the teachers displaying to the best advantage before it was formally handed over to the people.

"May 3rd. The former part of this day was devoted to a visit to IPUNESO's Station, on Haytor Island, which is situated in a fine bay, where there is good anchorage and an abundance of fresh water. The people have built for him a large, neat, substantial dwelling. The chief is a very energetic man, who seems really anxious to lead his people from heathen darkness to Christian life, and to participate in the blessings of civilisation. Twenty-five of those desiring baptism, and approved by the teacher, accompanied us in their canoes to Samarai, where we had one of the most delightful services I have experienced in our New Guinea Mission. *One hundred and eight* of the natives received the ordinance of baptism at that meeting (seventy-six adults and thirty-two children)."

Continuing the voyage, the party set sail for TESTE Island, but, owing to unfavourable winds, they were two days making that port. Calling at MORESBY Island *en route*, it was found that the people there, hoping for the appointment of a teacher, had set apart a piece of land for his use. Arriving at Teste on Saturday evening, too late to anchor before dark, Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane went ashore in the ship's boat.

"6th. *Sabbath.*—Here all the natives attend regularly, and many of them wear European clothing. At the early prayer-meeting some of the natives prayed with fluency and fervency. I preached to them at the morning service. In the afternoon we had several addresses preceding the baptismal service at which I baptized *forty-one* persons (thirty adults and eleven children). A considerable number in the seekers' class, whom the teacher considered fit subjects for baptism, preferred to wait till my next visit. Here, as at Samarai, the people brought a large present of yams, fruit, and fowls.

"8th. Started for the Engineer group *en route* to East Cape. CATEHMA, the Lifu teacher, at Teste, makes good use of his boat, visiting the surrounding groups, where he appears to have acquired great influence over the natives, which has led to the happiest results.

"10th. Anchored at Barabara, East Cape, the station of the late devoted WAREWEN. I arranged with his widow at Teste that she should accompany the new teacher, DIEN, and his wife, and remain with them for a time. The people, who were very much attached to Warewen, were delighted at our arrival, and showed their gratitude by a large present of food, including three pigs. Here we had a very interesting service, at which I baptized *fifty* natives who had been selected by the late teacher for that ordinance. Mrs. McFarlane and I took a walk inland by the banks of a beautifully clear stream, accompanied by a number of natives who well remembered my wife's former visit with our two youngest boys, whose likenesses they at

once recognised. These people appear to have heartily embraced the Gospel. There are amongst them some intelligent-looking earnest local preachers, who have carried the Gospel across the peninsula to the tribes on the northern coast, and to those all round Milne Bay where many of the people have embraced Christianity, and are waiting and longing for some one to instruct them. All work is suspended on the Sabbath, which they mark by knotting a string. The teacher has frequently crossed the peninsula (a good day's walk over the mountains) and preached to the tribes on the northern coast, where they have built a little church for him. The fields here are truly white unto harvest, and there are dozens of intelligent earnest young converts who might at once be gathered into an institution by a missionary settled amongst them, and trained to reap the harvest."

Mr. Macfarlane gives the following description of a visit which he paid to MITA, a village in Milne Bay, about twelve miles to the west of Barabara :—

"I started in the mission boat paddled by ten men. The day was perfectly calm—a glassy sea and a burning sun—so that we could not go in the vessel. After a three hours' hard pull we arrived at the large and well-built house of JAKOBO, an energetic local preacher in charge of the station till a teacher is appointed. A crowd of men, women, and children, welcomed us on the beach. There were two piles of yams, &c., surmounted by half-a-dozen fowls, besides pots of cooked food, awaiting our arrival. Some of the people were dressed in European clothing, all looked pleased at my arrival amongst them, and the leading people were earnest in their request for a teacher. I was astonished and delighted at the number waiting to receive baptism. They were drawn up in lines three deep; *ninety-seven* adults, and *twenty-one* children, in all 118. I spoke to them earnestly. They all stood and declared that they had renounced heathenism and embraced the religion of Jesus.

"On the opposite side sat about a hundred natives, many of them with painted faces, who were not yet prepared to follow their friends. At the conclusion, I addressed these outsiders solemnly, and expressed a hope that on my next visit they would be ready to make an open profession of Christianity. I do not remember, in all my missionary experience, having witnessed such a reformation amongst a heathen people, chiefly by the instrumentality of an uneducated native convert, in so short a time."

On the 12th of May the vessel again reached SAMARAI, the present state of which is an illustration of the material advantages that follow in the wake of the missionary. Mr. Macfarlane writes :—

"We were in time for the afternoon service at which the natives sang very well some of Moody and Sankey's hymns. What a change since I bought this island and began clearing it for a central station! It is a perfect garden. From one-half of the island the thick bush and large trees

(roots and all) have disappeared, and in their place are growing fine cocoa-nut and betelnut-palms, payao, custard and pine apples, bananas, oranges, and lemons, yams, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and melons, all interspersed with the beautiful and gay kibiscus and crotons, with gravel paths like a gentleman's park. Some good European and native buildings have been erected, including a large boat-house. It has become a really valuable property for the Society, and the missionary who settles here will find himself 'in clover,' compared with the place when we first commenced operations, and surrounded by a large population, who will give him a a hearty welcome, and who may become as clay in the hands of a skilful potter.

"13th. This morning the people assembled to bid us good-bye. The local preachers and their wives brought to Mrs. McFarlane and myself presents of 'food for the voyage,' stone axes, shell armlets, chenam spoons, &c., and as we got into the boat to leave, most of the women were in tears. There were over *fifty* canoes around the *Ellengowan* when we left. All seemed delightful with our visit, and begged me to urge the Directors to send them a missionary at once.

"I thank God for what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard during this trip; and the wonderful change has been accomplished almost without the aid of either missionaries or tobacco!"

CYCLONE IN SAMOA.

A TERRIBLE hurricane has recently passed over the Samoan Islands, doing great damage to property, although, in most cases, life seems to have been mercifully preserved. The storm spent its force mainly on the Island of Savaii, where the Rev. S. H. Davies is labouring. Our brother writes:—

"On Saturday evening, the 25th March, I retired, looking forward to a happy Sabbath. As usual, I glanced at my barometers; they were slightly fallen, but fallen as they often do until the end of March in the stormy season. At midnight I was awoke by a leakage overhead. It increased. We did everything that is usually done out here when a strong wind is blowing. But all efforts were unavailing. The heavy cocoa-nut leaves, &c., were blown off like bits of paper by the force of the wind, which kept on increasing. It soon blew furiously from the south, and from the very opposite quarter from which hurricanes come. Very suddenly the wind changed, in a short time it had gone right round to nearly north-east, and it blew very hard from that quarter. How much the glass had gone down! With the feeble light of a lantern I made it to be 28 30. This cyclone was short, but very severe. It blew hard from 1.30 to 4.30 a.m."

The Rev. T. Powell, writing from Malua (Upolu), says:—"Great havoc has been effected among native houses, and in this district alone three large new chapels have been destroyed. The oldest inhabitants say there has been no such hurricane for about fifty-five years."

VII.—Notes of the Month.

1. DEPARTURES.

The Rev. JAMES GILMOUR, M.A., Mrs. Gilmour, and two children returning to PEKING, North China; Rev. W. HOPKYN REES, appointed to PEKING, with Mrs. Rees and infant, embarked for Shanghai; and Rev. G. H. BONDFIELD, appointed to AMOY, South China, embarked for Hong Kong, per steamer *Glenfruin*, September 1st.

Mrs. JOHN, wife of the Rev. GRIFFITH JOHN, returning to HANKOW, China, embarked for Shanghai, per steamer *Malwa*, September 12th.

2. BIRTHS.

TAYLOR.—April 16th, at Ambohimandroso, Betsileo Country, Madagascar, the wife of the Rev. Edward Taylor, of a daughter.

STEPHENSON.—July 28th, at Bellary, South India, the wife of the Rev. W. W. Stephenson (Gooty), of a son.

3. MARRIAGE.

SCOTT—TODHUNTER.—September 6th, at the College Chapel, Cheshunt, by the Rev. H. R. Reynolds, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Professor Whitehouse, M.A., and the Rev. Odell N. Tribe, B.A., Harry, youngest son of the late G. B. Scott, of Walsall, to Mary, eldest daughter of Professor W. B. Todhunter, M.A., of Cheshunt.

4. DEDICATION SERVICES.

Services in connection with the dedication as missionary of this Society to PEKING, North China, of the Rev. WILLIAM HOPKYN REES, late pastor of the Independent Chapel, Llechryd, Pembrokeshire, were held at Carnarvon, on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 14th and 15th. On Tuesday evening the Rev. J. Morris, Maesteg, introduced the meeting, sermons being preached by Rev. J. A. Thomas, Aberystwith; Rev. William Rees, Taff's Well; and Rev. J. Jones, Newton, Bridgend. On Wednesday morning the Rev. D. Davies, Widnes, Lancashire, introduced the meeting; and Rev. Ll. D. Morgans, Skewen, and Rev. D. G. Morgans, Resolven, preached. In the afternoon the service was introduced by the Rev. Wm. Thomas, Bethania, Cwmavon; Rev. J. Gilmour, M.A., missionary from Peking, described the field of labour. The usual questions were asked by Rev. W. Rees, Taff's Well. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. D. Thomas, Brynmawr, Cardigan, and the charge was delivered by the Rev. Professor Lewis, B.A., Bala. In the evening there was a farewell meeting, the whole proceedings being conducted in the vernacular.

5. ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

Mr. HARRY SCOTT, having completed his studies at Cheshunt College, and been appointed by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to New Guinea, was ordained at Wednesbury Road Congregational Church, Walsall, on the evening of Monday, September 3rd. The Rev. Thomas Hindsley, pastor of the church, presided; Rev. Dr. Mawbey, missionary from China, read the Scriptures and offered prayer; Rev. J. L. Green, missionary from Tahiti, described the field of labour. The usual questions were asked by Rev. Edward H. Jones, the Society's Deputation Secretary, and the charge was delivered by Rev. Professor Whitehouse, M.A., of Cheshunt College.

6. DEATH OF MRS. ELLIOTT, OF CAPE TOWN.

Intelligence has been received of the death, on July 16th, of Mrs. ELLIOTT, widow of the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIOTT, in the seventy-sixth year of her age. Upwards of sixty years ago the late Mr. Elliott joined the Society, and for thirty years rendered good service at several of its stations in the Cape Colony. He died in 1858, some years after his retirement to Cape Town, where his widow, who survived him for nearly a quarter of century, also exchanged earth for heaven.

7. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES FROM AUG. 15TH TO SEP. 14TH.

CHINA.—Dr. Dudgeon, Peking, June 22; A. Foster, Hankow, July 4, 23; A. Bonsey, Hankow, July 2; W. Muirhead, Shanghai, July 20; T. W. Pearce, Canton, July 25; Dr. Chalmers, Hong-Kong, July 25.

INDIA.—W. Johnson, Calcutta, August 11; W. J. Wilkins, Calcutta, July 28, August 4, 18; J. Hewlett, Benares, July 29, August 4; J. A. Lambert Mirzapore, July 28; J. H. Budden, Almora, July 24; H. Coley, Almora, August 4; E. A. Phillips, Ranee Khet, August 2; F. Wilkinson, Madras July 28, August 4; W. E. Richards, Madras, July 6; W. Robinson, Tripatoor, July 31; B. Rice, Bangalore, August 17; J. H. Walton, Bangalore, August 17; A. R. Gaze, Cuddapah, August 6; J. R. Bacon, Cuddapah, August 18; W. W. Stephenson, Bellary, July 28, 29, Gooty, August 3, Bellary, August 5, 18; J. W. Gordon, Vizagapatam, July 23.

MADAGASCAR.—W. E. Cousins, Antananarivo, June 8, 29, July 13, 19; J. Wills, Antananarivo, July 20; C. Jukes, Antanarivo, July 20; J. R. Bennett, Antananarivo, June 11, Ambodisiny, July 1; J. Pearse, Fianarantsoa, June 23, 25, July 18; A. S. Huckett, Fianarantsoa, May 29, June 5, July 18; Miss Cockin, Fianarantsoa, June 25; J. Sibree, Mauritius, August 11; J. C. Thorne, Mauritius, August 11, 14; G. A. Shaw, Bourbon, August 12; R. W. Thompson, Mauritius, August 10, 14 (two letters), 24, Durban, September 1.

AFRICA —W. Thompson, Cape Town, July 31, August 21; Jno. Harper, King William's Town, July 25; Jno. Brown, Kuruman, July 31; T. F. Shaw, Urambo, July 7; Capt. Hore, Ujiji, May 25; D. P. Jones, Uguha, May 18; J. H. Dineen, Uguha, May 18; W. C. Willoughby, Malta, August 10.

WEST INDIES.—J. J. Bowrey, Kingston, August 9; J. Foreman, Demerara, August 23, 25.

SOUTH SEAS.—E. V. Cooper, Tahiti, July 14, 16; A. Pearse, Raiatea June 30, Tahiti, July 13; J. Marriott, Samoa, May 2, 3; C. Phillips, Sydney, June 22; W. E. Clarke, Samoa, May 13; Jno Jones, Mare, July 10; J. Sleigh, Lifu, June 20; W. G. Lawes, Port Moresby, June 21; T. Beswick, Sydney, July 25; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, June 22 (two letters), July 24.

8. NOTICE.

We wish to correct an error in the Report for 1882-3. The name of the Rev. Henry Andrews, of Woodbridge, should appear as Secretary for the County of Suffolk, and also as representative for that County on the Board Committee, instead of that of the Rev. W. Scott, who has gone from Ipswich to Hull.

VIII.—Contributions.

From August 14th to September 13th, 1883.

LONDON.

Mary E. (£5 for Female Missions)	25	0	0
John Procter, Esq.	21	0	0
R. P. C.	5	0	0
General J. M. B. Fraser-Tytler, C.B.	2	0	0
Jas. F. Haskins, Esq.	2	0	0
Mrs. Nodes	1	1	0
Mr. E. Nodes	1	1	0
Mr. A. Nodes	1	1	0
Legacy of the late Mr. W. L. Ward	45	0	0
Harley Street, Bow. Senior Bible Classes, for Rev. J. R. Bacon, Cuddapah	2	10	0
Streatham Hill. Collected at Sabbath Evening Meeting	10	1	6
Surbiton Park	10	0	0

COUNTRY.

Alford. "O. P. Q."	20	0	0
Bath—			
Percy Church, Ladies' Association	2	19	6
Legacy of the late Miss Mary Royce	100	0	0
Bedford. Bazaar at Kempston, by the Misses Makehams, for Rev. T. Bryson's School, China	19	0	1
Birmingham. Mrs. A. B. Martine	1	1	0
Bridgewater	1	19	6
Calne	2	7	9
Clifton Down. For Widows' Fund	5	5	0
Cowes, West	4	18	0
Derby. Legacy of the late Miss S. A. Challinor	500	0	0
Dorking. Aux.	15	12	7
Driffield	17	2	8
Farnham	28	11	6
Garstang	2	11	9
Harwich	3	18	0
High Barnet. Miss Young, per Mrs. Sadler, for Girls' School, Amoy	1	0	0
Holmfirth. Lane Ch., for Widows' Fund	1	0	0
Huddersfield—			
Aux.	30	17	11
Legacy of the late Mrs. Janet Lorimer	100	0	0
Jersey. Aux.	44	0	0
Kettering	0	10	0
Legacy of the late Mr. Dash	10	10	0
Liverpool. Rev. R. F. Brown	0	5	0
Newcastle-on-Tyne. Aux.	15	18	9
Nottingham. Legacy of the late Mr. W. Bell, per J. R. Wild, Esq.	270	0	0
Orpington. "Anon," for Madagascar	1	0	0
Portsmouth. Buckland Ch., for Girls' School, Peking	1	7	0
Scarborough—			
District Aux.			
Bar Church	36	2	1
Eastborough Ch.	8	10	0
South Cliff Church	51	9	2
Pickering	11	3	9
Sheerness. Bethel Ch.	8	1	10
South Hayling	3	17	9
South Shields. Wallis Street	6	11	0
Upton. May Coll.	7	17	0
Walsall. Aux.—			
Ryecroft Ch.	13	3	6
Wednesbury Road	46	1	0
Wimborne. Mr. W. R. Waterman, for Madagascar	5	0	0
Wirksworth, Middleton, and Brassington	19	17	2
Wiveliscombe. Friends at Scarr, Lydeard St. Lawrence, and Brompton Ralph, per Rev. T. S. Macey, for bell for Analamahitsy, Madagascar	4	0	0

WALES.

Mold	9	13	9
Rhyl. Aux.	2	3	0
Swansea. Ladies' Aux.	31	17	6

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen. Free East Ch., Ladies' Working Party, for Madagascar	5	5	0
Dundee. Miss Baxter, for Rev. S. McFarlane, for Industrial matters	100	0	0
Edderton. Free Church, Rev. D. Forbes	0	10	0
Glasgow. W. S. Workman, Esq.	20	0	0
Govan, by Glasgow. Mr. R. Monteith	1	0	0
Nairn. Aux.	15	13	4
St. Monance. Mr. John Miller	1	0	0
Stonehaven. Mrs. Mitchell, for Rev. T. T. Matthews, Madagascar	0	16	0
Per Rev. E. A. Worsham.			
Arbroath	20	0	0
Buchan	13	0	0
Dingwall	2	3	0
Edinburgh	2	0	0
Elie	5	17	8
Fearn	0	13	0
Fochabers	3	4	1
Forres	16	5	0
Golspie	6	6	7
Grantown	14	4	6
Innerleithen	5	6	4
Invergordon	1	0	8
Inverness	16	15	7
Leven	9	17	5
Lossiemouth	1	2	6
Ross Keen	1	0	0
Stewarton	9	17	11
Strathpeffer	5	1	10
Tain	3	5	0
Urray	1	9	8

IRELAND.

Sligo. Cong. Ch.	7	5	9

AUSTRALIA.

Australia, South. Aux.	200	0	0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the Rev. Robert Robinson, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

London: Alexander & Shepheard, Printers, Lonsdale Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C.

TAMATAVE.—*(From a Sketch by Mr. Shaw.)*

THE CHRONICLE
OF THE
London Missionary Society.

I.—Madagascar.

MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

IN fulfilment of the expectation expressed in our last number, the missionary party from Madagascar, comprising the Rev. B BRIGGS, Mrs. BRIGGS, and daughter, Rev. GEORGE COUSINS, and Mr. and Mrs. SHAW, reached the English shores on the morning of Monday, September 24th. They were met at Plymouth by two of the Society's London Directors, as well as by some friends residing in the neighbourhood. Messrs. Cousins and Shaw at once proceeded to London; Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, who, we regret to say, are suffering from the effects of Malagasy fever, preferring to accompany the vessel up Channel to the docks.

Anticipating the arrival of our friends, the Directors had made arrangements for holding a public meeting at Exeter Hall, with the view, on the one hand, of affording to the Society's constituents in London the opportunity of giving to them a hearty welcome, and, on the other, of hearing from them statements of their recent experiences. That meeting took place on the evening of Thursday, September 27th, and was one of unusual interest, the hall being crowded in every part, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailing. ALEXANDER HUBBARD, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Board for the present year, presided, and was supported by a large number of ministerial and lay representatives of the Society.

The Rev. EDWARD H. JONES, Deputation Secretary, announced the hymn commencing

"How are Thy servants blest, O Lord,"

which, having been sung, prayer was offered by the Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON, Home Secretary.

The Chairman then, in the name of the meeting, gave a hearty and cordial welcome to Mr. SHAW and Mr. COUSINS respectively.

After referring to the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Shaw by the French Admiral, and congratulating him on having regained his liberty, he said:—

We thank God that our friends are here in our midst to-night. I trust that we shall all realise the fulfilment of that prayer in which we have united that we may feel the presence of the gracious Spirit whose aid and guidance we have sought; that if any reference should be made, as it will be made, to the conduct of the French in this transaction, no vindictive spirit may be manifested in those who shall give utterance to those words. And may I hope that no unguarded word will fall from the lips of any speakers on this platform to-night to hamper or fetter in any way the action of her Majesty's Government, who, from the very beginning of this transaction, have, with a due regard to the interests and the honour of this vast empire, manifested an earnest desire to maintain to us as a country the blessings of peace. I am quite sure that no word will be uttered that will annoy or cause vexation or irritation to our friends on the other side of the Channel, and will in no way prevent an amicable settlement between the two Governments in relation to this transaction. It has been said that the health of the Admiral who was in command of the fleet off Tamatave was such that he was hardly responsible for his words and actions. If that were so, it seems to be the most charitable construction we can put upon such strange and unwarrantable conduct as he evinced towards our friend here; and I trust we shall all recognise the difference between the conduct of the French Government and the conduct of the officer who was in charge of the fleet at that station. When our missionaries go forth to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, we ask for no special protection of our Government, but at the same time we do not expect that they should relinquish or give up any of their rights or privileges, or that protection which is the birthright of every British subject. I have every confidence in the integrity and justice of the French Government, that, when these facts are fairly and fully considered by them, they will take a common-sense view of this transaction and make all the amends in their power for the wrongs that have been committed, and the loss and injury that have been sustained by the action of their own officers.

The Rev. GEORGE COUSINS,

after acknowledging the cordial reception which awaited his colleagues and himself on their arrival in England, thus proceeded:—

I come from Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar; I have lived there for nineteen years, and my knowledge is of Antananarivo and the province in which it is situated—of the Hovas, the dominant race in the island. No one can understand Madagascar affairs who does not look at them from an Antananarivo point of view. We have in Madagascar a centralisation which is most remarkable. The whole country is dependent upon the capital; and distant governors, local chiefs, and other officials are

dependent upon the Government, and upon directions which they receive from head-quarters, for almost every detail of their official life. We who live in the capital see things which, perhaps, those who live on the coast do not quite see; so that I think I may ask you to bear with me a little while I try to tell you how things have been looking to us in Antananarivo. And the first thing I should like to put before this meeting is this:—Why is it that we should be interested in Madagascar, and especially in the work that has gone on in Imerina? Why should we take any amount of interest in those people across the water? They do not belong to us—why should we trouble our hearts or heads about their troubles or about what has happened to them? Well, the London Missionary Society must think about Madagascar; they cannot help it. To begin with, they spend a lot of money there every year; £12,000, and even £15,000, a-year have been spent by our Society in supporting their work in Madagascar. Now, when people spend £12,000 or £14,000 a-year about any special work, you may depend upon it they want to see something for their money, and the Directors of the London Missionary Society are no exception to the rule; and you may take it for granted that they never would go on, year after year, spending all this money unless they thought they had something for their money. Now, have they? I think they have; and I do not think there is any one in this room who, if he could go to Madagascar and see things with eyes, would not say, "Well, there is a work going on here which is truly remarkable." We had out there recently a representative of the *Standard* newspaper, and we were right glad to talk with him, right glad to give him all the information in our possession; and he made good use of it, and it did us good to read the letters which he wrote, and which were published in that paper. I know perfectly well that he was impressed, as others have been, with the great and wonderful work that is going on in Madagascar. But let us pass from the general to the particular. Let us take

EDUCATION.

All civilised nations are interested in education, and we have all through the world compulsory education; I am thankful to say we have it in Madagascar, too. Twenty years ago there were half-a-dozen schools in the island—now they are to be reckoned by hundreds. I have here in my hands an official paper printed by the Malagasy Government, published by their own press. It is the returns of the school registration that had taken place three or four months before we left the island, and there are on this paper some figures that are very startling. The Hovas are a small nation, probably they do not number more than a million, or one million and a quarter; yet in Imerina we have 150,906 children on the Government register learning in different schools. On this return the number from each tribe, the class of school which they are in, is all tabulated. We have, for instance, the different Societies represented and working in Madagascar, with the number of scholars in each; and

let me tell you that there was perfect religious liberty granted to the people when they made choice of the school in which their children were to learn. Protestant or Romanist, no one could say, "That is unfair, you are taking an advantage of us; you are not allowing the parents to choose the school in which the children shall be taught," but all acknowledge that the registration was made on perfectly fair terms. Well, we have in connection with our Society and the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association, which works hand and glove with us, 105,516 children; the Romanists have 14,960 scholars; the Anglicans, 2,521; the Norwegian Lutherans, 27,909; the total is 150,906. Now I think that is very remarkable. I think when you can get such results as that for your money you certainly have a right to rejoice; and this is only in Imerina I can state to this meeting with all confidence that but for this trouble that has come, probably by the end of this year we should have had a quarter of a million of scholars in Madagascar; not in Imerina simply, but in Betsileo, away at the south, on the east coast, and away at the north-west. That is a wonderful thing; and, I say, for education alone you have good reason for being interested in the island of Madagascar. Take

LITERATURE

again. We have but a very small literature in Madagascar; but it is growing. Twenty years ago there was scarcely a book to be found. The Bible had been translated, there was a small hymn-book, a little catechism half a dozen little tracts and small books; but educational books, with the exception of a simple arithmetic and one or two very small things, were not to be found, and all the books which have since come into existence, of course, did not then exist—that is an Irishism, by-the-way. Well, now we have quite a respectable literature for such a people as the Malagasy. We have many books instructing them in the Christian faith, explaining Scriptures; commentaries, and so forth. But we do not take a narrow view of our work. We do not think that our duty will be fulfilled if we simply teach them about the Scriptures. We want to give them a broad idea of education, and all that will help to raise them. So we have provided them with an astronomy, and have given them a physical geography. Just before I left we published a small history of Rome and Greece, and numerous similar publications have issued from our presses. And here, again, are two numbers of a Government newspaper, commenced just before I left the country. The Government is beginning to take the people into its confidence and issue a newspaper. One or two attempts at issuing newspapers have been made, but they have been failures; whether this will be I do not know. It comes from the Government, and I have more faith in its permanency than I had in those that preceded it. Well, this paper, these books, and many other things show that in literature a great progress has been made; ought we not to rejoice in that? Here is a nation of one million and a quarter of people trying to rise in the scale of nations, and our Society and other

Societies, including Jesuit priests sent out from France, have been trying to raise these people and to meet their necessities. They want to rise. Though they are a small people, these Hovas, they have got the idea into their minds that there is a future before them. When people think that they have a future before them, I think there is some hope for them; and the Hovas have that idea, and whoever tries to interfere with them, and reasons with them, and tells them that they are a small people, and that they are this, that, and the other, utterly fails to remove from the Hova mind the idea that he has a future before him. He knows he is superior to the other tribes, he knows, too, that he is inferior to the white man; but he has sympathy with much that he finds in the white man. He wants to be like the white man, he is anxious to rise, and he hopes that there is something good in store for him in the future. Well, now, I say that is a great and good thing, and because that is the state of affairs there, the London Missionary Society feels justified in going on spending its money. Take

SOCIAL LIFE

again. To compare the houses of to-day with the houses of twenty years ago, why it is most wonderful. Then they were mere huts, many of them as dirty as dirty could be; now we are getting sun-dried brick detached villas, even with tile roofs, some of them, and really good flooring, and papered walls, and I do not know that we have not gone to the extent of a dado. These are the native houses, mind; not the houses we have made, but the houses that the natives themselves are building, because they have seen Europeans building them, and they want to do likewise. In dress, too, the changes are most marvellous. Whereas formerly you often saw people but very imperfectly clothed, now that is a rare thing in Antananarivo and its immediate neighbourhood. Not only so, but the young ladies in Antananarivo begin to take great pride in their dress, and they are very anxious to look even pretty; and on Sundays, and on any days when there is a great gathering, I must confess that there is something very pleasant about the appearance of a Malagasy audience. They dress, for them, remarkably well, and in very good taste. There, again, in social life you see this progress. Take

POLITICAL LIFE

again. We have had in Madagascar, during the last twenty years, what may be well called a bloodless revolution. The whole system of government has been changed, and yet it has been changed in a quiet, gradual way which has scarcely attracted notice, and yet meant so much. The Sovereign was but a few years ago absolute; the Sovereign now is practically responsible to her Ministers. Not only so, but the people high in authority, the higher officers, judges, and so on, formed a most powerful oligarchy; now that oligarchy has been shivered to pieces, and the Government, although still absolute—for practically the Prime Minister is sovereign of the country, he really rules, and the Queen to a

large extent adopts his policy—though that is the case, the Government has been thrown upon the sympathies of the people, and the people believe most thoroughly in the present Government. They do not feel oppressed by it, they rejoice in it; and although many of those who once had power regret the loss of their power—the people as a whole are quite contented and happy. Then we have had in Madagascar a wonderful outburst of

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

It has many blemishes—it is mixed up with much that is purely nominal, utterly worthless—but yet, making all allowances, there has been in Madagascar a wonderful progress of the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Where the idols reigned, we have now, in Imerina alone, upwards of 800 churches. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have some thirty or forty churches, the Romanists have about 100, and there are the people meeting together for worship, Sunday by Sunday—some of them, in the more outlying districts, utterly careless of what they hear, and many of them absenting themselves from worship; but in the more enlightened places rejoicing in the Christian Sunday, in Christian worship, and meeting together, Sunday after Sunday, to listen to the preaching of God's Word. And then that religious life of theirs is not a fruitless life. We can see much in the lives of the people that is faulty—but do not ministers everywhere see much that is faulty in the lives of the people; nay, are they not conscious of faults themselves? Are we so free from taint, are we so sinless, that we are to be shocked beyond measure when we find that these people, just emerging from heathenism, still bear the taint of that heathenism? Surely it cannot be. There are many blemishes; there is much to depress, much to distress the heart of any one labouring there; at the same time, there is much to make him glad. We do see the growth of conscience; we do see progress in morality; we do see a deepening of spiritual knowledge; and as we see these things, although we so often have to regret that there is so little of it, we cannot but thank God and take courage. Take their liberality as a test of the worth of their piety. The Malagasy are intensely fond of money. I think they beat us Englishmen altogether in that. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but really it seems to me that they are fonder of money than we are here; and to get money out of a Malagasy is certainly a very difficult thing. And yet the Malagasy give, and give well, to the support of the work that is being carried on amongst them. Our Society tries to make Christian communities in which their missionaries are labouring self-supporting. The principle of our Society is to support the missionary, to look after all the interests of the missionary and the mission families, and, by grants in aid, to help on the natives in their work, but to throw the chief burden upon the people themselves; and we in Madagascar most thoroughly believe in it. In Imerina, with its 800 churches, we get annually—not for the funds of the London Missionary Society—the Malagasy do not believe sufficiently

in foreigners to send the money over here—but for their own work, for building the chapels, for supporting the schoolmasters, for supporting pastors in a few instances, for supporting evangelists in a few instances, we get from the Malagasy between £2,000 and £3,000 a-year in Imerina alone. That is something, and, because we have these results, we rejoice; and, although there is so much to disappoint, and so much to distress, we feel that the London Missionary Society is doing a great and a good work; and that they are very wise in spending this £12,000 or £14,000 a-year. Well; but

INTERRUPTION HAS COME;

the work no longer bears the pleasant aspect that it did some twelve or eighteen months ago. Trouble has arisen, and you know all about that trouble. You know that a great, a powerful, nation has advanced "claims" in reference to the island of Madagascar. Well, those "claims" were as startling to the foreigners in Madagascar as they were to the natives. No one was prepared for them. Frenchmen even stared in astonishment when they heard what their Government claimed. I feel that I am on very delicate ground in speaking about the French difficulty. But, in spite of one's-self, times do come when you are almost bound, in a friendly way, to offer a little advice, and that has been very much the case with us in Antananarivo. We have been in rather an unfortunate position. We have had no representative of the British Government, and that has been a weakness; and if you hear criticisms about the interference on the part of missionaries in native politics, just be candid enough and fair enough to bear in mind that that has been, to a large extent, forced upon them. I do not like the interference of missionaries in politics; I should be very thankful were it no longer necessary for a missionary to give any advice whatever in reference to political matters; but we have had no consul there; our consul was stationed on the coast, and on the coast he remained. Now, what we want in Madagascar, and which, if we had had, I firmly believe—and it is not my own belief alone, it is the belief of almost all residents in Antananarivo—such complications as these that have occurred could never have happened; and, if the opportunity occurs, the British nation and the British Government could not do a kinder, could not do a wiser thing for the Malagasy than to place in Antananarivo a man of broad sympathies, a thorough Englishman, a man acquainted with the government of people in India or elsewhere, who knew how to advise, and who, without any assumption of authority, could act as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Malagasy Government. Frenchmen, in common with all foreigners, have recognised for many years

THE INDEPENDENCE OF MADAGASCAR.

They have recognised the Sovereign and the Government stationed at Antananarivo as responsible for the whole island. One never heard anything about French "claims" until quite recently. The French have a treaty

of commerce and friendship with the Malagasy as the English have; we have all been on the same ground; but it seems that in 1840 something—1841, 1842, or 1843—a Sakalava chief handed over his rights to the French Government. There was a Sakalava chief who was beaten in battle by Radama, who fled the island, whose authority his people would no longer recognise; he was considered a rebel, he was a fugitive. It is possible he handed over all his rights to the French, whatever they were, but his territory was a mere slip of country along the north-west. One never heard of these rights, or of the claims that were based upon them, until quite recently. Not only so, but in 1862, when the young King Radama, son of the old persecuting Queen, who had banished all foreigners from her country, came to the throne, he granted to a French company certain rights over a portion of the north of Madagascar. A company was to be formed, and they had rights which virtually made them possessors and sovereigns of the country. He made this concession to the company; but as soon as the people heard that this had been done, they were determined to resist it. That, amongst other causes, led to the assassination of the King, and his widow was placed upon the throne. One of the chief elements of her policy was to annul in some way, if possible, this concession of territory that had been made to a French company. We who were in the country at the time knew of all the negotiations; and at last, through the representations of the French Government, the Emperor and his advisers, the Malagasy consented to pay 240,000 dollars that they might repurchase all the rights that had been conceded to this company. They paid that money, and thought that there was an end of the whole affair. They never heard anything more about it till recently. Now, they hear about it, and this cession of territory allowed to have been made by a Sakalava chief in 1840—territory, which is a mere strip of country along the north-west coast—is made the basis of a claim that is truly remarkable. The very ground that was ceded to the company from the 16th parallel south latitude northwards, which was repurchased by the Malagasy, is now claimed by the French Government, and they base their claim on the cession of territory made by that fugitive chief. Well, one cannot argue about such a question as that—and, of course, the French do not argue about it—except on the principle of the old fable of the wolf and the lamb—might is right, and there is an end of the matter. Well, that is very singular and very sad; and it is most sad to us, because it interferes with us so much. Our work is, to a large extent,

AT A STANDSTILL.

Not our work alone. I should be very sorry if I, as an Englishman, thought simply of our work, and did not consider commerce, and all the interests of the British nation, and of every other nation, of the Malagasy and everybody else. The London Missionary Society does not send out men who are to work in any stereotyped way—they expect them in every possible way to help on the peoples to whom they go, and we are nterested in the advance of commerce as much as others, because we

know that that tends to the well-being of the people. Well, now trade is utterly paralysed. What it may be in Tamatave I cannot say. I have not been there, and I rather rejoice that I have not. But, throughout Madagascar, I can say that all trade is at a standstill. There are representatives of commercial houses in Antananarivo with nothing to do. All along the coast for 300 miles we came upon one British subject after another, all with their hands in their pockets, nothing whatever to do, and nearly all of them will be brought to ruin and starvation unless this trouble is speedily brought to a close. We saw that with our own eyes, and who can help being sorry for them? The Malagasy have come to this determination—they may be foolish; they think it is wise—they have stopped the exportation of all produce; for in that way they think they will make it more and more difficult for the French to remain in Tamatave. They are led to do that by their having succeeded with such a policy in the past; but whether, with changed circumstances, with steamers and the facility of intercourse between one place and another, that policy will succeed now, I do not know. But they have adopted it because they think they will be able thereby to make it very difficult for the French to hold their position. And now let me bear witness to the

WONDERFUL COURTESY AND FORBEARANCE

that have been shown by the Queen of Madagascar, and her advisers, in reference to these matters. In every possible way they did what they could to avoid the evils of war. They did all they could but this—give up the country; that they would not do. Short of that they were willing to do anything. During the negotiations previous to the despatch of the Embassy to England, France, and America, and so on, they had shown the greatest forbearance. They would not yield their rights, but in every possible way they tried to show conciliation; and even when they thought they had right on their side they were willing to yield. They sent the Embassy for the very purpose of preventing this trouble, but they failed. After Admiral Pierre went round to the north-west of Madagascar, and began to bombard one place and another, knocking down little villages of rush huts, and so on, he came round to Tamatave and sent up an ultimatum to Antananarivo. As soon as the Malagasy heard that these places had been bombarded they carried out a policy upon which they had, I believe for a long time, made up their minds—they expelled all French subjects from the country. Every French man, woman, and child had to go. Well, they went, and it was a surprise to us all that these men, women, and children got down to Tamatave safely. I can tell you that, in spite of what the Prime Minister had done, in spite of the friendly feeling of the Queen, all of us trembled, more or less, for the lives of those French men and women. But Christianity triumphed, the influences of civilisation triumphed; and though they had to endure privations as others have had to endure, they got safely down, and we thank God for it, but we recog-

use in that the forbearance of the Malagasy. Had the Queen and Prime Minister assumed from being anything, every one of these would have been measured in the way. But they were not content with abstaining, they did their best to convince the people that, although the French were fighting with them, these, as civilians, as priests, as sisters of mercy, must reach the coast safely. And they did that—why? Because they knew that the eyes of the world would be upon them; that their claim to a semi-civilized world would be damaged utterly unless those people did safely reach the coast. Let me give another instance of forbearance. After the French had begun to knock down those little places on the coast, a resident went into one of the ports in the south, intending to get produce, I believe. The native officials, according to custom, sent off one or two of the officers to make enquiries as to the name, the owner, the object, and destination of the ship, and to give them *pratique*. I believe those officers were not allowed to go on board; they were told to go about their business; not a single one of their questions was answered. They were told that for them to go on board a French ship, asking such questions, was an insult to the French flag. They were told to be off, and they went. That night it began to blow hard, and the ship drifted towards the coast, which is very dangerous. The commander of the garrison—for there was a garrison there—all his officers, all the people, at once went to the rescue; they did their utmost to save the French captain and officers and crew from destruction, and they succeeded. They had been told to go about their business a few hours before; now, they were most politely thanked for their offices. That was forbearance, and that is a fact which means a great deal; it really indicates the spirit in which those people have acted. They have been very anxious to avoid war, and they want now to be at peace, but they are determined

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privations. And we have to pray for the Christian people there, that they may not be misled; that their faith in God may not cease. But while we pray, let us trust; for if ever God has been working in any country upon earth, I think God has been working in Madagascar. I think God is working in Madagascar; and as the work is His, surely our hearts may be still.

MR. G. A. SHAW,

after describing Tamatave and the Betsimisaraka tribe, of which it forms the centre, and referring to his three years' labour as a missionary among that people, thus proceeded:—

But, Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, I am not only a missionary, I am an Englishman. And hence I believe that we are not only called upon to bear, and to bear patiently—as I hope I have done during the last few months—but we are also called upon as Englishmen to testify, and I think the time has come now to testify. But in this do not misunderstand me; I intend, God helping me, to give vent to no feelings whatever. I intend, God helping me, to represent to you in brief, and in very halting sentences perhaps, the treatment which I have received during the past few months; but, independently of the facts of the case, do not expect me to express any sentiment whatever. And I must carry you back and recount facts which, perhaps, you have already become acquainted with; this, however, I hope you will excuse.

THE EXCITEMENT IN TAMATAVE

began on May 19th; the *Argo*, a French mail-packet, came into Tamatave harbour that morning with the news that the north-west coast of Madagascar had been bombarded; we could not believe it. Not only could the natives scarcely believe it, Englishmen could not believe it—were not willing to believe it—and the French people were very doubtful indeed whether it were true. However, such proved to be the case, and Tamatave immediately was in a state of most intense excitement. Natives were running about in all directions asking for advice, asking what they were to do; asking, was it true that a Christian nation from Europe could come to Madagascar and bombard places in which men and women were still living, without—as the natives said—giving them sufficient time even to remove their sick from the villages? A very great number of our church members left Tamatave, and it was said that even the soldiers, or some few of them, tried to run away. I suppose, not only in Madagascar, but in other parts of the world, there are some chicken-hearted people, and if some of the soldiers endeavoured to escape to the capital in order to save their skins, we cannot be surprised. The foreigners around Tamatave soon flocked into Tamatave itself to seek security there, if possible. In speaking of the foreigners who hurried into Tamatave, I am not referring to English subjects only, but to French subjects also. The feeling in Tamatave

from this time until the period of my arrest was intensely anti-English. To account for this is utterly impossible; but, in order to show you that it was so very soon after the arrival of the *Argo*, I will give you an instance A certain merchant of Tamatave was engaged in supplying the British war vessel, the *Dryad*, with provisions. On one occasion, when he was standing on the beach, with his boat loaded with these provisions to be carried to her Majesty's ship, a French officer came up to him, and asked him, "Are you, who supply provisions to the *Dryad*, an Englishman or a Frenchman? Which nation do you belong to?" The English merchant directly folded his arms, and, instead of answering the French officer, I believe, he turned his back towards him. The Frenchman was not to be done in that way, and, in default of any other argument, I suppose, adopted something like the existing argument of Admiral Pierre, and knocked the merchant down. This was the feeling in Tamatave from the time of the arrival of the *Argo* until my arrest. When it became known that the north-west coast was bombarded, the native Governor of Tamatave and his officers immediately commenced to make what arrangements they could, expecting that they would very shortly be placed in much the same position as were the villages on the north-west coast—that they would also be bombarded; and, until the Governor had received instructions from the central Government, he was not aware what the Queen and the Prime Minister would expect him to do. He, like a prudent man, made arrangements beforehand. He commenced repairing the old guns; he built carriages for those which had none; he had the spears repaired, and had a great number of new ones made; and he also made some entrenchments around

THE FORT OF TAMATAVE.

Of this fort I may say that when it was built, and while it was new, I believe it to have been a very strong position. It is built of coral and lime cemented together, has a thick wall some 18ft. or 20ft. in thickness, and is 12ft. or 18ft. high. Outside this stone wall is an earthwork 15ft. in height, and separated from the stone wall by a distance of 10ft. or 12ft., thus forming between the wall and the earthwork a fosse, which makes the place of remarkable strength, if it were properly armed; but at the time of the bombardment of Tamatave, it was merely armed with small guns, which were only used for saluting purposes, and were even then very dangerous to the people who fired them. If the guns were shotted they would prove dangerous to the soldiers who endeavoured to fire them, because of their want of practice, which scarcely enabled them to handle the guns properly in order to give a salute. In the following week the flagship of Admiral Pierre—the *Flore*—arrived; and, as you have already heard, an ultimatum from the Admiral and the Commissaire was sent to the capital. The Governor of Tamatave expected on the Saturday morning, previously to the time mentioned in the ultimatum having expired, that his Government was not in the least likely to accede to the demands of France

and he and his soldiers felt quite sure that they would either have to fight or to run. He (the Governor) told me that he believed the instructions of the Queen were that, if the French intended to bombard and to take Tamatave, although it was an unrighteous thing, yet they would allow them to do it. I knew on the Saturday that there would be no resistance offered to the French; and I knew that there would be no Hova soldiers in Tamatave on the Sunday morning of the bombardment. But I must not forget to mention that during this week arrangements had been made to form a committee of public safety for the British subjects in Tamatave. Unfortunately for myself, I was induced, very much against my wish, to become president of this committee. I say "unfortunately" for myself, for, as I have already said, the feeling in Tamatave was intensely anti-English; and you can easily understand how that feeling must have been intensified against one who took a prominent part with a view to the protection of British subjects. On the Saturday morning, knowing perfectly well that there would be no service on the Sunday, the Governor and his officers made an earnest request that we should have another prayer-meeting. We had already had several, but this Saturday morning we had

A PRAYER-MEETING

at which I should like to have seen some of the Directors of the London Missionary Society present. It was a glorious meeting. There were no women present, save one or two. The other women had all fled. The church, however, was nearly full of men, most of them soldiers, who flocked in, though they knew that probably, within a day or two, they would be, at any rate, houseless, and perhaps killed. But what I wish to mention especially is that in their prayers they never breathed a word of vindictiveness against their enemies. Not a single petition was offered up for the defeat of their enemies. The prayer offered consisted only of requests for grace and faith to trust God in the trouble. I have full confidence that those soldiers, where they are now encamped, still remember God while trusting in Him. For although many night attacks were made, although they frequently harassed the French by showing themselves at a little distance, and inducing the French to fire their long-range guns at them, such firing never took place on Sunday, because I believe that they were then behind the hills in the distance engaged in worship, and were thinking of their God and not of their own enemy.

ON SUNDAY, JUNE 10TH,

as soon as it was light in the morning, those Englishmen who had stayed on shore, and who had kept watch during the previous night, knowing that the time of the ultimatum expired at midnight, and not being sure that the French would not commence bombarding immediately, saw one of the vessels of war gradually moving out of the harbour and taking up a position on the south side of the town in the southern bay. As soon as she anchored, a signal was fired by a vessel lying close to the beach at Tamatave, which had gone out a little distance and then returned. In the

interval which elapsed between her departure and her return she had changed her name, and canvas was nailed to her bows in order to disguise her. Immediately the French flag was hoisted to the mast of each vessel in the harbour, and the bombardment began. No notice further than the ultimatum was given; if the Hovas had been in the town or in the fort, it would have been all the same to the French Admiral. The Hova flag was never hoisted at the fort, and although not a single gun was fired from any of the batteries, still the bombardment of Tamatave was kept up for an hour and a-half by six large war-ships, which fired quickly into the town and the fort, although there was nothing in the shape of an answer given to this firing. The French had it all to themselves; and why they should have kept up the constant firing of shell over our heads into a silent fort and deserted town, passed the comprehension of all Englishmen who were ashore at Tamatave. As you may readily imagine, seeing that the houses of the Hovas are all built of straw and thatched with leaves, it was not very long before fires appeared in various parts of the town. An endeavour has been made, I believe, to connect those with incendiaries. As to this I am not prepared to say either yes or no; but this I am prepared to say—I saw the first shell from one of the French war-vessels burst in the native market-place, and shortly afterwards fire and smoke were seen rising from the market. Hence, I believe that the fires were not the work of incendiaries, but were caused by French shells. After the war-ships' guns had been firing an hour and a half, I suppose the officers thought the sailors had had enough of it for once, and that they should go to breakfast. At all events, a perfect silence succeeded to the noise of cannon—a silence rendered all the more intense after the thundering din of the guns and the whizzing of the shells over our heads for an hour and a half previously. During this time some few of us made an excursion into the interior in order to ascertain if any people were wounded, or if any stragglers, who might have wandered near the fort, had sustained injury from the shells. We had scarcely reached the vicinity of the fort before we discerned another fire which had broken out. We thought that as soon as the Admiral saw this fresh outbreak he would recommence bombarding, and our prediction was fulfilled. He kept up a fire the whole of Sunday from the whole of the war-ships at intervals of half-an-hour—that is to say, six shots were fired each half-hour during the whole of the day. On Sunday night, as you may imagine, seeing that the French were not willing or bold enough—I will not say which—to land, we, who were on shore, passed a very anxious time. We feared that, in the circumstances, the natives might return in the darkness and set fire to the native houses in the vicinity of the European houses, and we dreaded lest the whole of Tamatave might thus be destroyed by fire during the night, if we dared to go to sleep. Accordingly, from Sunday night until the time when the French took possession of Tamatave, which was not till Thursday, we who were on shore endeavoured to help the guard which Commander Johnstson had sent to assist the British Consul. But I am happy to

say that no fire took place that night, and that the natives did not return. On the following morning—that is, Monday, June 11th—

THE FRENCH LANDED.

I do not know how English sailors would land; but I never was more astonished, nor were other British onlookers, than I was at the way the French soldiers landed. They were divided into three companies, one passing along the beach up to the fort, another passing through the centre of the town, and the third passing along the southern bay which I have already mentioned. As soon as one of the companies reached the fort they hoisted a signal to the *Flore* on the flag-staff left by the Hovas. When we saw this, several of us went to my house, which I rented from a merchant in Tamatave—Mr. Aitken, of the firm of Porter and Aitken, Fenchurch Street. It was situated a mile from the landing-place at Tamatave, which is close to the spot where Mr. Aitken himself lived, in the house where we kept watch during the night already mentioned. We went to my house to ascertain whether the servants I had left there were still safe, for on the Saturday evening, when I left them there, I fully intended to return. But I had been advised most strongly not to return, and accordingly I remained in the town during the whole of the bombardment. We found our servants were all right, and, although the bursting of some of the shells had done some damage, their lives had been saved, and we were thankful to God for that. In returning we made a more active search, in case there might be some wounded persons or any unburied bodies in the town. We found none, however, but we found the bodies of two men who had evidently been killed by bayonet thrusts, and not by shots. They had probably been killed by the French picket on landing, under suspicion of having set fire to the town. On the afternoon of Monday, June 11th, we made a visit to

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "DRYAD."

We went on board in order to report to Commander Johnstone the condition of Tamatave, and we found his decks were full of British subjects. At least 300 people had collected on this one small vessel; and it is astonishing to me that Captain Johnstone and his officers could have so well accommodated them, and had done so well for them. The British community in Tamatave owe a debt of gratitude to Captain Johnstone for the timely and clear-headed advice which he was able to give them, and for the determined and plucky way in which he conducted British affairs which were placed in his hands at Tamatave; while, at the same time, efforts were evidently made by him to act courteously and nobly towards the French authorities. I must say that the captain was placed in a most trying position at Tamatave, and he has proved publicly that he was the right man for the time and the right man in the right place. I say, Long may Captain Johnstone live to defend the honour of the flag under which he sails. The French, as I have already said, landed on Monday morning, and on Monday night the first attempts by

any natives to pillage were made. My house, on that night, was rifled. I cannot tell—it is impossible for me to do so—what damage was done, and it is also impossible for me to say by whom that damage was caused. I believe, however, that it was not done by the Hovas, but by some of the Betsimisaraka, or other native tribes, who have scarcely come under the influence of Christianity or civilisation yet. My house having been rifled in this way, caused indirectly one of the greatest trials I ever had to

MR. SHAW'S HOUSE, TAMATAVE.

suffer; for although I obtained permission of the French commander of the fort in Tamatave to remove my uninjured furniture, on Tuesday and Wednesday, there were so few natives in the town who were willing to work, that it was a long piece of business to do this. However, I removed a portion of my furniture, but on the Wednesday a certain portion of my furniture still remained. My dispensary, to speak of which I have already prepared you, was a large one, and contained a great number of bottles of

different kinds of medicine, some of them being poisons. I was determined—and I have several witnesses who can prove my determination, and who well knew my intention—to remove the contents of this dispensary upon the following day. On the Wednesday night, however, the commander of the fort sent word to my landlord that on the following morning at eight o'clock he would place a picket in my house. What was my surprise and vexation upon the following morning, after sleeping and keeping watch at the house of Mr. Aitken in the town, to find, on arriving at my house, that the dispensary had been broken open, the bottles had been taken out, broken, removed, or thrown out on the grass. A few bottles of claret which I had, had also been taken away. I was accompanied by another European, and we immediately saw the danger. We collected all the bottles we could find and sent them, with the remaining portion of my furniture, into the town. This was on Thursday morning, and decrees had already been published and posted in conspicuous parts of Tamatave, giving the "ideas" of the Admiral of the Fleet as to the government of the town. Among other things, we were all commanded to pull down our flags.

ANOTHER DECREE

was also promulgated by the Admiral, stating that all Europeans having in their employ any natives—"any persons of Asiatic or African descent"—were to send in their names to the newly appointed Mayor of Tamatave, and sign their names, guaranteeing that they would conduct themselves properly during their residence in Tamatave. This, as I have said, was on the Thursday, and I complied. On the Friday I was still employed in doing what I have described—removing the remaining portion of my furniture. On the Saturday morning, about seven o'clock or half-past seven, the Mayor of Tamatave came to me at Mr. Aitken's, and he said, "I have received your communication, in which you offer yourself as security for certain men and certain women. Of course, your offering yourself and giving your name is quite sufficient; and if you will go to the fort at eight o'clock the commander will immediately give you the passports you require, and you and your servants will be at liberty to circulate in Tamatave as you may wish." I went accordingly to the fort, and applied to the commander for passports. He turned to me, and said, "I have got the list of names of your servants, and I see by their names they are evidently Hovas. Don't you know they are our enemies, and that, consequently, you are harbouring in your house some of our enemies?" I said, "No, there are no Hovas among my servants. I may have written their names *à la* Hova, but that is according to the language I have learnt. I might easily have written them as the Betsimisaraka would have pronounced them, and that would have completely changed the form in which you have them now; but they are not Hovas at all." The Commander said, "Well, I don't believe you. I put you in arrest until they arrive." I had no argument to gainsay this, but I asked him if I might be allowed to

write, in order to ask my servants to come, knowing full well that they were not Hovas, that they had done nothing against the French, and that they would certainly come if I wrote. He said, "Yes, but meanwhile you must follow these soldiers;" and I was accordingly placed in a tent, unarmed though I was, and not looking like a man who would endeavour to make his escape from a fort which contained 700 soldiers, with four armed soldiers to guard me, and a corporal outside to see that the soldiers did their duty. The door of the tent was commanded to be closed—I was seemingly thought too dangerous to be allowed to look out into the fort—but through the chink of the tent I saw my servants come up, and I saw that they were all there. I saw also my landlord, and I thought to myself, it must then be all right, and in a few minutes I shall be allowed to go out. However, although this was quite early in the morning, I waited and waited until about eleven o'clock, when I was graciously permitted to take my breakfast. I will not describe the kind of breakfast it was; but if any of the company present here this evening have ever seen the rations given to the commonest French sailors on men-of-war, they will have an idea of the food I received. I waited until the afternoon, when a French officer came down and asked a number of questions—what my name was, what was my profession, and where I came from, until I thought it was about my turn to ask him some questions. So I asked him, as well as my French would permit me, why I was still there; if my servants had come; and why, as they had come, I was not set at liberty? He said, "Oh, yes, your servants have come; they have had some rice and meat given them, and they are very happy. Stay where you are; if you attempt to escape you will be shot." About five o'clock, some officers came down and called me out. I was placed in the midst of a squad of armed soldiers, and was told I was to march down to the landing-place. I was marched as a prisoner through the town in which I had been a missionary, and came in this way to the landing-place. I was told if I attempted to escape I should be shot. That I expected. I was told, too, that if I attempted to communicate with anybody on the road I should be shot. That I did not understand I was ordered into a boat, and taken on board

THE FRENCH SHIP, THE "NIÈVRE."

On arriving there, I was placed in a small cabin, and was told I must remain there, and must communicate with no one on board. My landlord, I found, had to accompany me—why, I do not know to the present time. His two clerks also accompanied me. On the following day, my landlord and his clerks were all set at liberty—without any accusation, without any examination, without anything which would account for their detention on board as prisoners even for twelve hours. I was kept on board the *Nièvre* in the small cabin to which I have referred, and the very commonest food was given me. I will describe it at once, and that will suffice. I was astonished when I first saw it, and I think any Englishman

would have been astonished too. The first day I came on board, a man came in, carrying a wooden bucket. I thought, "Oh, this is the water for me to wash with." However, the man made me understand that in this bucket was some soup, and he drew forth from under his arm a piece of bread, which was to be divided among the company of prisoners. Having no table, let alone table-cloth, he put this bread upon the floor, and cut it in half, giving me a piece. When I came to examine into matters, I found there were neither knives, plates, spoons, nor forks, and I was expected to eat this soup and this bread I can hardly tell how. I managed to make my meal by dipping my bread into the "soup," and I must say that it was the most unpalatable stuff I ever tasted. This had been brought in the morning at about half-past ten o'clock with a small piece of meat, and in the evening the soup and bread were brought in, minus the meat. These were my two meals a-day, and so much for the commissariat department of the French Navy. In the shape of drink, I never had the pleasure of seeing tea. On the first morning, at an early hour, I was awakened by a man who brought in the same bucket, and who told me there was some coffee. I tasted it, and found it was no more like coffee than dirty water. Accordingly I refused to drink it, and, during my imprisonment, I had no more "coffee." I should mention that a little claret was given to me, but it was of the same character as the food. This sort of food and drink very soon brought on an attack of Madagascar fever, and, as an Englishman, I did not make the least of that. I had a French doctor to attend to me, and I lay up in bed and made myself in his eyes as bad as was necessary. I found this was a good policy, because I was placed upon hospital diet, which was far to be preferred to prisoners' diet. What was more, by the time I recovered from the fever I had insinuated myself somewhat into the good graces of the doctor by talking to him on medical matters; and after the fever was over, I was so fortunate as to be able to make an arrangement with the cook by which I obtained a plate of something, at all events much better than my previous fare, with a knife and fork besides. I was kept on board the *Nièvre* for nineteen days, and on the fifteenth day an officer came on board, and I was ordered into the captain's cabin. I went there and he told me he had been ordered to examine me. He asked me, among other things, if I knew what I was accused of. I told him "No." I said, "The commander of the fort told me he would keep me in arrest until my servants arrived; and I am still kept in arrest." He said, "Ah, and now you are accused of having tried to poison French soldiers." I asked for an explanation, and he said poisoned claret had been found in my garden; that sailors who had drunk of what was found in my garden had become seriously ill. I told him how I could prove that I had nothing whatever to do with these things; that I had witnesses who could prove I was away when the house was broken into; that the guard was on duty all night, and that none of us could have gone near without their knowing it. But despite this painful charge, I have

AN EVEN MORE PAINFUL SUBJECT

to speak of. After having been in prison ten days, it was my very hard fate to see the *Taymouth Castle* come into Tamatave. The *Taymouth Castle* is one of the vessels of the Donald Currie Company; and, to make you understand how hard it was for me to see that vessel come in, I must say that my wife was on board; that she had been from Tamatave two years in ill-health, and that I had not seen her for more than eighteen months, and I was not certain how she might be. Well, the vessel in which she was, steamed in and anchored close to the vessel in which I was a prisoner. Although I was permitted to write to her, I was compelled to write in French, and to leave the letters open; they were submitted to the French officers and the officers of the Custom-house, and if the letters did not suit the tastes of these officers, they were not delivered. I have reason to know that several of my letters were not delivered. I will do the French officers the justice to say, however, that all my wife's letters were delivered to me, though not until the *Taymouth Castle* had gone away. They had the humanity, at all events, to give me her letters, though not until they had been opened. But my wife, having come over to re-join me, although I was in prison, I naturally supposed that I should be allowed to see her; and I told the doctor—who was now, to a certain extent, friendly to me—that then was my hardest trial, because yonder was the vessel containing my wife. He shrugged his shoulders, and said he could do nothing for me. My wife, instead of having her husband to welcome her once more to Madagascar, to begin the work there again—instead of his coming on board the *Taymouth Castle* to receive her—found that her husband was in prison; and she went on shore, or rather, she went in a boat, and was rowed towards the shore, but was not allowed to land. She asked the officer in charge of the Custom-house how she might see me, if it were not possible that she might come to me. The officer said it was not his business, and she was advised to visit the admiral. The officer of the *Taymouth Castle*—who felt the greatest sympathy, and, I must say, acted nobly—conducted my wife to Admiral Pierre's ship; but the admiral, who had received an intimation that she was coming, would not give her the favour of an interview. The officer of the *Taymouth Castle* was received with honour on the deck of the ship, but she was allowed to go no farther. My wife was told that the admiral would not see her; but an officer, who was secretary and interpreter to the admiral, said he would take any message to the admiral, and would return with an answer. My wife asked three things—first, that she should be allowed to see me for a short time. The French officer went away, and returned with an answer that she could not see her husband. My wife then asked if she might be allowed to share my imprisonment. Again the answer was "No." Her third and last request was that she should either be allowed to go on board the *Dryad*, or to land at Tamatave, so as to be near her husband. That was also denied to her. When the boat, in which was my wife, was returning to the *Taymouth Castle* from the admiral's ship,

the officer, out of pity and sympathy, made a course near to the *Nièvre*, and, hailing her, asked if Mr. Shaw might come on deck in order to take off his hat to his wife, but was seriously warned that the boat must not come near the *Nièvre* without the admiral's orders. My wife was then taken on board the *Taymouth Castle*, but I knew not that she was there. If I had known that she was on board the *Taymouth Castle*, I might have borrowed a glass from one of the more humane of the officers, and thus have looked upon the face of my wife, whom I had not seen for two years. But I had had no correspondence, and I knew not that she was then so near to me. The *Taymouth Castle* then proceeded on her way to the Mauritius, where my wife, for the second time in my missionary life—having once saved my life—was enabled to do me good service by arousing the attention of friends. It was fortunate, indeed, for me that she did not remain in Tamatave, for my lot was hard enough to bear as it was; but it would have been doubly hard if Admiral Pierre had permitted her to come on board and share my imprisonment. By her going to the Mauritius she found a sincere sympathiser in Sir John Pope Hennessy, and she received a hearty welcome from his Excellency Sir William Hewitt. I beg to express, in my wife's name, and in my own name, the warmest gratitude for their words of sympathy and encouragement, and for the help which my wife received at their hands in the trial which had come upon her. Well, to return to my own position. After being nineteen days upon the *Nièvre* I was transferred, without any warning, to

THE "FLORE," THE ADMIRAL'S VESSEL.

It might be supposed that now my imprisonment would be ameliorated, but, sad to say, such was not the case. When I arrived on board the *Flore* much worse accommodation was provided for me than I had had on board the *Nièvre*. I was placed in a small hole of a cabin in the third or lower deck, and with so small an aperture to admit the light that I could not see to read even large print after two o'clock in the afternoon—and you may reflect upon my condition all the weary hours of the night and day which I had to pass there. I did not leave this place but for one hour each day, when, guarded by an armed sentry, I was permitted to promenade the upper deck. I was not allowed to speak to any one except this sentry, who kept guard, night and day, outside the closed door of my cabin. On the 14th of July, I thought, in the celebrations I might get a little relaxation from the confinement in which I was placed; but I was not allowed to join in the rejoicings of my gaolers on that day. Nevertheless, they took so much thought of my soul's welfare that, though I was not allowed to join in their rejoicings, I was bound to keep their fasts; for on Fridays my dinner consisted of two small sardines and a piece of dry bread. After twenty-two days' imprisonment I was again examined, and found, to my astonishment, that my witnesses had not been examined. Then, too, the charge was altered. I was no longer, I was informed, charged

with poisoning the French soldiers or sailors, but with being "imprudent." I laughed, too, when I was told, but in a different tone to your laugh. I asked in what way I had been "imprudent." I was told, "When you found your dispensary was broken open, it was your duty to have told the officer in charge of the sailors and soldiers that there might possibly be some bottles lying about your garden containing poison." I replied that, in place of being imprudent, I thought I was very prudent, for I had set about collecting all the bottles I could find; I had told the officer that the bottles had been taken out of the dispensary, and that all of them which had not been stolen or broken had been thrown into the garden, and the officer having had that intimation should have told his men that the bottles might contain poisons. The officer rejoined, "When we take our men on shore we have to treat them as children"—a matter, I said, which I could not know, as when British officers had British soldiers or sailors abroad they treated them as men. I explained to this officer how he might conclusively prove that I had no hand in the distribution of the bottles. After some days, in the course of which he had, it seems, examined my witnesses, he returned and intimated that my witnesses had contradicted my statement. I was much confounded at hearing this, for I was morally and mathematically certain of the facts, for I had kept a diary. The witnesses, however, after this lapse of time, were confused about the days on which events had occurred; and it is no wonder, considering the ordeal of the bombardment, that they should have been confused. The manner in which they were said to have "contradicted" my statement was that they did not know when we kept watch, and the officer said the main point of the charge against you "hinges upon this—that you were nowhere near your house, and your servants could not go near your house during that night, and your witnesses are not prepared to swear to that; but I begin to think that you are innocent." I then thought to myself, "There is some other influence being brought to bear here. Now it is beginning to be felt that I am not only a missionary, but that I am an Englishman." I then felt that my Government had not forgotten me; that Christians in England had not forgotten me in their prayers, which were now being answered, and I beg now to express my thanksgiving to all Christians in England, whom I know have been praying for me, and I feel sure that the prayers you have offered, together with the influence brought to bear upon the French officers by the British Government, have led to

MY RELEASE.

On the 7th of August—that is to say, nearly two months after the commencement of my imprisonment—the officer came to my cabin and presented me with a paper like a police "form." I expected this was an answer to a letter which I had sent to the admiral. I had said in my letter that if I were not wanted for examination any more, but as my case had to go through two officers' hands, and I might be detained six months

I asked if he would permit me to go to the Mauritius to see my wife. I would give my *parole* to return. I found that the paper presented to me was not an answer to my letter, but it stated that, there "having been no sufficient evidence against Mr. Shaw," "taking also into account his nationality," and "having in view other circumstances outside the case' —which I think very curious—that Mr. Shaw should be set at liberty. I said to the officer, "This is not an answer to my letter, asking for permission to go on *parole d'honneur*," and he replied, "No; it sets you free entirely." "I am free to return to Tamatave?" "Yes; but your wife must not come to you there." Now I had already made arrangements to leave by the *Nièvre* for Bourbon, if I obtained what I had asked for; but this letter was brought to me late at night, and the ship went early in the morning, so I had no time to go to Tamatave. I went on board the *Nièvre*—not this time as a prisoner, but as a passenger—and was landed in Réunion, whence I took ship to the Mauritius, where I met, again, my wife. I rejoiced to see her again. She was nearly then giving way, and would have gone down if the strain had continued much longer, which, I am thankful to say, it was not. I rejoice to say that, under God's blessing, I found her in moderate health. Such is a very rough and fragmentary account of my imprisonment by the French authorities; and in relation to Admiral Pierre not sending me any answer to my letter, I learnt afterwards that he had not been on board for the last fourteen days—that he had left and gone to Réunion. Now, while thanking

THE PRESS OF ENGLAND

for the many kindly words of sympathy and advice given to me, it may, perhaps, be well for me here to correct one or two points on which misunderstandings have crept into print. One is, that I saw the other day the statement that I came home by the request of Lord Granville. This was not the fact, but it is not at all unlikely that I may have communicated the fact that I came home at the request of "our Foreign Secretary." Then it was said that I have come home to claim compensation from the French Government. This, also, is not the case. That is a matter which I feel I can confidently and safely leave in the hands of my own Government. I can leave this matter to the sense of justice which, although ignored by some of her officials in some parts of the world, must animate the conduct of a great and honourable nation like France. I have not come here to claim any indemnity. Some papers have also stated that I have been "advised" as to the course to take. Yes, I have been advised, and I have had plenty of advice. Then it might be as well, perhaps, to mention what seems to be a little difficulty in the minds of English people—which, perhaps, have been obscured by purposely distorted statements of Admiral Pierre, and some of the French officers, as to the nationality of the secretary of her Majesty's Consul in Tamatave. It is quite true that his name, Andrianisa, is native name, but he was born

in the Mauritius; his father was a Hova, his mother was a Creole and a British subject. He was educated and married in the Mauritius, had children there, and remained there, all the time a British subject, until he became secretary to the Consul in Tamatave. It has been also stated that I was forced by the French authorities to sign a paper condemning myself while on board the *Flora*. This statement is not quite true. I wrote, as I have already stated, a letter, in which I asked to be allowed to go to Mauritius on parole. It was a simple letter, in which I said that I was perfectly innocent of all I was charged with. This letter was brought back to me by the secretary to the admiral, who said that I must insert these words :—"Appearances were against me, but I was perfectly innocent." This I declined to do. I took the letter back with me into my cabin, and cogitated over it for some time. I prayed over it, too, and when you are in a prison and not quite certain whether you will be shot, that is the time when a man can pray. Presently these words came into my head, "whatever appearances may have been against me, I was perfectly innocent." I thought this was something in which I could make a compromise, and I would do so. I had claimed the right of writing it in English, and the officer, when he read it, said, "Why, when this is translated into French, it means nothing." Well, I knew it did not, and I did not wish that it should mean anything. But it is a ticklish thing for a man when he knows that he must admit something—make some compromise, or perhaps remain in prison six or twelve months, and I accordingly asked him whether these words would be sufficient; at all events, the letter went back with the words in it, "although some circumstances of the case made appearances to be against me, yet I was perfectly innocent." "Yes," he said, "that will do," and so I allowed it to go. This is the phrase to which reference has been made. I was not forced to sign it, but only to make some sort of compromise, and I made as little compromise as I possibly could. And now, independently of all I have said in reference to compensation, I pray that the greatest outcome of my imprisonment may be an increased interest in Madagascar, and an increased desire for the welfare of the people.

The Rev. Dr. ALLON having offered prayer,

The Rev. J. G. ROGERS, B.A., moved, and HENRY WRIGHT, Esq., J.P., seconded, the following Resolution, which was unanimously adopted :—

"That this meeting, with sincere joy and gratitude, welcome to their native land the missionary brethren who have just returned from Madagascar, deeply sympathising with them all, as well as with the brethren who still remain in the island, in the anxieties and difficulties to which they have been subjected. They would specially congratulate Mr. Shaw on being released from an imprisonment by the French authorities at Tamatave, extending over nearly two months, and would assure him of their unshaken confidence, and of their deep sympathy, both with him and Mrs. Shaw, in the very painful experiences through which they have passed, at the same time expressing their belief that the action of the French naval officers cannot have the approval either of the French Government or of the

people. They devoutly recognise the Grace of God as exhibited in the Christian spirit which the people of Madagascar have manifested in this time of sore tribulation, in the steadfastness of the native churches, in the magnanimity of the native Government, and in the noble conduct of the late Queen, so thoroughly in harmony with the Christian policy which marked her reign. They express their heartfelt sympathy with the young Queen in the difficulties of her present position, and earnestly commend her and the Prime Minister to the gracious protection of the King of kings, praying that He would give her and her people a happy and a speedy issue out of all their afflictions."

The doxology was then sung, and the proceedings terminated.

THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS.

Letters from Mauritius, dated September, state that a passage to MANANJARY, on the coast of Madagascar, had been secured for Mr. J. C. THORNE, and it was hoped that he would be able, though perhaps with some difficulty, from thence to make his way to the capital with a small supply of provisions for immediate use. Our friends having remained in Mauritius for upwards of three months, and it being doubtful when the state of Madagascar may admit of the recommencement of missionary operations, the Rev. J. SIBREE, and Miss BLISS, have been requested by the Directors to visit AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND with the view of engaging in deputation work for the Society; the Rev. J. A. HOULDER will proceed to CAPE TOWN for the winter; and Miss CRAVEN has been transferred permanently to the mission in CALCUTTA.

II.—Notes of the Month.

1. DEPARTURES.

Miss McMicking, returning to Calcutta, North India, embarked, per steamer *City of London*, October 6th.

The Rev. F. A. Russell, appointed to Belgaum, South India, embarked for Vingorla, per steamer *Rewa*, October 17th.

The Rev. Harry Scott and Mrs. Scott, appointed to New Guinea, embarked for Thursday Island, per steamer *Merkara*, October 22nd.

2. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. W. C. Willoughby, from Urambo, Central Africa, per steamer *India*, August 21st.

The Rev. B. Briggs, Mrs. Briggs, and daughter; Rev. George Cousins, and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Shaw, from Madagascar, per steamer *Garth Castle*, September 24th.

3. BIRTHS.

Hacker.—July 7th, at Neyoor, Travancore, South India, the wife of the Rev. I. H. Hacker, of a daughter.

Phillips.—September 9th, at Berhampore, North India, the wife of the Rev. W. B. Phillips, of a daughter.

4. MARRIAGE.

Cooper—Henry.—August 4th, at the British Consulate, Tahiti, Society Islands, South Seas, by the Rev. Albert Pearse (Raiatea), the Rev. Ebenezer V. Cooper (Huahine) to Blanche Clara Henry, great-granddaughter of the Rev. Mr. Henry, and granddaughter of the Rev. Mr. Orsmond, former missionaries to Tahiti.

5. ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

On Friday, the 12th of October, Mr. William Henry Wilson was ordained in Cheshunt College Chapel as a missionary to Tutuila, Samoan Islands, South Pacific. The Rev. H. R. Reynolds, D.D., President of the College, presided, and asked the ordination questions; Rev. Owen C. Whitehouse, M.A., conducted the introductory service; Rev. Edward H. Jones, the Society's Deputation Secretary, gave an address; the field of labour was described by Rev. J. L. Green, missionary from Tahiti; Rev. R. Vaughan Pryce, M.A., LL.B., offered the ordination prayer; and Rev. W. M. Statham delivered the charge.

6. IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Gill, of Rarotonga.

The death, in July last, at Rarotonga, one of the Hervey Islands, South Pacific, of the devoted wife of the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, is surrounded by circumstances of a peculiarly distressing character. It occurred quite unexpectedly, and in the absence of her husband, who was visiting the outstations of the group in the *John Williams*. For more than thirty years Mrs. Gill had been his devoted and efficient helpmeet in mission work, first at Mangaia and subsequently at Rarotonga; and, by her winning ways and perfect acquaintance with the vernacular, had become a general

favourite, especially among the female portion of the community. Her loss will be long felt, but she leaves behind her the records of a self-sacrificing and useful life. Her feeble health rendered frequent visits to the Colonies necessary, from one of which she had but recently returned when she was called away. The following details of the sad event have been furnished by her bereaved husband:—"On Thursday, July 19th, I landed on Rarotonga, but found the entire population in deep mourning. To my unspeakable grief, I was told that my beloved wife died suddenly on the 12th of that month. Mrs. Turpie, happily, was staying ashore with her. It appeared that she had been busy as usual in the morning; in the afternoon the ladies sat together, working and conversing, till four p.m., when Mrs. Gill went for her bath. Twenty minutes afterwards a female servant found her dead, the head resting on the left hand, the eyes closed as if in sleep. She was not drowned, as her hair was scarcely wet; the plug had been taken out by herself, and the water was quite gone. The body was at once taken into the dwelling-house, and hot fomentations used, with a view of restoring the action of the heart. The servants say that Mrs. Turpie did all that could be done; but in vain. On the following Sabbath the interment took place, in the presence of all the native pastors, the chiefs of the village, the whites, and the entire church. The deepest sympathy has been shown. Our impression is that, on getting out of the bath, faintness overcame her; so that she gently slid back again and passed almost painlessly to the better world. No doubt, the shock of the cold water (this is our coldest month) was too much for her enfeebled frame. Her liver was terribly enlarged; but she was always cheerful and active. Her influence over the native women was great. Rough lads would gladly listen to her voice. She lived very near to God, and had the interest of the mission very much at heart. Her translation of 'Peep of Day' and 'Precept upon Precept' (we call it 'Ata Ao') was very successful, being much prized by the natives. I have lost a loving wife and a wise counsellor; our children a tender, God-fearing mother; the natives a faithful monitor. This is a bitter stroke; but I strive to say, 'Father, Thy will be done.'" To our brother, in his sorrow and loneliness, the Directors would tender the expression of their deepest sympathy, which they feel sure will be shared by a large circle of Mr. Gill's friends in England and elsewhere.

Rev. T. Beswick, of New Guinea.

In the autumn of 1878, the Rev. Thomas Beswick, having completed his studies at the Western College, Plymouth, and received his appointment from the Directors, left England for New Guinea, where they hoped he would render long and efficient service in the cause of Christ. It was therefore, with considerable disappointment that, in consequence of a most unsatisfactory medical opinion being given respecting the lady to whom he was under an engagement of marriage, they were constrained to accept his resignation, after a residence at Hula, on the mainland, of three years only —a period sufficient, however, to prove his devotion to the work and his

fitness for it. Proceeding to the Colonies, Mr. Beswick was married, and obtained an Educational appointment at Adelaide, where he was followed by the good wishes of the Directors and officers of the Society. The state of his wife's health having greatly improved during her residence in Australia, it was with much pleasure that, in the spring of the present year, the Directors felt themselves justified in re-appointing him as a missionary to New Guinea. While on his way thither, our brother was, in the mysterious providence of God, called away to a higher service. He arrived at Townsville on the 8th of August in a state of extreme weakness, owing to a severe attack of pneumonia, and proceeded to the house of Dr. Ridgley, a former New Guinea missionary, whose kind professional services were seconded by the tender solicitude of his wife and Mrs. Ridgley. All efforts for his restoration proved, however, fruitless, and he breathed his last on the morning of Sunday, the 12th of the same month.

7. THE MOFFAT INSTITUTION.

Since the death of the Rev. Dr. Moffat, several friends have suggested various forms of memorial in token of the high esteem in which that veteran missionary was held. But it is widely known that at Kuruman, the centre of his long labour for South Africa, in the "Institution" which bears the name of MOFFAT, there has existed for some years a very appropriate record of the high admiration and love which his noble character and eminent services have inspired. In connection with that Institution there are TRAINING CLASSES for native students, conducted by the Rev. J. Mackenzie, but, at present, in the absence of Mr. Mackenzie, by the Rev. J. Brown; a BOYS' SCHOOL, superintended by the Rev. A. J. Wookey; and a GIRLS' SCHOOL, under the kind care of Mrs. Cockin, widow of the Rev. Joseph Cockin. All these departments of important work require constant support, and, at the present time, the girls' school is especially in need of funds for its proper maintenance. Can there be a better mode of testifying to the love and honour in which Dr. Moffat's memory is cherished than by liberal contributions in aid of the work of that Institution, that it may continue to be a power for good, widely operating for those ends which were dear to, and long personally promoted by, ROBERT MOFFAT?

III.—Contributions.

From September 14th to October 13th, 1883.

Omitted from 1883 Report.

Crouch End. Park Chapel New Year's Offering 11 3 9

LONDON.

"D. P.," Bond and Coupons 308 0 0

Collection at Exeter Hall, for Madagascar. 26 13 4

"H. J. W." (a Thank-offering) 10 0 0

"621" 10 0 0

Jno. Procter, Esq. 2 2 0

"H. T." 1 0 0

"T. W." 0 10 6

Anerley. Cong. Ch. .. 20 8 0

Bethnal Green. Miss Combs, for Female Missions 0 10 0

Canning Town 7 11 9

Clapton Park. Mrs C. Sherring, for Female Missions 0 10 2

Edmonton and Tottenham. Widows' Fund. 5 5 0

Fetter Lane, Welsh Ch. 6 15 0

Hammersmith. Broadway, May Coll..... 6 5 0

Hampstead. Heath St.. 10 0 0

Islington, Union Chapel. H. M. Murray, Esq... 1 1 0

Norwood, Upper. Mr. Joseph Morgan's box 0 4 2

Tollington Park. New Court Ch., for Native Teacher, South India. 12 0 0

Tottenham Court Road. Men's Bible Class, for Native Teacher, care of Rev. H. J. Goffin, Vizianagram	3	0	0
Wandsworth. Aux.	15	17	9
Winchmore Hill	15	4	5

COUNTRY.

A Friend	25	0	0
A Friend	25	0	0
A Friend, Proceeds of Sale of Silver	21	14	0
Alnwick. Sion Cong. Ch.	18	0	0
Avebury	5	14	0
Bath. Aux.	164	4	0
Bedford. A Thankoffering from a Friend	5	0	0
Birmingham. Aux.	299	0	7
Blandford	5	17	0
Boston. Red Lion St., Public Meeting	1	19	1
Bradford. Aux.	102	0	0
Ladies' Aux., for Fem. Missions	30	0	0
Brighton. Belgrave St. Ch., for Free Circulation of Chronicle	3	0	0
Bristol. Aux.	1787	0	11
Bungay. G. R. Wales, Esq.	1	1	0
Burslem. Queen Street	12	4	1
Bristol. Collected by Mrs. Edge, for Medical Work, Hong Kong	10	4	0
Calne and Goatacre	30	12	9
Chelmsford. Sophia Whiting's box	0	17	0
Chudleigh	2	5	3
Crediton	2	13	0
Cumberland. Auxiliary	29	12	1
Devizes. Aux.	45	7	9
Dorchester	6	2	0
Durham. Aux.	29	2	9
Exeter. Aux.	25	0	0
Exmouth	4	7	3
Faversham. Collected by Miss Hill	2	1	0
Fowey	5	18	3
Frome—			
The Misses Rossiter, for Female Missions	0	5	0
Zenana Working Party, for do.	25	0	0
Fylde District. Aux.	22	3	6
Gloucester. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gaze	5	0	0
Great Dunmow. Legacy of the late Miss Sarah Crouchman, per Mr. J. A. Copland, of Chelmsford	44	2	6
Halstead. W. S. Wallis, Esq.	1	1	0
Harwich. Rev W. G. Tucker	0	10	6
Hastings. Further on Account of Sale of Pictures bequeathed by late J. Large, Esq.	6	6	0
Havant. Mr. George Cannings	0	10	6
Kerswell, near Cullompton. Mr. Rd. Trimles	0	6	0
Kidderminster. Aux.	45	13	9
Leeds. Aux.	440	0	0
Leek. Aux.	27	14	8
Lytham. "A Returned Missionary"	50	0	0
Manchester. Besses-o'-th'-Barn Cong. Ch.	3	6	2
Meole, near Shrewsbury. Legacy of the late Thos. Hewitt, Esq., further on account	1500	0	0
Middleton-by-Youlgreave	2	1	1
Milton Mount College	0	12	6
New Barnet. May Coll.	6	10	0
Newcastle-under-Lyme.	5	10	9
Newport (Mon.). Aux.	111	10	3
Newton Abbot. Colls.	14	17	2
North Shields. Aux.	19	7	4
Norwich—			
J. Cairns, Esq.	3	3	0
Mrs. Cairns, for Female Missions	2	2	0
Plymouth—			
Miss Windeatt, for Native Teacher, W. Rooker	10	0	0
For China	5	0	0
For India	5	0	0
For Africa	5	0	0
Rugby. For Native Teacher, Cuddapah	6	0	0
Ryton-on-Tyne	5	11	6
Saddleworth District	12	13	11
St. Leonards-on-Sea—			
Collection	30	0	0
Miss Newberry, for Bible-woman, Amoy	12	0	0
Sedgley. Cong. Ch.	5	9	5
Sherborne. Aux.	10	16	0
Southam, near Rugby. For Female Missions	0	5	0
South Ockendon. H. T. Bruce, Esq.	0	10	0
Do., for Native Teacher, South Seas	5	0	0
Spilsby	2	5	0
Sunderland—			
Bethel Church	13	13	7
Fawcett Street and Dundas St. Churches	29	17	11
Swanage. Aux.	3	9	0
Teignmouth. Aux.	28	0	0
Thornton, near Bradford—			
J. Craven, Esq.	50	0	0
Do, Dividend on Bond	20	16	2
Topsham. Cong. Ch.	2	15	8
Totnes. Aux.	12	15	0
Tynemouth. Cong. Ch.	27	3	6
Wakefield. Aux.	26	6	9
Walsall—			
Auxiliary	6	5	0
Bridge Street Ch.	31	17	2
Wednesbury. Cong. Ch.	5	5	0
West Bromwich. Mayers Green Ch.	10	19	7
Weymouth. Gloucester Street Ch.	13	12	6
Whitchurch (Salop)	14	4	11
Wigton. Aux.	5	7	5
Wimborne. Cong. Ch.	4	5	6
Wirksworth. Legacy of the late Mrs. Margaret Wright	17	5	10
Wolverhampton. Queen Street Ch.	175	18	3

WALES.

Penycraig, near Carmarthen. Collection.	1	4	0

SCOTLAND.

Dundee. Ladies' Aux. for Female Missions	14	3	6
Elgin. "A. B."	3	0	0
Kilmarnock. Mrs. Begg	10	0	0
Millport	3	16	0

IRELAND.

Dublin. J. Kershaw, Esq., Dividend on G.W.R. of Ireland, for Madagascar	3	10	10

MISSION STATIONS.

South Seas. Raiatean Contributions	373	0	0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the Rev. Robert Robinson, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

London: Alexander & Shepheard, Printers, Lonsdale Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE PALACE, MOORSHEDABAD, AND BRANCH OF THE SACRED RIVER.

THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

London Missionary Society.

I.—North India.—Itinerating in Moorshedabad.

BY THE REV. W. B. PHILLIPS OF BERHAMPORE.

IN 1879, after having completed my three years' initial study of Bengali, I felt it my duty to take a survey of operations in this district and form an opinion upon general plans of work. In consequence my first attempt at itinerancy was a trip to Moorshedabad city. All the means then at my disposal for getting about were two ponies, both of which were well versed in stumbling. The one I took landed me comfortably on the hard road, in the dark, about a mile or so from the city. However, we both got safely there at last; a friend provided for our wants a few days, and I was able to make a fair start in itinerancy. The next place visited was Beldanga, and, thanks to the pony's skill, under equally favourable circumstances. By these two expeditions, however, I had exhausted the places at which friends could be found to put me up at reasonable distances from Berhampore. I had also discovered the capabilities of my horseflesh, and thought they tended rather towards a broken neck. At this juncture a friend offered me his boat. I was exceedingly thankful, and went for a fortnight towards the north, making Jungipore my farthest place. After that, for a week or two, I was in some difficulty. I wanted to get about, but felt quite nonplussed as to means for doing it. The same friend again came to my help. He offered the use of a small boat, with mat roof, for twelve months, and also put seats and other fittings in at his own expense. In this I went up and down the river during the rest of 1879 and for some months of 1880.

Meanwhile, a conviction had been growing in my mind that the mission ought to have a boat of its own. Seventy miles of river, running the long way through the centre of the district, having several large towns and many villages on its banks, afforded no inconsiderable sphere for itinerancy taken by itself. After consulting one or two friends I resolved to see what could be raised from dwellers in Berhampore. About Rs. 450 were subscribed and I began to look round for a suitable boat. After many inquiries and several disappointments, I was *driven* to entertain the unwelcome conviction that I must get one built myself. To anyone who knows what Indian workmen are, it will be most readily intelligible why I should need to be *driven*. At the beginning of 1880, while in Calcutta, I made inquiries as to timber, with a view to building. In the course of these inquiries I was introduced to Mr. McIvor, of the Government Dockyard. He is one of the members of our Hastings church, Calcutta. To me he said nothing that promised help; but afterwards he went to Mr. Wilkins and said, "Tell Mr. Phillips that I will build his boat for Rs. 900, and if it costs any more I will give it myself." Never shall I forget the deep feeling of gratitude to God that these words stirred in my heart. Here was I labouring under the dread of having to attempt a most harassing task, and in a moment God had put it into the heart of one of the most competent men in India to undertake the work. In July of 1880 a brand new, well built, and in every way suitable craft was moored off the mission house as the mission boat for Moorshedabad.

For over three years this mission boat has done good service along this river Bhagirotti. It is good for thirty years' service if properly looked after. (This reminds me that I ought to have asked in the budget for about £3 for repainting, &c. If the Directors feel moved to send it without asking I shall not be ungrateful.) One great advantage of itinerating by boat is the economy of time. I am writing this in the boat, on the fourth day of absence from home, at the city of Moorshedabad. Mornings and evenings are the golden opportunities for preaching, and, between times, study and correspondence can be done. This floating house carries all conveniences and prevents loss of valuable time.

Loneliness has been one of the marked features of my itinerating labours. For three years I was content to bear it, on account of one

special compensation. Alone among the people I had no other resource but to make the most of my vocabulary. Being compelled to preach, converse, ask and answer questions, I gradually came to feel at ease in the language to some extent. This must not be confounded with *mastering* the language; that is a distant goal to which the pilgrim far more often looks than attains. Since June, the Rev. T. P. Chatterjea has been my fellow labourer, and it has made the work a far greater pleasure.

On reference to my journal I find that between May 26th, 1879, and August 21st, 1883, the whole of my itinerancies have occupied 396½ days, or one year one month. These were distributed as follows:—May—December, 1879, 61 days; January—December, 1880, 79½ days; January—December, 1881, 92 days; January—December, 1882, 88 days; January—August 21st, 1883, 76 days. The larger portion of time in 1879 and 1883 is due to my freedom from school duties. Except April and May I consider all parts of the year available for itinerancy, provided both boat and tent are available. I have even worked during every month, but at certain times it is hardly safe, and it is not wise to run risks. In the worst years of the river the boat is available from June 1st to December 31st, seven clear months.* From January to March a tent is required. During January, February, and March of this year I was experimenting. Our tent is old, cumbersome, and requires large repairs. The river being too low for boat, and the tent being both invalided and expensive, I resolved to try other measures. Some people have made much of trusting to the hospitality of the people; making the most of comfortable cowsheds, &c., &c. Nothing like trying for one's self, so I determined to experiment. Getting a bullock cart I loaded everything on it, self and servant included. We went to a place, Kandi, first, eighteen miles distant. I got the loan of a room belonging to the municipality, and had for company any number of street names and house numbers. I was very thankful for it and used it again afterwards, but it was very inconvenient. At Moorshedabad I obtained the use of a bare room, and a friend lent me some chairs, &c. At Islampoor I obtained the use of a road-cess office and

* Until 1881 the river was open all the year round, and for thirty or forty years previously. A change in the course of the main stream of the Ganges has made a temporary alteration.

managed very fairly. At Beldanga a house was put at my service, containing a table, bed, and two chairs. At other places I found temporary shelter in the police outpost. The conclusion of the whole matter, in my judgment, was, that it compelled one to trouble others more than is good, and to put up with endless superfluous discomforts one's self. Tenting is the usual and most simple method. It is the one followed by the officials in every district, and is the one I am resolved to adopt for the dry and cool months.

When in Calcutta I was offered the Bhowanipore tent. I brought it up, but find it dates back somewhere in the middle ages, and requires much repair. This has led me to determine on trying to raise a new hill tent to match the new mission boat; but I want to try and do it without asking the Board for help. It will cost Rs. 350. Of course, if any good brother or sister, in the confidence of the Board, is longing for an object, I shall not refuse any portion of this £35. Meanwhile I must really look round for help, because the boating season is above half over, and I want to be ready for January.

I wish I could report that the Gospel is manifestly waking up the people in this district. I think some of the people are getting more disposed for active opposition, and that is a good sign. I heartily endorse Mr. E. M. Lewis's opinion, given at the Conference:—"I confess I do not understand what is meant by those who affirm that Hindooism is tottering and ready to fall. I do not believe it. The fort of Hindooism is still very strong." The same may be said of Mohammedanism. It is useless blinding one's eyes. Despite what has been done for India, it appears to me the English churches stand to-day like a farmer, with one boy to help him, who has purchased 10,000 acres of dense forest, intending to raise corn, and just felled his first six trees. 250,000,000 people, sunk in a superstition of subtle, all-pervading power!! Have our churches any but the faintest conception what this means? I doubt it. "India for Christ" is a noble cry, but it falls flat in presence of one man to two or three million heathen. "India for Christ" means a depth of self-denial scarcely imagined as yet by Christ's followers. But "India for Christ" is a blessed and certain hope of the future. Not from doubt, but from a desire to arouse, do I point to the gigantic waste in darkness.

II.—Lake Tanganyika.

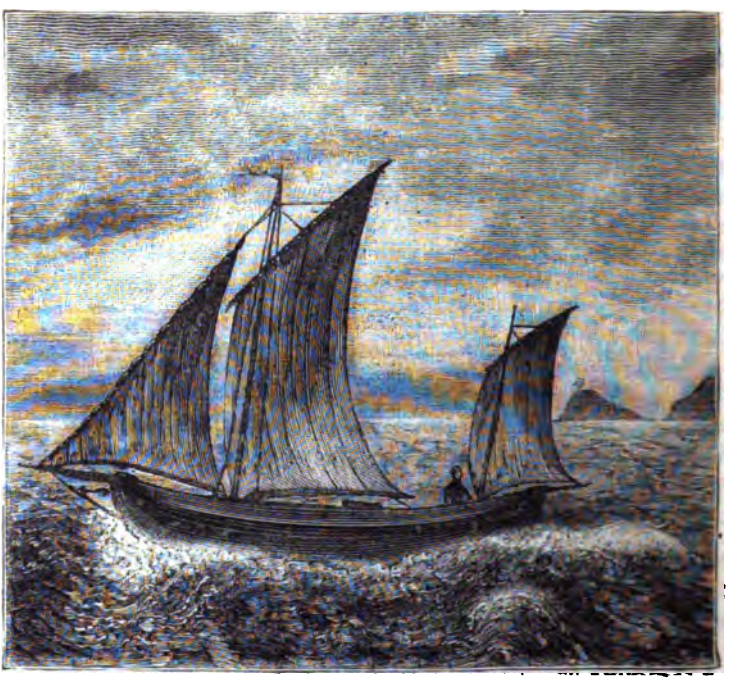
LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT "*MORNING STAR.*"

AS an adjunct to the marine department of the Central African Mission, under the superintendence of CAPTAIN HORE, the little vessel *Calabash* was for several years found very useful in exploratory and mission voyages on the lake. She was not, however, the property of the Society, but was simply hired from her Arab owners at a yearly rent. The directors being desirous of securing for the mission a vessel of its own, advantage was taken of Captain Hore's presence in England to obtain from him plans and specifications for a suitable steel lifeboat. These were carried into effect by Messrs. FORRESTT & SON; and in July, 1882, the boat (like the steamer to which we referred in the October CHRONICLE) was sent out in sections, which were conveyed up country from the East Coast to Ujiji, a distance of eight hundred miles, on men's shoulders. This undertaking was beset with many difficulties, and brought into practical exercise the fertility of resource, watchfulness, and perseverance which have in a marked degree characterized Captain Hore's other services in connection with the mission. Some idea of these difficulties may be formed from the following letter, announcing the arrival of the cavalcade at a point of the road about sixty miles from Ujiji, intersected by the Malagarasi river, the east bank of which was reached on the afternoon of Thursday, the 8th of February :—

"The chief of a small fishing village at the back of the hill," writes Captain Hore, "promised to bring boats for the crossing early next morning. But his promise was the first of many unfaithful ones. Early Friday morning the weather was very propitious and the scene pleasant to look upon. Our camp was on the gentle slope of a hill-side which rose close behind us—east. South—more hills between which the smooth strong river glides in a more confined space than hitherto, on its way to Tanganyika. Right in front and a little below (east of us), stretches a great level plain, apparently uniformly covered with long bright green grass, and diversified only by a few regular mounds, covered with the same grass; these are ant hills. Right on the other side, one and a quarter mile from our camp, rises another small hill-side like our own, and north the vast plain seems to continue as far as eye can reach—very beautiful it looks but it is treacherous. It is a vast swamp, the mounds are but islands, and in the midst is the great river; scarce a ripple can be heard, but the swift

wonder at and admire, where are they beside such work as this—tut, they are nowhere.' The last few days we often could scarce get elbow room to work, the shed was so crowded. At last, on Saturday night, all was ready, the last touches of varnish were left to dry till Monday morning, and a public announcement was made of the forthcoming launch. Said bin Habib sent a bullock to be slaughtered on the occasion, as an 'apology,' said he, for his absence, for he was already living in camp preparatory to a journey. Msalim, the son of Muinyi Heri, the governor, sent another bullock, and a third was purchased.

"Early on Monday morning we started from the house, with our men



LIFE BOAT "NYOTA YA ASSUBUI" (MORNING STAR).

carrying the masts, ropes, and all gear necessary for the launch. Blocks had already been laid from the shed to the lake, a distance of 100 feet, on a very excellent plan, as it proved, invented by Mr. Swann. A stout and long rope was passed round the boat and secured, the blocks were greased, and we only waited the arrival of long-promised help. The men from the town, chiefly Arabs' slaves and followers, arrived first. Then in the far distance we saw a long line of natives approaching along the beach—it was my old friend, the Mteho of Bangwe, with fifty or sixty of his villagers; later on another group arrived from Gungu, and so, at last, we mustered about 250 or 300 men. The two ends of the rope were trailed along towards the

lake, and manned by over 100 Wajiji; the boat itself was almost hidden by the willing hands surrounding it. Silence could *not* be obtained, but something like an approach to it being secured, the word was at last given, the props were removed; the rope stretched out like elastic under the weight of the Wajiji in front, and, at its furthest tether, off glided the boat without a jar or shake. When just cleared of the shed, we put in the mizen mast, and hoisted the British colours. A smooth, steady drag brought the boat to the waters' edge, sliding over the blocks as smoothly as could be; here the mainmast was put in, and our Mission flag, the dove with olive branch, hoisted. One more good pull, and our boat was afloat upon the waters of Tanganyika; while, from a hundred African throats, she was pronounced to be the *Nyota ya Assubui*, or *Morning Star*. Numbers of the people rushed into the water, firing off their guns, and dancing and shouting, until it was announced that the promised beef was to be distributed.

"One bullock was taken into the town to be slaughtered for the Arabs' followers, while the Wajiji were taken up to the mission-house to receive another, and the third fell to the share of our own men; a separation of the various parties was thus at the same time effected, which prevented any probable unpleasant collision which might happen in the excited state of the people.

"The *Morning Star* is now riding at anchor off the town; as I look upon her, I recall to my mind some events of that wonderful journey she achieved while still her parts were separate. All those parts have in due course arrived, the work of erection has been completed; and there she rides, the last, but not the least to be remembered, of our mission fleet—destined, we hope, to a considerable share in the conveyance of the good news to all the twelve tribes of Tanganyika."

We congratulate Captain Hore that in a country almost destitute of scientific appliances and possessing but few skilled workmen, the vessel has been put together, launched, and made two trial trips proving her seaworthiness and her suitability for the special and important service she is intended to render, and, respecting which, he anticipates valuable results.

SOUTH INDIA.—TRAVANCORE.

"ALMA MATER REMEMBERED.—We note with sincere pleasure that Dewan Peishcar Rama Row, who was educated in the Nagercoil Seminary, proposes to endow the Madras University with funds sufficient to provide annually a gold medal, value Rs. 50, to be awarded to any student in the order of merit from any of the following educational establishments on passing the B.A. examination:—Nagercoil Seminary, Trevandrum College, Cottayam College, Calicut College, and Ernakulum College. At least, one other ex-student of the Nagercoil Seminary, and high official, is able to follow this excellent example."—(From the *Travancore Times*, August 1st.

III.—Loyalty Islands—Uvea.

By the Rev. James Hadfield.

SPEAKING generally of the year's work, there is great cause for gratitude to God that we have been able to effect more than we had anticipated. In speaking thus, I do not refer altogether to tangible results, though these are not wanting, but to the active working of God's Spirit in our midst. We feel that the people are getting to make religion more a thing of everyday life, and less a thing to be put on and off with their Sunday clothes. The interest in both Sunday and week-day services has been well sustained—indeed few, if any, of the adults are absent from the Sunday services without some reason.

The money contributed this year by natives for missionary work, including education, &c., exceeds that of any previous year, and is £36 in excess of last year, making an average subscription of nearly three shillings for every Protestant man, woman, and child on the island. This is in addition to some gratuitous work on the mission premises, and making seats for the church.

The work of education is progressing favourably. Since sending my last report, I have received and accepted applications from ten or twelve middle-aged men to join my young men's class.

We have been taking active measures this year to combat the evil of intemperance, which seems to have been making a gradual inroad among the people. We have tried to stop this nefarious drink-traffic, but, I am sorry to say, with little success. We might succeed if the Roman Catholics would unite with us; so far, however, from doing this, they seem to encourage its use. We have a written temperance pledge signed by all the church members and some of the other people, I think over 200 in number.

We have this year recalled one of our natives, who has been for some time in the Mare Training Institution, to undertake the duties of pastor in a small village called Vakat. The people of this village have hitherto worshipped with us at Fajawe; but hearing that some Roman Catholic natives living at a village beyond this are disposed to look with favour upon Protestantism, I thought a door might thus be open to them. In any case, it will be an advantage to the people

CHURCH AT UVFA.

of Vakat to have a resident pastor. They have built for him a plaster church and house.

Our Uvean Missionary Society promises well. I have just received a letter from one of the two native missionaries on New Caledonia, which contains a very cheering account of his work. He has made several converts, one being the chief of the place in which he resides. He has also a school of boys and young men. He appeals to the people here to send him clothing, for the converts at present worship in a state of nudity. The other native missionary has also done good service, though he has no real converts; some few of the young men in his school are able to read and write a little. He is now here, having come for his wife and child, for whom he has prepared a home on New Caledonia. The people here have just contributed about £2, to defray his travelling expenses to his station.

WELCOME TO A MISSIONARY.

On the 27th of July, 1882, the Rev. F. E. Lawes and Mrs. Lawes left this country on their return to Niue, where they have laboured for the past fifteen years. Reporting his arrival, Mr. Lawes writes:—

"To our great delight on Saturday, the 2nd of December, just a week after leaving Apia, in the early morning we heard the welcome shout of 'Land ho!' There it was, right ahead on the lee bow. It took only a short time to run down to it on the south side of the island and round the south-west point to Alofi. It being Saturday, the greater part of the people were inland, getting food for Sunday. But on nearing the land we ran up two old flags that were lying about on deck—one from the masthead and one from the peak—which display of dirty bunting led the people to think that we were on board, and they came from every quarter to welcome us. By about ten o'clock we were at anchor, and the ship filled with old friends, eager to shake hands and get all the news. Upon landing we were met by groups of men, women, and children, who greeted us with song, whether extemporised for the occasion or previously prepared I know not. They lined the road on either side from the boat to the house, singing our praises for having kept our promise to return to them. The reception was natural and hearty; they evidently were all very glad to have us back again. Some of the people and teachers from the various villages came into Alofi that day, immediately upon hearing of our arrival; and during the following week they came in stronger force, bringing presents of food, fruit, tapa, fans, &c. In their songs and speeches they, in no measured terms, expressed their joy at our return."

IV.—South India—Cuddapah.

AN OPENING DAY.

By the Rev. A. R. Gazs.

ON Friday, August 3rd, we had a very interesting ceremony, reminding us, in some respects, of similar festival occasions in England, at the opening and dedication of places of worship. Some months ago a Sudra, living in the village of Korrapad, about forty-five miles from Cuddapah, gave to the Mission a very respectable house, in the centre of his village, for purposes of worship. As it then was, it was not adapted, either by situation or arrangement, for a chapel; so it was pulled down, and all the materials removed to the spot where a school-house was already built. For carrying such a quantity of stones and other materials, bullocks and carts were required, and these were cheerfully lent by the ryots (or farmers), who also went to some distance to fetch some large slabs of stone for the floor of the new building. But when the things were all removed, labourers were required to build the chapel. The Malas, commonly called Pariahs, who are under instruction in Christian truth, here took up the work; and, as every man can build, while only the very simple architectural skill of this part of the world is required, they very soon had the place in a fair state of progress. We visited the village in April, and found the house nearly finished. Thus far the house, its removal and rebuilding, representing a value of about 140 rupees in material, carriage, and labour had not cost the Mission anything; it had all been given by people who are not Christians. We also received a gift of some lime from a gentleman residing at a neighbouring railway station. Now, however, a few things further were required, and the people applied to us for help. We contrived to give them fifteen rupees, and promised to go again soon to hold a dedication service. This is a brief history of the rise and progress of this little stone chapel. It may occur to some readers that we are remarkably fortunate in this country to raise a chapel for less than 200 rupees, or about £20. But it must be remembered that money is a very different thing to the poor Christians of our Mission, many families among whom live upon four and six rupees a month, from what it would be to an English congregation; and these people think themselves fortunate, indeed, in possessing a chapel worth about

£20. Many of our mud and thatch places of worship are worth about twenty shillings.

On our arrival on the opening day, we found the people all *en fête*. They gave us a most cordial welcome, especially Mrs. Gase. But whenever the missionary's wife visits a village, all the rejoicings and salaams are for her. They brought three sheep, and fowls, eggs and fruit for our delectation.

Our colleague, the Rev. J. R. Bacon, who has long worked in this district now under our charge, very kindly came to preach the dedication sermon, and we were very pleased that he was able to be present and share the honours of the day; for he is entitled to much more than ourselves.

By about three o'clock the people began to flock together; the chapel could not possibly hold them all; therefore, service was conducted outside under a large shelter, called a pandal, built of thick bamboo mats, and supported on ox-yokes. There were at least 300 people present; this, though not a large number to an English preacher, we consider a good congregation in India for the preaching of the Word of God. Most of them were non-Christians, and very many Sudras; they listened very attentively, and maintained good order, while Mr. Bacon preached a very suitable and earnest dedication sermon. One interesting feature of the service was the baptism of six young men. These are the first fruits of Korrapad for Christ. We examined about sixteen candidates for baptism, but felt justified in selecting only six—though, no doubt, some of the others will soon be ready. They have profited by the instructions of their teacher during the past year, and we were pleased at some of the answers given. In answer to the question: "When we pray, does God always hear us?" One replied: "God is able to do for us more abundantly than we can ask or think." We do not expect a high standard of Christian life in candidates for baptism; but these appeared to be beginning well, and we pray that they may be taught still further by the blessed Spirit of God, and may be the beginning of great triumphs of the Gospel of Christ in that interesting village. For more secular ceremonies, fireworks, and a feast were prepared, which we regretted we could not wait to see. We returned thankful for having taken part in the proceedings of that day, which was, to us, a very happy one.

V.—China.

MISSIONARY WORK IN HONGKONG.

By the Rev. J. C. Edge.

ON December 31st, 1881, there were two hundred and forty-one members in the communion of the native church. During 1882 there were baptized thirty-six grown-up people; there were admitted to communion four persons who had been baptized in infancy, and two were received from other churches. During that year (1882) there were six deaths, two exclusions, and two were dismissed to other churches; the number on the roll at the close of 1882 was two hundred and seventy-three. There were also baptized twenty-three children. The contributions of the Chinese for all purposes were upwards of 800 dols., say £160. We must also bear in mind the large number who have left Hongkong, and the perhaps still larger number who have gone to the other land.

HONGKONG FROM THE SEA.

In the city of Victoria the London Missionary Society has chapels in all the most populous neighbourhoods. In Chinese we call them preaching halls. We have one in Queen's Road; there is another in the heart of Tai-ping Shan, with a girls' school in the same building; at Wan-tsai there is another, where there is both a boys' and a girls' school. Beyond Wan-tsai, near to the sugar refinery, there is a school which is a centre for evangelistic work in the neighbourhood. Coming again westward, in the midst of Sai Ying-pun, there are two

schools conducted by native Christians: this is also a place for evening preaching. Still farther to the west, at Shek-tong Tsui, another school is now open; and a stone's-throw from Aberdeen Docks we have initiated work in the island of Ap-li Chau.

On the mainland there are two schools in the flourishing settlement of Yau-ma-ti, and, as in the other places I have mentioned there is regular preaching in Chinese.

At Hongkong native Christians have also opened a school, and at a village also on British territory, a mile or two inland, work on a small scale has been carried on for some time. Besides these, we have other Christian schools; and here I must give a word of acknowledgment to the Government of Hongkong for its liberality and wisdom in dealing with this important matter of Chinese education. The grant-in-aid scheme has secured for thousands of Chinese children an education in their own language, and every mission working in Hongkong owes the foreign community hearty thanks for its earnest and unwavering support of that great measure introduced by our former Governor, Sir Arthur Kennedy. From our list of chapels and schools it will be seen that the work of the London Missionary Society reaches out to the limits of British territory here and on the mainland. Every school is expected to influence for good its neighbourhood, all the teachers are Christians, and among their number are some of the oldest and best of our members. In all the schools the native books are used, and Christian education is given, in addition to the secular teaching required by the regulations of the Government.

The influence of the Hongkong native church reaches to mission stations beyond Canton, but I want principally to give some idea of our position in Hongkong. In this colony we have numerous openings for teaching and preaching. Some of these are filled directly by the London Missionary Society, but for the most part by the native church members. These are our visible results—a Chinese Christian church of considerable size and of some earnestness, many schools, hundreds of children educated in the Christian religion, and native preachers and teachers daily labouring for the welfare of their own people. I do not claim for Chinese Christians here that their attainments are high, or that they are all enthusiastic, or even all of them at all times consistent. A man who has been

trained from childhood outside of Christian influences cannot be expected to become at once enlightened and true. He may be persuaded that Christianity is true and may even cast in his lot with Christians, but he has not been won for Christ until his character has been re-moulded—until Christ has been formed in him the hope of glory.

Every man who asks us to receive him to our fellowship is examined; his character must be witnessed to, his conduct must be beyond reproach, and we generally reject nearly as many as we receive. But sometimes we are deceived after all. It may happen that a man expects some material benefit to come to him if he becomes a Christian, and he will forthwith cultivate a religious front. But that not seldom happens in countries more enlightened than China. I recollect one such instance. A young Chinaman sought baptism. He was unusually earnest—so anxious was he that our suspicions were aroused, and he finally let out that his principal object was to find a wife, and he wished for a connection among Christians to help him to find the dollars he needed. We rejected him, and I have seen him no more. I must ask to be believed when I say that missionaries who are pastors of churches strive earnestly for the purity of those churches, and I am certain that the people themselves are as sensitive to the shame brought on them by a false professor as any body of Christian people can be at home or abroad.

It is the aim, of all foreign missionaries, to make the native Christians independent and self-reliant. At the beginning of the work of Protestant missions in China everything was done for the natives, and it is not for me even to criticise the methods of the good men who first laboured in this great Empire. But it is a fact worth noting that to-day, in some parts of China, the work of evangelisation is done almost entirely at the cost and under the leadership of the natives themselves. In Hongkong we are striving for this; our aim is to supplement native efforts. By turns the foreign missionary leads, and follows, and his constant teaching is, that he is here for a time only, and the work of evangelisation must be done by the natives themselves.

Every province of China has been traversed by missionaries of American and English Societies. It is an occurrence of every day for men to start for and to penetrate the innermost districts of

China. They do not make mere voyages of discovery. They do explore, but they go to prospect for mission stations, to open chapels, to preach to the people, to station native preachers and teachers, to open dispensaries, to supervise these agencies, or, it may be, to secure suitable residences for themselves and their families. If the ports of China were opened by British gunboats, missionaries have opened the interior of China. If you travel from Canton northward, it will be discovered that mission stations have been opened by Protestant missionaries hundreds of miles in the interior. Europeans live at these stations. They make friends among the people, and seek to benefit them physically and spiritually. We look out for favourable opportunities for an advance; we do not break the law of the land; we seek to avoid conflicts with the authorities; with equal impartiality we turn from the Mandarin Yamen and the Consular office; we only claim the protection that is given to all peaceable, well-behaved British subjects; but we must progress, we are bound to find ways and means of penetrating China, and we are discharging this duty with as much vigour and as much discretion as God has given to us. Let it suffice to say that there are many thousands of Chinese converts already gathered in, and that a few tens of years ago there were none—every year finds these numbers increasing. Every year finds advance in intelligence. Year by year they increase in influence, activity, and zeal.

Let me give one incident that will show how the times are tending. Twelve months ago, I received at my house a Chinese merchant from another province. He had been under instruction at a mission station in Foochow. We were asked to baptize him in company with a Chinaman well known in Hongkong, who has since died. He produced letters from Foochow which absolved me from any imputation of discourtesy towards the missionary there, and, after some delay, I baptized him. Now, only the other day I saw an advertisement in a Hongkong Chinese newspaper, which gave notice to all concerned that, after a certain date, no Sunday business would be transacted at his hong. I know there are different thoughts among us as to Sunday observance—I can put no yoke on a Chinaman that I cannot bear myself—but I think we can all appreciate such an announcement from a Chinaman. It meant sacrifice for the sake of right. It showed firmness. It was a

declaration that, according to his light and strength, that man would serve the Lord, and I apprehend that the moral effect of such a notice will be great and lasting.

I have no doubt there are others in humble station who make sacrifices equally great, but they are known to only a few. None of us in Hongkong can tell of the dire poverty that prevails among the mass of Chinese in inland districts, and it often—very often—happens that when a man becomes a Christian he loses nearly all he has. If time permitted I could tell of men who have lost their business, have had to give up their homes, have faced starvation, aye and of women who have borne stripes on account of their faith.

That nations have been converted to Christianity must surely be admitted. To deny that, we must deny that Christianity exists. We must burn our histories, destroy our literature, and close our schools before we can get men to believe that Christianity is aught else but a progressing, conquering, living faith in the world.

VI.—The Transvaal and Bechwanaland.

THE unjust treatment by settlers of foreign descent to which the native tribes of South Africa have been subjected has long been viewed by the Directors of this Society with much sorrow, and much has been done by the Society's missionaries from time to time for the amelioration of their social and spiritual condition, and with no small measure of success. But the old spirit of oppression and disregard of native rights has by no means died out. In recent months frequent public reference has been made to the existence and working of this spirit in the Transvaal State, and attention has been widely drawn to a disastrous exhibition of this spirit in the treatment to which the people of South Bechwanaland have been subjected from marauders of Dutch descent from that State, who, joined by like-minded volunteers from other quarters, some of whom are of British nationality, have appropriated the cattle and produce of the cultivation of the natives, taken possession of their farms, and proceeded to found new centres of government upon their lands, in utter disregard of the rights of the "sons of the soil"; and who are thus bringing ruin upon the people

and seriously interrupting the beneficent work carried on for many years with much success by Dr. Moffat and his colleagues.

The Directors, looking with deep concern at this unjust and ruinous outcome of disregard of native claims, recently addressed a fraternal letter on this subject to the ministers and members of the Dutch Reformed Church in the Transvaal, regarding them as Christian brethren, who would dissent from the unchristian views of the status and claims of the natives which prevail around them, and who would strongly object to the marauding acts of some of their fellow-countrymen. In this letter an appeal is made to them to use their influence to promote a more just and kindly feeling towards the natives, and thus, indirectly, to lead on to a practical recognition of their rights, and to create a public opinion which shall firmly discountenance and strongly oppose the procedure carried on close upon their borders, which is ruining native industry and arresting the healthful social and Christian progress of nearly three-quarters of a century. The letter referred to above is as follows:—

"Foreign Department.

"LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
"14, Blomfield Street, London Wall, E.C.,
"June 25, 1883.

"TO THE MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH IN THE TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

"CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,—The Society which we represent, and in whose name we address you—the London Missionary—has, from the beginning of its history, taken a deep interest in the native races of Southern Africa.

"Two years before the end of the last century your illustrious countryman, Dr. Van der Kemp, under the auspices of this Society, made willing sacrifice, in the spirit of his Divine Master, of all the blessings of civilised life, to carry the Gospel to the Hottentots. And from his time, until now, this Society has continued to send men whose one aim and ambition has been to bring their fellow-men, members of barbarous and degraded races, to the knowledge of the Great Redeemer of the World. In pursuing this course, we, of the London Missionary Society, have been only giving effect to the will of Him whom you and we alike call Lord and Master, and who charged His disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Our Lord's apostles understood this charge to include, not only the civilised nations which surrounded the shores of the Mediterranean, and which had for many ages rendered famous the

peoples which occupied the lands of the Euphrates and the Tigris, but all nations and peoples wherever found and in whatsoever condition. God, they believed, had made of one blood all nations that dwell on all the face of the earth. And the great apostle of the Gentiles glories in obliterating all national and social distinctions in view of our common humanity and of our common interest in the love of God to our fallen world, telling the Colossians, for example—who, though their home was in Asia, were not only possessed of the arts of Greek civilisation, but were versed in the philosophies of both the Eastern and the Western world—that in the Kingdom of God 'there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bondman nor freeman, but Christ is all in all.'

"This, we are aware, is but a commonplace of our Christianity, and we might also regard it as a commonplace that the nations of Europe, now foremost in the world, owe all that is best in them to Christianity, and have received the Christian faith and its many fruits, spiritual, moral, and social, not for their own sakes alone, but for the world's sake; in fact, that they may be the means of enlightening and regenerating the world, It is the law of the Divine Kingdom that no man liveth to himself; that he who receives any gift from God is bound by the very fact of his having received it to regard it as a talent to be used for the good of others. Two thousand years ago, your forefathers and ours, when their condition is first revealed to history by the Roman conqueror, were 'Barbarians,' not merely in the boastful classification of Greeks and Romans, but in fact. And the memory of this fact awakens our sympathy with those who are 'Barbarians' still, and at the same time inspires hope with reference to their future. If we are not 'Barbarians' now, we owe it to our Christianity; and if we are Christians we owe it those who are Barbarians to make it our supreme concern to raise them to that blessed fellowship in which Christ is all in all.

"This duty the nations of Europe have miserably and sinfully forgotten, ours as well as others. They have failed to realise their true character as stewards of the gifts which God has bestowed on them for the benefit of the less favoured, and have often used their power for most selfish ends, inflicting cruel wrongs on feeble tribes whose very feebleness should have commended them to their protection and care. So far are we from assuming that England is guiltless in this matter that we are free to confess that there are many pages in the history of our country which we would fain blot out. And we address you, dear Brethren, not as English, but as Christian. We wish to rid ourselves of everything like national pride, and to look at things, not in the light of national policy, either past or present, but in the light of Christian duty. And in this respect there is 'neither Dutch nor English;' we are one in Christ.

"In the providence of God you occupy a position which we regard as one of extreme difficulty, and one which requires a large measure of Christian grace and virtue for the discharge of its duties. And our prayers shall not be

wanting that you may have wisdom and strength equal to your day. You, Christians and inheritors of European blood and civilisation, are few, and the uncivilised around you are many. The ignorant and barbarous are in your midst, or you in their midst, and are ever before your eyes: thus mutely appealing to you for compassion and for aid to lift them out of their low estate; but we are conscious that the very fact of their perpetual presence may, through the infirmity of our nature, produce a repulsive and hostile effect. This is a drawback to which English Christians were not subject when they had to fight the battle of the Negro slaves in the West Indies. In adopting as their motto, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' they were not exposed to the danger of having their affections cooled or perverted by constantly seeing what was low and offensive in those for whose rights they contended. But if your circumstances, dear Brethren, involve a difficulty of which we have not had practical experience, the triumph of your Christian faith will be all the greater if you are enabled to act habitually towards the native Africans around you on those principles which, we are assured, your Christian convictions and instincts dictate.

"Assured of your concurrence in these sentiments, we anticipate with confidence your concurrence likewise in our earnest hope that your influence, as a Christian Church, will be zealously exercised in favour of the native races within and around the borders of the Transvaal, for their protection from social wrong, and for the protection of those Missions by which this and other Societies are labouring to bring them to a knowledge of Christ. You will not be surprised that we feel deeply interested in the welfare and safety of the Bechwana people, who have been the objects of so much successful missionary labour. And you will accept it as a proof of our respect for you, and our love to you, that we solicit your aid on their behalf, and pray that whatever good offices may be in your power may be put forth zealously to secure that Christian work among them may not be hindered by lawless men.

"We are the more emboldened to address to you this our appeal on behalf of the objects of our solicitude by the memory of the relations in which Holland and England stood to each other in former days. These relations were not, indeed, always of a friendly character. There have been wars between England and Holland in which sometimes the one and sometimes the other has been the victor. But we prefer to recall relations between the two countries on which both may reflect with satisfaction. We cannot forget that, when England seemed on the eve of losing its hard-won liberties through the despotic aims of our James II. and his devotion to the See of Rome, your great countryman, the Prince of Orange, came to our rescue and became our William III. From his days our liberties have widened and been confirmed into the constitutional freedom in which we now rejoice. In earlier days, the days of the father and brother of James II., our Charles I. and Charles II., your fatherland was an asylum in which our persecuted forefathers found protection and rest.

And there are few pages of English Church history since the days of the Reformation which we read with greater satisfaction than those which tell us of the kindliness with which some of our greatest Englishmen, driven from home by persecution for conscience' sake, were welcomed at Utrecht, Rotterdam, Leyden, and other parts. It was from Delft Haven that those English exiles known to us as the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for that far-distant Western shore where they laid the foundations of the now great Republic of the United States. Before these times your country was the scene of perhaps the fiercest war that has ever been waged to crush freedom of conscience. And the story of the great conflict between the Spanish Duke Alva and your noble native Prince, William of Orange, is read in England with as deep an interest as it can be in Holland, or among the descendants of the Dutch in other parts of the world. May we not, then, plead our historic as well as our Christian relations when we take the liberty, as we do now, to solicit your active and powerful co-operation in promoting the welfare of races which have not enjoyed such privileges as have descended from your ancestors and ours?

"You will not fail to observe that we write to you as Christians to Christians. Our appeal to you is in no sense based on, or has reference to, international treaties; it is absolutely independent of all political relations between England and the Transvaal. You and we owe a common allegiance to Christ, and a common obligation to make known His Gospel 'to every creature.' And so far as we fail in this we fail in accomplishing the very end for which we have been called into the Kingdom of God. Moreover, you and we are descended from men whose faith enabled them to submit to imprisonment, exile, and even death rather than be untrue to their Divine Lord. And if we would be worthy of our ancestors we must use our freedom, and our power of free action, to speed the time when all nations shall be blessed in Christ, and shall call Him Blessed.

"With assurances of our Christian respect and affection, we are, dear Brethren, yours in the faith of the Gospel, and in the name of the Directors of the London Missionary Society,

"ALEX. HUBBARD, Chairman of the Board.
W. SPENSLEY, Deputy Chairman.
S. R. SCOTT, Chairman Eastern Committee.
A. MARSHALL, do. Southern do.
W. BLOMFIELD, do. Western do.
G. F. WHITE, do. Funds and Agency do.
HENRY WRIGHT, do. Finance do.
JOHN KENNEDY, do. Examination do.
JOHN K. WELCH, Treasurer.
ROBT. ROBINSON, Home Secretary.
EDWD. H. JONES, Deputation Secretary.
J. O. WHITEHOUSE, Acting Foreign Secretary
(in the absence of the Rev. R. W. THOMPSON, Foreign Secretary)."

VII.—Widows and Orphans' Fund.

NEW YEAR'S SACRAMENTAL OFFERING.

THE Directors, encouraged by the considerate kindness and liberality of the churches for many years past, again venture to ask attention to their appeal on behalf of a Fund, on the gathering of which the comfort of so many widows, orphans, and superannuated missionaries largely depends.

This Fund has long been provided by means of a special offering from the churches throughout the country at the first Communion service of each year. When it originated, £1,400 sufficed to meet all claims; but so largely have these grown, that, last year, no less than £5,443 was expended; and, during the year on which we are entering, at least an equal amount will be required to carry out the object for which the collection is made. Though called the WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND, it should be distinctly understood that it seeks the comfort, not only of the families of DECEASED MISSIONARIES, but also of RETIRED MISSIONARIES themselves. During the year the Fund will have to provide for THIRTY-TWO WIDOWS of missionaries; for FORTY-SEVEN CHILDREN; and for TWENTY-TWO MISSIONARIES, who, by length of service or through broken health, have been compelled to retire from their accustomed work. Several of these esteemed friends commenced their service in the Society half a century ago.

While paying due regard to every case that may be brought before them, the Directors are anxious to administer the fund placed at their disposal wisely and with care. The obligation which it acknowledges is of a distinct kind; and the Directors feel sure that the friends of the Society prefer that it shall continue to be met in this distinct way. The Directors earnestly appeal to the liberality of the churches to enable them completely to meet the pressing claims of those on whose behalf the offering is sought. They trust that, at the first Communion Service of the New Year, these widows and fatherless ones will be remembered with loving sympathy, and the wants of those who have served Christ's Church in bygone years will be fully and fitly provided for.

Should it be found impracticable to make the Sacramental offerings now solicited on the first Sabbath of the New Year, will our Christian friends kindly set apart the first Sabbath in FEBRUARY for the collection?

MISSION HOUSE, *November 29th*, 1883.

VIII.—New Year's Offering for the Ships.

WILL my young friends throughout the country, who are the owners and supporters of the Missionary Ships, listen to me once more?

My first word must be a word of thanks, because you did so nobly this year, raising considerably over the £5,000 for which I asked; but you did it with ease, and were very happy in doing it, as many letters which I have received prove. I have had again to send out over 14,000 volumes which have been won, and the joy connected with the distribution of some of them may be seen by the following from a correspondent, sending me £24 11s., and asking for no less than seventy-four books, claimed by collectors of over five shillings:—

"I need not tell you," says the worthy writer, "when our Communion Table is covered with the books, and the children throng the aisles of our spacious chapel, it would be a difficult problem to solve who are the happiest parties in the meeting—the minister and officers of the church, the parents of the children, or the children themselves; it is happiness and pleasure all round!"

If this feeling of sacred pleasure and intelligent zeal is spreading, as I trust it is, then I shall have no disappointment in my expectations for 1884.

The plan is the same as in former years; an additional volume for the "Missionary Library" will be supplied to every collector of over five shillings by the New Year's Offering Cards. I now, as usual, give you the list of books already issued:—

*1869—"The History of our Missionary Ships."
*1870—"Pomponia; or, the Gospel in Cæsar's Household."
*1871—"Gems from the Coral Islands."
*1872—"The Romance of Modern Missions."
*1873—"Lives of Great Missionaries."
1874—"The Pioneers of the Bengal Mission."
1875—"Wonders in the Western Isles."
*1876—"Scenes and Services in Southern Africa."
1877—"The Martyr Church of Madagascar."
1878—"Life in the Southern Isles."
1879—"Life of the Devoted Missionary, Richard Knill."
1880—"Life of Dr. Livingstone."
*1881—"The Heroines of the Mission Field."
*1882—"Mission Life in Greece and Palestine."
*1883—"Central Africa, Japan, and Fiji."

The volume to be this year added to your list is prepared for us by our highly valued missionary, the successor of Dr. Moffat at Kuruman, and Tutor of the Moffat Institution—the Rev. J. Mackenzie. The title of the book is—

"DAY-DAWN IN DARK PLACES;

Or, Wanderings and Work in Bechwanaland, South Africa,"

consisting of nearly 300 pages, with numerous illustrations. It is a book full of stirring incidents and adventures among wild beasts and wild men; giving an account of sufferings heroically endured, and death calmly met, setting forth the dangers, trials, and joys of missionary work.

After you have read this appeal, I hope you will make a *very early* application for Cards, as they ought to be filled and returned as soon as possible after the New Year has come. Do not forget you are thus supporting quite a little fleet of ships—namely, the "*John Williams*," in the South Seas; the "*Ellengowan*" and the "*Mary*," in New Guinea (with several smaller vessels); and the "*Good News*," steam-vessel for the Lake in Central Africa. I trust you will again give yourselves heartily to this work, and find much joy in doing it all for Christ's sake; what is thus done for Him is sure to be acceptable in His sight.—Your Friend,

ROBERT ROBINSON,
Home Secretary.

MISSION HOUSE, *October*, 1883.

* Our editions of the above are exhausted.

IX.—Books on Missions and Mission Lands.

NATIVE LIFE IN TRAVANCORE. By the Rev. Samuel Mateer, F.L.S., of the London Missionary Society. London: W. H. Allen & Co., 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W. 1883. Price 18s.

DURING twenty-five years' connection with Travancore as a missionary of this Society, Mr. Mateer, with diligent observation and research, has collected a large fund of information on a great variety of subjects relating to that beautiful and interesting corner of India. In 1871, at the close of a visit to England, he published a descriptive account of Travancore and its people with especial reference to missionary labour, giving to the volume the title "The Land of Charity." In the new work, now under review, he supplements the information contained in the former book, by much additional material respecting the *social life* of the people. These details, besides furnishing the reader with a correct sketch of every-day native life, record some points of common usage in former days, which are gradually disappearing under the influence of western civilization and of the silent spread of Christianity, in bringing the power of which latter cause to bear directly and indirectly on native habits and opinion, the missionary has an important part to perform. To this Mr. Mateer very impressively refers in the following words:—"Could my readers but witness in person, as we who labour in India have been privileged to do, the beneficent effects of the Gospel of the grace of God in society, in the family and in individuals—in reforming the laws and civil institutions of governments—in ameliorating the social condition of semi-civilized castes and races, and conferring upon them freedom, comfort, and decency—in moulding, sweetening, and rescuing society, raising woman to her proper sphere as the intelligent companion of man, and introducing the blessings of marriage and family order into domestic life, where polyandry, concubinage, and immorality prevailed, and were recognised by caste law, in brightening and gladdening the poor homes of the peasantry with a joy and satisfaction which false religion can never supply; teaching the dear children and the outcastes who dared not approach a school or walk through a village street, to read and write, to pray and praise and work—in reforming the lives and saving the souls of individuals; consoling them under the sorrows of life and conquering the baseless and degrading fear of demons and unknown maleficent agencies, from which they have so terribly suffered, by a more ennobling fear of God, and supporting them in the dying hour—in raising up and directing the labours of native preachers of noble and exemplary character, of whom any society or church might be proud, and in opening the gates of heaven to multitudes now in glory—they would think no gifts too generous, no efforts or self-denial too great for such noble ends."—(p. 424).

The volume contains a good map, numerous illustrations, and a useful glossary of native words and technical terms in common use. We most cordially commend this volume, as giving a trustworthy and comprehensive account of native life in a field which lies out of the way of the majority of travellers in India.

X.—Notes of the Month.

1. ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

Mrs. PEARSE, wife of the Rev. JOSEPH PEARSE, and three children, from FIANARANTSOA, Betsileo Country, Madagascar, per steamer *Roslin Castle*, October 31st.

2. BIRTHS.

COLLINS.—July 22nd, at Antananarivo, Madagascar, the wife of the Rev. C. Collins, of a son.

PRICE.—September 12th, at Molepolole, Bechwanaland, South Africa, the wife of the Rev. Roger Price, of a son.

3. MARRIAGE.

WILSON—ANSTEY.—October 30th, at the Congregational Chapel, Tollesbury, Essex, by the father of the bride, the Rev. William Henry Wilson (Missionary designate to Samoa) to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. M. Anstey, of Tollesbury.

4. DEATH OF THE REV. J. H. DINEEN.

With profound sorrow and disappointment the Directors have received information by telegram that a third member of the party of eight missionaries sent out in May, 1882, to reinforce the CENTRAL AFRICAN Mission, has succumbed to the effects of the climate. Mr. PENRY died in April; Mr. WILLOUGHBY returned invalided to England in August; and now, alas, we learn that Mr. DINEEN died at Uguha, on the 25th of July. In our next number we hope to be able to furnish details of the sad event.

5. THE MOFFAT INSTITUTION.

While the appeal for the Institution, inserted in the CHRONICLE for November, was passing through the press, a gratifying response, by anticipation, was received by the Directors in bank-notes to the value of £100 from an unnamed friend. They look hopefully for additional aid in carrying on this good work.

6. FURTHER LIBERALITY.

A lady in the provinces, who desires that her gift may be acknowledged as from "a Friend," recently forwarded to the Mission House some silver plate, the proceeds of which she directed might be applied to the general purposes of the Society. The sale not realising her expectation, she kindly added a donation of £4, the result making a total of £21 14s.

7. LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES, FROM 15TH SEPT. TO 14TH NOV.

CHINA.—S. E. Meech, Peking, August 9th, September 18th; Jon. Lees, Tientsin, July 20th; Alex. King, Tientsin, July 30th; J. Stonehouse, Shanghai, September 8th; J. Sadler, Amoy, August 2nd; J. Macgowan, Amoy, Augus 3rd, 28th; C. Budd, Amoy, September 8th; T. W.

Pearce, Canton, September 12th, 18th; Dr. Chalmers, Hongkong, September 14th, October 4th.

INDIA.—W. Johnson, Calcutta, September 8th; W. J. Wilkins, Calcutta, August 25th, September 1st, 8th, 15th, 25th, October 2nd, 9th; J. E. Payne, Calcutta, September 14th; W. B. Phillips, Berhampore, September 15th, 28th; J. Hewlett, Benares, August 25th, September 1st, 8th, Almora, September 23rd, October 1st, 8th; J. A. Lambert, Mirzapore, September 8th; H. Coley, Almora, September 6th, 25th; F. Wilkinson, Madras, September 8th; W. Robinson, Tripatoor, October 16th; M. Phillips, Salem, September 7th, 15th; Tripatoor, October 16th; B. Rice, Bangalore, August 24th; Edwin Lewis, Bellary, September 1st; W. Monk Jones, Coimbatoor, September 25th; T. E. Slater, Madras, September 26th; W. W. Stephenson and others, Gooty —; H. J. Goffin, Vizianagram, October 8th; J. Duthie, Nagercoil, August 22nd, 30th, September 5th (two letters), 12th, 28th; W. Lee, Nagercoil, September 12th; I. H. Hacker, Neyoor, August 30th, October 5th; Dr. Thomson, Neyoor, September 4th, 12th; J. Emlyn, Trevandrum, October 6th; J. Knowles, Trevandrum, September 18th.

MADAGASCAR.—J. Richardson, Antananarivo, August 1st, 24th, September 4th; W. E. Cousins, Antananarivo, August 2nd; J. R. Bennett, Antananarivo, August 3rd; J. Sibree, Mauritius, September 7th; J. C. Thorne, Mauritius, September 8th; J. A. Houlder, Mauritius, September 9th; G. A. Shaw, Madeira, September 20th; T. Lord, Antananarivo, September 6th; J. Wills, Faravohitra, July 24th; T. Capsey, Antananarivo, July 24th; R. Baron, Antananarivo, July 25th; J. Pearce, Mauritius, September 29th.

AFRICA.—W. Ashton, Barkly, September 6th, October 1st; A. J. Wookey, Kuruman, August 24th; D. Carnegie, Hope Fountain, July 4th; J. Roxburgh, Mandala, July 25th, August 3rd; R. W. Thompson, *Taymouth Castle*, August 30th, Cape Town, September 11th, Tiver Revieren, September 27th; Graham's Town, October 13th; T. S. Merrington, Port Elizabeth, October 12th; W. Griffith, Uguha, June 15th; Captain Hore, Ujiji, June 18th, 21st, Karema, July 13th; D. P. Jones, Uguha, May 29th, June 7th, 16th; A. Brooks, Ujiji, June 19th.

WEST INDIES.—Jno. Foreman, Demerara, September 4th, 24th October 6th; J. Currie, George Town, October 24th.

SOUTH SEAS.—E. V. Cooper, Tahiti, August 9th, September 5th; W. W. Gill, Rarotonga, July 27th; G. A. Harris, Mangaia, June 1st; Jno. Marriott, Malua, June 29th, July 12th, August 6th; T. Powell, Malua, June 25th; W. E. Clarke, Apia, June 22nd; S. H. Davies, Savaii, June 8th; S. M. Creagh, Lifu, July 13th, August 17th; S. Macfarlane, Murray Island, July 22nd, Fly River, September 14th, 17th; W. G. Lawes, Port Moresby, July 23rd; J. Chalmers, Port Moresby, August 27th; Harry Scott, Malta, November 1st; Dr. Ridgley, Townsville, August 18th; Captain Liljeblad, Thursday Island, September 20th; J. P. Sunderland, Sydney, August 14th, 25th.

XI.—Contributions.

From October 14th to November 14th, 1883.

LONDON.

Legacy of the late Miss Fanny Rosina Larwill, of Lee, Kent	100 0 0
F.	20 0 0
Dr. H. Gervis, for Rev. I. H. Hacker, Neyoor	5 0 0
Geo. Pitt, Esq.	5 0 0
Rev. J. G. Van Rijn	3 0 0
"N. O."	2 0 0
Mr. G. P. Neele	1 1 0
Mrs. G. P. Neele	1 1 0
Mrs. Greenhorne, for Female Missions	1 1 0
J. R. Brough, Esq., towards Rebuilding the Churches at Tamatave	1 1 0
Mrs. D. Bax	0 10 0
Mr. A. R. Bax	0 10 0
Mrs. A. R. Bax, for China	0 10 0
Mr. W. Cuff's Children's Box	0 11 1
Blackheath. Aux., The Misses Wright, for Central Africa	2 2 0
Camberwell. Aux.	17 16 0
Dulwich, West. Aux.	8 17 10
Hackney College. Students	3 0 0
Islington Chapel. May Coll.	7 4 2
Mile End New Town. Aux.	5 10 0
Mortlake. Sheen Vale, A Friend	1 0 0
Norwood. Newtown Ch.	2 16 1
Poplar. Trinity Ch., May Coll.	11 17 11
Richmond. Vineyards Ch.	5 12 0
Stockwell Ch. For Berhampore	14 0 0
Woodford—	
Mrs. Dykes	25 0 0
Albert Spicer, Esq.	25 0 0
Union Ch., per Miss Hooper, for Girl, Alice Kenneth, Neyoor	3 0 0
Wood Green. Cong. Ch., Lady Coll.	4 2 6

COUNTRY.

Aspatria. Per Mr. R. Brown	2 6 0
Barton	0 16 0
Bath—	
Mrs. Slater	0 10 0
"Z. Y.," for Native Teacher, Cuddapah, per Rev. E. A. Wareham	10 0 0
Beeralston	20 7
Bideford—	
Auxiliary	9 0 0
J. Rooker, Esq., in lieu of legacy	50 0 0
Birkenhead and Wirral. Aux.	25 0 0
Birmingham. Aux.	303 5 4
Birstal, near Leeds	7 1 2
Bishop's Stortford	70 15 3
Boxes	1 6 1
J. Harvey, Esq., for N. T. at Salem	10 10 0
Bradford. Aux.	255 0 0
Bridgnorth	6 12 0
Bridport	7 14 11
Brigg. Aux.	16 7
Bristol—	
Ladies' Committee, for Female Missions	7 16 0
Clifton, Anon.	0 15 0
Bromsgrove	10 10 11
Brosely	12 17 6
Buckley	10 0 0
Chelmsford. London Rd. Ch., Miss Wilkinson's Bible Class	1 6
Chester. Northgate Ch., coll. by Mrs. Richardson, for Churches in Madagascar, care of Rev. J. Richardson	22 0
Churchover	2 4 0
Cleator Moor	0 12 0
Clockheaton. Westgate Ch.	6 11 2
Coventry. Mrs. Odell	1 0 0
Cumberland. Aux.	40 19 11
Dartmouth. Aux.	10 16 0
Dedham	8 9 4
Doncaster. "R. M.," for Medical Work in Hongkong	5 0 0
Eastbourne. Aux.	15 15 8
Fareham, near Southampton. Legacy of the late Wm. Sprent, Esq.	900 0 0
Faversham. Coll. by Miss Hill	1 11 1
Gosport. Miss Goodeve, per C. H. Harcourt, Esq.	4 4 0
Haydon Bridge. Cong. Ch.	1 1 0
Highworth. Zion Ch.	4 18 1
Ingress Vale	2 10 0
Jersey. Aux., Proceeds of Bazaar	17 0 0
Lancashire, West. Aux.	160 0 0
Lancaster. A Friend, per Miss S. S. Dawson, for Moffat Institution	100 0 0
Layer Breton	5 18 6
Leamington—	
Auxiliary	34 11 7
A Thankoffering from a Young Man	5 0 0
Leeds. Aux.	60 0 0
Liverpool—	
For Medical Work, Hongkong. Mrs. Crosfield	5 0 0
"B. P."	2 2 0
Louth. Aux.	79 3 8
Ludlow. For Widows' Fund	0 16 1
Manchester. Oldham Road Ch.	72 7 2
Nailsworth. Lower Forest Green Ch.	10 0 0
Newmarket. Aux.	32 1 2
Northampton. Victoria Road	29 12 8
North Tawton	2 0 0
Paignton. Mrs. Wilson	0 10 0
Pontypool	21 12 0
Press	2 13 5

Reading. Mr. H. Stevens' Box	0	10	0
Rochdale. Aux.	46	17	4
St. Austell	15	10	7
St. Mawes	3	8	6
Salisbury	43	16	9
Scunthorpe, near Brigg	1	2	0
Southampton. Pear Tree Green Ch.	3	8	7
Sowerby, near Thirsk	2	2	6
Stratton-under-Fosse	1	5	0
Sunderland. Royalty Ch., for Rev. W. Montgomery's Work in Madagascar	2	5	3
Thornton, near Bradford. W. L. Bunting, Esq.	5	0	0
Tideswell and Longstone	5	10	6
Tiverton. A. Z. Weber	0	9	0
Torquay. Aux.	40	0	0
Tunbridge Wells. Aux.	35	17	3
Tutbury	4	18	9
Tynemouth. Rev. S. Goodall	0	10	0
Warwick. Aux.	17	3	4
Wattisfield. Trustees of the late John Dyer, Esq.	131	12	5
Welton	5	0	0
West Heathley. T.H.W. Buckley, Esq., for 1859 and 1861	10	10	0
Whitchurch (Herefordsh.)	0	7	6
Whitehaven	61	10	3
Windermere. A Friend	1	0	0
Withybrook	5	15	0
Wollerton, near Market Drayton	3	16	6
Wolverhampton. Queen Street Aux.	7	11	7
Wotton-under-Edge. An Old Friend, "A. B."	300	0	0
Yarmouth, Great. Aux.	49	11	10
York. Central Aux.	135	0	0

WALES.

Bethesda, nr. Newcastle Emlyn	3	15	0
Gower. Providence Chs.	0	16	6

SCOTLAND.

Beith. Proceeds of Two Lectures	2	0	0
Cumnock. Mrs. Allan	5	0	0
Edinburgh—			
Auxiliary	104	15	2
Mrs. Dr. Robson	20	0	0
Legacy of the late Colonel Wheatley	200	0	0
Largo (Fife). E. G. Baxter, Esq.	5	0	0
Per Rev. E. A. Wareham—			
Airdrie	3	16	6
Crieff	6	3	3
Dumfries	5	0	0
Lerwick	1	0	7
Melrose	10	15	4

IRELAND.

Dublin. Per Mrs. Tatlow, for Rev. J. Knowles, Quilon	2	0	0

AUSTRALIA, &c.

Christchurch, N.Z.—			
For India	14	17	3
For New Guinea	25	0	0
New South Wales. Mr. Thos. Holt, for Mrs. Shaw, per Mr. Alex. McArthur	10	10	0

MISSION STATIONS.

Raiatea Contributions	93	9	2
Samoan Contributions	100	0	0
Berhampore. Per Rev. W. B. Phillips	Rs. 41	13	0

It is requested that all remittances of Contributions be made to the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON, *Home Secretary, Mission House, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.; and that, if any portion of these gifts is designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be given. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders made payable at the General Post Office.*

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